“THAT FREQUENT RECURRENCE TO FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES AND A FIRM ADHERENCE TO JUSTICE, MODERATION, TEMPERANCE, INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY AND KEEP GOVERNMENT FREE.” Vermont Constitution

Editor’s Uneasy Chair

Some may feel this issue of Vermont Life runs rather heavily to quadrupeds. So we hasten to assure our plans are to deal mainly in the human aspects of Vermont. Soon, however, the bovine population will be touched upon again, the two dairy breeds which have their national headquarters here—the Ayrshire and the Holstein-Friesian cattle.

Vermont Life probably doesn’t approach its large national contemporaries in the hundreds of unsolicited poems received each year, but the traffic is getting uncomfortably heavy. Again we wish to report that this magazine does not publish poetry, and while some verses are very nice we have no excuse to read them. In the same vein, it has come to such a pass at the editor’s desk that hereafter Vermont Life cannot be responsible for return (if postage isn’t supplied) of unsolicited manuscripts, bits of statuary, photographs, oil paintings, water colors, ancient articles of clothing, postcard views of covered bridges, schoolchildren’s essays, odd newspaper clippings, family daguerreotypes and especially poems.

Originally we had planned to list the community, game and church suppers which are such a popular part of Vermont rural life in the Autumn. Regrettably, at this writing (May) only a scattering few are scheduled. If you’ll write us in September, though, we’ll try to send you a representative list of these chicken and turkey pie festivities. W.H.Jr.

THE COVER—Grant Heilman visited the old mill in Jericho three times last Fall before conditions were just right. Another view of the mill by Mack Derick appeared in our Winter issue of 1952-53.
Greetings! That is not meant simply as a salutation. The Post Boy has had considerable experience with people who are visiting Vermont for the first time. He has learned how important first impressions are and that leads naturally to a consideration of “Greeters.” He is aware that this designation is generally applied to the hotelmen but they are not the only ones to offer welcome, and very often not the first contact the touring public has with the state.

For instance, the P.B. has often thought he would like to run a filling station. It seems like good healthy work, not too strenuous, and it offers the kind of contact with human nature that is generally stimulating. Always provided, of course, that one likes people. If you are such a person manning a gas pump along a gateway road offers no end of chances to create a happy impression in the mind of the touring public, which will even stand the strain of some subsequent meetings which are less cordial. We are sure you will recall some genial soul who has ministered to the needs of your car and likewise done something pleasant to your soul.

There was that man who came out from a not-too-neat looking converted barn, in response to your honked request for gas. Maybe it took him a few minutes to limber up but by the time the business part of the visit was completed, he became someone really interested in your comfort. He found you were heading for Canada. “Ever been through the Notch?” he asked. He got a map and showed you how you could visit this worth-while spot and go out of your way only a few miles. He waxed enthusiastic about such a detour and sold you on the idea. As you were departing he removed his foot from the running board and remarked: “You’ll be glad you went. There’s them great boulders, all strewed ‘round jest as th’ Old Gent left ’em.”

The P.B. with Friend Wife used to travel, whenever it was at all possible, with the top down. They were exploring terra incognita and found gas was getting low. Eventually a red pillar of hope appeared around the bend. The day had been hot and their faces were feeling like leather. As they drove up to the neat white station who should come hustling out but two women. Their greeting was most cordial. As one of them applied a sponge to the dusty windshield the P.B. suggested such a cooling ministration would be a comfort to one’s face. Whereupon she pointed to a faucet and suggested that might help. It did. By the time we left those two Good Samaritans, our whole feeling about the region had changed. It seemed a delightful spot and it has stayed green in our minds ever since.

This first impression business—and obviously it isn’t only the initial experience which helps—has good historic background as any oldsters will recall. There was always the conveyance which carried people, in pre-motoring days, from the depot to the village in most Vermont towns. The driver of this vehicle was the one who met the stranger and usually found out all about him by the time he had arrived in the village. Natives, returning after a period away from the home town, were warmed by his hearty greeting. He sold the town to the visiting stranger while he walked the team up the long hill. In the P.B.’s day it was John Stockwell equipped with a voice which woke the echoes as he drove up in front of the hotel of a Saturday evening with a load of tired city businessmen, in town to join their families over the week end. They used to report that the minute they saw John at the station they felt rested. He was also impressive to the very youthful P.B. obviously, for it used to be reported that when the matter of selecting a profession was up and the said P.B. was asked what he planned to do with his life, he stated that he intended to take over John Stockwell’s job. Pressed for a reason it was not the opportunity to carry out the ideas mentioned above which might now come under the head of “public relations,” which attracted him. No. The desire to be a stagedriver was founded on the fact that “all he does is to ride around all day and get paid for it.” Ambition personified.

* * * *

Stories of George Stone, John’s predecessor, were frequently told by the P.B.’s father. George was evidently imbued with the helpful spirit we are discussing. One day he was told by someone in authority to look out for a stranger who would probably come in on the afternoon train. He would be the new superintendent for the cemetery. George was told to make him feel at home as he came under the head of “public relations,” which attracted him. No. The desire to be a stagedriver was founded on the fact that “all he does is to ride around all day and get paid for it.” Ambition personified.

(Continued on cover III)
Six years ago Basil Milovsoroff, nationally known puppeteer, decided to forsake Rice’s Mills, a crossroads near Union Village, for a spot closer to New York City, about 260 miles away. After looking around in Connecticut and southern Massachusetts, studying the situation thoroughly, he and his family made the move... to Norwich, Vermont, 12 miles nearer the metropolis. Despite the enticements of big money media in the city Milovsoroff wouldn’t trade the quiet relaxation he now enjoys between tours in his Vermont home.

A puppeteer for 20 years, Milovsoroff (pronounced Mc-lijv-zo'-rofF) has developed his own philosophy about the puppet theater and its place among the arts. He believes that puppets are best in satire and fantasy because they can express things people cannot express. “A puppet is either a natural caricature or a thing of artistic fantasy,” he says, “and should be used only where puppets are better than people, not where people can do better.”

With this cue one is not surprised to see in Milovsoroff’s shows such things as animal ballets or vegetables and flowers dancing and twirling in perfect rhythm to Tchaikovsky’s “Nutcracker Suite.” Flowers nod and dip gracefully, butterflies swoop and glide, a worm with a fancy hat undulates rhythmically across the miniature stage, creating a stimulating, fantastic land of make-believe that, for the moment, seems almost real.

Native raw materials provide the basic elements for most of Milovsoroff’s puppets. Many of them are created from the twisted roots of trees, to which are added eyes, coarse paper hair, horns or some other distinguishing characteristic. Others
From his Vermont studio home Basil Milovsoroff's exotic figures and dramatic shows go out across the nation, enchant thousands of children and their elders, too.

Audience response is one of the big rewards of puppetry for Milovsoroff.
Mrs. Milovsoroff, who traveled on tours with her husband for ten years, is chief critic of new productions. Son Peter and family pet, Mittens.

demonstrating his philosophy graphically in his work. Fantastic, surrealistic, humorous his creations are, but his skill enables him to achieve what every dramatist seeks to achieve—that is to make the audience believe in his characters. With a well-developed range of voices, careful coordination, a good story and appropriate musical background Milovsoroff captivates his audiences from start to finish.

Although he tailors the shows to his audiences, Milovsoroff is so skilled in dramatizing a children's tale before a mixed age group he can capture everyone's interest. He can do it with such a story as that of the timid rabbit whose house is taken over by a bullying fox. After a blustering goat and well-intentioned cow fail to dislodge the fox, a busy little bee comes along and routs the truculent intruder. Before the brief sequence of events is over the audience has taken the part of the rabbit so thoroughly that it bursts into applause when the bold bee wins the battle.

Puppets as interpreters of music is a theme that runs through Milovsoroff's philosophy. He is convinced that they are a wonderful way to introduce good music to children who can follow definite rhythms but lose interest when the rhythm becomes hidden. With puppets acting in time to define the obscure musical patterns the children's interest is sustained and they learn to like the music. Puppets can interpret music effectively, Milovsoroff explains, because they have a range of motion which goes beyond that of the live stage, an inanimate type of motion that doesn't have to obey the laws of gravity—to his audiences' delight.

Milovsoroff apparently comes by his love of art naturally. Passing briefly over his early life from the time he was born in Siberia, to the time he went to China as a YMCA secretary and finally came to the United States in 1927, Milovsoroff points out that he got his start in puppetry by way of sculpture which he picked up himself while a student of political science at Oberlin College.

Later when he was doing graduate work at Oberlin he saw a sculptress friend do a puppet show. He was thrilled by the possibilities. "How wonderful," he remarked to himself. "You can move figures instead of just leaving them immobile."

Soon he was trying out an old European folk tale about two blind beggars before students and faculty in the college museum. His audience liked it so well he immediately decided puppetry would be his field. That was in 1934 and before the year was out he had become a professional puppeteer. His wife, Georgia, whom he had married while still a junior in college, helped him.

Until 1940 the Milovsoroffs had a studio in Oberlin and gave shows throughout the middle west. Summers they gave shows in Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Maine, always with an eye out for a place to settle. Finally, by a process of elimination they decided on Vermont because it seemed quieter and looked more like a "genuine piece of America." Friends in Strafford drew them to that neighborhood and they settled in Rice's Mills where Milovsoroff took his first crack at house building. During the war he was an instructor at Cornell in the Army Specialized Training program. The family, which includes daughter Ann and son Peter, who was born during the war, returned to Rice's Mills in 1944. The move to Norwich was made in 1949.

Coming to Norwich involved Milovsoroff in his second house-building venture. The first home on a hill in Rice's Mills was a fairyland type of structure made of square timbers and with steep gables and gingerbread trimmings. Milovsoroff likes to relate an anecdote about that first house. A tobacco-chewing neighbor who talked rarely was a frequent visitor while Milovsoroff was building the house. One day, while watching Milovsoroff's efforts, he commented, "Looks like you're goin' to have a pretty good house there."

Milovsoroff was cautious. "I'm afraid it isn't going to be quite plumb."

"Wal, what of it, ain't the hills out of plumb anyway?," was the neighborly reply.
Now settled down with his family in a simple ranch-style house that he built mostly himself, Milovsoroff still spends a lot of time away from home on tours during the fall, winter and spring which have taken him through most of the United States. He tries to create a new show every year and, as a result, summer is also a busy time although he feels free to knock off for family outings or to take part in community activities.

Basing most of his shows on old folk tales, Milovsoroff has to write the script, make the puppets, build the stage props and design the costumes. Mrs. Milovsoroff, thoroughly schooled after 10 years as his partner on the road, takes an active part in some of the work, manages the business end and serves as chief critic. Once everything is ready Milovsoroff has to practice and perfect each show as nearly as possible. Despite strenuous rehearsals it takes about a month of performing to discover just what parts of a show really go over big and what parts should be dropped or revised.

To puppeteers the word “puppet” is a general term embracing all types of animated figures. Marionettes are string puppets and were the medium which Milovsoroff first used. Later he went on to hand puppets, also known as glove or fist puppets. Now he uses rod, or stick puppets, which he feels open up new possibilities for him by providing motion.
extended far beyond his own hand. All of Milovsoroff's shows are done without assistance, one reason they require such rigorous practice and coordination and also why they achieve unusual unity and impact. He must not only operate the puppets, but he must also keep the background music going, switch his voice for every character and change the stage scenery. Needless to say, every show requires hard, concentrated work.

The payoff comes with the actual performance and the audience's reaction to it. Over the years close contact with his audiences has helped sustain Milovsoroff's enthusiasm for puppetry. Comparing sculpture and puppetry Milovsoroff says, "People's reactions to sculpture are subjective. You never know what they think of your carvings. Doing puppets you instantly know where you stand. You have a
communion between yourself and the audience. It gives you a keen sense of pleasure to know by the audience’s reaction that it enjoys the show.”

Last year, as chairman of the National Puppetry Festival of the Puppeteers of America held at Dartmouth College in Hanover, N. H., across the river from Norwich, Milovsoroff provided Vermonters and New Hampshireites of the Connecticut Valley with a truly unusual cultural event. A good number of the big names in the puppetry world were among the 300 delegates from this country and Canada who took part in the festival. Among puppeteers Milovsoroff is well known for his unique work and frequent contributions to “The Puppetry Journal,” published by the national organization. His pioneering ideas in puppet theater have also appeared in “Theatre Arts” magazine.

The solitude and freedom from interruption that his Norwich home provides is perfect for Milovsoroff’s periods of creative work when he needs to concentrate on the building of new shows. This August he shared some of the solitude and his creative inspiration with small groups who wished to learn about puppetry. This summer workshop idea was prompted by the enthusiastic response to Milovsoroff’s class in creative puppetry offered at the puppetry institute held in conjunction with the Festival last year.

Milovsoroff and his wife call their artistic enterprise, “The Folktale Puppet Studio.” Until he built the studio Milovsoroff worked in what is now the tool room. It was a crowded retreat with the atmosphere of an old toymaker’s shop, but the cluttered appearance was only an illusion. Milovsoroff assured his visitors; everything was close at hand and readily available. Brightly painted puppets with strange and curious visages hang from the studio walls which are also decorated with pictures of other famous puppets in the Milovsoroff repertoire. Gnarled and weathered roots heaped in baskets wait for the inspired hand of the puppeteer to transform them into “living” actors. The peaceful valley of the Connecticut and the green hills receding into a blue haze play a silent, but important part in this puppeteer’s happy art.

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During one hundred years the bell rang in East Jamaica, and its sound came across the valley and into the hills, and people of South Wardsboro could hear it if the day was still. The big bell called to worship and tolled the span of those who died; it roused the neighbors when there was a fire and clanged for mischief on Independence Day, and it pealed all night long when the war was over.

So it was natural, when the Baptist church by the West River closed for good, that South Wardsboro should want the bell for its own, and it seemed right to East Jamaica that the bell should not hang silent, or be sold for money, but should be given to its friends nearby.

The bell weighs twelve hundred pounds, and the congregation of the church in South Wardsboro had to hire a motor crane and a rigging crew to take it away and install it. Even so, and aside from their feelings, they knew the bell was worth it: it was cast by Meneely of Troy for $357 in 1847 and a new one like it, rigged, would cost ten times that much.
The money to move it came from a benefit concert given by Suzanne Bloch of South Wardsboro, a famous performer on medieval instruments. People came from miles around to hear music on the lute and the dulcimer and the virginal, played by the light of oil lamps (above left). A week later the crane brought the bell to the church in the hills (above), and descendants of the original Jamaica congregation, formed in 1791, heard it speak once as it came down and started away from the valley (below).
Most of South Wardsboro, nearly fifty people, came to see their Congregational church receive the bell. The church had not had a bell in its 150 years, so the riggers cut through the ceiling below the belfry and pulled it through the hole with hand hoists. The Rev. H. Douglas Pierce, burly white-haired pastor who was to lead a service for the bell, joined those who watched it ease out of sight (opposite above). One of the riggers was Billy Adams of Brattleboro (opposite left), nephew of Sherman Adams, the President’s adviser. Many members of the Adams family live in Wardsboro and Dover, where their noted relative was born. Up in the belfry the men made it fast to the new timbers (opposite right).

Herbert Reed, a deacon of the church for forty years, sounded the bell for the first time (right). He had feared that he was too slight and had asked for help to stand by, but when the time came he had no trouble and the bell answered the rope, deep and sweet, and outside everybody prayed as it rang (below).

This happened a year ago. The members of the church in South Wardsboro think the world of the bell, and during the past year the congregation has restored the inside of the building and in the Summer they rededicated the church at a special service. The bell rings out to tell the people the things it has always told them, and often those in the valley can hear it on a quiet day.
MUSK-OX IN VERMONT

By John J. Teal, Jr.

Photography by Penelope H. Teal

During the past snowy winter there were days near the Camels Hump when the wind blew with sufficient force to rip the roofs from farm buildings and to uproot large trees in the forest, and there were other days when the temperature dropped to thirty degrees below zero. At such times prudent men and conventional farm animals huddled in houses or barns with little desire to test themselves against the elements.

But our three musk-ox calves, naturally adapted to an Arctic environment, appeared to regard this climate as mild, if not salubrious. Neither blizzard nor temperature ever could induce them to take shelter and they went about their normal routine, occasionally stretching out for short naps on an exposed rock. If feeling dry, they would quench their thirst with a few mouthfuls of snow; if feeling hungry, they would paw away the snow in search of a few blades of dry grass.

Such cold weather talents have from early days suggested that the musk-ox might be tamed for economic use or converted through selective breeding into a domestic animal. Although preceded by discussion, the first known reference in English to this possibility was by Parker Gillmore, in 1874, in his book, "Prairie and Forest," who said: "...the eye, which is large and full, gives the physiognomy an intelligent look, which would induce the belief that no great difficulty would occur to prevent their domestication. If such could be effected, great benefit might result from the introduction of their wool into our markets, as, from its length, elasticity, and fineness, it could be manufactured into the most superior class of cloths."

Among others who have recommended the domestication of musk-ox have been C. J. "Buffalo" Jones, 1898, A. G. Nathorst, 1900, L. H. Bailey, 1904, and since 1920, its most faithful advocate, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, progenitor of our project.

Parker Gillmore’s reference to the marketable wool is to the chief economic benefit to be derived from the musk-ox. Under the long, outer guard hairs lies a thick blanket of very light, long-fibered wool, on the order of Cashmere. This is shed during the early days of summer, and, as with the camel, must not be sheared or plucked, but merely gathered from the ground in the great sheets in which it peels off. For convenience, the animals should
Strange visitors from the Arctic now inhabit northern Vermont; may become domestic residents of the state's abandoned farm areas.

Ruminants from different worlds (center below) meet in Vermont, eye each other with curiosity.

be corralled at this period. It is a luxury wool which can be boiled and scrubbed without shrinkage, and it will take any dye.

The meat of the musk-ox is of secondary importance, although it is indistinguishable from beef. In spite of the prevalent myth, it has neither taste nor odor of musk, since the animal possesses no musk glands. Claims that the musk-ox might provide milk should be dismissed. In common with other wild ruminants its milk is rich, concentrated, and very small in quantity. It is of great difficulty to secure because of miniature teats and the long guard hairs. It would not warrant the effort to try to develop a dairy type.

The musk-ox is the victim of bad names. Not only is its popular name misleading, but also its scientific name, ovibos, represents a perpetuation of error. The word implies a status of half sheep, half cattle, and was coined by a French scientist, de Blainville, in 1816, on the basis of a single moth-eaten skin from which two teats were missing. Therefore, believing the animals had but two teats like sheep and goats, (instead of the four which they actually possess), he invented a classification which has been continued by men who should know better. In reality, the musk-ox has no feature, other than a short tail, which is not found elsewhere in the cattle family. Perhaps its closest living relations are the bison.

The three calves captured in August of 1954 are easily the tamest animals on our farm, and enjoy both play and petting. Although when caught they were several months old and were the quarry in a wild chase, they accepted food greedily immediately upon return to camp, and have from their arrival in Vermont shown us the respect due to the head of the commissary department. They are considerably more intelligent than common domestic cattle, and distinguish between friend and stranger. In fact, of all the automobiles that come, they can invariably spot that of Veterinarian Ernest Paquette, (a member of the expedition), which means to them trouble from which they try to hide; and that of their most regular caretaker, Joe Weston, which means food for which they gather at the gate and bawl like other calves.

However, a tame animal is no more a domestic animal than is a domestic animal necessarily tame. The former, if released, will continue to breed and produce offspring exactly like the wild members of
First Arctic Barrens capture: Dr. Ernest Paquette, Leader John Teal, Herbert Drury.

Bull calf gives three-year-old Pam-Pam Teal (with Joe Weston) a friendly nuzzle.

The domestic animal is the creation of man, through selective breeding, and possesses a genetic structure and characteristics unlike those of its wild ancestors. If domestic animals are allowed to go wild, they will not breed true, but rather show a tendency towards reversion, throw-backs, to their wild progenitors. Naturally, domestic animals are capable of breeding in captivity. That tameness has nothing to do with domestication may be emphasized by pointing out that a number of domestic animals have been bred for ferocity, such as Spanish fighting bulls.

Our musk-ox are therefore tame, and of economic value, but not domesticated. We hope to launch a domestication experiment this autumn by attempting to introduce a gene for hornlessness through crosses with Angus and Galloway cows. Since all musk-ox, male and female, have horns this will represent a radical change in structure; but one which will make mature animals easier to handle. Our present calves have been dehorned surgically.

It has often been pointed out that musk-ox are slow breeders, the cows bearing calves only every other year. But this is common among northern bison, as well, and is due to the fact that the cow nurses her calf over the first winter and does not come into season while nursing. If the calves are taken away and weaned the first summer there is no reason why the cow, whose gestation period is the same as for domestic cattle, cannot produce every year. If there is a reason, it can undoubtedly be overcome by an hormone injection. In the wild the heifers are ready for breeding in their third year, while the young bulls are seldom able to fight their way past the old bulls until their fifth year. Under domestic conditions, of course, there would be no fights and man would decide personnel problems.
The three calves have been fed on a diet designed to approximate their food in the wild, with special emphasis upon milk. A measure of the success enjoyed might be that at the same age, 10½ months, as musk-ox calves once kept at the University of Alaska ours weighed over 300 lbs. apiece compared to the Alaskan herd average of 138 lbs. They have never been ill, and we have taken the precaution of inoculating them against Bang's disease.

The approach of summer brings with it the crucial test of our calves' suitability for the Vermont latitude. Whereas temperatures here approximate those of the summer on the Barrens, the humidity here is much higher. Their fleece is, of course, as much an insulation against heat as against cold. There will be far fewer mosquitoes and flies. The major problem very likely will be the dangers of comparatively rich pasturage to an animal whose digestive system is accommodated to sparse vegetation. Later on, we may discover that the shorter summer daylight of Vermont has a determinable effect upon their breeding season. In anticipation of these and other problems, specific experiments are being conducted upon other animals.

By the time this issue of Vermont Life appears we hope to have returned to our camp on the Arctic Barrens of Canada and to have captured five more calves. We also hope to have collected semen from the wild bulls for experiments in artificially inseminating Angus and Galloway heifers.

Therefore, the autumn of 1955 should be a propitious time to evaluate our efforts to create, from the musk-ox, a domestic animal naturally adapted to the rigours of the North, requiring neither shelter nor artificial feed, and still of high economic value.

Domestic cow is bemused by odd pasture companions. Mountain at right is Camel's Hump.

Musk-ox begin to shed in the Spring; for a time look somewhat like an unmade bed.
Panther or Catamount, otherwise Felis Cougar

The Vermont Panther

An Elusive Tradition

By Arthur W. Peach

Vermont is a state of traditions—most of them having their roots far back in pioneer days. For instance, the tradition of work goes far back to the years after the French and Indian wars. Young men journeying through the wilderness that became Vermont to their homes in the older colonies saw in the great forests, the deer and beaver meadows, the rivers and streams, a promised land, but not a land of quick wealth with oil wells and gold mines. It was a land that only work could win—and hard work at that. Later, Ethan Allen saw what the manorial system was in the Hudson valley, estates with tenant farmers subject to a landlord's whims and ambitions, backed by law, and he and his associates wanted none of it. Out of that dislike and hate for that system came the Green Mountain Boys and one strand, at least, of the, at times, almost fierce determination to be a free man—a phrase that lives in the Vermont "Free-man's Oath."

On a minor scale, of course, but no less vivid, is the tradition that comes out of the old wild days—the interest, the tales, the legends that have to do with the animals the pioneers knew—the moose, long gone from the state save when a wanderer from Canada, obeying some dim impulse in his blood, drifts into one of our northern counties and back home again; the bears—few of our older families are without a tale of Great-grandmother banging a bear over the head with a pail or chasing one away from barn or fold with a pitchfork or axe. Mention of wolves appears over and over again in the old letters and diaries, although there seems to be no mention of any pioneer killed by wolves which, as time went by, vanished like the moose.

The tradition of the panther or catamount—the latter term is the older one—is still very much alive even if the panthers are not. As I write these lines, a local paper tells me that a panther was clearly seen, long tail and all, not fifteen miles...
from where I am sitting safe in the capital of the state. The point has been reached where friendships are being broken, dinner tables set in an uproar, wives refusing to speak to their husbands—all on this hot issue: There are panthers in Vermont—or there aren't! So there!

Fully realizing that my discussion of this issue is more dangerous for me than hunting an actual panther, I intend to review the whole question, examine the evidence, and see where it leads us. I do this, fully realizing that the tradition will live on for another century at least, leaving a trail of distended veins on many a flushed forehead, loud voices and bulging eyeballs—*homo sapiens* being what he is.

Much to my regret, I seem to have started most of the fracas in 1951. A letter in the *Burlington Free Press* told the story of a hunter who had seen a panther in the southern part of the state. He described it in detail, and I was puzzled: if he saw it in such detail, and had time to do so, why did he not shoot it? I mentioned my belief in a letter to the *Free Press* that there was one panther in the state—and I had seen him that morning—"dead for sure"—in the State Museum in Montpelier. This was the panther killed in Barnard in 1881—and the panther and his death happen to be historical fact, completely established. I said he was the only and last one in Vermont.

Immediately, panthers appeared all over the state. Letters and telephone calls came in, samples of panther hair—even reflections on my ancestors' probity and of course on mine. The editorial columns broke out with pantheritis; and at least one true word was spoken by the editor of the *Free Press* who stated in an editorial that I was "old enough to know better" than to say bluntly that there were no panthers in Vermont, that "the Vermont panther is just as much a Vermont tradition as Santa Claus."

The rash began to spread. Panthers appeared in New York and New Hampshire, and a correspondent sent me a document from Pennsylvania. An issue of New York's *Conservationist* in 1951 listed five letters telling about panthers seen. The head of the New Hampshire State fish and game commission stated flatly that there were no panthers in the state. The Pennsylvania *Mammal Survey* listed the last panther as killed in 1863. Beginning to wonder why all the panthers in the East were heading for Vermont, and wondering whence they were coming, I wrote to the top man of the fish and game department of the Province of Quebec, and he answered simply enough: "From known memory there has been no panther in P.Q." That answer seemed to be final, and I turned back to my own state where I and my hunting friends had been busy with guns and dogs for more than forty years—and had never seen a panther of any kind, even imaginary ones. Yet newspaper stories, personal letters, telephone calls indicated that there were panthers in nearly every county in Vermont.

In the effort to make some sense out of the commotion I turned to Vermont's historical records. They are too extensive to quote in detail, but among the early laws is one providing for care in setting traps for wolves, bears, and "catamounts." Diaries and letters of the old days do not mention panthers. The Rev. Nathan Perkins journeyed by horse-back through Vermont in 1768, coming from Hartford, Conn., and his diary is detailed; he mentions the wolves, but no panthers. John Spargo, of Bennington, as skilled in historical research as any Vermonter, summed up his findings in a brochure with this sentence: "From the first passage of white men of which we have any record through what is Vermont down to the present time, a stretch of a little more than two hundred years, all of the animals of this species positively known to have been killed do not number a score." So we have a situation in which more panthers have been seen in the past four years than in the past 200—a fair inference, it seems to me.

Five panthers have been definitely shot and killed in Vermont in the last century, for we have pictures of them. They were killed and photographed as follows: one in Perkinsville around 1850, one in Johnson in 1865, one in Weathersfield in 1867, one in West Wardsboro in 1875, one in Barnard in 1881. If others were killed, we have no authentic records of them other than the findings of Mr. Spargo. Looking over the records of a century and a half,
This panther was shot in Perkinsville, north of Springfield—but that was over a century earlier.

This Johnson specimen, shot in 1865, washed away during the Flood of 1927.

Anemic looking West Wardsboro panther was shot ten years later.

Barnard panther, posing with his slayer, Alexander Crowell in 1881, was last.

It is obvious that there were panthers in the state, but it seems certain that they were few and far between, and the killing of one would have been an event that would have been recorded in one way or another.

Now for the present—and here is where trouble starts. A state paper offered for years a cash reward for a Vermont panther—no panther. A veteran hunter, a member of the Vermont Historical Society, offered a prize of $100 for a Vermont panther, definitely killed in the state; two years went by—no panther in spite of hundreds of hunters criss-crossing the state in the search for deer. Farmers with cows and young stock in pastures were silent. Game wardens brought in no reports of panthers. The $100 prize looked safe—and then the practical jokers and hoaxers got busy; and there are more practical jokers—another Vermont tradition—than in any other state. A friendly game warden tipped me off that in a certain woodworking shop in a certain town four panthers' paws were being made of wood, and another hunting "pal" warned me that two Vermonters while on business in New York had looked for a moth-eaten panther in an area in the city where captured wild animals are sold. On the basis of those reports the $100 prize was promptly cancelled. The Rutland Daily Herald bobbed up with a special editor, "Panther Pete," and the Montpelier Evening Argus suggested that the "panther peckers" organize on a fraternal basis as Panthers, Incorporated, and hold a convention in New Mexico where a real live panther might be spotted by the members of the Loyal Vermonters for the Preservation of the Vermont Panther.

Amid the fun, however, the pantherites were seeing panthers and saying so in no uncertain terms; and beginning to wonder if it was not time I saw a few myself, I turned to two authorities on the topic of Vermont's wild game. George W. Davis, for years director of the Fish and Game Department of the state, grinned and shook his head when I asked him if there were panthers in the state and said that it was improbable although not impossible, and his belief was not buried by the "impossible." Then there was William E. Green, who has panthers in his Fairlee, Vt., Rare Bird and Animal Farm, on route 5, an expert on panthers if there ever was one, and here is his statement: "In all my hunting in Vermont which in past years was quite extensive, I have never seen any panther sign. In fact, with the Vermont panther so much in the news his sign has been quite conspicuous by its absence. To sum up—I would say—possible, but
Not probable."—That from an authority.

So where are we now? Just where we started! Every “panther pecker” will jump at that “possible,” and away we go again in spite of all the evidence I have suggested in these pages; the breakfast tables will again resound with arguments between John and Jane; Mother won’t speak to Father when he comes from work—and the old tradition will go on; and I will ponder the old truth that any man who sticks a pin in an old and popular belief will be pricked himself.

However, to slip over to a more serious vein: Vermonters and others are certainly seeing some kind of a “crittur.” What is it? Most of those who “see a panther” never saw a live one; their impressions go back to schoolbooks and stories, faint recollections at best. I am convinced that a large bobcat, flattened out cat-fashion, sneaking across a road at night in front of the headlights of a car grows into quite an animal before the driver gets home. There are, of course, bobcats in the wilder portions of Vermont. Fourteen were shot by three hunters during the past winter in northeastern Vermont. Rarely a Canadian lynx appears in the state, and a large specimen under the right conditions might well look to the initiated like a panther. Then there is the fisher cat or fisher—I have shot at three of these in northern Vermont—which resembles a small panther. A personal investigation of the spot where a “small panther” was seen convinced me that the friend who invited me to the site had seen a fisher. The fisher is one of the shyest of our wild animals. The bobcat and the lynx have short tails; the fisher, a long one; and he is a good imitation of a panther although not the same color.

So we have the story of a tradition, sketched from the records of a century and more, and very alive today—and for years to come, no doubt; dying away for a period of time, then flaming up when some one gets in its way. The farmers will drive their country roads at dusk and night and see no panthers; the game wardens will wander near and far in remote and near haunts of game and see no panthers; others like myself who like to walk evening roads in the hills will see no panthers as we have never seen them; and if anyone among my readers is thinking of buying or renting a place far back among the friendly hills where there is a restful change from the wear and tear of the crowded places, he should do so without worrying about panthers or the earnest souls who see them. He has as much chance of seeing a panther as he has of being hit by a flying saucer.

Six year old Tommy lives in Fairlee at Bill Green’s Rare Bird & Animal Farm. He weighs 187 pounds, is 7 feet two and a half inches long, and was captured in Utah.

Life-sized Catamount Tavern marker at Old Bennington was modeled by a French sculptor.
Hollywood looks at Vermont

A famous film director chooses Vermont in autumn to produce his new comedy thriller—

The Trouble With Harry

Alfred Hitchcock, Shirley MacLaine and John Forsythe at Craftsbury Common.

Camera crew (opposite) films young Jerry Mathers in a Vermont wood.

All photographs courtesy Paramount Pictures.

Hitchcock talks about Vermonters

“The main purpose in taking a motion picture troupe some three thousand miles from Hollywood to Vermont was to photograph the warmth of the autumn foliage. We were not disappointed.

“But now, glancing into my rear-vision mirror of memory, I particularly recall another sort of warmth—the fine friendliness of the Vermont people.

“They did so many things that made our work easier while we were filming The Trouble With Harry. Such things as baking blueberry muffins needed for a scene and then voluntarily bringing along several dozen more muffins for the cast and crew to eat. There were the people who passed on the information where we could obtain an old car—a 1913 Buick roadster—as a prop for the picture. And the owner’s only request that we drive it no faster than 40 miles an hour. There was the farmwife who loaned us a needed ancient purse for a scene after we had scoured antique shops without success.

“These are a few stray incidents that stay in my mind. There are many others but the over-all reaction is that the legendary impression of the native Vermonter as cold, brooding and suspicious is entirely false.

“They minded their business and let us mind ours which we appreciated. They helped us when they could. They realized that we had a job to do and that although the motion picture is the world of make-believe, the making of a motion picture is a hard-working reality.

“There was more than these tangible expressions of cooperation, much more. These were the many things that might be summed up in the word neighborliness. I will always remember the people of Vermont.

“I also will remember the beauty of the countryside in autumn with nature’s palette of reds, golds, yellows, browns and greens. There were the glowing maples, the oaks, the beeches and other foliage with their kaleidoscopic changes of color.

“I felt that The Trouble With Harry called for a rural background which would be as much a part of the story as the characters and the plot. The story—a comedy about a body—deals with the lives of simple and attractive people in a framework of natural beauty. This we found in Vermont, in the neighborhood of Stowe, Craftsbury Common, East Craftsbury, Morrisville, and elsewhere.

“As for the picture, it is a comedy but it has its suspense. You see The Trouble With Harry is that he’s dead. But if one has to die, can you think of a more beautiful place to do so than Vermont in autumn?”
The Trouble With Harry, which was filmed last Autumn practically in its entirety in Vermont, will be released nationally this autumn. It is the latest motion picture created by the distinguished British producer and director, Alfred Hitchcock. His recent productions include Rear Window, To Catch a Thief and The Man Who Knew Too Much. Of The Trouble With Harry Mr. Hitchcock says: "The cast includes Shirley MacLaine, a fey character who I feel will make quite a mark in Hollywood. Then there are Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, Mildred Natwick and Mildred Dunnock. The picture is filmed in Technicolor with Paramount's Vista Vision cameras."
Tales of the Covered Bridge Builders

By Richard Sanders Allen

Photographs by Edmund Homer Royce

Self-taught engineers with skills that approached genius, built Vermont’s covered spans to last.

Vermont builders never did come in for much credit. Who knows who actually built the big business block in the center of town, the railroad line across the state, or even who laid out and constructed the new airport of two decades ago? Thus it was with the Vermont covered bridge builders. People took their work for granted.

In Indiana and Oregon you will find covered bridges emblazoned with the names of their builders,—painted in bold black letters on white portals. In Pennsylvania and Ohio are some with contractor, carpenter and mason’s names all carefully inscribed on a capstone in the abutment for future generations to rediscover. But with over a hundred covered bridges in Vermont, no painted board or chiseled stone proclaims the name of a Vermont bridge builder. They were content to let their bridges stand as mute testimony to their skill.

The first covered bridge builders in Vermont probably were journeymen contractor-carpenters, who brought with them the simple arch design of wooden truss, and the “know-how” to put up good ones. What is thought to be the oldest covered bridge in Vermont,—the Pulp Mill Bridge over Otter Creek north of Middlebury,—is a product of this early period. This two-lane or “double-barreled” covered bridge is supposed to have been erected in the 1820’s by unknown builders.

Franklin county was the hotbed for the arch bridges, called “Burr Trusses” after their Connecticut inventor, Theodore Burr. The earliest authenticated date for the building of a covered bridge in Vermont is 1824. In that year two men named Keyes built the long arched toll bridge over the Missiquoi River at Highgate Falls. They set a precedent for the wider crossings and in later years the Missiquoi had similar arch spans at Enosburg Falls, East Highgate, North Sheldon, North Enosburg, and Sheldon Springs.

Over on the eastern side of the state, the builders put up a lot of early wooden bridges prior to 1824, but they were not particular about adding a roof and siding to protect them from the weather. Rufus Graves, for instance, proposed to span the Connecticut from his native Hanover, N. H. to the Vermont side. Graves was a promoter as well as a builder. He made a model of his projected bridge, based on one he had seen down near Portsmouth. He solicited subscriptions for stock in a company to build the full-sized span, and exhibited the model about the countryside to show what he was up to. When he had enough money, Graves flung an open wooden arch bridge over the Connecticut,—236 feet in a single span. Either he was ahead of his time, or lacked the skill of the architect to the east. The bridge fell in 1804 with a crash that re-echoed for miles.

One Vermonter who favored the arch construction for his bridges was Ephraim Twitchell of Stockbridge. Like Graves and many others, Twitchell found the
display of a model bridge at town meetings and fairs a good selling feature for the awarding of future contracts. His bridges, built in the 1840s, stood for many years at Bethel, Stockbridge, Woodstock, and other towns. Much of the planning and light work was done in a tool shed on Mr. Twitchell's farm on Liberty Hill up near Stockbridge Gap. A man named Whitcomb contracted for shingles on the roofs of Twitchell's bridges. After cutting them four feet long in his little mill up Bartlett Brook, he would carry them down to the bridge sites in bundles on his back.

Ephraim Twitchell's bridges had every joint fitted tight and so true that you could run your hand across them without feeling the gap. They were built as strong as clipper ships. During the 1927 Flood the one at Stockbridge did go on a voyage. It floated over a mile down the White River and when it fetched up on the bank only one timber was found to be broken. Salvagers had a tough time tearing the bridge apart.

The lattice bridge was first introduced into Vermont by Capt. Isaac Damon of Northampton, Massachusetts. Damon built over thirty covered bridges in his lifetime, spanning streams from Maine to Kentucky. Practically all his bridges were on the lattice plan of criss-crossed plank, held together by wooden pins. This type of bridge had been invented in 1820 by Damon's friend and close collaborator, Ithiel Town of Connecticut. Thus it was only natural that the Captain should use it in 1827 for the Cheshire Toll Bridge between Charlestown, N. H. and Springfield, Vermont. Damon also bridged the Connecticut at Brattleboro, and later put up the famous "Tucker Toll Bridge" at Bellows Falls in 1840. His only bridge wholly within the state of Vermont was built at Royalton over the White River in 1833. Sad to relate, this bridge was not one of Damon's better jobs. In a few years it proved so imperfect that it had to be torn down. That was an unusual occurrence in the early covered bridge annals.

But the seed of Town lattice bridge building had been sown in Vermont and it became by far the most popular type of covered bridge built in the state. The early builders sent Ithiel Town a dollar a foot for the use of his patent, but after his death in 1844, the patent reverted to the public domain and dozens of local builders put up bridges of the type without thought of paying any royalty.

Typical of the local lattice bridge builders were the Jewett Brothers—Sheldon and Savannah, of Montgomery, Vermont. An earlier member of the family,—Eleazer Jewett, had already worked on covered bridges at Swanton and St. Albans Bay. Sheldon and Savannah built or worked on all nine of the covered bridges in the Montgomery area, seven of which still stand. For over thirty years it was the Jewetts who were called to build Montgomery's bridges. They had their own saw mill far up West Hill brook. One of their bridges can still be seen here. They prepared their own timber and hauled it down to the bridge sites where they pounded the lattice trusses together and snaked them out over the streams.

Other lattice covered bridge builders included Sanford Granger of North Westminster, Caleb B. Lamson of South Newfane, the Sears family of Bennington, and T. K. Horton, Abraham Owen, Asa Nourse and Evelyn Pierpont of the Rutland region.

By far Vermont's most famous covered bridge builder was Nicholas Montgomery Powers of Clarendon. He was born in Pittsford in 1817, in the section which is now part of Proctor. Before he was twenty-one he had convinced the Pittsford selectmen that he was capable of putting up a covered bridge for them over Furnace Brook at Pittsford Mills. His father, Richard Powers, had to go his bond and agree to make good any timbers "the boy" might spoil. None was spoiled and the bridge was strong enough ninety-six years later to support a 20-ton steam roller of

![Two-lane Pulp Mill bridge, built near Middlebury in 1820's, may be state's oldest.](image-url)
the road-builders who came to replace it.

Naturally the Pittsford Mills bridge made young Powers' reputation, and he was seldom without bridge contracts for over forty years. At least four Powers-built covered bridges still stand today. He favored spruce and hemlock for his bridges and used to say that a spruce stick could carry the same load as an equal weight of the brittle iron of his day.

Powers had plenty of work close to home the first dozen years or so, bridging Otter Creek, East Creek and Cold River in the Rutland area. In 1849 one of his jobs was a bridge over East Creek on the Chittenden road. During the next Spring freshet the capricious stream changed its course, leaving the bridge high and dry. Instead of moving the bridge, Powers sold the Rutland selectmen on the idea of another bridge to span the new channel. This resulted in the "Twin Bridges," which took care of all the high water that East Creek could throw at them, until the Pittsford Dam broke in 1947. Even after that, one of the wrecked twins was converted into a barn.

In the 1850s Nick Powers began moving farther afield. He had a good farm in Clarendon, and hired help to run it during his frequent absences. He went down to Bellows Falls and helped build a railroad bridge across the Connecticut there. This put him in touch with other builders,—real college-trained engineers and full-time professional railroad contractors. Nick wasn't much on the "book-learnin'," but he was a whiz with the practical putting of timbers together. He too began to build trial models, and experimented with them for strength and for new designs.

In 1855 he was called to North Benheim, N. Y. to bridge Schoharie Creek. Here he let his imagination have full play, and built a covered bridge the like of which has never been attempted before or since. This was a 228-foot, two-lane bridge with three large trusses. Instead of arches on the outside of the roadways, Powers hung the whole massive bridge on a SINGLE arch in the CENTER, which stretched from the abutments clear up to the rooftree.

Two stories persist about the Blenheim Bridge that probably have some truth. Powers' own descendants say that the family was "so strict they wouldn't crack a nut on the Sabbath," so it is easy to believe that Nick was death on liquor. One morning some of his men had a jug on the job. Seeing the Boss coming they quickly stuck the liquid refreshment into a niche in the unfinished abutment. Powers just then had decided to finish off the masonry work that day and he personally supervised the job. So as far as we know, there is still a jug in one of the Blenheim Bridge's abutments,—vintage of 1855!

When the mighty span was complete two years later, the Blenheim sidewalk superintendents chucked their tongues and called it "Powers' Folly." "Much too heavy!" they declared. "It'll fall of its own weight!"

To show his faith in his masterpiece, Nick Powers clambered up to the ridgepole. "If she goes, I'll go with her," he muttered. Then he called down to his crew below to knock away the falsework. The crowd drew in its breath as the last supporting timber splashed into the river. The bridge creaked and settled,—just a fraction of an inch. The figure up on top sat down on the ridgepole and dangled his legs in thin air with a satisfied smile. Blenheim Bridge, celebrating its 100th birthday this year, is today the longest single-span covered bridge in the world.

The farthest from Vermont that Nick Powers got was the mouth of the Susquehanna River at Perryville, Maryland. There George A. Parker, an engineer with whom Powers had worked at Bellows Falls, was building an enormous railroad bridge. Nick was first employed as a boss carpenter,—one of many. Early in 1866 a tornado demolished all but one span of the nearly completed bridge and the designing engineer in charge was fired. Two of the railroad's best college-educated draftsmen worked for two weeks on new plans, without much progress. In desperation Parker came to Nick Powers and asked him how long it would take him to design a new bridge that would stand up. Looking at his watch, which
then said a quarter to ten, Nick replied:

"I'll give it to you after I've had my
lunch."

Sure enough, when Parker came back the
Vermonter had covered the sides of a
big timber with calculations and drawings
of what appeared to be a mighty promising
bridge. Then and there Parker gave
Powers the contract. Nick was to get $7
a day and his choice of fifty men to work
with. He ended up bossing four hundred
and finished the bridge ahead of time to
claim a $500 bonus. To further confound
the engineers, Powers had his sixteen-
year-old son Charles design the tricky
draw-span for the bridge.

Back home in Clarendon, Mrs. Powers
didn't think much of her husband's pro-
longed absence, and wrote him as much.
Nick answered:

"If you could see this work going
ahead and the place I hold I think you
would tell me to stay till the job was done.
I am treated with more respect here in
one day that I would in Clarendon in one
year. ... When I get done on this job
you may reckon on my staying to home
after that."

Nick Powers kept his promise. As soon
as the Perryville bridge was done he left
Maryland,—not even waiting for the
celebration in honor of the first train
across. Never again did he venture far
from Clarendon. Nor did he try anything
more in the way of spectacular design.
His later bridges were the old tried-and-
true Town lattice plan that he had begun
with as a boy. Those fancy half-iron
bridges were all right for other states, but
Vermont wanted something familiar and
dependable.

Nicholas Powers' building prowess was
not confined to bridges. His was the first
quarry derrick built in West Rutland.
Then too, he moved the twenty-ton tower
of the Rutland County Court House from
the middle to the front of the building,
which scoffers claimed "just couldn't be
done!"

Over the years the stories of Powers' work
and skill have reached Paul Bunyan-
like proportions, and must be classed as
folklore. Some writers have credited him
not only with "all the lattice bridges of
Vermont," but "most of the covered
bridges in New England!" If Nicholas
Montgomery Powers had built all the
covered bridges with which he is some-
times credited, he would have had to be
working day and night for forty years.
But the records of the ones he DID build
make him a man well worthy of the
legends.

New Hampshire men had a lot to do
with Vermont covered bridges. There was
Stephen H. Long of Hopkinton, N. H.,
who started a bridge-building program
that soon spilled over into Vermont. Long,
a brevet colonel in the Army Topo-
graphical Engineers, designed and pa-
tented a new type of bridge truss in 1830.
This resembled a series of all-wooden
"X's" in boxes, and did not need an
auxiliary arch to support it. Col. Long was
busy on government service which took
him all over the country, so his brother,
Dr. Moses Long, undertook to promote
the sale of patent rights and build the
Long plan bridge through subcontractors.

Related by marriage to the Longs were
the three bridge-building Childs Brothers
of nearby Heniker, N. H. The oldest
brother, Horace, was master carpenter.
Enoch, a Yale graduate, took care of design
and business details, while Warren Childs
did the all-important stone work down
below. Here was a happy combination of
talent, and it worked out well in dozens of
bridges on the Long plan that the Childs
boys erected. One of their first was a
340-foot bridge over the Connecticut river
at Newbury, Vermont, completed in
the Fall of 1834. They also bridged the
Connecticut with the "Lyman Toll
Bridge," just north of White River Ju-
ction, and spanned the White river with
patent bridges at Hartford and North
Royton.

Moses Long, the promoter of the
family, advertised his brother's patent
truss frame bridge from Maine to
Louisiana. In 1837 Dr. Long began run-
ning a notice in the American Railroad
Journal, which listed his sub-agents, and
gave the locations of some of the better
bridges that had been built on the Long
plan. Moses went on to state:

LaPierre

Henry Camp-
bell's Heineburg
bridge across the
Winooski sur-
vived 1927 flood.
Campbell’s Wells River-Woodsville railroad & highway bridge (1853–1903).

FRAME BRIDGES

The undersigned, general agent of Col. S. H. Long to build or vend the right to others to build on his Patent Plan, would respectfully inform Railroad and Bridge Corporations that he is prepared to make contracts to build, and furnish all materials for superstructures of the kind in any part of the United States, (Maryland excepted).

Much to Moses’ chagrin, in 1838 the following advertisement began to appear in the JOURNAL, sometimes on the very same page as his own notice:

FRAME BRIDGES AGAIN

The subscriber will build frame bridges in any part of the United States, Maryland not excepted, and will extend them to as long a span and warrant them to be as strong, durable, and cheap as those made by any other method. Having no patent right he requires no agents. A large number of bridges of his construction are to be seen. Young gentlemen, who wish, can be instructed in the true mathematical principles of building bridges and the application of the same to practice.

John Johnson
Burlington, Vermont, Jan. 1838

It is unfortunate that none of the cocky Mr. Johnson’s bridges are known today. His is the first indication that the bridge-builders in Vermont were ready and willing to pass on their skills to others,—at a price.

Peter Paddleford of Littleton, N. H. also did work in Vermont. He built early bridges across the Connecticut at Guildhall and McIndoe Falls. These were on Long’s patent, but Peter soon devised a bridge truss of his own, the unpatented “Paddleford Suspension Truss,”—a conglomeration of criss-crossed superimposed panels that must be seen to be appreciated. It still serves well in a number of covered bridges in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Ephraim Stone of St. Johnsbury built this type of covered bridge. At one time the town of St. Johnsbury had fourteen of these “Paddleford” bridges. John Clement of Lyndon also erected these bridges in later years, as did John D. Colton of Orleans county.

Mr. Colton, a lifelong resident of Irasburg, was a carpenter-builder and millwright. Many fine homes and barns in Irasburg, Barton, Glover, Albany and Coventry are standing today in good shape because John Colton built things to “stay put.” Half a dozen covered bridges in this vicinity were built by him, and two still stand. Colton drew plans and made preliminary preparations for his jobs at his own woodworking shop in Irasburg. He was noted for his very keen eye,—only a glance at a foundation or building would tell him whether or not it was plumb. Another building specialty of his were the huge wooden “snow-rollers” which were much in demand in northern Vermont before the days of state roads and plows.

The coming of the railroad to Vermont in the 1840’s brought the art of wooden bridge building to a peak. Railroads couldn’t wind down a slope into a valley and cross a stream at right angles. They had to go straight across, and that meant long earthen embankments, and bridges of sizable proportions.

From Pennsylvania, the directors of the Vermont Central Railroad brought a talented and capable engineer named Henry R. Campbell. Campbell had been in the forefront of locomotive development and railroad construction in his native state, but it was for his bridges that he was chiefly noted. Pennsylvania builders of the time all favored the wooden arch, and Campbell was no exception. As soon as he had sized up the Vermont terrain, he set his building crews to work erecting arch bridges for the railroad across the Winooski, the Lamoille, the Connecticut, and all the lesser rivers in between. Nearby and affiliated railroads clamored for and received his assistance in designing their railroad bridges. Some had the tracks on top and some inside, depending on the bridge site. For all his bridges, Campbell used what was practically a trademark. He sided them in such a manner that the sweep of the great arches was visible on the outside.

One Campbell-designed bridge became a storm center. In 1852 the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad was completing its tracks to a point opposite Wells River. They wished to cross the Connecticut river to form a junction with the Connecticut and Passumpsic River Railroad, over on the Vermont bank. The latter company considered the New Hampshire line an enemy in its territory, and wished to build a bridge of its own to connect with the newly-built and promising White Mountain Railroad to Littleton. But the BC&M made an agreement with the old toll bridge company at Wells River to build a brand-new bridge that could be used by both the highway and the steam cars. They bought land on the Vermont side and commenced to build an abutment.

Then began the so-called “bridge war” between the rival railroads. BC&M men would dump tons of dirt into the fill for the Vermont abutment, only to have a
small army of Passumpsic boys cart it away in the small hours of the night. This state of affairs kept up for a week, with tempers wearing thin and the Irish laborers in a fighting mood. Clubs and Shillelaghs were being freely used when the first constable was hastily summoned from his bed in Newbury by a messenger from the distressed people of Wells River. He arrived just in time to prevent wholesale slaughter, and read the riot act to the angry mob. A few arrests were made, and the unlawful assembly gradually dispersed. Agreement between the railroads was finally reached, and work on the bridge itself commenced.

The Wells River Combination Bridge was a single span of 231 feet. Trains enjoyed clear sailing on the single track laid on the roof. But poor Dobbin, sometimes with an ominous rumble overhead, had to hurry through “at a walk,” and then turn sharply to avoid collision with a wall of stone at either end of the bridge. For fifty years vehicular traffic had to use the “rat-holes-in-the-wainscot” entrances, and stop and pay toll, besides.

After he got the railroads safely across the rivers, Henry Campbell settled down in Burlington. In 1860 he contracted with the selectmen of Burlington and Colchester to build what was known in later years as the “Heineburg Bridge”—over the Winooski River to the north of Burlington.

Mr. Campbell was mighty proud of the bridge and told the selectmen that it would “stand until the foundations of all things shall be broken up.” The builder was asking a lot of a wooden structure, but Heineburg Bridge was one of the very few covered bridges over the Winooski that survived the great flood of 1827.

Henry Campbell used the Howe wood-and-iron truss in the Heineburg Bridge, an improved design that William Howe of Spencer, Mass., had devised twenty years before. The Howe truss was the railroad bridge of the era, and the Rutland and Central Vermont came to build them almost exclusively. At Bellows Falls the Cheshire Railroad entered the state by means of a large two-span double-track Howe truss bridge. This was built by the Massachusetts firm of Boody, Stone and Company in 1849. Their young resident manager was Lucius Boomer, soon to become a bridge contractor on his own.

Seven years later, with a younger Stone brother as a partner, Boomer was to build the first bridge across the mighty Mississippi River.

The Howe truss was never very popular for highway use in Vermont, for the lattice bridge was too well established as a standard. Nevertheless James Bagley of Rutland built a few Howe bridges, and the Babbitt Brothers of New Hampshire put up some over the upper Connecticut River in the present century.

Still another New Hampshire man built covered bridges in Vermont. He was James F. Tasker of Cornish, a black-bearded and bushy-browed man of iron build. Tasker is well known for his big bridges that he built,—over the Connecticut at Windsor, Vermont, built in 1866, and thoroughly renovated this past year. It is the longest covered bridge still standing in New England, stretching 436 feet in two spans to the New Hampshire shore. In this bridge, Tasker and a partner, Bela J. Fletcher of Claremont, devised a way of using heavy squared timbers instead of plank in forming the web of a lattice bridge. Tasker used this plan in the other big bridges that he built,—over the White River, at Royalton, West Hartford and White River Junction.

Later on he devised an original design,—truss timbers in a series of king posts. Like other builders before him, he worked from a model,—this one eight feet long, thirteen inches wide and thirteen inches high. It was made of light wood and gave little appearance of strength. When Tasker took the model down town one day the loungers on the street laughed at “the flimsy thing.” The builder took the little bridge into a nearby hardware store and without a word beckoned the men inside. Then he commenced piling legs of nails on it, pyramid-fashion. When he had used ten, he climbed up and sat on it himself. Since the black-bearded giant weighed over 200, the unbelievers’ laughs became cheers.

It was on this design that Tasker built many small covered spans in Weathersfield and Windsor, Vermont. He’d cut the timber on his own farm in Cornish, have it sawed and made ready at the mill in Claremont, and then haul it by wagon across the Connecticut to the bridge site. With this primitive forerunner of prefabrication it was a simple matter for a trained gang of men under Tasker’s direction to frame and erect a bridge in a matter of days. A couple of specialists were left to side and shingle these small bridges, while Tasker’s day-workers went on to another bridge, barn, or some stone work. Here was a rural construction genius at work. Several of Tasker’s well-designed bridges still stand today. Yet it was only by tracing that this man could even sign his name to a contract. For James F. Tasker could neither read nor write.

VERMONT Life
Newark Village. On a glorious day in late June while rambling over the back roads near West Burke, I came upon a cluster of houses around a little country church which, I discovered by referring to my map, was called Newark—quite different from the Newark, N. J. where I was born and brought up.

The quaintness of the buildings, the little church with its spire and the huge elm behind it, the whole set-up was so rural and inviting it couldn’t be ignored, so I was soon busy putting it on canvas. The village seemed abandoned and I never did learn the reason.
Road In Woodstock. This is a favorite spot of mine, particularly in October. Perhaps the name “Rolling Ridge Farm” whose grassy acres show in this picture, has something to do with it, for somehow “Rolling Ridge” seems symbolic of that little section of Woodstock, although the road itself is down by the Ottauquechee’s edge away from the rolling ridge. But those maples! Is there anyone with the urge to paint who would not want to tell the world about those magnificent gold and scarlet trees which line most of the old country road?
LAKE WILLOUGHBY. This was painted the day after the Newark picture. It was the first time I had been to Lake Willoughby. I was thrilled by the beauty of the place. The pattern of the white birches against the blue-green cliffs across the lake intrigued me. The trouble was there were pictures everywhere I looked, so it was difficult to choose the right composition. Even after the choice had been made, I wondered if a different angle might not have been better, or perhaps down a little further.

THE COVERED BRIDGE AT POMPANOOSUC is no longer there. At least Route 5 no longer goes through it. But years ago I spent some time in Thetford and each time I passed through the old bridge I would say to myself: “Some day I must paint this.” Well, one day I did.

JACKSONVILLE. One October several years ago I was on my way toward Newfane by the less familiar roads. The sun was beginning to lower when suddenly I rounded a curve and there
before me was this picture. The hill in the middle distance was darkened by a cloud shadow, but the rest of the scene was flooded with warm sunlight. I jammed on my brakes, got out the old, well-worn sketch box and was soon at work trying to put down my impressions of the place. The resulting sketch was a preliminary to the final picture, which was a little departure from my usual technique, painted in egg-tempera, not in oils.
Chelsea. One of the small sketches which I like the best is one I did of this white house in Chelsea. Every time I see a dirt road I have to explore it, so that is what happened as I neared the village on Route 110. The old road led directly up a very steep hill, but near the top it petered out completely. By much turning and twisting I managed to get the car pointed down again, and then I discovered this very charming picture just a few hundred yards ahead of me. The lovely white house was nestled beneath one of the most beautiful and majestic elms I have ever seen.

The Upper Connecticut River Valley around Maidstone. There is something about the way the river winds through the fields and meadows of the valley, the tranquility which seems to prevail! I felt like sitting down anywhere and painting whatever was before me.
The annual meeting of the cemetery association was called to order, as it always is, at noon on the Saturday nearest the twentieth of the month, and was recessed until after dinner.

The day was fair, almost hot. The members set their baskets on the stone wall that bounds the cemetery and shared their lunches by the roadside. For years running Arthur had brought a watermelon, and he sliced it and passed it around and they stood outside the wall, eating and visiting, and put the rinds in a milk pail. They dipped flies out of the coffee and agreed that things didn't bother at a picnic but you wouldn't do them at home.
REPORT

Present were twelve members and two children. They were there because they had people of their own on the other side of the wall or because they had bought places that had belonged years ago to someone inside. They had come to elect officers and plan a work day to set things to rights, for like hundreds of cemeteries in the Vermont countryside there are no fees and no charges for upkeep. Anyone who wants to can be buried there, and friends and neighbors come each year to do business and keep it tidy and bring plants from their gardens so it will be pretty. It is very quiet.

Lester ended the recess at 1:20. He stood at the edge of the road to preside, facing the members who sat on the bank where myrtle ran into the grass. Across the dirt road and behind him the softwoods had grown up to hide the rise of the big mountain that the graveyard no longer can see.

The secretary and treasurer read their reports from the old notebooks. Last year they had discussed fencing in the new land given from the old Butterfield place, and had decided not to. If it were fenced right off it would take that much more hand-mowing, and if it were left as it was Ernest would keep on mowing it when he cut the rest of the Butterfield hay. They could fence it when a grave was there and there was need to.

A committee had been appointed to draft new by-laws because the old by-laws had been lost.

All officers had been re-elected.

It was moved that the secretary’s report be accepted as read. Lester asked them to manifest their minds by the voting sign. There were no contrary minds, and it was voted.

Alice read her treasurer’s report. There would be around forty dollars to spend for the year. There would be more if they had given card parties like last year; it would be nice to have them again because people had a good time. They’d bought a ton of lime for the grass inside.

Everyone thought the grain store had been good about the lime and that forty dollars was plenty if they all pitched in.

The treasurer’s report was accepted as read.

The professor read the draft of the new by-laws: there should be the four officers and the sextons and the three directors; where to meet and what to do if it rained; how the treasurer should be bonded, and what was a quorum.

They decided that the treasurer need not be bonded. Weston said it wasn’t big business like a city cemetery and they’d probably keep on doing what was needed.

Alice’s husband said how did they know she wouldn’t take off to Florida on the money, and Lester thought they could worry about that when they had more and she could get farther. Alice said she would be treasurer twenty-five years next year, and then they could have a supper in her honor and give it all to her then. Meanwhile she thought they should use some of it for more lime.

It was voted that it be left up to the directors to decide if the treasurer should ever need to be bonded.

It was voted to make it five for a quorum. The quorum should not be a percentage of the members because maybe then they couldn’t do business. Today was a fine day and twelve was a good turnout.

All officers were re-elected.

Some stones needed righting, and the men went in through the gate to look them over. The wind came off the hills and bent the field flowers and moved the old rock maples that follow the wall around. There was the smell of sun on rock.

They looked at Reuben’s new stone, low and solid near the tall markers whose daces went back to the Revolution. Steve said he remembered a bee, it might have been four years ago, when he and Reuben had been working near Ev’s stone and Reuben had told him what a good neighbor Ev was and how it really got Ev when newcomers called him quaint; he’d rather be called an outright damn fool than quaint. Reuben had got to laughing over the dry things Ev said, and as he laughed he tunked Ev’s marker with the handle of his rake to make his point. Arthur said it was really something when Reuben and Ev got together, they were so dry.

The men inspected the place where the pulp truck had skidded into the barway, and agreed that the company had done a good job of rebuilding the stone piers. Maybe the company knew it’d never get any more pulpwood from local people if it hadn’t, but still it had understood how important the cemetery was to everybody and it had been very nice about everything.

They went back outside where their wives had gathered up the picnic things. Lester asked their mind about mowing. It was moved to leave the day up to the directors, and so voted. Leave getting the lime up to the directors, but buy two tons this year and get it spread before snow flies. Leave it up to the directors to set the work day, and they’d all be there and the ladies could furnish the dinner.

The motion was made to adjourn. There were no contrary minds, and Lester called it a day.

END
A Visit to one of Vermont's Largest Industrial Plants

Photography by Geoffrey Orton

The Goodyear plant at Windsor, the largest in the state except the machine tool industry, covers well over 300,000 square feet, and employment averages over a thousand, three quarters of whom live in Vermont. We stopped to talk with William Hall, plant manager, who has been with the company since they set up here in 1936. Bill Hall says Goodyear is very happy to be in Vermont. The cooperation and outstanding talent of Vermont labor are a decided asset in the company's prosperous operation, he declares. As we walk down a long corridor of one building, we are impressed by the immense expanse of space. We stop to talk to one of the girls, Olive Dunbar of Windsor. She's an inspector; says she likes to work for Goodyear. We placed her picture here because she is a typically handsome Vermont girl.
The Neolite shoe sole material is made here. They mix the dough in Banbury machines such as Milford Butterfield is tending above. Then this material, like rolled dough, is "milled" between huge metal rollers. Gordon Robinson of Windsor adjusts the machine.

Albert Scranton from Claremont is blending Neolite. It looks and acts like pie crust. Cut-out Neolite on a conveyor is cooled by Francis Gaudette of Windsor with a spray. Then it's cooked. Marie Short of Windsor is getting soles ready for steam "cure."

The cooled soles are inspected and boxed by Eva Talbert (in front) and Florence Burnor. Victoria Rogers of Springfield operates a machine that splits cured Neolite soles. At the end of the line comes inspection, being accomplished here by Olive Dunbar.
Goodyear also makes heels. Carroll Durphey mills Neolite heel material. Wanda Ribideau applies metal washers. The white pieces are wood layers to strengthen some types.

This is a typical, long production line. It shows women trimming the cured heels.

Winona Young, who comes from Bridgewater, is next. She does the final inspection and packing of the Neolite heels for shipment.

Henry Perron of Windsor repairs molds used in heel fabrication. Heels, like soles, are cooked ("cured") in automatic machines.

Here Cecile Avery carefully inspects Neolite heels before they are boxed.

Grace Fontaine and Philip Kapise prepare the small, round white plugs that go in the heels.

Many employees eat lunch in the plant. This is Harry Farmer of Windsor.
Above Right—Ralph Heath cuts out Neolite crepe soles from large sheets.

Top Left—Bertha Ward of Windsor is shown gauging the Neolite soles.

Center Left—Heel molds are cleaned in a huge tank by William Pearl.

Bottom Left—Edmond Gilbert is curing the toplift strips of Neolite.

Right—Henry White inspects and gauges large finished Neolite sheets.

Bottom Right—Neolite also is used widely for luggage of all kinds. Here at the Windsor plant, Clarence Hood watches the big rolling machine that cures endless rolls of this material, which comes in all colors and types.

Many interesting tests are made, both in the plant laboratory and outside, for wearing qualities of Neolite soles and heels. In Windsor, the company shoes the children of the local sixth grade school and makes periodic tests on how the shoes are wearing, especially after weeks of play on the hard, macadam playgrounds. END
The Morgan Horse

By W. Arthur Simpson

Vermont gave the nation its greatest breed of horses

“Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?”
—Job

“THE MORGAN HORSE is one thing,
every other horse is another.”

This was the assertion of
Danial Chipman Lindsey, the historian of
the breed and author of “Morgan Horses”,
published at Middlebury in 1857.

The Morgan horse is as traditionally
Vermont as maple sugar and lovely
women. John G. Saxe, the Vermont poet,
said:

Vermont is noted for these things;
Men, women, maple sugar and horses;
The first are strong, the latter fleet;
The second and third exceedingly sweet:
And all are uncommonly hard to beat.

President Benjamin Harrison, attending
a meeting at White River Junction in
1891, said: “I understand that after I have
seen the flower of manhood and woman­
hood of Vermont I shall be given an
exhibition of the next grade of intelligence
and worth in the state, your good horses.”

Genetically Justin Morgan, the horse
who founded the breed, was born like
Athena, who according to the ancient
Greeks sprang fully armed from the head
of Zeus. This is to say that he was born
without pride of ancestry. He refuted the
old Roman saying, “he follows his father
with unequal steps.” He was Adam in an
element of chance unparalleled in human
affairs, but not unknown in the livestock
world. It is said that Godolphin's Arabian, purchased off a butcher's cart in Paris and taken to England in 1730, was the progenitor of the thoroughbred horse and that all racing horses trace many times to him.

Justin Morgan was foaled in 1789 at West Springfield, Massachusetts, although other dates of his birth are quoted as authentic. His dam was owned by a school teacher, singing master and horseman, Mr. Justin Morgan, from whom the colt later derived his name. Mr. Justin Morgan moved with his family to Randolph Center, Vermont in 1788 and died there in 1798. In 1791 he journeyed to his former home in Massachusetts and returned with the colt, said to have been acquired on a debt. He called the horse "Figure" and apparently owned him until 1795 or 1796, offering him for service in the Orange County area and at least one year in Chittenden County. In a circular dated at Williston, Vermont, April 30, 1795, offering the services of Figure, he describes him thusly: "Figure sprang from a curious horse owned by Colonel DeLancey of New York, but the greatest recommendation I can give him, he is exceedingly sure and gets curious colts." (Emphasis supplied). Evidently the schoolmaster Morgan considered "curious" as synonymous with "exceptional."

Figure, or Justin Morgan as indicated by his owner, is believed to have been sired by True Briton or Beautiful Bay, a

Morgan mares and colts disport on the rolling pastures of the Weybridge farm.

One of the earliest known photographs of a Morgan horse is this daguerreotype of the late 1850's. It shows Franklin Norton of Ascutney and the typical Morgan stallion, Nahum, bred in Randolph by Nahum Lombard. The early Concord buggy had straight shafts. Heavy-built wheels withstood the rutted roads.
Billy Rosebrooks, a Morgan stallion owned by S. B. Perry & Son of Croton, Ohio.

Son of Traveler, owned by Sclah Norton of Hartford, Connecticut and said to have been captured from Colonel James DeLancey, an officer of the British Army in the War of the Revolution. After the breed which he founded became famous, Justin Morgan was fitted with a pedigree of considerable length and distinction but his origin was long a matter of conjecture and dispute. He was variously called a Narragansett horse, a Dutch horse and even a French horse. It should be remembered that Lindsey was trying to reconstruct the early history of the progenitor of a breed some fifty years after the principals involved were dead and was relying on hearsay evidence, based largely on what men then grown old had been told or had seen when they were boys. As a matter of fact, he did not need a pedigree because he possessed the priceless characteristic of prepotency, the power in a remarkable degree to stamp certain qualities upon his offspring. Thus he established a new race.

This “little” horse, weighing about 925 pounds, created a legend for his ability to "outdraw, outrun, outwalk or outtrot" any horse that could be found in the area. The "old fashioned" Morgans were doubtless the nearest approach to a uniform and meritorious type of road horse ever produced in this country. The rich, hilly pastures of Vermont gave them their great bone, muscle, wind and endurance. Within 50 years after his death, his descendants were found in nearly every state in the union. In his lifetime he was owned in several sections of Vermont, notably by David Goss of St. Johnsbury who obtained him in 1804 from his brother, John Goss at Randolph, who had taken him in payment of a debt of $40.00.

Goss kept him as a stock horse until 1811, when he was returned to Randolph. He was in the vicinity of Claremont, New Hampshire in 1815-1817 and died at Chelsea, Vermont in 1821. He sired 12 or 14 sons that were kept as sires, all said to be of equal resemblance to their father. The most notable of these sons were Sherman, Bullrush and Woodbury.

These three horses were born amid the mountains of a new state, among a scattered race of pioneers that were “stout and poor” and sprung from dams whose pedigrees could never be traced. They were reared to toil and kept most of their lives in obscurity, yet such was the inherent vigor of their blood that each produced a family of horses that as roadsters and for general purposes of business, have never been surpassed. From each has sprung one or more famous families of trotters. Of no other horse that lived in the last century can this be said.

Sherman Morgan was foaled in 1808 or 1809 and his dam was owned by James Sherman who lived and farmed in the southwest part of the Town of Lyndon. In the spring when the sledding became poor the men who had been companions through the winter would often congregate at the village taverns to spin yarns of their simple but rough adventures, engage in wrestling, running foot and horse races, drawing matches and many games invented to test the strength and speed of either man or horse. Paired with a half brother, the little horse weighing about 925 pounds made a team that became famous over the entire route and after a time other teamsters were afraid to match horses of any size against him. On the occasion of receiving word that his wife in Lyndon was ill, Mr. Sherman drove his horse from Portland, a distance of one
hundred and twenty miles, in ten hours.

The old horse died at Lancaster, New Hampshire in 1835, reputed to be “the best sire of his time in New England.” His most notable of many sons were Billy Root and Black Hawk.

Billy Root was bred and owned by Eldad Root who lived on the “Hog Back” road on U. S. 5, north of Lyndonville. My grandfather Wilder, born in 1833, told me that when Eldad Root rode his horse at muster his feet nearly touched the ground, so long were his legs and so small was his horse.

June trainings and musters for the Vermont militia were occasions in which Morgan horses were shown to great advantage. Black Hawk was the progenitor of much of the speed among Morgans. His origin was a matter of dispute among rival horsemen. Some attributed his paternity to a more humble source, although it seems somewhat unlikely that a horse of such great attainment could have been sired by an inferior stallion. Black Hawk established a great reputation and had many followers. One of his most noted sons was Ethan Allen. A dispute regarding the siring of Ethan Allen was also the source of controversy in the agricultural press for many years, some attributing his parentage to Flying Morgan, a descendant of the Woodbury horse.

The rivalry among horsemen was so great and rival camps became so partisan that claims and counter claims were quite common.

Bullrush Morgan was foaled in 1812 or 1813 on the farm of Ziba Gifford of Tunbridge. He was the progenitor of the Morrill family of great trotters. He died at Walpole, New Hampshire in 1848. Woodbury, the youngest of the three most noted sons of Justin Morgan, was foaled in 1816, bred by Lyman Wight of Tunbridge. He was purchased by David Woodbury when two years old for a sleigh valued at $50.00. He was sire of the famous stallions Gifford Morgan, Morgan Eagle and Morgan Caesar. In September, 1856 he was sold to Norman Baglee of Alabama who took him to Gainesville in that state where he died in 1858. It is believed that he sired no colts after he left Vermont.

Gifford Morgan, son of Woodbury, was foaled in 1824, bred by Ziba Gifford of Tunbridge. He was the sire of Green Mountain Morgan or Hale’s Green Mountain, said to most closely resemble Justin Morgan of any of his descendants. Green Mountain was foaled about 1832 at Bethel, was purchased for $1,100 by Silas Hale of South Royalston, Massachusetts, later sold to a stock company in Washington county, Vermont for $3,000.00 and died the property of John Martin of Marshfield, Vermont.

Nearly fifty years ago, Henry H. Martin, then of Williamstown, Vermont, told me that the old horse was buried in the hill behind the Orton farm buildings on the road from Plainfield to Marshfield. Mr. Hale took Green Mountain Morgan West in 1853 where he attracted great attention, winning first prizes at state fairs in Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan. He was a linebred Morgan, his dam being sired by Woodbury Morgan. Many of his sons were sold in the West for high prices. In the space of two seasons he sired 256 colts. There was great rivalry between the adherents of Black Hawk and Green Mountain Morgan. At the great Vermont State Fair held at Rutland in 1852 there were two cavalcades headed by these two great sires and their descendants. It was the finest and greatest show of Morgans ever seen.

Black Hawk, because of his speed and siring speed, earned over $34,000 in ten years at stud. Many of his colts sold at prices ranging from $1,000 to $3,000 and Ethan Allen went to $10,000.

A national survey of the light harness foundation stock shows that the Forty-niners began buying Morgans as soon as they located in California. Kentucky was fortunate in selecting Blood’s Black Hawk. The Morgan tide reached Michigan in the early fifties. In the early days Wisconsin had the half-way station for Morgan stallions that were being taken to California and Oregon. Iowa breeders developed a fondness for Morgans at an early date. Many were taken to Ohio, Ethan Allen, the idol of the family, died at Lawrence, Kansas in 1876. Several well known sires went to the south, Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee and Alabama.
The first Vermont cavalry in the War between the States was mounted on Morgans and the conflict drew heavily on the State for remounts, sadly depleting the breeding stock.

Those living in the motor age have little realization of what a good horse meant to our ancestors. The pioneers who explored northern New England following the Revolutionary War came on foot. They transported their few possessions and their families and cleared the land by ox team. As a man gained material possessions and prospered he acquired a horse to ride and to drive. Later he owned a pair, bred and reared on his farm. There were numerous small water sites developed to operate factories turning out wagons and sleighs. Until the railroads reached northern Vermont less than a century ago live-stock was driven and the produce of the north country was hauled over the roads to Portland or Boston. I have heard my grandfather say that as a boy attending school at “Red Village” he had counted 76 teams taking the road from Lyndon to East St. Johnsbury, Portland bound. The pony express and the stage coach used the road.

The invention of the gasoline buggy and Henry Ford changed this situation in a short time. Those who did not recognize the changing times soon had an accumulation of horses for which there was no demand. Previous to that time, however, the craze for speed and the increasing use of the heavy draft breeds had diluted the Morgan blood until most of the horses passing for Morgans bore little resemblance to the type which Justin Morgan had founded and established.

About 1907, through the interest of a devoted group of Vermonters and some from outside the State, steps were taken to preserve the ancient Morgan type. They were seeking to maintain a proud tradition. This movement was coincident with the revival of the Vermont State Fair at White River Junction. Back in the hills of the State there remained a remnant of the pure blood. The Morgan Horse Club was organized at the Vermont State Fair on September 23, 1909. Leading sponsors were A. Fullerton Phillips, Henry S. Wardner, E. H. Hoffman, E. A. Darling, Allen M. Fletcher, Maxwell Evarts, H. D. Beebe, Frank Orcutt, H. R. C. Watson, Charles V. Kent, E. D. Hinds, C. V. Paddock, Jr., and Frank Chandler of Vermont, and J. C. Brunk of Illinois, A. R. Van-Tassel of Pennsylvania, Spence Borden of Massachusetts, C. A. Stone of Massachusetts and C. C. Stillman and J. Rich Steers of New York. Prizes were provided, including those for “conformity to the ancient Morgan type.” These shows attracted entries from all over the State and Mr. Van-Tassel and Mr. Brunk were exhibitors from outside New England.

In 1911 there were 137 entries at the Fair pronounced “the greatest exhibition of Morgans since the days of Black Hawk and the great show at Rutland in 1852.” In 1912 there were 188 entries and Henry S. Wardner announced “the saving of the Morgan horse has been accomplished.” It was in this period that the 300 mile endurance ride was inaugurated, to be followed by the trail rides and other contests still being conducted in the Woodstock area. In these the Morgan horse has consistently excelled.

Colonel Joseph Battell of Middlebury was a life-long admirer and breeder of Morgans. He founded the Morgan Horse Register in 1891 and spent much time and money in research into the origin and evolution of the breed, a tremendous contribution since it covered a period of 100 years. He donated his horses and his farm to the United States Government for breeding Morgan horses. It must be admitted that some of his contemporaries did not see eye to eye with Colonel Battell as to what constituted the best blood lines or the proper type but this was nothing unusual, it had agitated the Morgan horse club for many years.

In 1918 a committee from the Morgan Horse Club conferred with the chief of the United States Bureau of Animal Husbandry as to future policy at the Morgan Horse Farm and recommended a program of breeding the Morgan “as pure as possible” and further concluded “if the Government decides not to do this we recommend that the breeding of horses be discontinued.”

The United States Department of Agriculture had different ideas regarding the type of light horse needed in this country and the part Morgan blood should have in creating a useful animal. They were not impressed with the ideas of the...
Morgan Horse Club in reference to “ancient Morgan type” or the predominance of other blood in many of the animals used in their breeding operations. They did secure some Morgan mares of good breeding and conformation but they did not discard General Gates, Bennington and other horses as recommended by the Committee. At that time the army was still using horses in its cavalry units and the tank, which had just made its appearance in the British Army, was merely a new and interesting contraption. This philosophy was very definitely changed in a very short period of time. It therefore came about that the light horse was soon regarded as of slight usefulness and certainly no longer a necessity.

At this time, however, the draft horse business was booming and the chief source of advertising revenue for the livestock journals. Heavy horses were in use on every farm and consumed a substantial part of the hay, corn, oats and wheat produced in the country. The constantly improved tractor replaced the draft horse at an even faster rate than the automobile replaced the driving horse.

The government is now supporting the price and storing surplus corn, wheat and oats which was once consumed by horses and mules. The draft horse business has nearly vanished, never to return, but the popularity of the light horse, particularly for riding, has made a tremendous comeback. A case for horses of the old fashioned Morgan type seems to be made by R. J. Urguhart, writing in the British Agricultural Bulletin for January, 1933:

“Since we may expect that atomic power will arrive on the farm before the world’s oil wells run dry, it is unlikely that the farmer of tomorrow will be obliged to scrap his tractor and revert to his grandfather’s team of heavy horses or his yoke of oxen.”

He believes, however, that any person using a horse should buy and breed the horse of the “lowest live weight which can do the work because the cost of feeding and rearing horses increase with the increase of live weight.”

Although use of the horses has nearly vanished in some parts of the world, there are in Europe, excluding the Soviet Union, approximately 16 million horses. The average weight of these horses is estimated at 700 kg (1,540 pounds) and Europe does not require heavier horses than 400 kg for farm work.

“It is,” he says, “this overweight of the horse in use which some authorities reckon to be the biggest handicap for horse breeding in its competition with the tractor and other machinery.” This is an interesting theory at least, and brings us down to the present day breeding of Morgan horses, their popularity and usefulness in the “gasoline” age.

It is now 165 years since the birth of the horse Justin Morgan. During the past 15 years there has been a widening interest in Morgans throughout the country and the Morgan Horse Club has succeeded in its efforts to raise the breed to the high place it once held in the esteem of horse minded people. Today, although bred principally for saddle usage, the Morgan horse, which gave so largely to the establishment of every other American breed, has maintained its own identity and excels as family horses, show horses, cow ponies, children’s horses, roadsters and endurance horses. It is to-day America’s all round pleasure horse. Registrations in 1954 numbered 450, surpassing all draft breeds combined. At the National Morgan Show last year at Northampton, Massachusetts, there were 150 entrants in 60 classes of a three day show.

E. H. Hoffman died in 1912, Colonel Joseph Battell in 1915, C. C. Stillman in 1928, E. A. Darling in 1931, J. C. Brunk and H. S. Wardner in 1935 and Charles A. Stone in 1941. These were the stalwarts who did so much to restore and preserve the breed over 40 years ago. There were, however, those who stepped forward to fill the gaps, several of them Vermon ters. Frank Hill, who has served as Club Secretary many years has performed a tremendous task of lasting value.

In 1925 occurred the death of Richard Sellman of Rochelle, Texas, who had developed the largest stud of Morgan horses ever in the United States. Unfortunately, in the dispersal of that great group of registered Morgans, the majority passed out of sight, inasmuch as their transfers of ownership were not recorded and the new owners failed to register any of their progeny. The largest stud in the country is now owned by Roland G. Hill of Tres Pinos, California.

It is estimated that there are over 7,500 registered Morgans in the United States. There are over 750 members of the Morgan Horse Club scattered throughout the nation. It is a matter of satisfaction and importance that the Club and the Register have survived the vicissitudes of the past half century and seems destined to grow and gain greater strength in the years to come.

One cigarette company unworried by the recent assertions of cancer research is the J. H. Guild Company, Inc. of Rupert. It is also one company that doesn’t befog the television screen with fancy advertising claims about the tobacco in its cigarettes. As a matter of fact, there isn’t any tobacco in them. Dr. Guild’s Green Mountain Asthmatic Cigarettes are made by special formula from jimson weed, belladonna, oil of anise, and potassium nitrate. Twenty-four in a pack.

If you’re an asthma sufferer, you’ve undoubtedly heard of the J. H. Guild Company. They’ve been in business since 1868, first making only an asthmatic compound for relief of asthma paroxysm, and then, in 1924, adding the asthmatic cigarette from a coarser granulation of the jimson weed, to keep up, as a company pamphlet states, with this modern age. They send out over a quarter of a million packages of their compound and cigarettes each year to wholesale druggists in every state of the Union, Canada, Hawaii, and Central America. They fill about 8,000 requests for samples annually and send out over 200 mail orders each month. A charter member of the Proprietary Association—one of the oldest trade associations in the U.S.—they spend approximately $12,000 annually in advertising, their trademark being seen in newsstand periodicals and in daily newspapers, mainly in the Southern states where asthma is very prevalent.

The company is housed in a modest, neat frame building on Rupert’s main residential street. Tall trees border its average-sized lot, and its appearance is not much different from the homes which lie on either side and across the street from it.

The plant, which has been classified by Vermont state factory inspectors as one of the most sanitary in Vermont, is clean and uncluttered. There is an office, which seems somehow to bespeak the company’s heritage, complete with roll-top desks and old fashioned advertising prints on the walls. To the right of this is the packaging room where six ladies dressed in white uniforms are filling and packaging the cigarettes. Behind these are two small rooms where two men, also in white, are preparing the material for the cigarettes or scooping the asthmatic compound into the small thirty-cent size tins or the large $1.20 containers. And behind these two rooms are the testing laboratory and a preparation room. This latter contains two large rectangular vats which heat and dry the mixture and the mixer itself, about the size of an ordinary barrel. Periodic tests are made in the laboratory to determine the alkaloidal content of the medicine, and these tests are double checked by an independent chemist in New York.

The one thing which visitors to the plant are likely to remember longest is the sharp, medicinal odor of anise oil and powdered jimson weed which pervades the place. The latter is stramonium, and traces of its pungency cling to the company pamphlets and stationery long after they have been sent from the office. Since the visitor is apt to ask more about this ingredient, he is taken to the storehouse—of average size—behind the main building. Here are bales and bales of jimson weed imported from such places as Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Italy. Although it can be grown most everywhere and at Dr. J. H. Guild began marketing his compound about eighty-five years ago.

myron r. rising, in the plant laboratory, is the company's vice president.
one time was purchased from our own
South, only peasant farmers abroad bother
to pick it or market it anymore.

The company grinds up the herb for the
year's needs—from ten to fifteen tons—at
one fell swoop, usually just before deer
season when several of the company's
twelve to fourteen employees take their
two week vacation. It's like a nice little
family. Except for the president and the
vice-president who live in Granville, New
York, everyone lives in Rupert. Five of
them have been with the company for over
twenty-five years. Two of them are over
seventy-five years old. And they're the
second largest company of their kind in
the whole world!

It's a curious twist of circumstance that
Rupert should be the home of this com­
pany. Dr. Guild, the founder, was born in
Pawlet in 1827. One of eight children, he
left home at an early age and went to
Rupert where he clerked in a store. Later
he lived in Salem, New York, and then
journeyed to Sandusky, Ohio, where he
went into the cabinet business. He became
interested in medicine first when his part­
ner in Sandusky died of Asiatic Cholera.

After a fire had destroyed his cabinet
shop, Dr. Guild moved to Baltimore,
Maryland, and started a mercantile agency
for addressing circulars. This agency he
later sold and went to New York City
where he started a similar business. Soon
afterwards he entered New York Medical
College (now merged with Bellevue
Medical College), his business paying his
expenses and supporting his wife and
daughter whom he had moved to Vermont.
Dr. Guild graduated from medical college
with highest honors in 1861 and received a
Mr. George E. Fisher (above left) spreads the special herbs on large drying table.

Asthma compound is placed in each cigarette tube by Miss Anna Auman (above).

Elizabeth McKrighan (left) drops minute glue crystals in the top of each cigarette.

Old shed (below) was used in the Company's earliest days for the product's manufacture.

Dr. Guild was first impressed with the need of a dependable relief from the paroxysms of asthma when he was called in consultation in a most distressing case of a New York state woman who had for nearly thirty years suffered from asthmatic paroxysms. He could not resist the appeal to undertake research. In 1869 he discontinued his general medical practice and devoted his entire time to asthmatic research with numerous patients who had very stubborn cases. He eventually succeeded with a formula that brought almost instant relief to his patients. Encouraged by his success locally, he inserted advertisements in leading New York papers offering to send free samples to every asthma sufferer. Response came from every state in the Union.

In the early years of manufacturing his product, his daughter was his only helper, although he did have financial backing from a neighbor, C. M. Sheldon.

Dr. Guild died in 1894, but the company is still in the family. S. M. Rising, the president, married the granddaughter
of Dr. Guild. His son, M. R. Rising, is the Vice-President. The treasurer is C. V. Roberts, whose grandfather, C. M. Sheldon, backed Dr. Guild in the company's infancy. George Fisher, who has been mixing and preparing the herbs for thirty-six years, was one of Dr. Guild's diphtheria patients during that epidemic. And his father and uncle were among Dr. Guild's first "guinea pigs" in the use of his new compound.

"But Vermonters use very little of our product now," says Mr. Rising. "They don't need to. But Texas and the South! That seems to be still great country for asthma."

"Prior to the last war," he added, "we exported a lot of goods to England, but on account of the unfavorable trade balances, we have not resumed those shipments to this date. But business is steadily increasing in Central America."

What about the importing of herbs?

"During the war," Mr. Rising said, "when we couldn't get the herbs from Europe, we started doing business with Argentina. And during the Korean war, we couldn't get oil of anise from Red China, so we used Anethol, a chemical substitute and practically the same thing."

He paused a moment and then added thoughtfully, "We've been through a lot of wars and changes in trade policy, but really the only significant change we've made in almost a hundred years is adding our cigarette. We try to make one product well. We're satisfied with that."
VERMONT'S ENTERPRISING WEEKLIES KNOW THAT NEIGHBORS MAKES NEWS, ARE THE BACKBONE OF THE STATE'S PRESS.

Ever since 1787 when the Windsor Journal began its long and still-uninterrupted career, weekly newspapers have been an important part of Green Mountain community life.

The Vermont weeklies have had their ups and downs but those which survived the years are still welcome visitors to the homes of thousands of Vermonters both inside and outside the state.

Edited and managed today by a new crop of newspapermen, many of whom have come up through the hard training of the daily newspaper field, the Vermont weekly press still carries on its traditional role of keeping a record of the community and of the individuals, families, enterprises and institutions which created it.

The Royal Bank of Canada, commenting recently on the 963 weekly newspapers of that country said:

"Everybody, in a sense, lives two lives, one in a small and the other in a great circle. He belongs by birth or choice to various intimate groups like his family, his neighborhood and his cluster of friends. He is also a member of the whole society and he is living within an interdependent system of nations. The weekly newspaper belongs to his intimacy."

And so it does in Vermont, where today 26 weekly newspapers and one semi-monthly paper carry hometown news and opinion into the households of thousands of Vermonters.

Four Vermont daily newspapers still find it important to publish a weekly paper and include in it the major news published in the dailies during the week. This is mailed out separately to subscribers who still like the weekly paper.

The years have seen improvements in the appearance and content of the weekly press in Vermont, just as in the daily field. "There are still reminders in the columns of some of the fiery editors who made the weekly press of Vermont feared and influential in bygone days. But for the most part the weeklies concentrate on the job of telling what is happening to their neighbors.

Today's Vermont weekly press is edited by intelligent, alert and responsible men and women, often members of the same family. Husbands and wives work as teams and as the children grow up they take a part in the job and oftentimes make it their career.

Though the weekly press has declined in numbers since the end of the 19th century, improvement of news and picture coverage and presentation, modern make-up, adoption by their owners of modern type-setting equipment and a lot of hard work by the publishers and editors have made these journals which survived strong and responsible. It has not been, is not today and will not in the future ever be an easy job to run a profitable weekly paper. There is a continual battle for circulation with other media. Radio and
television, drain off advertising dollars which once helped support weekly newspapers.

By doing a good advertising selling job for hometown and area merchants and businessmen, the weekly newspapers in the state have managed not only to hold their position but in many Vermont towns are stronger today than at any time in their histories.

This is in spite of the fact that most Vermont weekly publishers or editors refuse to take themselves very seriously. Many use the policy of indirection and personal leadership rather than fiery editorials to gain the community and state improvements which they favor. Most of them combine their weekly newspaper with a printing business. One editor, who operates a successful printing business, said wryly: "My operation is remarkable for this reason alone: For almost 23 years I have published a newspaper in a town that does not need one." But he keeps right on doing it.

Most Vermont weekly newspapers have had troubles which were not of their own making. Fires, floods, sickness and economic disasters in their communities, have given Vermont weekly owners many black days. But somehow they had the courage to rebuild, to meet changing times and eventually to succeed.

While the weekly editors of Vermont in general lack the personal color of their predecessors, there are still several interesting characters in the craft. One is Milo Reynolds, dean of Vermont weekly editors. Mr. Reynolds has been in the newspaper business for 64 years, more than 50 served with the Suburban List, a tidy tabloid, owned by Reynolds and Harrison Thayer. Thayer is son of the famous "L.P." Thayer, founder or former owner of many of Vermont’s present-day weekly papers.

Although he is over 80, Milo Reynolds is an active man. He likes to dig into a controversial matter with a fire-eating editorial, is a great believer in thorough coverage of the "small news" in the towns.

Assistant Editor Helen McLaughlin checks a new edition of the Springfield Reporter with her editor-husband, Jerry, who is author of this article.

The Limoge family, mainly father and son, print and publish the Morrisville News and Citizen.

Bun and Sheila O’Shea represent the youngest newspaper team in Vermont. They publish the 78 yr.-old Swanton Courier.
Dean of Vermont's weekly editors is Milo Reynolds. His Suburban List is tabloid size.

William Slator checks an ad proof at the old Middlebury mill which houses his successful Addison Independent.

in which his paper circulates. He is a favorite story-teller at meetings of fraternal and professional groups. He's as independent as Ethan Allen is said to have been. It was this kind of independence that won him a place on the Vermont Public Service Commission, the state body which regulates utilities within the state. The state found that the weekly editor was just what he had been advertised to be. He brought a liberal attitude into the Commission and fought hard during his tenure for lower utility rates. His chief love is a cement road. For years he has campaigned for a system of cement roads in Vermont, rather than the black top highways, which he scornfully calls the "pie crust" roads.

When he tires of daily routine, which isn't often, he sits down to an upright piano in his office and plays a few tunes to clear his head.

Mr. Reynolds' criticism of today's weekly editors is that they don't spend enough time on editorials. "Years ago Vermont weekly editors were editors. Today most of them are printers and they look upon their newspaper as a piece of job work," he says. "They do some local writing, depend largely on town correspondents but have little time to write much original matter. I guess they are just too lazy to get up a strong editorial page, or else they may be afraid of stepping on someone's toes."

This criticism doesn't apply to all weekly editors.

John Drysdale, hard-working publisher, editor and all-around handy man of the White River Valley Herald and affiliated papers; William Slator, publisher-editor of Middlebury's excellent Addison County Independent; Bernard O'Shea, with his wife, Sheila, editor and publisher of the Swanton Courier; Otis Rockwood, publisher-editor of the Vergennes Enterprise and Bristol Herald and Ernest Gilpin, editor of the Enosburg Falls Standard and Richford Gazette, are a few of the weekly editors who devote time and thought each week to sound editorials on local, state, national and even international questions.

Drysdale, a former Springfield, Mass., daily newspaperman, in 1945 bought the highly-respected Randolph Herald chain, owned by the capable and well-regarded Luther Johnson, when Mr. Johnson decided to retire after 51 years. Mrs. Drysdale, a former newswoman, gives Jack a lift when she can take time from bringing up four children.

His office, like my own, is piled high with exchanges, news releases, correspondence and the thousand and one other things that clutter an editor's desk. Mrs.
Drysdale comes in every now and then to shovel Jack out from under the debris. But the clutter of his office doesn’t prevent Drysdale from turning out a line newspaper. The White River Valley Herald covers all or part of 17 towns, the larger ones being Rochester (pop. 937), Bethel (pop. 1534); Randolph (pop. 3500); Royalton (pop. 1331); South Royalton, Tunbridge and Chelsea.

At one time The Herald published five separate papers, the Rochester Herald, Bethel Courier, Randolph Herald and News, White River Herald of South Royalton and the Chelsea Herald, all printed at Randolph. The present White River Valley Herald combines them in two editions, one for the Upper Valley and the other for the Chelsea-South Royalton edition.

L. P. Thayer, who sold the paper to Mr. Johnson in 1894, established a policy for thorough coverage of personal and town news along with a summary of New England, state and national news. Its successful pattern is still discernible 80 years after he began it. The New England round-up disappeared years ago and Drysdale dropped the national round-up five years ago, because the general circulation in his area of daily papers and radio news coverage made it unnecessary in a home town paper. The Herald still summarizes state news in full, the only weekly in Vermont to attempt such a summary.

The Herald, like the Vermont Newspaper Corporation which operates four newspapers in southeastern Vermont, takes no job printing. It has four production employees, plus the publisher, who fills in where needed on the linotype machine, tipping over paper rolls or what have you. Two linotypes, a Ludlow head letter machine and auxiliary equipment, plus a 65-year-old Duplex flat-bottom eight-page press are the principal items of equipment.

Most of the Vermont weeklies have press trouble. Most of them have ancient presses, capable at the most of turning out eight pages at a time. But new presses cost a lot of money and to replace one is a big investment for the weekly publisher.

Drysdale also owns and prints the United Opinion in Bradford, smallest town in Vermont to support its own newspaper. The United Opinion is edited by Edward Shriftigisser, former Boston Transcript newsman, who has a staff of one in his office in Bradford. The United Opinion which goes back to the National Opinion, first published in 1866, almost perished in the big Bradford fire of 1947. Drysdale bought from a young veteran, Gardener Boyd, the name and good will (not even the subscription list survived the fire) and has since printed the paper at Randolph.

Wallace Gilpin has closed his Orleans County Monitor to devote his full-time to the growing Newport Daily Express, but the Gilpin name still flourishes in Franklin County. There Wallace’s brother, Ernest, and his son, Richard, edit and publish the Richford Gazette and Enosburg Standard.

Ernest, who was a job printer in Richford, became owner of the Richford Gazette in 1924 at a time when the town of 1700 souls, pressed up against the Canadian border, was the proud possessor of two weeklies, the other being The Journal. Both Richford papers were dragging along with 600 to 1000 subscribers. Gilpin first bought the Journal from Charles Reed. He eliminated some major overhead expenses and managed to put the paper on its feet. Just about that time The Gazette came on to the market. As the editor now describes it: “It was October, 1927. Said Gilpin was again the sucker and he put another note in the bank and paid the owner, M. J. Maloney. Very little in The Gazette plant was usable in our established business but we moved the equipment out, closing up another rent and were in the process of assimilating that plant when November rolled round and our printing plant was buried by the waters of the 1927 flood. Water was two feet over the ceiling of the plant for 36 hours. When it subsided nearly everything that was wood had floated away or warped beyond salvage. Every oil hole in every machine was level full of silt. Sand was nearly knee deep on the floor. Every window was taken out and the heating plant was done for. For two weeks we fought rust, cold and heartache. Our newspaper was printed by brother publishers for a month. Just at the time when the biggest news event in town was taking place, we were completely out of business. The editor remembers bundling up in all the clothes he could get on and trying to salvage the machinery by wiping it with oil. I spent days taking it apart and cleaning it up without any heat in the building.”

“It must have been sympathy but job work rolled in and we had one of the best years we ever had.”

All was not over, however, for one morning in May Ernest received a telephone call from a man who said “Your newspaper press just landed down in the basement.” The building had caved in. The printing machinery was a tangled mess in the cellar. The St. Albans Messenger printed the paper for four weeks that time.

Gilpin’s story is that of many Vermont publishers. He had just assimilated the operations of the Richford papers, when he was urged to buy the Enosburg Standard. Its owner was in ill health. “Being a member of the sucker family, I put another note in the bank and we were printing a new newspaper,” he says. He is still printing it. Gilpin owned and operated this ‘chain’ until 1953. His son, Richard, carries on in a similar set-up, while his father still writes the editorials, devoted to state and local questions.

Another flood sufferer in 1927 was John E. Mazuzan, proprietor of the Northfield Printery, publishers of the News and Advertiser, a small tabloid. Mazuzan bought the News, established in 1878, at a bankruptcy sale. It was published at the time in an old building not far from the Dog River. The flood of 1927 deposited six feet of water in the basement press room, but Mazuzan was able three days after the flood struck to get out an edition in tabloid size to cover local aspects of the deluge. Five years later he moved his plant to its present quarters, a building previously used as a moving picture theater.

Mazuzan has to devote his full time to duties as alumni secretary and news service director at Norwich University and has to depend on his staff to keep his printing and publishing business going. “By skipping lunch at noon, I find time to do the editorial work, solicit the advertisements, make collections needed to pay the help,” he says.

Middlebury has an excellent weekly in the Addison Independent, edited and published by Col. William J. Slator assisted by his wife, Celine. Col. Slator was city editor of the Waterbury, (Conn.) Republican for 20 years. After five years of service with the Army in World War 2,
he took over the Addison Independent. In 1947 he had no plant and no equipment and the paper was printed under contract in Burlington. Within two months he was forced to lease an old stone mill, rehabilitate and equip it in order to continue publication. The Burlington printer had dropped the contract.

Slator was city editor of the Waterbury Republican when that newspaper won a Pulitzer prize for uncovering political corruption. He was no stranger to hard work when he came to Middlebury. And the Independent is today rated as one of the best Vermont weeklies.

The Slators have added a new wing to their old stone mill, giving more space and Poulney Journal. Partner with Otis Rockwood is his brother, Edward A. Rockwood who is in charge of the Rutland county papers in Fair Haven and Poultney.

Oris Rockwood recalls: “The Enterprise and Vermont may be called the journalistic successor to newspapers published in the early days of Vergennes. In 1796 a public lot was offered for a printer who would set up a press and establish a newspaper. In 1798 Samuel Chipman, Jr. established the Vergennes Gazette, the first paper in Addison County and northern Vermont and the 10th to be established in the State.

In 1927 the Enterprise and Vermont, consolidated in 1901, and the commercial printing plant were purchased by the Rockwoods, who formed the partnership. In 1948 they purchased and continue to operate the Bristol Herald.

Like other Vermont weeklies the Enterprise & Vermont was set by hand for many years. In 1916 the first linotype was installed in Vergennes.

Harry W. Osborne, publisher of his county’s only newspaper, The Essex County Herald of Island Pond, shut down for a week in 1933. He described it on his front page:

“In reply to many inquiries as to “Where is my last week’s Herald?” “Why didn’t I receive my Herald last week?” “Please send me the Herald of January 5” and many more, especially from our out-of-town and state subscribers, we offer the following solution:

“The publisher was ill with the flu, his wife was stricken with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism which confined her to bed for a week, two of his children were ill with the so-called flu, his mother was seriously ill of bronchial pneumonia under care of a trained nurse, his wife’s mother underwent a serious operation at the Sherbrooke, Que. hospital, his sister gave birth to a daughter, the linotype operator was convalescing from the grippe, the printer’s devil endeavored to speed up things a bit with a resulting broken press, the hired maid was suffering with a stiff neck and sore throat and the family cow gave birth to a calf. All in all, it was a hectic week and we ask your acceptance of the Herald’s absence last week. However, all paid-in-advance subscriptions will be extended one week.

Mr. Osborne, who swears to the truth of this matter, has been publisher of The Essex County Herald since 1916. He also voices the opinion held by most of the Vermont weekly editors that it’s fun getting out a paper—but darned hard work.

The Vermont Press Association’s President, Lewis H. Shattuck, is the publisher of the Hardwick Gazette, established in 1889 by John E. Harris, who later served as doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

Shattuck took over the reins, when J. E. Appolt, who published the paper for many years, decided to retire and devote his time to banking. Appolt still maintains a lively interest in the weekly newspaper business.

The Gazette is a good, newsy small town paper of eight pages, and is published in connection with a thriving commercial job printing business.

Editors and publishers of a sprightly Franklin county weekly are Bernard and Sheila O’Shea of the Swanton Courier. The O’Sheas represent the most liberal element in the weekly press.

Their paper was the only weekly which in 1954 supported the Democratic candidate for governor and is inclined to be more critical of Vermont Republicans than are most of the weekly papers.

O’Shea, who has traveled extensively abroad, gives his readers liberal doses of editorials on international affairs. He says they like them and that they are generally well read.

While Bernard, or Bun as he is better known, is on jaunts around the world, Sheila operates the paper and the commercial printing plant. The Courier has
grown both in circulation and stature since the O'Sheas took over.

Largest publisher of weekly newspapers in Vermont is the Vermont Newspaper Corporation of Bellows Falls, with which the writer has been affiliated since 1949. The corporation, which publishes the Springfield Reporter, Bellows Falls Times, the Vermont Tribune of Ludlow and the Vermont Journal of Windsor, came into being in 1921.

Willis C. Belknap was the guiding hand behind the formation of the corporation. In 1909 his company purchased the Vermont Journal, the state's oldest weekly paper, centralizing the printing in his Bellows Falls plant.

The Vermont Newspaper Corporation was formed in 1921. In 1922 it purchased the Vermont Tribune and in 1939 the Springfield Reporter.

Willis Belknap's policy was: "Complete newspapers, as good as can be produced, with a reasonable margin of profit after we, with all the industry, ingenuity and capacity of which we are capable, have worked each field to its limit of possibilities."

Roland and Preston Belknap, sons of the founder, today have a combined circulation in the four papers of nearly 9000. All four are published at Bellows Falls in a modern shop.

Although the Belknap papers are printed on an ancient eight-page Duplex press, they range in size from 16 to more than 50 pages, the average size of the Bellows Falls Times and Springfield Re-

The Journal carries the prestige of the corporation as far as history is concerned. The Springfield paper was first published on August 7, 1783 and is one of the oldest newspapers of continuous publication in the country. The editor is A. MacKay Stoddard.

The Vermont Tribune, 79 years old, numbered among its owners and editors the late Howard Hindley, Rutland Herald editor for many years. Present editor is Jay W. Archibald.

Roland Belknap, president of the corporation, is editor of the Bellows Falls Times, which had its beginnings back in 1817 as the Vermont Intelligencer and Vermont Advertiser. His brother, Preston, is business manager for all four papers. Ralph Bresland, vice president of the corporation, is also one of the best typesetting machine experts in New England.

Two members of the corporation board of directors work on the Springfield Reporter, Charles A. Smith, advertising manager, and the writer, who is assisted by his wife, Helen, an experienced newspaperwoman with whom he grew up in the same neighborhood and in the newspaper field. The Reporter was founded in 1878 by Frank Stiles, a witty, hard-working, brilliant editor, who kept the paper going through hard times. In 1950 The Reporter was selected as the best New England weekly. The Bellows Falls Times won the honor in 1952.

The state has only one dual-language weekly, an Italian-American newspaper, founded in April, 1930 by Guerino F. Filosa, a genial gentleman who came to America in 1914 and to Vermont in 1920. A special feature of the paper for years was Mrs. Filosa's "Helping the Housewife" column which featured wonderful Italian recipes. Mr. Filosa says: "I haven't piled up any gold in this field but have been happy in Vermont and that's what counts in the final analysis."

Benton Dryden, a Middle Westerner, is owner and editor of the Vermont Standard of Woodstock, which observed its 100th anniversary in 1953. The Standard began as a temperance paper, as did many newspapers founded in Vermont.

In the 100th anniversary edition, Dryden noted that first headlines of consequence to appear in the paper were on April 7, 1865, when the fall of Richmond was reported.

A Vermont weekly editor who will have to be on his toes this fall is Stewart Bennett, who with his wife, Ethel, publishes the Manchester Journal. In September more than 300 weekly newspaper editors and their wives from all over New England will have their annual fall meeting in Manchester.

Since it is customary for editors to visit nearby shops, when they arrive, Stewart will have to have the Journal shop gleaming.

There are other good weekly newspapers in Vermont, which either for lack of background or lack of space, we do not mention in this appraisal of the state's weekly press. Two are mimeograph papers.

As pointed out early, making profit on a weekly paper is hard work. But there have been no major casualties among them since Wallace Gilpin closed down his Monitor.

Some publishers take a dim view of the future for the weekly press, but we believe that publishers and editors who concentrate on bringing to the people of their communities the home town news, illustrated with local pictures and spiced with opinion on state and local matters, will succeed.

A study of the weekly press history in Vermont shows that those editors who gave the people what they wanted, survived while the editors who gave the people what they believed they should read, fell by the wayside.

Vermonters like their weekly papers. They have the papers follow them to the far corners of the earth.

There isn't a weekly paper in Vermont which hasn't received this note from a lonesome Vermonter —and there are many of them:

"Please re-enter my subscription for The . . . It's so good to have it come. It's like an old friend. I feel lost without it."

Many Vermonters, both inside and outside Vermont, would indeed be lost without their weekly papers.
A Suggestion about Prescriptions

This experience has been so silvered by the years that I am sure I can refer to it safely without awakening memories that should remain asleep. Her letter told me that her husband, retired and wealthy, was completely unhappy—his interest gone in merely living. He had given years solely to his business, and he had been successful; now the years were empty before him. She could not induce him to read more than a newspaper. Could I help?

I reasoned that I could try, and I made up my mind to turn one ex-businessman into a reader—with the rich world of books opening before him—if it could be done by any humane effort. I started off with a list of "who-dun-its," written cleverly and intelligently, not after the manner of the present "rock 'em and sock 'em school." Personally I dislike "detective novels;" if I read one, I read the last chapter first to find out who the villain was, for I don't like to be fooled for thirty chapters. The report came that he was reading the books far into the night. From the "who-dun-its" I led him into business novels—and there were fine ones in those years. Most publishers go where the money is, and it seems to be in the violent novel, often sadistic in tone, marked by the touch of the "blood and guts" school of writers or writers digging into the dark and dismal corners of life. From the business novels I guided him into interesting texts in modern economics, then into the fine essays which interpret life in terms of economic and sociological values. The secret reports from his wife grew more and more cheerful. He had turned into a reader with plenty to read and brand new interests.

I believe this "prescription" idea makes sense. While excellent reading lists have gradually been evolved by specialists, for reading in the lower grades on through college years, reading is essentially a highly personal matter, a personal problem. Drop an outdoor type of lad into Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice and her impossible Sense and Sensibility—beloved of girls—and make him read it, and you may make an enemy of reading for life. In my graduate study days I had to read all—and I mean all—of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and, ever since, the mere mention of his name heats up my adrenal glands. Start such a lad with the fine outdoor novels of the past or with histories of Arctic explorations or Stefansson's stories for young people—and away the lad goes. Then he can be guided from such a start into the wide world of books from which he will never return to the empty and tiresome world of the non-reader—a world in which the last type goes seeking for something he will never find.

And just so with us, theoretically at least, mature folks. Probably twelve books, if found, could be the key to a reasonably satisfactory lifetime in which even wealth might be a minor factor. However, I have no intention to wander off into a discussion of possible books; but in the Spring and Summer Quill, thinking of Vermont with its rich offerings to those who will pause to look around and learn to see with wise and understanding eyes, I suggested books that were helpful in developing that seeing eye and creating interests that do not fade with years. I asked Quill readers to lend a hand, as they promptly did, far beyond the space I can give to a Quill—which is intended to be merely suggestive anyway.

My real text is in this note from H.G.S. of Burlington:

I was born and have always lived in Vermont—love the land, its people, its way of life. I thought I knew it thoroughly, but in 1923 a book was published which revealed the depths of my ignorance. I've no knowledge of how many times I've read the volume in whole or in part. . . . Your Quill article described word for word Anne Bosworth Greene's The Lone Winter. Her artist's eyes and perceptions; her great love of nature and talent for writing opens the "unseeing eyes" you mention. There is a book!

Mrs. Greene lives in South Woodstock Vermont, and all that H.G.S. says of The Lone Winter and the author is true. I have all of her books (try Dipper Hill) and can simply add my full agreement with the above comment: I learned to see much of Vermont through Mrs. Greene's books.

Then K.M.D., writing from Ripton, says: "May we nominate the works (especially All the Year Around) of Dallas Lore Sharp for their power of quickening the unseeing eye into the seeing one?" And I go along wholeheartedly with this suggestion, too, for Sharp has long been a guide for me.

But I must not go on, mentioning the books suggested by readers; I will keep them, however, on file and ready for queries, for I sincerely believe that Vermont, more than any other New England state, because of its terrain—to use a pedestrian but accurate word—offers a

Near Groton

By Larry Willard
range of interests readily within reach of car and foot. Autumn in Vermont seems to me particularly inviting, and I know I am not alone in that belief, for by way of comment on the "Autumn Miler," anyone from H.F.G.;

My real reason for this note is your description of your liking for a stoll up your favorite road. When things get a little tough, I am brought back to normal by the remembrance of the many hill roads I walked alone and with my wife (now gone). One of our favorite ones was in Newfane—up a long hill at the top of which was the little house where my Father was born, the house itself nearly a ruin and the old farm gone back to nature. I cherish the thought of them. The hill road had a gay brook beside it—grand for weary feet!

"Life," said the philosopher Santayana, is neither a feast nor a spectacle, but a predicament." The feast grows stale and the spectacle tiresome, but the predicament always has a challenge; and one way to solve it surely is in the comradeship of books whose gifts are the seeing eye and the understanding mind.

Epitaphs and Their Stories

About the first historical data in the world are epitaphs, and to them historians and archeologists have been turning for information through centuries. Since our Vermont cemeteries have not been swept away by vast construction work or other changes that come with extreme industrialization, it is still possible to visit the pioneer cemeteries and read an appealing story there of infinite interest. It was only a question of time when someone would really compile a book that would cover the epitaphs in all forty-eight states, and Charles L. Wallis has done just that in his Stories on Stone.1 He has gathered 750 epitaphs from 48 states and has spent twenty years in his research.

As to the significance of such a study, I think his summary to be wise and alluring:

The average collector tends to look for the novel and amusing, but Mr. Wallis covers the full range of his plan. This sentence, which we can think upon, appears in Latin on the tombstone (1793) of Win. Bradford, Governor of Plymouth Colony: What our father with so much difficulty secured, do not basely relinquish. In a Maine cemetery there is this (1776): America, my adopted country, my best advice to you is this, take care of your liberties. A monument in Minnesota has this: None of us ever voted for Roosevelt or Truman. The statesmen and the soldier have their epitaphs, and war has its echoes; in North Carolina an epitaph pays tribute to a southern Rebel lass: Devoted Christian mother who whipped Sherman’s hammers with scalding water while trying to take her dinner pot which contained a ham bone being cooked for her soldier boys.

Here are the sailor, the pioneer, the Indian—for instance, this: Sarazen, Chief of the Quapaws, Friend of the Missionaries, Rescue of Captive Children; and here we find the epitaph of Mrs. Jemima Howe in Vermont's Vernon cemetery whose husband was killed by Indians in 1741, and she and her seven children captured later. The oldtime western gun-man has his record: Here lies Butch. / We planted him raw / He was quick on the trigger / But slow on the draw. Here is one from the chapter, "Heaven’s My Destination." If there is another world / I live in bliss / If not another / I have made the most of this. Laconic and Yankeeish is this: Transplanted. In the chapter, "Sermons in Stone," there is this: To live in hearts / We leave behind is not to die.

I am inclined to muse over this epitaph so expressive of the deepest element in the Vermont character and philosophy—all of which may change as the years go, but a symbol still of values that men in their secret thoughts respect and even admire. In a quiet Vermont village in its serene, unimpressive hill cemetery is this epitaph as ordered by the Vermonter who sleeps there:

Calvin Coolidge
July 4, 1872
January 5, 1933

The stone is a simple, upright slab with no decorations, ornate or descriptive, other than a small reproduction of the Presidential Seal. The cemetery, as all America seems to know, is in Plymouth.

The quotations I have given are mere glimpses of the wealth of material in the book, and I have by no means covered the various classifications. The top listings of places from which epitaphs have been chosen go thus: Massachusetts 74, New York 56, Connecticut 32, New Hampshire 25, Vermont 21. The author is Associate Professor of English at Keuka College, Keuka Park, N. Y.


Books with Vermont Themes or Interests

All of us are still subject to the lures of tales of Indian days, raids and captives. Howard H. Peckham, Director of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan, has gathered a harvest of fourteen authentic tales from the literature of Indian captivities, and while they are tales of violence, his treatment is temperate and not blood-thirsty. Two of the tales have a Vermont theme—the capture of Jemima Howe and her seven children in 1755, and the Williams family in 1704 and their long journey through the Vermont wilderness with their Indian captors to Montreal.


A descendant of six generations of Vermonters, a graduate of the University of Vermont, an eye specialist now practicing in Falmouth, Mass., has given us rhymed versions of his memories of the old days in Vermont—as these titles of the poems indicate: Buckwheat Cakes, Boardin’ the Schoolmarm, The Hired Man, Sulfur an’ Lasses, Back Parlor, Town Meetin’ Time, Patchwork Quilts, Old-Time Kitchen, Stun-Boat—these and 96 others. The poems are not pretentious efforts but are readable and tinted with nostalgic colors.

Vermont—Rural Rhymes by a Native Son by E. Donald Asselin, M.D. Vantage Press. New York. 1954. 113 pp. $2.50.

VERMONT Life 57
This was the year we planned to take two weeks to find a house. Four months, fifty real estate agents and one hundred houses later we found it! Even at that I guess we were lucky—we’ve heard of others who had taken from four to fourteen years.

After the war Bob, having traveled through the 48 states and having lived for a time in nearly half of them, decided to settle in one spot and have single headquarters. (California seemed the logical place for an outdoor photographer to choose, so west he went and there he stayed for several years. California is a virtual paradise for a photographer—mountains, lakes, pretty girls and, probably most important, lots of sunshine.

Why, with all that did he come to Vermont? A few months spent visiting his parents at their summer home near Quechee introduced him to the attractions of Vermont. About the same time several art buyers began asking for pictures of New England. What better place to find picturesque New England villages, beautiful churches, covered bridges and red barns than Vermont?

After spending some time as apartment dwellers in one of Vermont’s cities to try to determine if we were making the right decision, we agreed that Vermont had not only Bob’s vote but mine too.

Now to find a home. We didn’t think that would be difficult since we weren’t bound by one locality and our requirements were simple enough. Our principal one was some seclusion but with accessibility which was needed for our work. However, that meant 29 things to 29 people. It meant a house on the main street of a small village to one agent or
Time and Vermont

produce a home for
the Hollands on
a Cavendish hill.

Bob & Helen Holland (opposite)
find much work to do outside.

The Hollands' home, at 1400 ft.,
looks south to Cavendish hills.

being twelve miles from the nearest post office to another.

Our hopes rose and fell. A little colonial house with a delightful view had no water. Another, an excellent house in every respect, lacked the space needed for my husband's work. Still another, a charming house in a quiet woodland setting had rotted sills and joists. After a few weeks whenever we went into a house, I glanced anxiously at Bob to see if he were poking his penknife into the timbers. It had gotten to be a habit and I feared some people might not understand his motive.

If only we might have combined all the features we liked into one place we would have had near perfection. We would have selected the view from the house which looked down upon the village with its white church spire to the Connecticut River and the mountains beyond; the construction of a second house, overlooking both the Green and Adirondack Mountains, which had already been in existence for over a hundred years; and the water supply from springs near a third house high in the mountains which during the driest of summers supplied water for the family, tourists, a large swimming pool and plenty for the neighbor's cattle.

Practically every house had some desirable features—picturesque red barns surrounded by white fences, a beautiful little pond, a trout stream which actually held trout, a two-storeyed living room with butternut paneling. These, and many others, found in dozens of houses scattered all over the state kept up our interest. And Bob didn't miss the hundreds of photographic views along the way.

Just when we were about to give up our search and either build or wait and try again, we found it!—a little gray stone farmhouse sitting high on a hillside above the village of Cavendish with a view of distant mountains beyond—no lake, no swimming pool, no red barns—but a feeling of quiet and contentment and permanence which really mean Vermont.

Why did we decide on this particular house out of a hundred others? When we started house-hunting we had made no definite decision as to the type of house we would buy, although in my mind I visualized a little white Cape Cod farmhouse and I know Bob had hopes of finding one similar to that of his parents. One day we were shown a beautiful little brick house with four graceful chimneys and not long after that a stone house on Otter Creek which had been restored in perfect taste. Both of these houses were away above our price range but I couldn't forget the charm of either. That late August afternoon when we followed the real estate agent up a little lane and into view came a Cape Cod style stone house with four chimneys (not to mention a fifth in the ell). I looked out over the valley to the hills beyond and thought, "This is it." After I had seen the two large rooms on either side of a central hall with a fireplace...
Basset hound, Zeke, is suspicious of stone stairs and the cellar darkness.

The recurring discussion is on: how to re-decorate this 14 by 32 ft. room.

Roof construction is typical hand-hewn timbers, oak pegs and 20-inch boards.

in each and the deep-set windows with their paneled casings I was doubly sure.

Luckily Bob was of a more practical nature and followed his usual routine of checking beams, sills, the water system, the “lay-of-the-land” and other important points. We spent the afternoon inspecting, came back another day and then made an offer. Naturally, it didn’t meet all of our requirements—we knew by this time we couldn’t expect to find them all in one house, but it did seem to offer many of the important ones. The wait for a reply to our offer seemed endless. But by the end of a week we had our answer and just a month later we moved.

Apart from the charm of the exterior and its surroundings and the improvements which had already been made to the interior, we found several other features which fit in nicely with our livelihood. We had to consider, primarily, the problems of earning a living wherever we settled and this house provided the space and facilities we need.

In the main house the ceilings are higher than one usually finds in old houses. This will be helpful in taking indoor pictures until we complete a permanent studio. At present Bob is using a large room on the second floor to do his office work but this is only a temporary set-up. It was also helpful to find a large room, fourteen by thirty-two feet, which could be used for projecting pictures.

The house has always been known as the Stearns Place and was built in 1851. The original farm had one hundred acres...
but as the years went by it was increased to three hundred. Originally it was a dairy farm and through the years sheep were raised and fruit trees added. Many of the old trees still bear delicious pie apples.

A type of granite, possibly quarried here on the farm, was used to build the house. The rocks were held together by a lime mortar prepared by a formula which was peculiar to builders of stone houses in this section. We found the remains of an old lime kiln not far from the house. The walls are eighteen inches thick—not solid stone but with a space between the inner and outer layers, which prevents dampness often found in stone buildings. This type of construction, an innovation in its day, also helps to keep the house warm in winter and cool in summer.

Three generations of Stearns lived here with their families. The house had been rented for several years when, in 1937, it was purchased for a summer home. Several changes were made—adding dormers to the back, taking out partitions and having plumbing and electricity installed. The barns were torn down and the grounds landscaped. We feel very fortunate that the changes did not destroy the charm of the original farmhouse.

We have not had to "start from scratch" as many do in fixing up old houses but we found that a house which is more than adequate for summer living is not for a year-round home of today. Having been closed for several years, too, the house had been damaged by dampness. Our first project was to have a heating system installed. Then followed insulating, painting and papering which we tried to do ourselves. We haven't made much of a dent in the decorating but one of these years we hope to have a comfortable year-round home.

In the meantime Bob is scouting the highways and byways looking for picture possibilities. Knowing where to be at the right moment is the most important job of an outdoor photographer, it seems.

One man said to us recently, "You have found Utopia." Hardly that! We still shiver remembering the night a radiator broke with a bang and the temperature was ten below. Then there was the time the new ceiling cracked and had to be repaired all over again, heartbreaking after weeks of work. Or the time I nearly fell into a old well hidden below the kitchen floor. These things are soon forgotten in the joy of skiing on our hills by the light of a full moon, the helpfulness of our neighbors, the skill of the men who maneuver the big Oskosh up our lane to plow us out after a snowstorm and the friendliness of the people we've met.

Green Mountain Postboy
(Continued from page 1)

As we remarked earlier, people at the desks of inns are expected to be cordial greeters. Oddly enough there was one in the P.B.'s town who attracted people because of his habit of making caustic replies. He lived up to his reputation when a prospective guest inquired his price for dinner. "Seventy-five cents" he replied. (Obviously this was not yesterday.) "Well, that seems a little high" the stranger said. "You see I have eight in my party." The Boniface looked out of the window. Finally: "Could have left some of 'em home couldn't you?"

Illustrations by Robert M. Chace

Also in the P.B.'s town there is another hotel which celebrated its one hundredth anniversary as The Equinox House only last year. Two other adjacent inns, one dating back to the late 1700's and the other built in 1804, are parts of this ancient hostelry. When guests arrived by train and were brought the two miles to the hotel, the proprietor, F. H. Orvis, always stationed one of his clerks, Andy Martin, by the window. He had what his employer very much lacked, an amazing memory for names. He'd spot the arrivals and pass the word to "F.H." who would then make the guests welcome calling each one by name. This tradition has been carried on since guests began arriving by motor cars, by the tall Doorman who has, summer after summer, been there on the curb to open car doors and greet the guests. He welcomed those returning—always by name. It wasn't long before he knew what to call the newcomers too and when they left, shaking hands with Clyde, they found he had their names tucked away in his amazing filing system along with the thousands of others. It might be five or ten years before they came back but there would be Clyde bidding them welcome always remembering the names.

This summer he wasn't there. He will not be there again. It would seem perfectly natural to suppose that he might sometimes be found spelling St. Peter, and even outdoing the ancient Saint by greeting many arrivals by name.
“Upon the whole, the State of Vermont . . . cannot but be regarded as one important nursery of the human race; and as a country where a great mass of happiness and virtue may be fairly expected in future ages.”

Timothy Dwight, 1807