VERMONT Life

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Ernest W. Gibson, Governor

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MUD TIME

Yes, we have the usual seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, just like other folks. But there are other seasons too in the country. When something happens along in late March or early April, it happens in "sugaring." Or you may plan something during "haying" or in "picklin'" time. Of course there are many others like plowing time, seeding time, other folks. But there are other seasons the month or more when any vehicle or it used to be MUD TIME (all in caps). In fact, probably the greatest incentive to road improvement has been getting rid of the month or more when any vehicle or even the Postboy's horse was apt to step into a piece of highway where the "bottom had dropped out." Wagons used to get a coating of mud then, especially in clay country, that stayed on forever. The early "automobilist" never thought of getting his shining vehicle out from under its dust cover until he had word that all the soft spots along the main highway had dried out. For he had learned that there was no more hopeless condition than that of a car submerged to the hubs in clammy clinging mud.

No danger now, brother, unless it happens that you've bought one of those hill farms on a very back road. Better ask at the corner store before you try it out.

A TAUNT FOR TOYNBEE

Just in case you missed it, Time magazine gave Arnold Joseph Toynbee a salute of some three columns when they reviewed his latest book, A Study of History. It is a digest of a six volume affair which is exhaustive, not to say exhausting. Mr. Toynbee is an Englishman and a noted historian and his Study of History has had an amazing sale in America. That's the setup.

On pages 146 and 147 of this latest volume we read, with no little irritation, this: "... for when we speak of New England and the part it has played in American history, we are really thinking of only three of its five little states—Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and not of New Hampshire or Maine." And, obviously, not of Vermont at all.

As we read on we are not so sorry we were left out. Maine, who once joined us in seceding from the Union you remember, is mentioned a bit further along in this manner. "Maine, on the other hand, has always been unimportant and serves today as a kind of museum piece, a relic of 17th century New England, inhabited by woodsmen, watermen, and hunters." Will woodsman John Gould and hunter Robert P. Tristram Coffin step to the microphone?

A DUCAT FOR DWIGHT

On the other hand, you may recall, Timothy Dwight, noted president of Yale, not only recognized Vermont, but in 1831 he traveled through it and wrote about it in his famous Travels in New England and New York. Of course he did, in a "Pope Dwight" mood, no doubt, feel called on to mention the general impiety of the early inhabitants. However later he mellowed to this extent; "The state of Vermont from the richness of its soil; the variety and value of its productions; the hardihood, industry and enterprise of its inhabitants; the mitigation of character which they have begun; and the more extensive improvement, rationally promised by the influence of the traditions of the New England institutions on the present and succeeding generations; 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." Native modesty would preclude any assertions as to the truth of this very flattering prophesy. We simply add that we have long since come to the conclusion, due to the innumerable people who have Vermont connections, that the state was not only a "nursery" as the gentleman foretold, but that it was just one big incubator.

UNDERCOVER NOTE

There's always that question which spring springs: Shall we take 'em off or wait a while longer? Some folks go by the calendar but that isn't always a reliable guide when you're dealing with a fickle thing like the weather. The Postboy's grandfather settled it for his family with this formula: Stick to Your Flannels 'til They Stick to You.

WINNERS THIS ISSUE

Quarterly Picture Story Contest
1ST PRIZE: Theodore and Elizabeth Kleffel, Ticonderoga, N. Y., for color sequences of Northern Gateway. $25.00
2ND PRIZE: Jack Jennings, Brandon, Vt. for illustrations to "Crippled Children Learn to Play." $10.00
3RD PRIZE: Leon S. Gay, Cavendish, Vt. for "Adventure in Vermont Living." $5.00

Entries for Winter 1948-49 should be submitted up to June 1, 1948. Picture stories should be composed of a sequence of pictures either telling a story with captions, or illustrating accompanying text. They may be color, black and white, or, preferably, both. Editor
Walter Thorpe's dream of a summer camp for children with physical handicaps takes shape amongst the hills of Goshen.

By BASIL B. WALSH

Photography by JACK C. JENNINGS

Spring comes slowly, often reluctantly, to the Goshen highlands in the Green Mountains. She plays her smiles first on the valley lands, bringing out the tender greens and buffs of the fields and woods while yet the winter browns, even persistent snowbanks, are holding forth on Goshen's elevated slopes and plateaus.

So it was in April of 1927 when the first construction work began on the buildings of the Vermont Thorpe Camp for Crippled Children. Here, on the summer place of Reverend and Mrs. Walter Thorpe, was taking shape their dream of a camp which would minister to children who were physically handicapped and whose means prevented them from attending one of the many summer camps for normal children. Several sleeping cabins were going up, and frequently amid the sawing and hammering Mr. Thorpe would pause—he was as eager to pick up a hammer to assist with the work as he was to grasp a pen to write a sermon—and spend long moments gazing down the mountain to the valley where Brandon's farms and woodlands lay greening in the spring sunshine and where, farther to the west, Lake Champlain fitfully sparkled against its blue backdrop of Adirondack Mountains. This was the view he never tired of looking at—the "million dollar view" as many have called it.

One by one the little cabins stepped up the slope north of the dwelling house until there were five, each looking westward at the great valley below. And when real springtime at last had climbed the mountain, drawing her pastel cape over the uplands, she found the cabins bright and aromatic in their new wood while workmen were busily transforming the old carriage house into a dining room and kitchen.

The initial funds to start the work were furnished by Mr. Thorpe with his own collateral, but it was only a short time until word got around and people began to show their interest and desire to help. A camp exclusively for crippled children was unique at that time. No other like it was known in eastern United States. Contributions quickly began coming in for additional cabins, for remodeling some of the old farm buildings, for operating expenses. A staff of counselors was engaged, the cook and her helpers took over the kitchen and dining room while everyone made ready in various degrees of excitement for the opening day.

They came in late June, seventeen little crippled girls, pioneers in an undertaking which was to provide at no cost to them a summer in the out-of-doors where like
other children they found pleasure in normal play and varied camping activities which provided invaluable experience in character building. Any handicapped child was eligible within the age limits, since the camp was non-sectarian and no racial distinction was made. Results of the program were highly satisfactory and in some instances quite astonishing. Good food and plenty of it plus the bracing air at that altitude (rarely does anyone sleep without blankets at night) promoted fast gains in weight, sometimes up to twelve pounds in four weeks. Muscular exercises were given by the camp nurse to certain children under the recommendation and direction of the child’s doctor.

Many educational activities and hobbies were instituted including crafts, nature, dramatics, group singing. Interest in doing these things soon lifted most children out of a discouraged state of mind due to their handicaps, and they soon acquired definite increases in physical vigor and in command of themselves. Creating an article in crafts, “to take home,” awoke enthusiasm and exercised muscles without the odium of formal manipulations. When the children returned to their school work in the autumn many enthusiastic reports were received telling what a noticeable improvement had taken place not only in their physical well-being but in mental alertness and self confidence.

A second spring—and even greater construction activity on the hill. Seven new cabins took their places in appropriate locations, one unit of five quickly becoming known as “Shady Lane.” The large hay barn with its massive hand-hewn beams, worn eaten and silver gray with age, was transformed into the William Henry Wright recreation lodge having a huge fireplace inset with many varieties of Vermont marble. A new infirmary building was rising at the eastern end of a row of cabins, forming with the other structures a rectangular green not unlike a little village with its public square and streets leading away to serve the various segments of the community. All this soon sprang to life when seventy handicapped girls arrived on the scene that second summer.

And now began a procession of years in which new additions to the physical plant took place with amazing regularity. Individuals, organizations and societies eagerly came forward with funds. By 1930 the Chandler Swimming Pool and Christie Cabin formed a new unit a short distance above the camp for much needed swimming and hydrotherapy. In the maple grove a centenarian sugar house became the Lodge-in-the-Woods. Through the extensive woodlands alluring trails were laid and marked at strategic points with bird-baths of native field stone or simple curiously formed rocks cemented together in pillars and rustic shrines.

Up to this time only girls had enjoyed the benefits of the camp. Boys had not been forgotten, though, because Mr. Thorpe had plans to include them in his scheme of things. When in 1931 an adjoining farm was put up for sale, two friends purchased it as a joint gift to the camp. Not long thereafter foundations were started here for eight cabins, a wash house, and a large recreation lodge. This group became in future years the boys’ division. Some boys had been taken previously, however, a section of the girls’ camp having been allotted to them.

The great depression of the early thirties threw a dark shadow over the camp fortunes. As if that were not enough, a staggering blow occurred in February, 1933, when Mr. Thorpe passed away, stricken with a heart attack. His death accentuated how much the camp had been his hobby and how closely it was identified with him. He was widely known. His winning personality had made hosts of friends. Could the camp carry on during the particularly hard times ahead which would prevail for nearly a decade?

The board of trustees—the camp had been incorporated under Vermont laws—decided to continue operation in the hope that former friends would stand by with help and encouragement. Public response was gratifying; every season crippled children were accepted.

Gradually the situation improved, new friends became interested, a little expansion was made here and there. An Arts and Crafts building took its place on the empty side of our little public square at the girls’ camp. The boys’ camp was completed in 1936 and was occupied by boys that summer. Then came the Wheeler Office Building which included a laundry storage room.

AT THE BOY’S TABLE there is evidence of sharp appetites promoted by mountain air.
In 1940 the enrollment exceeded one hundred different children though not all were present simultaneously. This year, too, the old farmhouse at the boys' camp was completely remodeled and repaired. Soon other funds were received to build a new crafts building for the boys which was put into use the next season. Thus were rounded out two complete and separate divisions, except for dining facilities, devoted to the care of crippled boys and girls. A total of thirty-two buildings on two hundred acres. Truly the Thorpes' dream had acquired substance and stature!

It had brought also to more than 1500 boys and girls new dreams of their own, budding aspirations, fresh courage to win a place in the none too friendly race of life.

“The little folks who must fight their way in a hard world,” commented a Rutland Herald editorial, "against strong competition where sympathy is too rare, with the added handicap of being crippled, need rather more help than they are apt to get from the best intentioned parents and teachers. . . . Such a child is underprivileged by reason of his own infirmity. Sensitive, too, for the most part, especially when compelled to match his weakened members with those of strong, normal children.

“The Vermont camp changes all this. . . . The crippled child is given a taste of real living, under the best conditions and with expert medical and nursing advice. Perhaps it is not so much a cure as an aid, but it quite plainly helps to strengthen these little people for their inevitable and perhaps bitter fight for existence, later on.”

Only those who have been actively engaged in the day-to-day life of the Goshen camp can appreciate the improvement exhibited by the children after a few weeks. Change of scene, relief of monotony, separation from their family—most homes tend to spoil them—finding others as badly off or worse than themselves, are all factors in promoting a change for the better. Many who are skeptical at first of their ability to negotiate the camp slopes or to take part in certain activities are soon increasingly proud of their growing competence. And when necessary, a counselor's timely aid under an elbow, unobtrusively given, or the turning of an awkward physical effort into an amusing incident brings out the quick side-long smile of appreciation and mutual understanding.

One impression of the camp is sure to be found, usually to the surprise of the visitor. It is a popular belief that in a group of youngsters where so many physical handicaps are evident the atmosphere must be depressing, even sad. Nothing could be farther from actual conditions. One visit is enough to demonstrate that this is one of the happiest of children's camps. Witness the crowd at mealtime (don't try to entertain your guest, you simply won't be heard) pealing off a succession of cheers and songs; lullabies, endless rounds, plaintive cowboy ditties, amusing chanteys. One wonders when any food is eaten, yet clean it up they do and send back for more. Or listen to the stream of witticisms tossed back and forth during a morning on the trail as a group wends its way under the huge, century-old maples or through the green-walled paths between the scented fir trees. What does it matter if the party is slow, if some must depend on both crutches and steel braces to be there at all; whether this one may still be in a body cast to correct a spinal curvature, or whether that one up ahead may have been flat in bed only a few months ago stricken with polio and now is learning to use again legs and arms which do not respond in the old way.

Those afflictions have shrunk to small importance. Even the leaders, skillfully conducting such expeditions, become quite unconscious of anything but happy childhood whetting its curiosity on the limitless panorama of woods and fields. Here occur some of those treasured experiences which will be remembered gratefully throughout adult life.

And then, one day, the state physiotherapist may visit the camp, perhaps bringing joyful news for some fortunate youngster. “You may leave off your brace from now on,” are her instructions. “Your leg has grown strong enough to walk without it.” Great is the rejoicing among them all, and genuine is their pleasure at the progress made by their friend. This has happened more than once although it should be remembered that such recovery has been a gradual process over a period of years.

But those who cannot hope to throw (Continued on page 51)
The idea, of course, was to restrict power in society were retained. By May, 1631, distinctions regarding a person's position and action, who could move to greener pastures when the prospect warranted.

In almost identical words the Freeman's Oath has appeared in the Constitution of Vermont ever since that hot July day in Windsor in 1777, when a severe thunderstorm kept a group of worried Vermont patriot-delegates at their task, instead of permitting them to rush out to their several homes to defend their families and firesides against Burgoyne's advancing troops. As a result, these early Vermonters in convention assembled adopted the first Constitution of Vermont. These delegates from Champlain and Connecticut River valley towns were the product of nearly one hundred and fifty years of American freedom and self-government. They knew the advantages of a fundamental law through their participation in the government of the older settled areas in the colonies. It is not surprising, therefore, that the delegates included the oath in the new Constitution.

The history of the Freeman's Oath is a long and interesting story which can only be lightly sketched here. It began in England, far back in the mists of feudalism with its lord and serf, knight and yeoman, master and servant relationships. By the seventeenth century the freeman appeared, who had certain liberties of movement and action, which they consider to be their personal or state independence and liberty.

The requirement for church membership, one notes in passing, had vanished; and there is little or no change in the oath or its basic concepts for the next hundred years or so. It did become necessary, however, to provide by law for a more complete statement of who could take, and how they could take, the Freeman's Oath. So we find in an old Connecticut law book of about 1751, as enacted by the Connecticut General Court, the oath that is definitely the forerunner of the Vermont Freeman's Oath. A section of the Connecticut oath reads as follows:

You shall neither plot, practice, nor consent, to any evil, or hurt, against this jurisdiction, or any part of it, nor against the civil government here established, and if you shall know any person or persons, which intend, plot, or conspire anything which tends to the hurt, or prejudice of the same, you shall timely discover the same to lawful authority here established, and you shall assist and be helpful in all the affairs of the jurisdiction, and by all means promote the public welfare of the same, according to your place, ability, and opportunity . . . and when you shall be duly called to give your vote or suffrage, in any election, or touching any other matter which concerns this commonwealth, you shall give it as in your conscience you shall judge may conduce to the best good of the same. [A few lines are omitted. Editor]

Moreover, I do solemnly bind myself in the sight of God, that when I shall be called on to give my voice touching any such matter of this state, in which Freeman are to deal, I will give my voice and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce and tend to the public weal of the body, without respect of persons or favour of any man. So help me God in the Lord Jesus Christ.

This Freeman's Oath, in its complete form with sections I (A, B) added to the above, is one of the first official enactments of the colony of which we have a record, and is the basis for all the similar oaths which we will discuss.

FREEMAN'S OATH

by Andrew E. Nuquist

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Norman Rockwell’s famous painting of an Arlington town meeting epitomizes the democratic grassroots character of Vermont local government.
IN ALL MY experience as a foreign correspondent which necessitated getting along with people of all nationalities, my becoming a Vermonter was, by far, my most difficult assignment.

For the first seven years I was as inflexible to adjustment as Charlie McCarthy being poured through the neck of a bottle.

I used to think Mr. Coolidge's art of understatement was highly exaggerated. Don't you believe it. He was 100 percent typical. Indeed, compared to the average Vermonter and perhaps because he got around more, he might even be called loquacious. For these Green Mountain folk aren't merely laconic—whenever possible they choose to be monosyllabic.

I give you a few empirical examples.

When I first met my father-in-law (a rugged Nonagenarian who went daily to his office) I was quite drawn to him. Naturally, I wished to know what impression I'd made on him. After days of silence from everybody on the subject I finally asked my husband: "How did your Father like me?"

His reply was, "He said you were all right."

To which I exploded, "All right, indeed! Well, wasn't that generous of him!"

It was then explained to me that "all right" was about the highest tribute in a Vermonter's vocabulary.

After our marriage I had our house entirely done over. My out-of-town friends exclaimed ecstatically over each room; with detailed praise for each carefully contrived effect of colors and fabrics. But because I admired her taste for beauty I was most eager for my new daughter-in-law's opinion.

Expectantly I escorted her from basement to attic. Room after room was viewed with no comment. Finally I asked her, "Well, did you like it?" She sat down, lit a cigarette and after cautious deliberation said, "It's nice."

That too, in Vermont, is nothing short of an accolade!

Here children are taught at parental knees that:

"Praise to the face
Is open disgrace."

Like maple sugar this is strictly a native product and governs all human relationships. It is not only poor taste to bestow a word of commendation for legitimate achievement, but any personal comment is the height of vulgarity. Moreover, this taboo works both ways. Of all the peoples of the world I've known, Vermonsters, alone, dislike hearing nice things said about them. Significantly, they've never even heard of that childhood game, "Trade-Last," wherein there is an exchange of compliments. Indeed, any adjective beyond "all right" or "nice" is hyperbole and to be dismissed summarily as "gush."

After a year of this silent treatment I rated myself a complete failure and developed an inferiority as big as a house. So I sought the aid of a psychiatrist. When I'd finished he said, "You're dead wrong about this. On all sides I hear pleasant things about you; friends you've made; your successful marriage."

"What about a woman's need of hearing some of these nice things occasionally? Just a word to make her feel liked and wanted?"

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Up here in Vermont we take such things for granted—haven't paid my wife a compliment in 20 years."

It was then I exploded with the comment which has been adopted, I understand, as part of Vermontiana, "In order to get a compliment out of a Vermonter you'd have to go around with a horsewhip."

Of course we've all heard of Vermont thrift. And, believe me, it isn't exaggerated either. It is drunk with their mother's milk. Children are given checks on birthdays to be deposited with reluctant fingers in piggy banks for "something useful." Anniversaries are never acknowledged with sentimentally chosen gifts of jewelry, flowers, or even a lace-paper valentine. Money spent for frivolity or adornment is anathema to the male Vermonter.

GLADYS BAKER (Mrs. Roy L. Patrick of Burlington), a Southerner by birth and upbringing, began a distinguished journalistic career as a feature writer for the Birmingham (Ala.) "News." She later became a widely syndicated foreign correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, and scored many "scoops," interviewing inaccessible (and now extinct) dictators, as well as other statesmen and crowned heads of Europe. Adjusting from the exciting if strenuous work of a newspaperwoman to the quiet tenor of Vermont family life was not easy, as she here sets forth.

Illustrative of this: One newcomer wished to impress the town, so used her husband's generous allowance to buy herself a John Frederick hat. It was meltingly beautiful with artist's colors and received envious glances from the female element. But when word got around, her husband was practically boycotted by the men of the community on the grounds that he was married to a "darn fool woman who paid fifty dollars for a hat!"

Vermonters are more tolerant to the breaking of the Seventh Commandment than they are to extravagance. One of the wealthiest and most socially prominent women in Vermont washes and irons her own curtains; sweeps in her kitchen putting up hundreds of jars of fruits and vegetables, lest an apple or snap bean be wasted. To her the laurel—the top Hooper rating!

Recently a string shortage struck America. This was due, I feel sure, to the fact that it was all hoarded in Vermont. Not one inch of it, for generations, has been discarded.

Women endowed with intellectual gifts or talented in the arts are mistrusted. The supreme virtue of womanhood is keeping one's house to immaculate, gleaming perfection. I have resolved that if I should ever discover a grain of dust in a Vermont woman's house, I am going to dispatch it to the Smithsonian Institute!

In this small state locked within its lakes and mountains any newcomer is not only called a "furriner," but actually regarded as suspect. Typical of this was a remark by my hairdresser who, after...

(Continued on page 49)
A V E R M O N T E R?
Q u e s t i o n  b y  T w o  V e r m o n t e r s
C O N F I R M E D
Y A N K E E

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, Professor of English at Norwich University, means Vermont to thousands who know him as the author of numerous essays of reflective beauty, appearing in “Readers Digest,” “Saturday Evening Post,” and the “New York Times.” Poet, philosopher, professor, sportsman, historian (he is Vice President and past Editor of the Vermont Historical Society), he has played an active role in the cultural and political life of the state. For more years than he likes to remember he has labored in behalf of causes from better libraries to the preservation of the Green Mountain wilderness.

Once, many moons ago, I found myself in Nashville, Tennessee, a young Vermonter “fed up,” metaphorically and actually, with the far-famed, but to me at that time, infernal southern fried chicken, and longing for the most delectable dish ever prepared by the hand of woman—a Vermont country chicken-pie that the Vermont farm-wife, and she alone, can mysteriously prepare. She, alas, was far in the North, and I was an exile in a southern land. But the mountain gods were with me. Across the street I saw a sign on a small diner—“Vermont Pancakes and Syrup.” The traffic on that street had to halt as I headed straight across. Then I paused. I had run into plenty of trouble with southern cooking and two hot-headed southern belles who could not fathom my slow Vermont ways; and this sign might have a catch in it. What sane Vermonter would ever try to sell Vermont pancakes and syrup in a southern city? But he was there, a pleasant chap from Morrisville, Vermont, who was initiating southerners into the joy of real Vermont pancakes and real syrup. I stuffed myself to my ears and headed north with peace in my heart and my "tummy" back to my homeland.

Two other incidents of years later, enlightening from my point of view at least, come to mind. On a lecture trip to a southern state, I found that piccaninnies had let all the air out of the tires of my car—so the hotel clerk told me—one night. Two garage men were called, and they went to work pumping up the tires in a decidedly leisurely way. Finally, I said: “Don’t you fellows ever hustle down here?” They stopped and stared. We grinned as understanding came, and I explained, “If we didn’t hustle up in Vermont, we’d starve to death or freeze.” They agreed with me, but the agreement did not hurry the pumping process. On the same trip, crossing a high mountain range, I gathered in a hitchhiker and asked him why they did not have guard rails, being somewhat appalled at the depths beyond the edge of the road. He said, “We don’t need them.” I was persistent. “But you must have some snow on these high roads. What do you do then?” “Put ashes on the road,” he said simply. “But if ice forms over the ashes?” I asked. “We go slower,” he said briefly. And I gave up.

It is obvious, therefore, on the basis of my experiences—and there were many more that left me at sea—my sympathies go to my southern friend on the left who, coming from a truly charming, spontaneous, smiling land, has been baffled before her conversion by the puzzling aspects of Vermont ways and people. She is not alone by any means in her quandary. Over and over again, questions come to me from the curious near and far as they must come to many professional men and women in the state; and the questions take this general form: “How do you explain the characteristics of Vermonters?”

The question is, clearly enough, impossible to answer in a simple way because there are so many types of Vermonters, these days. Once at a banquet in Bennington I did try the simple method. I explained that in the early days Vermont was a wilderness, that when pioneers came from the older, long-settled settlements into the wild country, the brave and courageous ventured into the far north, into what is now Montpelier, Burlington, St. Albans, and that the cowards stayed behind in Bennington. That explanation did not make a hit, and for a year I drove around the town rather than through it. Of course, my explanation was not intended to be serious.

No exegesis of the “what and why” of the Vermonters would satisfy everybody; and any careful analysis would run into many pages; but a few passing observations may clear the way a bit. The true Vermonter does use understatement, and his speech is laconic. It is not because he is weary of the clamorous, raucous, wrangling world about him or the noisy and noisy prophets from outside his serene state who would have him mend his manners and his ways. His reticence, his laconisms, are not shallow by any means. There is more to him actually, as there was to his fathers, than appears on the surface. The plain fact happens to be that the hills do lay a silence on the lips of hill people or their descendants in all lands and in all ages. The silence is the shield and buckler of an active mind.

Calvin Coolidge, in my opinion—I would not thrust it upon others—is a good example of the characteristics at which I have hinted. His “poker” face, laconic speech, concealed not only a keen mind, but a sense of humor that many of his critics lacked—a fact that made them an easy mark for Coolidge on more than one occasion. A southern newspaper once referred to him as a “damned little runt of a Yankee”—a tropical estimate that amused Calvin hugely. A northern newspaper reporter of the same ilk once told scof'dly of Coolidge’s visit to the famed DuPont gardens—how he passed silently by the magnificent orchids, the amazing southern flowers, how he paused at last before a tree of tropical fruit and spoke one word: “Banana.” I have good reason to believe that another anecdote is true. A Boston bank, thinking the Coolidge name would add prestige, sent a representative to see Coolidge in Washington and collect a deposit. The President suggested that he be made an honorary depositor. The Boston lad did not see the point or the smile behind it; so Coolidge advanced a sum. Sometime later, he and a friend were walking down the Boston street on which the bank was located. Suddenly a tremendous noise sounded in the bank. The startled friend asked: “What in hell is that noise?” Coolidge’s expression did

(Continued on page 48)
PAUL SAMPLE spent his childhood years in almost every part of the United States, but married a Vermont girl and settled down at Norwich, while serving as Artist-in-Residence at Dartmouth College across the river. He is a prolific award winner with canvasses in the Metropolitan, Boston, Springfield, Brooklyn and Chicago Museums.

"Sketches for this picture," he says, "were made in the vicinity of my home at Norwich, Vermont. It pictures a typical sugaring scene, and brings together elements from various places and experiences in connection with sugaring. These were recorded in the form of studies and sketches, and the finished painting is thus a summing up or composite of these."

VERMONT SUGAR BUSH

One of the principal natural resources of Vermont is her forest cover. Among these woods, hard and soft, none is more beautiful and at the same time useful than the sugar maple. Milked of its sap as the winter snows melt away, it turns first light, then deep green, casting a sheltering late afternoon shadow on the warm earth. As summer wears into fall, its leaves burst into a riot of reds and oranges that splash the landscape with high color.

For all the romance of the sugar bush, the industry dependent upon it constitutes less than three per cent of the total value of the state's agricultural produce. Yet this three per cent amounts to as much as two million dollars, and up to ten million pounds of sugar.

The nearly five million trees tapped annually constitute only one half the available sugar bush, though probably the more accessible half. However, the maple tree also provides hardwood for the state's woodworking industry. This, as well as the tendency of some short sighted owners to cut their maples for firewood when the price of syrup drops, is beginning the depletion of a basic natural resource.
Every year tens of thousands of tiny maple sugar soldiers go out from their native Vermont to toothsomey infiltrate the world. Like the historical Minute Men, these three inch candy toys are born of the very essence of their granite-billed, richly wooded state, and form a good will army that carries with it an old and famous tradition.

Long before discovery by Europeans, American Indians drew off the sap of the sugar maples each spring by means of reeds inserted through a tomahawk slit in the tree trunk, from which the sap drained away into a bark trough. After boiling this down with hot stones dropped into the liquid, it is related in the diary of a white captive in 1775, the Indians stored the precious fluid in elm bark troughs often holding one hundred gallons. The colonists later imitated them. They learned to watch for the breaking of ice in the streams, the rotting and sinking of deep snow, and the increasingly warm days interspersed with freezing nights, that meant the sap should be flowing inside the thick rough bark.

In each small town butcher, baker, and candle-stick maker has his own bucketed tree in front of his shop, to supply the big evaporating kettle on his wife's stove.

In company with Mr. Thomas Blow, county farm agent, we sought out a dignified white-haired lady, Mrs. Moore, on the Dole homestead near St. Johnsbury to evoke these earlier times for us.

Rocking sedately in the kitchen of her birthplace seventy-three years before, Mrs. Moore spoke with authority. On a tray beside her were several homemade sugar cake hearts such as she exhibited in a New York City show of Vermont products.

"I used to get forty cents for one of my sugar hearts, but since the war folks have been so crazy for sweets they give me eighty," she explained.

Her calm blue eyes matched the gingham apron she had half draped to one side out of deference to visitors. From within the fragrant coziness of the old farm kitchen we could catch a glimpse of the dark red sugar house across the road, once reproduced by the New England Greeting Card press.

Her great-grandfather, she told us, was buried high on the hill behind the house, near where the first settler built in 1765. It was said that these pioneers used the sugar-impregnated branches of the trees as forage for their cattle during the long winters, and on a virgin farm of two hundred acres it was not unusual to find over six thousand sugar bushes.

After gashing the trees, Indian fashion, and inserting a tapping iron with a spout end, the colonists placed two foot troughs of hollowed-out basswood logs below to catch the sap. Pails swung from a shoulder yoke were used to gather the maple water each morning and it was poured into a potash kettle over a fire built out in the open. Birch bark and green logs supplied the fuel, while wind and possibly rain or snow mingled with the cinders, steam and smoke over the boiling vat. When the mixture had "syruped down" to a density of about ten pounds to the gallon, it was taken into the house for the women to render into tub sugar.

Sugaring-off parties that attracted the entire countryside were held at the height of each season. Along with pickles and doughnuts the hardy Yankees scooped...
into a snow bank on which hot maple syrup had been poured to form a waxy delight. Sometimes these festivities would be followed by an evening of fiddling and dancing.

By Mrs. Moore's time, oxen sleds bearing tanks collected the maple sap and transported it to the sugar houses, where evaporators had succeeded more primitive equipment. And maple sugar, expensive in contrast to the Cuban cane product, soon became a luxury.

And now smoke and steam rising from the sugar house below told us it was time to thank our hostess for her memories and to bid her good-by.

As we hurried across the soft snow a little girl carrying a pail appeared up the road. She had come to buy some of the season's first syrup. At the smoke-stack end of the building a large lean-to was piled high with wood. In the grove beyond, a long sled pulled by a team of whites moved amongst the trees.

A floating layer of steam enveloped us inside the sugar house. It took a minute or two before we could distinguish much more than the brilliant glow of coals through the crack of the furnace door and the legs of two attendants, their upper bodies almost lost in the mist.

While one man moved intently over the long grey evaporator, settling the brimming foam with a few drops of milk and skimming off impurities, or testing with a thermometer, a helper fed armfuls of evergreen slabs, the sapwood of spruce and fir, into its blazing depths. From the thick vapor escaping through the roof ventilator it was easy to believe that for every gallon of pure maple syrup thirty-four gallons of water must first be evaporated off.

Selecting a dipping from the center of the evaporating pans, the worker strained the syrup through a heavy white felt cone fastened with clothes pins to the sides of a wooden pail, placed in turn on top of a large milk can. This was the product which, finally emptied into fifty gallon drums, once sold to processors for around two dollars and a half a gallon—traditional source of "tax money" for the New Englanders, coming as it does when their annual taxes fall due.

After the young neighbor had filled her pail we were offered a taste and proffered a copper dipper in acceptance. On Mr. Blow's advice we quickly poured our share onto snowballs gathered up outside the sugar house door. Soaked into the clean snow, Vermont's "liquid sunshine" made a rare sweet treat. Like children with lemon sticks we sucked until only an icy ball remained.

But we still hadn't seen the home of the sugar soldiers, and the county agent drove slowly back toward St. Johnsbury, claimed to be the world's maple capital.

The hurricane of 1938, he told us as we passed other steaming shacks, felled thousands of the state's sugar trees. For three years afterward government workers operated portable sawmills to eliminate the fire hazard of the dead timber. Maple wood was fabricated into everything from beautifully designed souvenir buttons to sturdy furniture.

The Vermontese feel it is their limestone rock, from which the roots of the tree draw nourishment, that accounts for the particularly fine color and flavor of the state's syrup. Trees forty years old, or about eight inches in diameter, are considered ready for tapping. The sap from a single tree will often fill a bucket in a day and makes about two pounds of sugar a year. When cut, an old tree may show a dark, two foot wide deposit of nitre at its heart. This is a byproduct of the sap and necessitates the use of the thick felt filters in refining.

In autumn sugar trees become unusually beautiful, casting golden archways overhead. Mr. Blow had documented the changing seasons in a series of wonderful colored slides. Although Ontario born it
A very large proportion of the syrup produced within the state and imported from other areas goes for industrial purposes—principally tobacco sweetening. But enough goes into candy to reach the sweet tooth of the nation. Above, "soldiers" are made ready at Maple Grove Co.

was plain to see that he had fallen in love with his adopted state.

"The farmers up here are real New Englanders—proud and independent people as you’d find anywhere. You’ve always got to let them make their own decisions."

He parked near the entrance of the big maple syrup plant. Home of the tiny soldiers, it was in strong contrast to the sugar house back on the Dole homestead. But in spite of its prophylactic appearance the air was still redundant with the unique scent of maple.

We wanted to see first things first, and these, we found, lay underground. An elevator dropped us into a storage room which ran parallel to the Passumpsic River, flowing alongside the factory.

Here, like vintage wine, were stacked thousands of drums of the finest syrup, awaiting processing throughout the year. A few feet beyond the east wall of the storeroom the cool river bed acted as a refrigerant, so that the seasonal variation in temperature never exceeded fourteen degrees.

Back on the ground floor again we were attracted by the tall vacuum tanks, glass-lined for sterility, in which the syrup is first blended. From these came rows of five gallon cans of flavoring syrup, tasting like molasses, that is sold for commercial use.

In large metal tubs cooled syrup was being beaten to maple cream, so succulent on mid-winter pancakes. When the beater knives stopped the design was similar to a huge yellow relief map. To obtain sugar the same technique would be used, only the syrup would be beaten while hot to assist crystallization.

Darker sugar is cut into pieces resembling old-fashioned soap, or formed into sixty pound blocks to be sold for tobacco curing. This last, incidentally, is the backbone of the sugar maple business.

But where were the candy soldiers?

A stairway led to the kitchens. Complicated machinery was releasing globs of maple onto flat rubber forms. We investigated and discovered our small soldiers being born, face downward, in big sheets of a hundred or more. Carried by conveyor belt the sheets must cool on a rack for half a hour.

Ahead, however, we found endless regiments being turned out like cubes from a rubber ice tray into wire baskets. There they stood, we learned, until four o’clock each afternoon when they were immersed basket and all in an all-night bath of high grade syrup. This final glaze assured their keeping indefinitely.

Baskets of other candies were stacked on the racks, too. The popular maple leaf. Tiny jugs. Fruit in Della Robbia design. And Easter chicks and bunnies. In a side room we watched them being deftly packed into boxes.

“When did you introduce the soldier boys into your assortment?” we asked our factory guide.

“At the beginning of World War II. It was the idea of Mr. Whaley, the head boss, and they’ve certainly gone over big. At first they retailed at two for a quarter but lately we’ve had to raise it to fifteen cents apiece . . . syrup’s been kind of scarce."

Toy hats firmly aligned and muskets at arms, Vermont’s sugar maple troops awaited their orders. End
Craftsbury Common

A feeling of peace and quiet envelopes the town of Craftsbury, and particularly Craftsbury Common, during most of the year. Indeed, it is probably this fact, plus its rural beauty, which has attracted such a large number of summer residents.

The “Common” as the old original settlement is known, crowns the summit of a high plateau. From it a vast sweep of view stretches out before the visitor. For this reason many of the houses which conventionally face the road, open themselves out to the rear, and the view.

Here too are the beautiful gardens which make Craftsbury a late spring and summer mecca for tourists. Privately planted and cared for, they are opened to the public at an annual Garden Festival, which takes place usually in July of each year.

The spirit of the past presides over the Common, preserved in an air of self-sustaining serenity as well as in the simple lines and careful balance of its colonial architecture. Every newcomer takes great care to remodel the old houses with painstaking attention to balance and proportion.

Typical of the unspoiled New England town is the Common itself, trimly encircled by a rail fence. Here stands the Church, the band stand, the granite memorial. Across the road, and facing it, are the town library and the Academy, where Samuel Reed Hall once taught.

Craftsbury Common is, and always has been the intellectual and social center for the town, and indeed for the surrounding countryside. Yet over in East Craftsbury there also stands the John Woodruff Simpson Memorial Library, endowed with a surprisingly complete and well chosen collection. It signifies, as does the prosperous farm of Representative Mary Jean Simpson, the important role of the Simpson family in the life of the town.

While retaining its cultural leadership, the Common lost its commercial leadership to Craftsbury village, at the bottom of the hill to the southward. Lacking the architectural distinction of its neighbor, the village none the less stands as a typical rural trading center, and as the political and industrial heart of the town.

Craftsbury was, in earlier times, the principal center, political and trading, for northern Vermont, and for a time shared the county seat with Brownington. She furnished two governors, Samuel C. Crafts (son of the founder) and Horace Graham (1917–19) to the State. But with the coming of the railroad, and the growth of industry in Newport and Hardwick, Craftsbury, like many another hill town, found herself somewhat apart from the new economic life. But she remains a center of prosperous farms and attractive summer homes, with an appeal that has been lost by the more modern and bustling commercial centers.
Colonel Ebenezer Crafts, Founder of Craftsbury, with his son Samuel C. Crafts, later Governor of Vermont (1828–31).

In the town library at Craftsbury Common hang two fine and characteristic early portraits, one of the town’s founder and his son, the other of his wife and two daughters. The career of this man, Colonel Ebenezer Crafts, is largely representative of the manner in which Vermont towns were organized and settled.

Even the furious land grant activity of New Hampshire’s Governor Benning Wentworth in the years before 1765 had not laid out the entire territory which declared its independence as “Vermont” in 1777. Financially embarrassed, the new state began, late in 1779, the issuance of six-mile square grants of land in those areas—particularly the northern parts—which had not been set off by Wentworth.

A number of petitions had accumulated by this time. Among those approved in 1780 was one from Sturbridge, Mass., on behalf of one Ebenezer Crafts and fifty-nine others for some land along the famous Hazen Road “in order for settling a new plantation to be erected into a township.” The town of “Minden” was chartered the following year.

But the end of the Revolution brought hardship and strife all over the new republic. Disagreements in Massachusetts burst into the flame of Shays Rebellion, and Ebenezer Crafts, a veteran of Revolutionary service, rode with General Lincoln to suppress it. A new wave of emigration from southern New England began, and Crafts joined it.

During the late war General Jacob Bayley and Colonel Moses Hazen had cut a road northwestward from Newbury through the wilderness toward Canada. Bayley insistently pressed upon his friend and Commander-in-chief, George Washington, the need of an expedition from this northern frontier into British Canada, and the Hazen Road was to carry it. But Washington was unable to spare troops; construction stopped at Hazen’s Notch in Montgomery, and the road fell into disuse beyond Peacham, which had been settled during the war.

It was this road that Ebenezer Crafts reopened in 1788 for eighteen miles from Cabot to his new lands. He cleared ten or twelve acres, built a saw mill and laid out a grist mill—both essential to the pioneer farm. Two families moved in the next Spring, but Crafts did not actually settle with his family and several others until February 1791. He was clearly to be the leader and patriarch of the new town—the furthest outpost of settlement in the north—and the name was changed in 1790 to Craftsbury in his honor.

But of the sixty who, in 1780, set themselves up as proprietors of a new town on the northern frontier of New England, only eight ever came to Craftsbury, and five of these were the Crafts family. This was not unusual, for even at this late date land was thought to be as much an opportunity for speculation as for settlement.
CRAFTSBURY COMMON (above), surrounded by its rail fence, includes the Congregational Church and town bandstand. CRAFTSBURY VILLAGE (below), lies in the valley to the south, and is the industrial and commercial heart of the township.
Many large and successful farms belie the widespread idea that hillside acres cannot be made profitable.
Winter Scenes by Derick

Craftsbury Common

Summer Scenes by Earl Newman
The green of late spring spreads peacefully over Craftsbury Common's tree-lined streets.

(Above) Skilful landscaping to the contours of land distinguishes Mrs. Adam Ross's gardens. The house is composed of two put together.

(Below) The John Woodruff Simpson Memorial Library in East Craftsbury occupies a vine covered building that was once a country store.

← CRAFTSBURY GARDENS

The white mantle of winter dissolves to a brilliant pattern of colors in Craftsbury Common's annual garden show. Center left is the pleasantly scattered garden of Mrs. J. Harry Covington, with its background of New England dormers and stone walls. Center right are the more formal beds of the Edward Rosses, with their masses of variegated color. Lower left, a pleasant corner adjoining the two Ross houses is a mecca on a hot day. Outstanding roses (lower center) were at the Edward Rosses. Delphiniums and other towering spikes drew much attention.
BURLINGTON FREE PRESS.

BURLINGTON, (VERMONT) FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1827.

NUMBER 1.

PROSPECTUS.

17 West Main St. Burlington, Vt.

By L. F. HUBBARD, Proprietor.

A new daily paper, to be called the Burlington Free Press, will be published on Friday morning, June 15, 1827, and will be under the management of Mr. L. F. Hubbard, who has resided for several years in the State of Vermont, and been engaged in the publication of newspapers in the towns of Rutland and Jericho.

The Free Press will be a true and faithful representation of the sentiments of the people of the State, and will be conducted with a view to the promotion of the welfare of the community.

The Free Press will be printed on good paper, and the type will be of the best quality. The paper will be delivered in the town of Burlington, and at the post office, and will be forwarded to all parts of the State.

The Free Press will be published every day, except Sunday.

The Free Press will be published by Mr. L. F. Hubbard, and will be sold at the office and at the post office, and will be forwarded to all parts of the State.

BURLINGTON FREE PRESS.

BURLINGTON, VT. SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1828.

Number 1.

THE FREE PRESS.

BURLINGTON, Vt. SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1828.

Free Press Extra, Saturday, April 1, 1828.

Further News from Europe.

Arrival of the Cabalists. Overthrow of the dynasty of Louis Philippe fully confirmed.

The French King, Royal Family and Ministers fled to England.

A Republican Provisional Government established in France!

and recognised by Foreign Representatives in Paris.

All Europe in a ferment.

Mazarin Reigned!

The free of Republicanism prevailing and Mazarin trembling to their fall!

"Fast justice, most Couthais!"

May 13, 1828. A "FRENCH." 

Apostles of Liberty! It is well that the revolutionists have been so successful in their efforts to establish a Republican Government in France. The Republic is now recognised by all the Foreign Representatives in Paris, and Mazarin has fled to England. The free of Republicanism is prevailing, and Mazarin is trembling to their fall! This is just what was expected by the friends of Liberty in England. We are happy to be able to state that the revolutionists have been so successful in their efforts to establish a Republican Government in France. The Republic is now recognised by all the Foreign Representatives in Paris, and Mazarin has fled to England. The free of Republicanism is prevailing, and Mazarin is trembling to their fall! This is just what was expected by the friends of Liberty in England. We are happy to be able to state that the revolutionists have been so successful in their efforts to establish a Republican Government in France. The Republic is now recognised by all the Foreign Representatives in Paris, and Mazarin has fled to England.
A modern Hoe Press turns out a two section paper impossible 100 years ago.

Free Press

As Vermont's First Daily Celebrates One-Hundred Years of Publication, its Manager is elected President of the Nation's Top Newspaper Group.

By LORRAINE SPAULDING

W hen the electric telegraph was “taken in and done for” as far north as Burlington, back in February 1848, this town of approximately 7,000 souls was put in direct communication with the large sea-board cities. Hitherto, news traveled by letter or by word of mouth. Now that an endless stream of national and international news chattered over the wires, Editor DeWitt Clinton Clarke of the Burlington Free Press seized the opportunity to print a daily newspaper, after 21 years of weekly publication.

At the end of 12 months, however, Clarke declared that the daily had “pretty near made an end to us.” Paper, ink, fuel, lights, press work and telegraph fees took most of the subscription money.

Founded as a weekly publication by two Burlington lawyers in 1827, the paper strongly opposed the policies of the existing paper, The Sentinel, which sheet did not accurately mirror the opinions and beliefs of the citizens of Burlington, in the lawyers’ way of thinking.

“The leading object in conducting the Free Press,” wrote Editor Luman Foote in Volume 1, Number 1, “will be to supply the wants of the people, to diffuse useful information and sound moral and political principles.”

The Burlington Free Press threw itself whole-heartedly into the campaign to re-elect John Q. Adams to the presidency. Mr. Adams lost. This was not the only time which the Free Press was to back a loser, as the policy of the paper has been steadfastly Republican throughout its 121 years of existence.

Editor Foote and Seneca Austin, his partner in law who put up the capital with which to start, published the first issue June 15, 1827. The paper wasn’t much to look at judging from today’s standards. There were four small pages, containing mostly literary material. Little space was devoted to advertisements, and local news was very meager, but it was a brave beginning.

As an editor, Foote was quick to argument and positive almost to intolerance, but he was honest and true to his convictions, and quite fearless in expressing them. Journalism lost a good fighter when Foote resigned his editorship in 1833 to join the ministry.

Foote was succeeded by Henry B. Stacy, a young man who had worked on the paper almost since its inception. Stacy was an ardent and vocal Whig. A strong, ready writer, Stacy was also an eloquent speaker and an active legislator. Under the paper’s title, Stacy carried the inspiring sentiment, “Not the glory of Caesar, but the welfare of Rome.”

Always interested in agriculture, Stacy sold the paper in 1846 and retired to his mulberry orchards north of Burlington to engage in the culture of silk worms, then a popular and apparently coming business.

The new editor, DeWitt Clinton Clarke, had been holding the editorial reins for two years when the telegraph came to Burlington in 1848. Clarke was a colorful character, but no more so than his predecessors. A brilliant, sparkling writer, it was his delight to maintain many spirited controversies in his paper. Few men had a wider acquaintance, both among Vermonters and with public men of the country.

“The Free Press will sustain Whig principles and Whig men,” declared Clarke, “and it will aim to do so in good temper, in a sincere conviction that Whig measures are best adapted to promote the general welfare of the country.”

Clarke was not a man to do things in a small way. When he was forced to give up the paper because of unfortunate investments, he went out to Texas to build a railroad. The road presumably completed, Clarke was back in four years to start another newspaper, the Burlington Times, which was to merge with the

(Continued on page 72)

VERMONT Life  21
Northern Gateway

1609—Up the blue waters of “Lac Iriquois” came Samuel de Champlain with his dusky allies, and, at a meeting place of the waters, fought his historic battle with the Iroquois. And to these waters he gave his own name

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

1731—To hold their great lake the French ascended far up its shores, and at a strategic narrows built a stockade fort,

FORT ST. FREDERIC

1755—To protect St. Frederic, and to strengthen their hold, Montcalm ordered the building of a new and greater fort

FORT CARILLON

1759—After the fatal blundering of Abercrombie, Jeffery, Lord Amherst, soldier of the King, forced Montcalm’s withdrawal. Rebuilding the burnt fort, he named it

TICONDEROGA

1775—Striking the first blow of the American Revolution, the Green Mountain Boys wrested the great fort from the sleeping British, “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” or so claimed their leader

ETHAN ALLEN

1909—In the presence of U. S. President Taft, N. Y. S. Governor Charles Evans Hughes, Vermont’s Governor G. H. Prouty, and the French and British Ambassadors, there was opened to the public the restored

FORT TICONDEROGA MUSEUM

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. H. & E. KLEFFEL
FORT TICONDEROGA'S massive battlements dominate the narrows of water where Lake George empties into Lake Champlain, controlling the "Northern Gateway." (Kleffel)

THOMAS JEFFERY'S MAP of 1758 depicts the disastrous British assault by General Abercrombie on "Fort Carillon" in that year. Jeffery Amherst took it in 1759, renamed it Ticonderoga.
PLAQUE on walls of restored fort relates chequered twenty year career of Ticonderoga under French, British and American flags. (Klefel)

BUSES of the Vermont Transit Co. educational tours program draw up to the fort. It is the most popular spot on their schedule. STUDENTS rush the gates to take the restored Fort. Such visits to the scenes of history bring new life to the pages of the past.
By 1820 the Fort had fallen into ruins, and was subject to constant raids by settlers for building material. But in that year the grounds were purchased by William Ferris Pell from Columbia and Union Colleges. He stopped the depredations, fenced in the redoubts and made some repairs. (Courtesy Fort Ticonderoga)

**Restoration of Ticonderoga**

A modern air view (left) shows an almost complete restoration, accomplished through the efforts of Stephen H. P. Pell, great grandson of William Pell. The walls are again defended with contemporary cannon, imported by Pell from all over the world, and obtained with the help of statesmen, universities and antiquarians. George Washington ordered the originals removed to Boston after its capture by Ethan Allen in 1775.
THE PAVILION was the elaborate home built by William Ferris Pell in 1826 on the shores of Lake Champlain, in the very shadow of the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga. Thirteen years later when his son Archibald was killed in the explosion of a rusty cannon, he lost interest in the restoration and the Pavilion was leased as a hotel. It became a popular stop on the fashionable “Northern Tour.” It is today again the home of the Pells.

THE GARDEN OF THE KING (Jardin du Roi) was laid out by French officers in 1756, even as the fort was under construction. Maintained by William Pell, neglected when the Pavilion served as a hotel, it now blooms again as of old, to the delight of thousands of present-day visitors.
MICHEL CHARTIER, afterwards the Marquis de Lotbinière, in 1755 began a new fort below Crown Point, on orders from the Governor-General of French Canada.

LORD HOWE, brilliant young idol of the British army, died in Abercrombie’s blundering assault on the fort in 1758.

MONTCALM turned back the British in 1758, lost the Fort to Jeffery Amherst after burning it in 1759. He died in the defense of Quebec the same year.

MEN OF TICONDEROGA

ETHAN ALLEN in 1775 surprised the British and took the fort, he said, “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.”
STEPHEN H. P. PELL, great grandson of William Ferris Pell, has been the moving spirit behind this great project. Ownership of the land (and of the ruins) had been divided and subdivided by the heirs of William Fell. They first tolerantly and finally enthusiastically let Stephen take over the property and begin a restoration of the ancient fort. Military engineers estimated that 70 per cent of the original stone remained. But it had to be carefully sorted, cleaned and replaced. Pell was helped by Vauban’s famous treatise on military science “Traité des Sièges” (1714) which had been utilized by the builder Marquis de Lothiériè. He scoured the libraries and galleries of the country for maps, plans and prints of the fort as it once was, and accumulated a priceless collection. The data was invaluable in the reconstruction; the books and manuscripts are now the core of an extensive library, presided over by efficient Eleanor Murray.

Unlike restorations under government auspices, this one had to be done at a pace dictated by the state of Stephen Fell’s pursebook. For more than thirty years he has poured the contents of his own purse into the project, and wrangled additional funds not only from the family but from distinguished enthusiasts all over the country. The project was sectioned off and rebuilt as funds became available. Even today, Stephen Fell is still full of ideas as to the next steps to take, and the reconstruction will go on till the spirits of Lothiériè, Montcalm, Jeffery Amherst, Burgoyne and Ethan Allen gather and issue a signed proclamation of full approval.

MILO S. KING, Manager, is the very embodiment of the spirit of the Fort. Pell had begun the restoration when World War I took him off to France for service with both the French and American armies. As a corporal, he was impressed with the efficiency of his sergeant, a husky mid-westerner. Returning home with a leg injury, Pell persuaded Sergeant King to join him at Ticonderoga as general manager of the fort.

One of Milo King’s prized possessions is a metal locator (left), with which he has located literally tons of cannon, cannon balls, guns, hardware, and multitudes of other buried objects. Many distinguished visitors have shouldered a spade to join in the hunt, and every year new treasures are added to the Museum. (See page 31).
TICONDEROGA
A uniformed soldier stands guard over the battlements of Ticonderoga, while within the fort men gamble and women spin. The collections of the Museum boast costumes enough to clothe the actors for a vast pageant of Ticonderoga’s history. (Kleffel)
PORTRAITS, MAPS AND PRINTS cover the walls of the museum, and tell the story of Carillon’s picturesque career.

COSTUMES are displayed on dummies, fully equipped from chests and a vast armory of guns and other instruments of war.

METAL RELICS of all kinds crowd the cases—from scales to stirrups, from axes to adzes. Most were recovered on the grounds.

BALL AND SHOT by the thousands fill the cases in the foreground. Pell has in quantity what collectors prize individually.

PELL’S ARMORY of guns is equalled only by his collection of pikes, halberds and other implements of hand-to-hand warfare.

MUSEUM

The Museum collection is mostly housed in the South Barracks, though the Armory is in the West Barracks. A great number of relics are shown on the lower floor of the South Barracks. On the second floor are engravings and paintings, uniforms, the pistol collection, presentation swords, polearms, powder horns, and numerous other relics. On the third floor is the Indian collection and the household articles of the early pioneers. The Armory houses the swords, muskets and rifles of the French and Indian and Revolutionary War periods.
GRASSHOPPERING FOR TROUT

By FRED COPELAND

Our Vermont brook trout leave a lingering impress on us. You can go into battle with them, limp home with a pants leg torn off and hang your pole in the woodshed where you hope you'll never see it again. And then . . . and then! in three days you'll wake up with an impulse to release your clover scent coming through the bedroom window. It's the hum of a mowing machine out in a hayfield far enough off to sound like the chatter of a mountain brook. Instantly you rear up in bed and look around like a turkey for a grasshopper.

We'd rather have a grasshopper for bait than anything. We know it is more effective to slip a fly fly as soon as the poplar leaves get as big as a mouse's ear. But the grasshopper, whilst alive, gives you, both on the gallop after it and in its excitement, a full nine innings before the trout. The mystery of the forest is left lingering impress on us. You can see luminous bubbles, light as thistledown, streaming from the fountain-head where diamonds whiz up against the dark spruces. It is now an overhand sling of the bait may flash on the quickest movie of your life. Darting like arrows, two mountain trout, gay with vermilion spots, may rush for your hopper. For a second there is a contest, then one takes it. And perhaps they will in every pool all the way up through the woods.

And now you come to a bewitching contrast because of a lovable situation that is ever occurring in our Vermont trout uplands. Almost in one step the gay sunshine of an old pasture floods over you. The mystery of the forest is left behind in the woods' twilight. From the top of a hemlock a sentinel crow yells an alarm to every trout. The pools spread out with intervals of ruffles twinkling over pebbles like a million silver spoons. On the brook-bank aristocratic, cottony-careed mullein stalks stand like Grenadiers as though announcing: "We'll lead you along a path of peace and romance where thimbleberries hold out their ruby cups of flavor and where the strong, cool frag-
rners of pools diamond-clear with spring water."

But . . . Sh-h! you are nearing an old cider mill dam where the mountain trout wax long and plump, and where one often makes a home in a long pasture pool. Quaint stories of their catching are solemnly told in village gathering places of old sportsmen.

I used to go into Hood's drug store to hear Hen Magoon tell about an ancient trout. (And so would you if you had ever found this store!) It was filled with cool twilight and fascinating smells on summer afternoons. From shadowy counter and lofty shelf came aromatic breaths of raspberry soda, rock candy, snuff and sarsaparilla heart tonic. From Windsor chairs came the mellow-sweet incense of Doctor Parkhurst’s plug cut. A grey forked beard, he had, and he dyed it black. Rising in other chairs were Hen Magoon’s great kindly face, and the wizened one of the village photographer, Mr. Beeby, peeping like a white door-knob out of his linen duster.

"Was it the thirty second time you led the grasshopper past his nose that the hopper kicked the big trout in the face?" Dr. Parkhurst would inquire, his false teeth making little clucking noises on his amber pipe stem.

"Twas the dusty third time," corrected Mr. Magoon in a deep melodious voice. "There ain’t no doubt but the old trout felt insulted. He come right out from under a boulder and looked clout at me. I could the same as hear him say, 'Hen Magoon, boy and man, we’ve grown up here as neighbors. But just for this I’m movin’ . . . I’m going down to the Branch where folks are kinder!'"

"At your age, Hen, I’m surprised you was powerful enough in your laigs to head him off."

The village photographer held one small car in Mr. Magoon’s direction.

"I had on my new tennis sneakers . . . 'twas neat the way they clung to the boulders—I must have been eight feet in the air on some of the jumps. After I turned the big trout at theNarrers ‘would of skeered yuh to see the squirts of water he slung up in the shellers going back to the home pool.”

"Amazin’ he should have hit after that,” speculated Dr. Parkhurst.

"I didn’t say he bit. He was breathing hard, and must have sucked in the hopper unintentional. The pool riz up just like a circus tent when I pulled.”

"The pole busted?"

"Twicest! The last I remember, we were wrasseling together in the ferns.”

It is very possible that you, yourself, will come across a Hen Magoon up here in the pasture uplands. For he is weather-wise and the signs may be just right to lure him to his favorite trouting ground. Perhaps a shower may compel you to nip briskly to the nearest cover till it’s over. You look quickly around and are sure to discover some friendly old rooftree etched on the horizon. And it is likely to be an elderly cider mill, now abandoned. What a haven! Instantly you run for it. The old grey door hangs open. You pop in . . . and almost let out a yell. A tall shadowy apparition stands there in the twilight.

"Well, for the love of Mike!” you gasp. "Fishing?”

Mr. Magoon, or his twin brother, recovers his balance. "Yeah, soon’s the shower’s over.”

"She’s going to be a pert one,” you pant settling thankfully on the old cider press.

"That’s why I hastened over here. I’ll roll the brook. Just the time to pick a two-pounder out’n the mill pond. Here she comes!”

A sudden smacking runs across the old curled shingles. It rises to a roar. For twenty minutes you and Hen look at each other and duck at each louder deluge. And then, suddenly, the sun shoots through crack and knot hole with reassuring blades of golden flame.

"Come!” smiles Mr. Magoon.

Behind the mill a lush green meadow, close-cropped by sheep, fringes the mill pond, save where the black alders stand at its head and a line of mammoth willows fringe the margin, their green gossamers now dripping and spattering on the mill pond’s swolled and roiled face. Little bare spots worn by feet and many a half-burned match tell of the happy afternoons in this haven, shadowy with leaf-light and golden with memories.

"Have a mudwum,” invites Hen holding out a red papercovered baking soda box. "There ain’t nawthin’ better right now.”

Mr. Magoon has a fifteen foot bamboo pole. After baiting up, he walks far back with his line and tees the hook on a grass tussock jeweled with rain diamonds. Upon returning, he give the bait a simply splendid airplane ride. It plops into the quiet surface way out in the middle. He fires a cob pipe, its bowl a honey-color. Balloons of blue smoke arise so fragrant it makes you wonder why it never smells like that when you do it.

"Queer nothing takes hold,” you complain.

"You can bet the big ones are out hunting, though.”

"I’m going down under the dam.”

"No, you wait a minute . . . !”

Hen’s cob pipe has suddenly turned upside down in his teeth. He’s up . . . and braced.

"Whink-k!” the line becomes taut as a wire. The old bamboo pole’s back is bent and quivering. Abruptly your own rod is almost snatched from your limp hands.

The lines plow deep. A tense, cat-like grimness drops like a blanket out of the willows. Now a sudden splash. Shaking spray like a spaniel, Hen’s trout comes winging to the sod where for several moments it escapes his agonized hands.

And now yours sails to land and adds to the rumpus.

Mr. Magoon stands in a tangle of his line, looking strangely around for his cob pipe and talking happily.

"Wan’t that something, though? Go a pound apiece, I’ll bet yuh!”
NEW ENGLAND FRONTIER

How the frontier of Northern New England lapped over into the land of the Green Mountains, and how Governor Benning Wentworth laid out the Hampshire Grants.

Led by black robed priests, hardy explorers, and restless "coureurs du bois," the French pushed their frontier forward, down the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes and into the vast valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. They poked an exploratory finger down Lake Champlain, around whose shores they even set off great grants of land. But too many Frenchmen were trappers, rather than farmers, and only a few hopeful settlements ever took root.

It was different with the English. They too were extending a frontier westward, but it was an agricultural frontier. True, they also sought furs from the redman, but it was land—the Indians' land—they wanted most: soil in which to plant crops and establish a home.

These hardy yeomen had barely arrived in the seacoast regions around Boston and Plymouth, before they began to move out into the wilderness. As early as 1635 they pressed their frontier far to the west, into the fertile lands along the Connecticut River at Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield, Connecticut. Wasting no time, they began pushing northward up the river, settling, successively, the Massachusetts towns of Springfield, Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton, Deerfield, and finally Squakheag (Northfield) in 1673. But these most advanced towns suffered severely from Indian raids, such as the attack on Deerfield in 1704.

Finally, late in 1724, the General Court of Massachusetts took note of the unhappy plight of its frontier towns and resolved "to build a block-house above Northfield, in the most convenient place on the lands called the Equivalent Lands, and to post in it 40 able men, English and western [friendly] Indians, to be employed in scouting a good distance up Connecticut River, West River, Otter Creek, and sometime eastwardly above Great Monadnock, for the discovery of the enemy coming towards any of the frontier towns . . . ."

The so-called "Equivalent Lands" were one of the results of His Majesty's vagueness in laying out the bounds of his American colonies. When finally the boundary between Connecticut and Massachusetts was settled in 1713, it was discovered that the latter had made many grants of land in what was now declared to be Connecticut. As a compensation, Massachusetts set aside several parcels of land as an "equivalent," which were then sold at auction by Connecticut. One of these was on the west bank of the river above Northfield, and included approximately the present-day towns of Brattleborough, Putney and Dummerston.

It was near the southern boundary of these lands that Lt. Timothy Dwight of Northampton erected the hewn pine walls of Fort Dummer in 1724. Under cover of this protection and despite frequent Indian raids, settlement began to move northward again. By 1738 "Forts" Bridge-man and Sartwell had been erected just south of Dummer, and in 1743 Reverend Hinsdell, Chaplain at Ft. Dummer, built a stockade across the river. These were not really major defense points like Dummer, but fortified "gar­rison" houses—settlers' homes built strongly to resist the whirlwind of Indian attack. This they did not always do successfully; Fort Bridgeman was burned in 1747 and its inhabitants massacred or carried off captive to Canada.

However, the main fury of "King George's War" from 1744 to 1748 fell upon a new fort, built further up the Connecticut in 1740. This was named "Number 4" for the town in which it was located. In 1747, under the command of the courageous Captain Phineas Stevens, this stout little pioneer stockade held off a major assault on the frontier by several hundred French and Indians, under General Debeline.

For some time, there was reason to believe that both Fort Dummer and Fort Number Four might be abandoned. The former had been built by Massachusetts as one of a chain of large and small forts along its northwestern frontier. But the boundary of his Majesty's colony of Massachusetts was no more definite on the north than it

1 Literally "runners of the woods": they were hunters and trappers who lived with and like the Indians and had little taste for the "civilization" of Montreal or Quebec.

2 The sale fell to four Massachusetts men: Lt. Gov. William Dummer, William Brattle of Cambridge, and Anthony Stoddard and John White of Boston. The money from the sale was turned over to the infant Yale College.

3 In January 1736 Massachusetts had laid out and "numbered" six towns on both sides of the River. On the west side Number 1 later became Westminster and Number 2 Rockingham; on the east side Numbers 1, 2, and 3 became Chesterfield, Westmoreland, Walpole and "Number 4," the most important, was named Charles-town. See the map: "Northwestern Frontier."
FORT DUMMER was begun in 1724 by Lt. Timothy Dwight as a scouting outpost and defense against Canadian Indians. Yellow pine logs were laid one on top of another 180 feet on each side, locking at the angles. The wall of the fort served as the rear wall for shed-like houses inside. Its site, just south of Brattleboro, is now flooded by the waters of Vernon Dam. The drawing to the right is from one made in 1747.
VERMONT DISCOVERED BEFORE CHAMPLAIN? This is a copy of a document dug up in a lead tube along the banks of the Missisquoi River in 1653. Extensive researches at the time convinced contemporaries of its authenticity, but the original document has disappeared. It is known that early English sea captains put sailors ashore to explore, and did not always pick them up again. Did a party wander all the way across New England—and Vermont—to the Missisquoi River, in 1653? (Vermont Historical Society)

had been on the south. In 1741 a line was finally run which, to the dismay of Massachusetts, gave its neighbor New Hampshire far more even than she had claimed. The line not only left the newly chartered “Number” towns outside of Massachusetts, but even sliced off the top part of ancient Northfield. Fort Dummer and all the Equivalent Lands were now discovered to be outside their parent colony.

Immediately the Massachusetts Legislature addressed itself to New Hampshire, suggesting that the latter should take over the maintenance of the Fort. Despite the urging of Governor Benning Wentworth and an order from the King himself in 1744, the New Hampshire legislature refused to take action. Fort Dummer was too distant from any Hampshire settlement, they said, and besides, if any protection were needed, it could be given by Fort Number Four.

But Dummer was still protector to the Massachusetts settlements, even though it was now over the boundary line, and the Bay State continued to garrison it out of necessity rather than choice. In fact, despite New Hampshire’s reference to Number Four, Massachusetts bore the main responsibility for sustaining that outpost also.

Even before this spell of fighting, the grantees of “Number One” (West) gathered at Taunton, Mass, to prepare for settlement of their lands. The earliest settlers retreated before the threat of bloody tomahawks, but during the temporary peace, 1748–1754, pioneers began moving again into the lands of the upper Connecticut.

However, in 1754 young George Washington threw down a challenge to the French on the western frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and with the crushing defeat of Britain’s stubborn General Braddock, the colonies settled down to war again in earnest, this time two years before the never ending dynastic struggle re-opened in Europe.

On the northern frontier of New England, colonization of new lands came to a stop. The settlers from Northfield who had rebuilt Westminster (Number One) in 1751, fled to Walpole across the river. Those around the forts in Hinsdale, Brattleborough and Putney, retired behind the stockades and some left, yet in 1755 there were still enough people in Putney, Westminster and Westmoreland to unite in building a considerable fort on the Great Meadows in Putney.

Under the protection of Fort Number Four, settlers hung on in Charlestown, and the pioneers of Dummerston, Springfield, Putney and Westmoreland managed to stay with their lands now as they had during the previous wars. Many settlements were harried by unexpected and bloody raids by the Canadian Indians, and it was not until the fall of Canada in 1760 that the great migration northward really began.

After the definition of the Massachusetts—New Hampshire boundary in 1740, grantees and settlers of the areas to the north began to worry about the title to their lands. Few were actually living on them, but all wished to be confirmed in their ownership. Some succeeded; others did not. In 1752–53 Governor Benning Wentworth issued charters for towns Number 1, 2, 3, and 4 as Chesterfield, Westmoreland, Walpole and Charlestown, and numbers 1 and 2 on the opposite side as Westminster and Rockingham. He also re-chartered the “Equivalent Lands” to most of their previous owners as the towns of Brattleborough, Fulham (Dummerston) and Putney, adding several new proprietors at the same time.

The same year the lands on both sides of the river which had been sliced off Northfield, Mass, by the new boundary, were granted as Hinsdale.5

But these were not the first grants of land made by Governor of New Hampshire. In January of 17506 he issued a patent to Colonel William Williams, Samuel Robinson and others for the town of Bennington, way across the Green Mountains. And thereby hangs a tale of great complications and much dispute, which runs constantly through the course of our narrative until Vermont’s admission to the Union in 1791.

4 The new town was thus first called New Taunton, but when rechartered by New Hampshire in 1752 was named Westminster.
5 After the New Hampshire Grants became the separate state of Vermont (but not until 1802) the western part of “Hinsdale” was re-named Vernon.
6 1749, old style calendar.
INDIAN ATTACKS were a constant threat to the early settlers of the Upper Connecticut. John Kilburn, first settler of Walpole, N. H., in 1755 stood off several hundred from his log cabin, almost single-handed.

(National Life Ins. Co.)

GOVERNOR BENNING WENTWORTH AND HIS NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANTS

His excellency, Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire, was relatively new at his job. The province had only been set off, with its own Governor, in 1741, though his father had served as Lieutenant-Governor for New Hampshire under the Governor of Massachusetts. Benning Wentworth was not an English lord appointed to the job from across the seas, as were most of the royal governors. He was a shrewd Portsmouth business man, who carried his appreciation of the value of smart dealing into the Governor’s chair.

Now, the whole interior of New England had been settled under a system whereby the legislature issued grants of land to “proprietors” who wished to go out into the wilderness and make their homes, plowing the land to make farms and erecting their schools and churches. These communities were run by their settler-proprietors in town meeting.

But as New England grew in prosperity and numbers, men of wealth began to look about for a place to invest their savings—their “capital.” Opportunities such as now exist were few and far between, and the mother country forbade the establishment of manufacturing in the colonies for fear of competition. Thus investment in land seemed the most available outlet for these growing funds. Groups of men began to apply for charters, though they had no intention of actually settling. Rather they “speculated” that as the settled frontier moved westward, these wild lands would increase in value, producing for them a neat profit. Many did not even wait—having obtained their lands for no cost other than the labor of applying for it plus fees to the officials. They offered their rights in the public market, and sold them to hardy souls who would be willing to settle and till the land.

Governor Benning Wentworth, like many another, saw the possibilities in land speculation. He was himself in a particularly favorable position, for like the other governors, he was the King’s designated agent for the distribution of crown lands. Of course, the King had emphasized that grants should be made only to people ready to colonize and thus extend his Majesty’s dominions. But who would check up on that?

Certainly there were vast, unsettled lands between the capitol at Portsmouth and the Connecticut River. But there were more on the other side of the river. To whom did these belong? To the King, of course. But any distribution of them would be made by the King’s agent—the royal governor. And which governor had jurisdiction over the Green Mountains? New Hampshire—or New York?

In 1664 King Charles II had granted all the land between the Delaware River and “Connecticut” (at that time rather vaguely defined) to his brother James, Duke of York (later King) to be known as New York, confirming it in 1674 as extending to the Connecticut River. Subsequent to this, Connecticut had succeeded in establishing its western boundary on a line 20 miles east of the Hudson River, and Massachusetts later did the same. But what about the territory north of Massachusetts? Had the King extended New Hampshire to the same 20 mile line when, in 1741, he ran her boundary with Massachusetts until “it meets with our other governments?” It seemed so, since he had ordered New Hampshire to maintain Fort Dummer, which was definitely west of the River. Many maps showed New Hampshire stretching westward; others extended New York around the top of Massachusetts all the way to the upper Connecticut. And the authorities in London were so vague about American geography, that few had any idea that there was a conflict in the King’s grants and orders.

Wentworth, with his eye on the nice fees and profits which were in prospect, decided to stake a claim to these lands across the River, and in granting Bennington he went all the way to the 20 mile line to do it. Actually the grant overlapped the line into undisputed New York territory.

HAMPShIRE GRANTS LANDS were peddled widely by speculators. Many a doubtful title changed hands over a tavern table.
HIS EXCELLENCY, BENNING WENTWORTH, GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE (1741-1766), a business man turned politician, laid out most of the internal boundaries of Vermont by a series of land grants in the years 1750-54 and 1760-65. Interested largely for speculative reasons himself, he often did not await the usual petitions from groups desiring land either for settlement or speculation. He made up his own lists, conveying land in great grants upon distinguished friends and contemporaries who might be of assistance to his political ambitions. Even the normally dull sensibilities of the British authorities were shocked by his "land-office" business, but he was permitted to resign in 1766 and his nephew John Wentworth, took his place. As his portrait reveals, Benning was a pompous, voluminous, gout-ridden man, blandly crafty, but perhaps not more so than many of his contemporaries, to whom public office was often an invitation to public plunder. The portrait is a copy of a lost original, and now hangs in the State House at Concord, New Hampshire.
succeeding four years he issued ten new grants— in addition to re-chartering the Massachusetts towns — all east of the mountains but still west of the River.

However, the Governor was not satisfied with the fees which he got from issuing the grants. He also reserved for himself 500 acres in each town and usually located them in the corner so that the plots in four adjoining towns (they were usually six miles square) would combine to give him one large unit of 2000 acres. He also thoughtfully reserved a plot for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (a very influential group in England), one for the first settled minister, and one for the Church of England. After 1760 he also reserved one for a school. The Charter stated that every grantee must within five years, plant and cultivate five acres of land for every fifty he received, and continue to do so, or forfeit his share. The Governor must have winked at his faithful Secretary (and brother-in-law), Theodore Atkinson, as he wrote into these grants not only the latter’s name, but nearly every Wentworth in the vicinity, assorted other relatives, members of the Council, and other influential persons whose favor would be useful. It was perfectly obvious that none of these worthies intended to turn over a single clod of earth; nor, in fact, did most of the businessmen-speculators who petitioned for the grants. Almost none of the people who appear in the lists attached to these charters ever turned up as settlers in the New Hampshire Grants.

In 1750, when Benning created Bennington, only five years had elapsed since the King had instructed New Hampshire to maintain Fort Dunmerr as having been brought within its limits. Yet the Governor evidently knew of the great grant to James, Duke of York in 1664 and 1674, and had some doubts about the extent of his jurisdiction. So he took pen in hand and inquired of Governor Clinton of New York as to just what he considered his eastern boundary to be. Clinton, supported by his Council, declared that of course that boundary lay on the Connecticut River as originally granted. And in a second letter, he asserted that Connecticut’s extension to the 20 mile line was the result of an agreement between them, confirmed by the King, and that Massachusetts’ similar westward reach was quite illegal. (There having been for some time very extensive settlements in that colony west of the Connecticut, one can reasonably wonder why New York had not resisted, or at least objected to such an invasion of its territory.)

But Wentworth was impatient to be about the business of making grants, and did not wait out the slow mails and the slower processes of government in New York. Shortly after first writing Clinton, he issued the charter for Bennington. Clinton demanded its recall, but Governor Benning refused. He suggested that they submit the matter to the King for decision, and agreed to an exchange of copies of each other’s arguments. Wentworth did not send Clinton a copy of his, however, and increased rather than decreased the rate at which he issued new grants, until the war in 1754 ended the speculators’ interest in frontier lands for the time being.

The interest aroused in many who had crossed and re-crossed the Green Mountains during the French and Indian Wars that ended in 1760, came to a head in the latter year. Governor Wentworth was again besieged by requests for grants. The request for a boundary decision by the King had been lost in the shuffle during the hurly-burly of waging a war. The Governor therefore decided to get on with the profitable business of land grants. He wasted neither time nor energy. In the single year 1761 he issued 60 grants, and rolled up a grand total of 131 townships by the time the King finally decided the dispute in favor of New York in July of 1764. Thus, far in advance of actual settlement, the land which was to become Vermont was well laid out as to its towns and internal boundaries.

Wentworth’s activity in the years 1760-1764 had not gone unopposed. The Governors of New York, including the learned Lieutenant (often Acting) Governor Cadwallader Colden, kept up a running fire of protest which struck home in London. Other complaints as to Wentworth’s fees, speculations and grants to friends and relatives did not strengthen his position. Furthermore the Governor of New York hinted that it would not be well to strengthen the democratic trend involved in government by town meeting as set up in the Wentworth grants in the face of the increasing restlessness among the colonials generally. At any rate, the King, advised by his Council and the Board of Trade, declared “the western banks of the river Connecticut . . . to be the boundary between the said two provinces of New Hampshire and New York.” He did not say, however, that this had been the boundary since 1664, or even 1674. Lack of a clear statement on that score caused the New Hampshire grantees to contend immediately that this merely .

8 Halifax (1750); Marlboro, Wilmington (1751); Newfane, Stamford, Townshend, Woodford (1753), and Chester, Thomlinson (Grafton) and Guilford in 1754. See map, “Northwestern Frontier.”
9 In this same period he granted a number of towns east of the River and indisputably within New Hampshire’s bounds.
10 He probably accumulated nearly 100 thousand acres thereby.
11 This, in Congregational New England! There was only one Episcopal Church in all of New Hampshire.
12 The Charters also reserved to the Crown all pine trees suitable for masts for His Majesty’s Navy.
13 The decision was not announced in America until 1765.
14 In New York, lands were mostly held by great landlords who rented them to tenants, with no voice in their own government. The native differences of Yankees and Yorkers, plus their attitudes toward government and landholding, unquestionably played a large role in the strife which followed.

VERMONT Life 39
The Crown Point Road from “Number 4” to Crown Pt., completed all the way across the Green Mountains in 1760 at the orders of General Amherst, served as the principal highway for inland settlement. (National Life Ins. Co.)

meant that the Connecticut was to be the line from then on. If so, only political government had shifted to New York (no one denied that—not even Benning Wentworth) and actual land titles under New Hampshire grants were still valid.

**THE TIDE OF SETTLEMENT**

As we have seen, the decisive victories of Generals Amherst and Wolfe ended the threat of French and Indian raids from Canada in 1760. The old tide of settlement which had so often receded before the red terror rushed up the Connecticut Valley again, but now it was reinforced by those who had soldiered back and forth across the mountains during the colonial wars and who had found this green land much to their liking.

As with all migrations of this sort, we like to ask the questions: When? Why? Where? and How?

Geography determined Vermont’s role in the colonial period, and set the date for her settlement. Her rugged mountain backbone was cut through several times by free flowing rivers, with only brief “carrying” spots between. (See maps.) These linked the French dominated St. Lawrence and Champlain Valleys with the Connecticut River, up which the New England pioneers were pushing. Across this land, therefore, were waged some of the battles of France and England in the new world. And not until this struggle was ended in 1760 could pioneers hope for tranquility in this dark and bloody ground.

Secondly, the movement of the more settled New England frontier westward began to catch up with its more venturesome scouts, and the older regions to the south and east had become pretty well filled.

Thirdly, of course, the activity of speculators in lands had produced a series of land grants from the Governor of New Hampshire, and the framework for new towns in this appealing land was ready. The saltemanship of these very business men had also succeeded in making many a Connecticut man the owner of a few “rights” in the New Hampshire Grants.

There were many motives which impelled men to take advantage of this favorable situation. The same restless spirit and vigorous independence which had carried the Yankees westward, sent them exploring into the Grants. As always, younger sons in large families, unable to inherit their father’s estates, sought fortune—and perhaps fame—on the frontier where every man made his own way.

But most important was the Yankee land hunger. The grass on the other side of the fence always looked greener—and usually was, since it hadn’t been turned and in time worn out. Too many of southern New England’s farms were rock strewn and hilly, in contrast to the lush inter­vales of the upper Connecticut.

In occasional instances, also, men were still seeking religious freedom—freedom from the stranglehold of New England’s established Congregational Church and its pious but tyrannical clergy. Those who came to Bennington from Hardwick, Mass. under the leadership of Samuel Robinson were dissenters who had broken off from the regular congregation there. There were other “New Lights” who were not welcome in their home towns, and even a few “agnostics”—doubters—like Ethan Allen, who needed the wide reaches of the wilderness to formulate their challenge to established religion.

Pioneers usually came alone to clear the land and build a rough cabin, then returned to bring their families by rude dugout or ox­sled in spring, or by sledge in winter. Rivers were the principal highways, even when frozen. (National Life Ins. Co.)
Most of the pioneers came from the western parts of Massachusetts and northern Connecticut—places which had only just begun to slick down the raw edges of frontier life. But unlike the earliest settlers who had moved up from the River towns around Northampton, most of these newcomers came from further south. Those who moved on up both sides of the Connecticut—from the older towns east of Hartford, to settle in the old Equivalent Lands and the "Number" towns, were of a fairly conservative turn of mind. Not so those who pushed up the Housatonic River from Salisbury and the surrounding frontier towns in the more westerly parts of both states. They came out on the other side of the mountains in Bennington, and spread up the valley of the Battenkill. There were some who reached the same valley from New York via the Hoosic River, but many of these "Yorkers" were Yankees who had earlier spilled over New England's rather vague western border into the valley of the Hudson. There were some French who drifted into the Champlain country, and a few Dutch also, but most of these were absorbed into the dominant English strain.

Over on the upper reaches of the Connecticut, neighbor to the solid New England communities of Newbury and Haverhill were Ryegate and Barnet. Both these towns were bought and colonized by organized companies of Scotsmen, who came from across the seas in 1774-1775, after sending James Whitelaw and Alexander Harvey as advance agents to find them fertile land on which to settle.

But most of the new settlers were good Connecticut people, with a heavy seasoning of Massachusetts men and even an occasional Rhode Islander or Hampshireman. In the earlier communities along the Connecticut a large proportion of the population had come from a single town in Connecticut or Massachusetts.

Here again geography dictated the direction of settlement as it proceeded up both banks of the Connecticut River and stretched backward up the West River and the new Crown Point Road. Here the factor of common neighborly origin now tended to disappear. Inland, drifters from the river towns mixed with newcomers from all over New England.

By 1770 a decade of westward movement had filled in many of Benning Wentworth's grants, but often with only a family or two. Those towns off the principal rivers or roads (and there were precious few of these) remained untouched until after the end of the Revolution.

35 Of 25 Congregational Churches in Vermont of 1780, 19 were on the East side.
LIKE Vermont with its intimate, friendly hills, valleys and streams; I like your people with their individual way of life; some day I am going to buy an old house in Vermont and spend the rest of my life there.” Hearing that wish expressed so often on our travels across the nation, we thought others might like to share with us the discovery and re-birth of a fine old Vermont house.

In the “horse and buggy” days long gone by, we had driven over the hill roads within twenty miles of Cavendish and had, one day, discovered a dignified but distressed old house clinging to the top of a windswept hill in South Reading. Ever after we thought of it as our “Dream House.”

Despite the fact that it was hoary with age, sadly dilapidated with long neglect, creaking in its joints, it still had some semblance of former beauty. It had changed ownership many times during the past 155 years and the owner twenty years ago had moved from room to room as the leaky roof dictated, until finally he moved out entirely. What a fall from former glory, as it became an old shack suitable only for storing farm tools!

We passed this house year after year and one memorable day we noticed the “For Sale” sign on the front door. Within twenty-four hours the house was ours, and life took on a new zest as we planned its restoration.

First came the appraisal of what we had: an old cabin built in 1792 around a large central chimney; sills rotted away, timbers weakened, floors at crazy angles, plastering gone. (The “before” pictures show the house on its way to an early grave in the cellar hole).

In front of the cabin and attached to it was a “respectable mansion,” (so-called by Ebenezer Robinson, who built it in 1824) basically sound, but with a poor roof and rotting clapboards. Stenciled walls in hall and parlor, four fireplaces in good condition, and fine fenestration, made the “mansion” so attractive that we could hardly wait to start repairs.

It was quite apparent that the old cabin...
The superb but simple architecture of another day is one of the significant heritages of the past in Vermont. As population drained away from once prosperous towns, as the land ran out, many of these fine old houses were left to decay as their owners sought a living elsewhere. Now they are coming back to life as homes for new and old Vermon ters.

Ebenezer Robinson, Revolutionary veteran, waxed and prospered, and in 1824 built himself a "mansion" in front of his more modest "cabin." His house reflects the good taste in architecture then prevalent, with its palladian window repeated in the doorway, the delicate dentils and interestingly irregular spacing of the side windows.

Late eighteenth century houses—Vermont's earliest—were mostly simple gabled structures built around a great central chimney (above), with a great kitchen fireplace and at least two others for the bedrooms.

But Robinson's house fell upon ill times, until it caught the eye of a Cavendish couple, who bought it and accomplished the transformation of the "mansion" (top) and the "cabin" (center, left and right).

Many houses, such as those in Bennington, reflect the Georgian influence even before 1800, but most of the older cabins received their face lifting by the addition of a new two story Georgian front later on.

Behind them, the same rolling fields and forests of Reading, viewed by Robinson and his fellow pioneers, shift, as then, from the green of summer to the blush of autumn. (Kodachromes by L. S. Gay)
would need new outside walls, sills and plaster. In removing lath and plaster from the first floor rooms, a fine beamed ceiling, brown with age, was uncovered. We propped up the beams, stripped the cabin to the cellar and built it up new, as far as outside walls and roof were concerned. The fireplace and wide pine boards were not disturbed.

Since there is a beautiful view of the mountains at the rear, the old cabin kitchen, bedroom, and pantry were converted into an L shaped living room four feet wider than the original walls. This added width made it possible to make usable bedrooms on the second floor.

To extend the beams to meet the added width, splicing was necessary. For this we used hand hewn lumber dark brown with age. The splices were cleverly supported from the roof joists with tie rods. Most of the old small pane windows were saved and used. Those which were too far gone were replaced with the same type, which we were able to obtain from another old house. Downstairs the windows are twelve panes over twelve; upstairs they are twelve over eight—an interesting combination.

At the rear, and framing the view, we used four large many-paned windows, which we found in a chicken coop, where they had furnished light for generations of chickens. These windows were originally in the old stone church in South Reading, and had been removed in 1880 when some changes had been made in that building.

The central chimney needed topping, and when this was started we found that the old handmade brick were so eroded that they were not safe to use. So down came the chimney to the junction of the three fireplace openings, but without disturbing a wall or the wide pine boards. Two 12 x 12 flue tile stacks were put in place for the large fireplace and one for each of the two smaller ones. All of this was done with the mason working inside the chimney. Sound old brick were used and the finished chimney is still an old one, but is now safe.

Much of the old material was too poor to use, but we scoured the country side to obtain eight inch clapboards, wide floor boards, old beams, ancient hardware, and stone steps. The roof was a problem, but we found just the right type of tapered asbestos shingle with a weather-beaten appearance. Not long afterwards, the chicken coop across the road burned in a strong wind and but for this fireproof roof, our house would have been destroyed then and there.

Skillful painting and finishing has blended the old and the new into a harmonious whole, which makes a fine background for the early pine and maple furnishings.

The little parlor of the early house is now our kitchen; the simple pine paneling around its fireplace and the little rum cupboard above have been saved. It took many hours of patient labor to remove layer upon layer of greasy paper and paint. The old pantry shelves, still with their original blue color, are in use and furnish the color scheme for the kitchen. Over the living room and kitchen are now two bedrooms and baths, which had to be fitted in like a jig saw puzzle.

The “mansion” was structurally sound throughout and new clapboards, roof, and painting were all the repairs needed. The stenciling in the front hall was in fair condition, but considerable work was required to smooth up the plaster and re-touch some faded figures. This hall stenciling is shown in Janet Waring’s book on Early American Wall Stencils, Figure 77, with text regarding it on Page 70. The parlor stenciling has not been restored. Each of the four fireplaces in

Floors askew, walls bulging, plaster down, door frames avarry, the old 1792 “cabin” seemed hopeless. A new frame was necessary.

The old beams and wide floor and wall boards were retained. The latter still retain much of the old dull, washed-out red paint.
The front hall before restoration showed original stenciling in fair condition, though painstaking retouching was necessary.

This detail of the stenciling shows the unusual and effective design. Colors are dull green and yellow, with circles in dull red. (Congdon)

The hall some months later shows the original stencils partly restored. All doors, latches and much other hardware are original. (Congdon)

the “mansion” had some trim missing, which was replaced with little difficulty.

When the house was ready for outside painting, we decided that the cabin should be colonial red and the “mansion” white, because we found traces under the eaves showing this combination to have been used originally. The result is very pleasing and shows that our forefathers had good taste in color as well as in architecture.

Ebenezer Robinson, the Revolutionary soldier who built this house, would feel quite at home if he could visit it today. He would see as the front door step, a milling stone once used in his own grist mill; he would open the front door by the latch which he himself had always used. He would see his own shoemaker’s bench and the hollows in the floor made by his feet during all those years when he made shoes for the family; he would see the old spinning wheel, on which his wife made yarn for the family clothes; he would enjoy the old square piano in the parlor; he would tell many a tale around the old kitchen fireplace about his three grandsons, Albert, Stillman, and Wallace, who went out from this home to fame and fortune.

The bathrooms, gas range, electric refrigerator, and oil furnace would bewilder him—comforts which he never knew. But he would be happy to see how the loving work of his hands has been saved; he would rejoice that his fine old house still stands on the hilltop where he lived with his wife, Hannah, for sixty-six years, and where his nine children and many of his grandchildren were born. We are better Vermonters because of meeting Ebenezer Robinson through his cabin and “mansion.” It has taken some money, endless planning, and the solving of innumerable problems, but the experience has been real living. Getting away from household routine and business problems into a realm of beauty, sentiment, and history is a tonic to build up body and soul. All problems seem to melt away in front of the old fireplace, or when gazing at the “eternal hills” from the living room or terrace.

It has been an adventure in Vermont living, which no one who has the opportunity to “go and do likewise” can afford to miss.

Furnishing was done in excellent taste, with many pieces which had once been Robinson’s, like the cobbler’s bench (below, far right). The upstairs front hall retains its original pine floor boards, as do most of the other rooms. The spinning wheel was also Robinson’s.
Burlington annually plays host to thousands of teen-age musicians

By H. C. Petersen

It has frequently been said: “Everybody loves a parade.” The throng lining the streets of Burlington on the morning of May 10th indicated that Vermonters are no exception. Annually, for twenty years, the citizens of this city have played host to thousands of Vermont school children who participated in the Vermont Music Festival: 3,500 boys and girls in uniform, 23 High School Bands, proudly displaying bright colored school banners, with pleasing and inspiring pageantry as they march down the flag bedecked city streets.

The history of the Vermont Music Festival is a story of the concerted efforts of the Vermont Headmasters' Club, the Music Supervisors' Association, and the Burlington Lions Club, to bring quality music into the lives of children living in Vermont. Through the cooperative efforts of these organizations there has been an unfolding of musical talent far beyond the fondest hopes and dreams of the festival founders. There is music in the Vermont hills and valleys. Not only music created by the elements but also music in the hearts of the people. In 1927, when the first festival was held, 175 students participated. This group represented nine schools. In 1947, eighty-three schools took part in instrumental or vocal concerts; 1200 of these students came so far that sleeping accommodations were provided for them.

The Vermont Music Festival is a student's annual pilgrimage to pay respect to the great masters of music. For three days, Vermont boys and girls play and sing immortal music under the direction of specialists. From various parts of our country come professors and directors of music. Men and women, who are eminent in their field, enthusiastically and gratuitously give of their knowledge and skill.

Out-of-state visitors state that the Vermont Music Festival is preeminent among school festivals. This is particularly interesting to educators, for the Vermont Music Festival is one of the few music festivals where schools do not compete with one another. Prizes are not awarded. Instead of competing for prizes, each group, band, orchestra, or glee club, performs before a specialist who furnishes the leader of each group a written criticism of the performance. This procedure is credited with the amazing improvement in quality of performance and in quality of music performed as well.

Highlight of the Festival is the Saturday Evening Concert. Two hundred pupils from forty schools form an All-State Orchestra, 700 boys and girls from different Vermont schools, sing as one chorus. With dimmed lights and spotlight focused upon the youthful participants dressed colorfully for the occasion, voices skillfully blended with the soft music, complete a scene long to be remembered.

To be a participant in the Vermont Music Festival is the goal of every Vermont boy and girl who participates in school music. Here the musician plays in the largest auditorium in Vermont, crowded to the doors. The generous response of large audiences compensates for the long hours spent in practice. Under such circumstances it is difficult to pay homage to great music and not be inspired.

The Vermont Music Festival is operated on a non-profit basis. Students are housed as guests of the Festival. Money surplus is used to furnish music scholarships to worthy students.

The sponsors of the Vermont Music Festival have visions of the day when every Vermont school will have a department of music. Much happiness, as well as emotional outlet, is available to the person who has acquired the ability to express himself through the musical medium.
1. That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent and unalienable Rights, amongst which are the enjoying and defending of Life and Liberty; acquiring, possessing and protecting Property, and pursuing and obtaining Happiness and Safety. Therefore, no male Person, born in this country, or brought from over Sea, ought to be holden by Law to serve any Person as a Servant, Slave or Apprentice, unless they be bound by their own Consent after they arrive to such Age, or bound by Law for the Payment of Debts, Damages, Fines, Costs, or the like.

Having provided for full manhood suffrage for the first time in this country, these men at Windsor, keeping in mind the obligations of a citizen, changed their oath to conform with their more liberal views. This Freeman’s Oath in the first Constitution of Vermont is worded for the most part as it is today:

I . . . . . . solemnly swear by the ever-living God, (or affirm, in the Presence of Almighty God), that whenever I am called to give my Vote or Suffrage, touching any matter that concerns the State of Vermont, I will do it so as in my Conscience I shall judge will most conducive to the best Good of the State, as established by the Constitution, without Fear or Favour of any Man.

Little change has appeared in the Oath as the years have passed. In 1786, the specific references to the Deity were removed. In 1812, attention was given to the question of naturalized citizens; in 1839, 1913, 1920, and 1924, there were frequent revisions in the wording of the statutes covering the taking of the oath, but the oath escaped any serious shift in phraseology.

In 1948, after nearly one hundred and seventy-one years, the freemen of Vermont still adhere to the same honest principles of voting, without fear or favor, that were enunciated by the members of the first constitutional convention in the state. Unique, in its singleness of purpose to maintain the integrity of the ballot, the State of Vermont will not soon, or easily, discard this major element of its heritage of freedom.
seven years of friendly association had broken down her resistance, confessed to me, "When I read in the announcement of your marriage that your newspaper work had taken you to Europe and that you’d lived also in New York and Washington, I said to my customers, ‘Well, she better not call me up for an appointment.’" Sight unseen, she had assumed that scathing judgment on all “furriners” that they “go around with their noses in the air!”

A Vermonter’s interests are strictly bounded by what concerns Vermont and Vermonters. When it comes to broadening their horizons—either physically or mentally—they aren’t having any.

Like Senator Claghorn, “I’m from the South—the deep South, that is, son,” and it’s our nature to be warmly outgoing and spontaneous. Before coming to Vermont my job had been interviewing celebrities. This was not unknown because the stories were widely syndicated. I’d come fresh from per-sonal talkies. Mussert, Hitler, Kemal, and other figures looming large in the limelight. Now it wasn’t that I wished to talk about myself. My forte by training and preference is listening. But sometimes, when I’m talking, I’d naturally insert an anecdote or personal experience she replied, “She would, if anybody asked her!”

Another frustration set by Vermonters against overtures of cordiality is the giving of personal character which I thought was amusing or interesting. A few sentences and one encounter a blank wall of unresponsiveness. Chill silence and poker faces make you feel as if you’d burned down the orphans’ asylum. This is known as “puttin’ yourself treat behind my own iron curtain. Only our small grandchild, with the innate sensitivity of childhood, sized up the situation. When a grown-up asked her why I never spoke of my experiences she replied, “She would, I think, if anybody asked her!”

Indecisive and interesting, a few sentences and one encounter a blank wall of unresponsiveness. Chill silence and poker faces make you feel as if you’d burned down the orphans’ asylum. This is known as “puttin’ yourself treat behind my own iron curtain. Only our small grandchild, with the innate sensitivity of childhood, sized up the situation. When a grown-up asked her why I never spoke of my experiences she replied, “She would, I think, if anybody asked her!”

One thing I can say about Vermont winters. They take the fear of Hell-fire right out of you. Indeed, after a typical winter in Vermont it would require the fiery furnaces of the nether regions to thaw you out. Natives claim to accomplish this defrosted condition sometime around the middle of July. But by then they are “winter killed.”

Some of the physical handicaps of Vermonters are, I believe, attributable to this indecisive cold. It seems to me that the majority of young people wear spectacles; the middle-aged are hard of hearing; there is a prevalence of baldness. Is it conceivable that the sub-zero wind congeals the eyeballs, pierces the eardrums and freezes up the very roots of the hair! I have heard that it takes seven years to change the entire cellular make-up of our bodies. So, too, I believe that it takes a force as mighty as Nature to transform a Southerner into a ‘Damn Yankee.’ I only know that on my first visit home after seven years in Vermont I wrote my husband as follows:

"Conversion complete. Vermont draws me as an enchanted land. I long for the first winter snowfall with its heartpiercing blue shadows; the days of lacquered sunlight; Spring’s poignant green; sunset over Lake Champlain with its muted colors and mystical silence. Also I miss my friends in Vermont. Their innate kindness, nobility and selflessness when trouble strikes at a neighbor. Their ability to stand alone if necessary, without props to ego or vanity. Their industry in getting on with the job; their reluctance to ‘pokie their nose in the other fellow’s business’ and most of all their willingness to let you do ‘as you’re a mind to.’"

"I’m not even insulted when friends here in the South accuse me of turning into a ‘Damn Yankee.’ When they rave about me I wonder if it is, after all, sincere and tell them to lay off the ‘gush.’ I now consider it a sound economy that contributes $50,000 to a hospital drive but vetoes $50. for a hat! However, with lynching still in order down here, what I haven’t told them is that during the last primary in Vermont I scratched the Democratic ticket!"

Politically in Vermont, of course, I stood alone. I’d not missed the fact that mine were the only hands that applauded Mr. Roosevelt at the Main Street cinema. But it wasn’t until I attended a luncheon given in my honor, and remarked casually that I considered F. D. R. a “saviour of humanity” that I realized being “on the wrong side” in Vermont could arouse witchburning hostility. After that naive comment the guest-of-honor was as icyly ignored as if she’d been “the little man who wasn’t there.”

One safe subject in Vermont is the weather. That is, provided you agree that a climate limited to July, August and Winter is perfection. My first reaction to the snow and ice bound village with the temperature at 30-below was, “My word! You’ve brought me to an Alaskan trading post!”

For management of medium-size industries where better-than-average skills are employed, where pride of craftsmanship and stability of thinking can be a factor in finished work, the Green Mountain State is worth your on-the-ground review. On the farms, in the villages and cities are important storehouses of those Vermont natural resources—contended workers. Here are the educational and living conditions to keep workers contented—... with favorable taxes, power costs and refreshing environment for management as well. If you have a relocation problem write Industrial Agent, Vermont Development Commission Montpelier, Vermont

Industries Live Happily in Vermont

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WRH
STONEWALLS

By HAYDN PEARSON

STONEWALLS are the crosswork stitching on the landscape quilt. Since men ceased their nomadic wanderings and settled down to homes in a fixed locality, they have used materials at hand to make their boundaries. Weather-furrowed, lichen-etched stonewalls ramble along beside quiet country roads. They curve around the contours of hills; they run along the edges of river-traversed valleys. They dip down to shadowy ravines where silvergray, splinterly plank bridges span pebble-bottomed brooks. They circle meadow-mowings and twist around irregular upland fields. They meander over upland pasture heights and wind casually around the ledge-faced shoulders of low mountains.

Long years ago pioneers left the coastal towns and followed Indian trails along river valleys and over the plateaus. Experience along the coastline had already taught them the formula of a good farm: meadow land for hay, sidehill fields for grain and uplands for pasture. These three points, together with a dependable spring for brook, determined the location where men felled trees, erected log cabin homes and barns, and planted their first crops of corn and wheat among charred stumps.

In early Vermont, “making land” involved more than clearing favorable soil spots of trees. When the last glacier disintegrated some 25,000 years ago it left countless granite stones scattered over the land. From the size of a marble to the size of a spring house they dotted fields and hillsides. Not only were they on the surface, but they were thick beneath the sod of wild grasses and the leafmold carpet of the woods.

Thus it was that building stonewalls became a major matter. Untold thousands of miles were built between 1700 and 1850. Millions of the stones are piled in great sprawling heaps in fence corners. There were too many for the needed boundaries. And each spring as countrymen plowed their fields, each year as they “made” a new piece for crop or pasture, more rocks had to be handled and discarded.

There are men and women in cities today who recall the tales told by grandfathers and great-grandfathers of wall building long ago. Two kinds of walls were built. The first and most common was the kind you see today along the roads, along lanes leading to pastures and circling the fields. The bigger rocks were placed on the ground; on these were piled smaller rocks. It is difficult to give an accurate estimate of average height, but probably the typical wall was approximately three feet high. There was an axiom long years ago in the Northeast that two men with a yoke of oxen and a stoneboat could build a rod a day of this type of wall. On level ground and with rocks nearby this figure could be bettered; on steep and craggy hillsides, eight or 10 feet was a good day’s work.

The other type of wall was a different matter. A trench was dug to a depth of three feet or more so that the big foundation stones would be below the frostline. Then additional layers of carefully selected stones were added. Each stone was painstakingly chinked firmly into its place with smaller stones. It was dry wall masonry that required a high degree of skill and patient, unhurried craftsmanship. These are the old, moss-etched walls one sees today round barnyards, garden spots and old village pounds. Years ago walls of this type were also built around cemeteries beside white-spired churches. You will see them circling a school yard or around a town hall in a little, one-street town where elms form a canopy over a peaceful street. There were certain men in each community who achieved more than local reputation for their craftsmanship in building walls. Years ago a young lad of a dozen sum-

End
CHILDREN from all colors and creeds share the thrill of outdoor living and the hope of successful correction of their handicap.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN LEARN TO PLAY . . . Cont’d. from page 5.

away crutch or brace are no less cheerful. Many direct their energies into acquiring practical skills or formal education. Some former campers have found encouragement and ambition to go on to college and later become established in professional fields. One boy, a victim of polio, became a consulting engineer with the General Electric Company.

Each spring for twenty years letters of application from disabled boys and girls have arrived at Thorpe Camp. Always there are new inquiries from young hopefuls who crave adventures in camping which cannot be obtained in most cases with slender family resources. The children come in ever greater numbers and somehow funds are found for their care. New friends throughout Vermont and beyond its borders become acquainted with the work and send in gifts for a share in it.

The seasons have clocked their courses until, in this year of 1948, another springtime is erasing winter’s etchings. Once more the hammers ring their echoes off the steep slopes of Mt. Cape Lookoff, huge shoulder of the Green Mountains towering above the camp. The saws sing out their high pitched notes in timber and board. For a beautiful new building of stone and wood is rising on a commanding site between the two camps. Generously proportioned, sturdily built, appealing in design, it is the new Elks dining hall and recreation building. Here 150 children and their leaders may sit down to meals in a long, airy, pine paneled room. And when the evening programs occur, what gatherings will there be in the large basement rumpus room; what plays, skits and musicals on the real stage; what motion picture shows, stunts, bazaars, storytelling and songfests before the huge stone fireplace.

But for those who find spiritual fulfillment in magnificent natural scenery, why, look in any direction from this building and see long mountain ranges tossing their peaks into the blue, or broad, deep cuplike hills until, way out there, more mountain giants loom shadowy and remote on the far horizon.

Yes, the little crippled folks will be back again in June when the warm smiles of spring excite the tiny wind sprites to dance their way across the waving grass fields. There will be the usual bustle and activity, the braggadocio of the older campers trying to impress the freshmen, the inspection of and exclaiming over the new dining hall and kitchen, the first sessions with the camp nurse, the first bugle calls at day’s end. And over it all will shine the softening radiance of a kindling sunset, now riotous with color, now slowly subsiding in peaceful serenity. Who can say—who knows but Walter Thorpe is gazing off there to the west at his beloved view, smiling gently the while in a glow of satisfaction at the fulfillment of a dream which no longer is a figment of the imagination, but a solid living memorial here on the hilltop.

VERMONT Life 51
G. G. Benedict was a man of letters, a historian and a strong writer. His editorials reflected his own personal interpretations of national, state and local issues. He has been connected with the paper for about 29 years, the last 16 of which he has held the position of chief editorial writer.

The reading public of northern Vermont regards the Burlington Free Press as an example of straight thinking, and a paper to be depended upon for putting the facts, well digested, before them.

There is little humor in the Free Press, unless it be the tongue-in-cheek variety for which Vermonters are known. There is, however, hidden humor in the news columns of some 86 small towns, appearing regularly in the paper. Items are collected by approximately 140 correspondents, zealous reporters, who cover every matter of interest—whether it is Farmer Green’s boy home from college over the holidays, or Farmer Brown’s refreshing cow.

During its century and more of existence, the Free Press has endeavored to observe those proprieties of decency, dignity and fidelity which make it a welcome guest in more than 24,000 homes. The publishing of such a newspaper for 120 years is no mean achievement.

Edward F. Crane, Managing Editor, runs the editorial page, requiring a heap of reading.
Quiet and Charm
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