Editor’s Uneasy Chair

Seemingly oblivious to certain spectacles displayed nationally earlier this year, Vermonters have been embroiled in a mounting controversy of their own. It has to do with the relative size, importance and need to foster Vermont’s agricultural and industrial interests.

Without taking sides, neither minimizing the economic values of these fields of major endeavor, we submit that there are, and always have been, two other facets to Vermont life of greater basic value and importance.

These are, briefly, the natural landscape of the Green Mountains, and the ingrained attributes of character which make up “homo Vermonticus.”

Industries and farming are essential and worthy of help. But let us not forget that Vermont is what it is and means what it does because of its people who are still individuals; because of its landscape, which is still relatively unspoiled by the hands of its inhabitants.

Vermonters cannot live on beauty and rugged individualism alone, it is argued rightly. So another conflict seems to develop between those who want to keep Vermont just as it was—unspoiled and predominantly rural—and those who want to see more Vermonters prosper. They want an augmented economy which will bring with it better roads, better education and better health, and which will let more young Vermonters find a livelihood in their own state.

But is there really conflict here? We think not. There is still room, we feel, for more small industries and for an agriculture that is efficient and diversified. Still more of the hill farms must go—as they have been going for the past 30 years. Some obsolete industries must go, too. Change is an immutable force, in Vermont even as in every land where people live and grow.

There is still room among Vermont’s green acres and within the Vermont character for a growth that lies midway between stagnation and spoliation, w.h.

ABOUT THE COVER—Marjorie Heilman models for her husband, Photographer Grant Heilman, as a neat Vermont housewife. The scene is Bradford’s main street.
Green Mountain

POSTBOY

By WALTER HARD

The first day was purely a setting up exercise and only a few of the P.B.'s acquaintances ever thought of indulging in two days. Since the weather played an important part, obviously it was wise to go the second day if it was pleasant, and not take any chances on the last day which might turn out to be a very wet washout. On the second day there was the Grand Cavalcade when all the exhibitors of cattle paraded in front of the grand stand, led by the marshall who was a veteran of the Civil War and rode his prancing steed in true military style. Sometimes, watching this parade move past, with boys of the P.B.'s own age leading sleek heifers or maybe driving a pair of young steers they had broken, and arousing loud applause, the P.B. felt his paternal ancestor had made a mistake in leaving the family farm.

Those Who Waited for the third day talked about the final event of all—the Peg Race, when local amateurs, often people the P.B. knew, lined their buggies up on one side of the track and hung the harnesses up on pegs on the outer edge of the grandstand. At the signal they rushed across from their buggies, harnessed their steeds, led them back to the buggies, and attached them thereto, and with a cracking of whips and a whoop were off for a one lap race around the track. To add to the enjoyment the band tooted its very loudest and the crowd stood and yelled itself hoarse, producing such a bedlam that any horses or drivers equipped with more than rudimentary nervous systems were often driven to a frenzy, thus producing the expected hilarious excitement, involving all sorts of mishaps before the race really got on the track.

On The Chosen Day, the P.B., arreable with anticipation, heard the sad sweet notes of the merry-go-round from afar, and all day long that music was the continuous accompaniment to the exciting doings. Now and then it would fade or be blotted out momentarily but all the time it was singing its alluring song.

There was the Whip Seller, cracking his whip around the post by his stand, offering his wares at prices “you folks never heard of before.” He was never silent except when he was making change. Next there was the man with a variety store in open trunks, with samples of everything strung on lines at the back. “Here folks . . . step right this way . . . it's your lucky day. I’m putting in one-two-three-four, five . . . and here's another for luck . . . six beautiful imported Irish linenette handkerchiefs for . . . wait a minute young feller . . . we'll put in this bottle of French perfume imported from Paris for your lady there . . . and all for not a dollar . . . not a half dollar . . . all for Twenty-Five Cents . . . a quarah of a big round dollar . . . Thank you sir, and here's

the perfume for the lady . . . and who's the next lucky one?”

And Over There a fiddler was playing his heart out while two sets danced the quadrille, the men in shirt sleeves, whirling their ladies and taking fancy steps, their faces red, sweaty and serious, while the panting girls giggled and wiped their faces with one of the imported Irish linenette handkerchiefs.

Inside Of Floral Hall it was cool and quiet after the din outside. There were the enormous pumpkins and overgrown squashes and then the display of pies and cakes and bread, filling the air with a smell that made the P.B. suddenly aware of a hollow inside. There and up around the cattle sheds, things seemed more natural. These were home folks in charge—a relief from the glib talkers running the “Portrait Gallery,—tintypes three for a quarter,” or the fish pond where the P.B. had found his money didn't bring any durable satisfaction. One ride on the merry-go-round, where he felt uncomfortably conspicuous on the high charger, and then to the track to see the races. There was one big bay stallion called Chester G. and the P.B. fell for him right off. Perhaps it was because the driver had no whip, thus following the gospel according to Black Beauty. The P.B. would like to think it was the steady pace which Chester G. kept up from the beginning when there was never any trouble with prancing and twisting demanding the bell and another start. Once on his way Chester G. never broke, and when more speed was needed coming down the home stretch, slowly, steadily, he'd pull away from the rest, while his driver rippled the reins over his broad back and talked to him.

The Shadows Creeping Up Equinox brought thoughts of home to the tired P.B. and he spent his last quarter for a bottle of liquid silver which was guaranteed to make old knives and forks like new. Here was something the family would appreciate, and that evening he applied it to several pieces his mother felt needed replating. The next day, very especially if it was a good day and the P.B. had friends going to the last day of the fair, was apt to be trying. This time the thoughtful present turned it into a day of disillusionment. In the morning all traces of the beautiful silver plating had evaporated except for a few shiny particles which had caught in the uneven surfaces. So did the day and time evaporate, leaving a few bright spots in the creases of the P.B.'s memory. He still has a piece of paper which looks valuable. It is one share of stock in the Battenkill Valley Industrial Society. Needless to say it is not quoted. In fact it is never even mentioned.

VERMONT Life
For the casual traveller, there isn't much to see in the Vermont Forest and Farmland Foundation in Rupert. There are no spectacular growths of pines in the forests, and no giant beanstalks outproducing California in the farm­lands. There is, of course, some of the loveliest scenery in southern Vermont: from many points on the Foundation’s 2,600 acres you can see the hills roll away below to the west and rise again to the Adirondacks far off in New York state, and then turning, view the main ridge of the Green Mountains to the east.

It is easy to travel over the Foundation’s land without noticing small plantings of.
such little-known items as Amur River privet, lespedeza, or Russian olive. An experimental field containing birds-foot trefoil planted in combination with certain other crops draws little attention even from nearby, and the occasional samples of Austrian pine or tulip poplar escape notice among the other, more common trees.

But although the visitor may travel miles and notice only the unusual number of bumpy “water bars” in the winding dirt roads, it is with such and other plantings that the Foundation has made a solid start in its stated purpose, to conduct “studies, experiments and demonstrations designed

(Continued on next page)

HOW TO REACH IT: Visitors, welcome at the VFFF, should arrange appointments with Mr. Wm. Meyer (address West Rupert). From U.S. Route 7 at Manchester Ctr. take Rte 30 through Dorset to E. Rupert, then turn west. Stop at the height of land.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Edward F. Nickerson, now with the Associated Press in Baltimore, comes from a Delaware family also with a home in Vermont. He served with the 10th Mt. Division in Italy, instructed skiing at Snow Valley and graduated from Dartmouth in 1949, an English major. After a year in Europe and one at Yale Graduate School he worked on a Montreal house organ, going to the Rutland Herald in 1951. He is 29, single, and likes skiing and reading.

ABOVE: Executive Director Bill Meyer, (right), talks over with Bulldozer Operator Vernon Beebe of Rupert plans for extending one of the VFFF roads.

BELOW: VFFF Advisory Associate Francis Leach, Rupert Selectman (left); Treasurer Robert Buechner of Bronxville, N. Y. and President Geo. W. Merck.
ABOVE: Top VFFF area (No. 1) shows clear-cut and slash timber (before Fdn. acquired it). No. 2 is idle land reclaimed and seeded to birdsfoot trefoil in contour strips. No. 3 is idle land seeded to orchard grass and No. 4 cleared for pasture by four methods.

BELOW: At the VFFF dedication in 1951 main speaker was Dr. C. A. Schenck (center), pioneer in American forestry. Right is Dir. Meyer and left Burton Blackmer of Dorset.

While there are many experimental forests and agricultural areas in this country, the Rupert organization is unique in that it is primarily concerned with the close relationship between the forest and the farm. The emphasis on the give-and-take quality of this relationship is an essential characteristic of the Foundation. It manifests its spirit, too, in the relation of the Foundation to the community in which it was established—the Town of Rupert and the State of Vermont.

At their first annual meeting, the trustees of the Foundation considered two problems which they felt can be created in a rural community by the existence of a large foundation. One was that in some cases areas which have been open to local residents for hunting, fishing and recreation have been posted or in some way restricted. The other was that land which previously produced tax revenue for the local community became tax-exempt, thus increasing the burden on others.

With this in mind, the trustees declared it was the Foundation's wish to develop,
rather than to hinder, the recreational use of its property by local residents and neighbors. "We have not posted our land, and we hope not to have to do so," they said. In the second, they declared the Foundation's intention of contributing to the economic welfare of the local community, and of paying local property taxes so long as such payments further the basic aims of the Foundation.

The desire to be part of a community starts at the top, with the founder, principal financial support and president of the Foundation, George W. Merck of Rupert and West Orange, N. J. Merck is chairman of the board of Merck and Co., Inc. of Rahway, N. J., one of the largest manufacturers of drugs in the United States. In addition to the role which his company plays in the nation's health, Merck has contributed heavily as an individual to his country. Before World War II he served unpaid on the Munitions Board's Chemical Advisory Committee, and at the war's height directed all government research on biological warfare. He is a member of the executive council of the American Cancer Society and takes an active interest in local affairs in New Jersey.

His uncle, Dr. Carl Alwin Schenck, PhD, of Lindenfels-im-Odenwald, Hessen, Germany, was the founder of the famed Biltmore Forest School in 1896 in North Carolina, the first forestry school in the United States, and was one of the leading figures in early efforts to awaken Americans to the importance of our forest resources. It is not far-fetched to suppose that if George Merck had not grown up within the influence of Dr. Schenck's passionate devotion to forestry, the Foundation might never have existed. Dr. Schenck is an honorary member of the Foundation and spoke at its dedication August 18, 1951.

The Foundation has the backing of citizens of accomplishment from Vermont and other areas. Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher is a trustee, and so are authors John P. Marquand and John A. Kouwenhoven, a Rupert neighbor of Merck's who is professor of English at Barnard College in New York and a magazine editor. But to make sure the Board of Trustees is an organization of people actively concerned with the local area, the Foundation by-laws provide that the Governor of Vermont, the president of the University of Vermont and the Selectmen of the Town of Rupert shall each nominate a trustee. Mrs. Fisher is the Governor's nomination, the Rev. Morris A. Hammond of Rupert, Methodist Church minister, is the town's member and John C. Page, Bennington County Agent, is the university's. Still another member is John S. McCormick Jr., a Manchester tree farmer.

William H. Meyer of West Rupert, a forestry graduate of the School of Agriculture at Pennsylvania State College, and for many years a soil conservationist in southwestern Vermont, is the paid executive director of the Foundation and is in charge of its daily work. A group of advisory associates, composed of local or area persons with special knowledge of and interest in the Foundation's work, also helps make policy.

From its beginning all woodlands on the Foundation have been under careful management, and income from selective harvesting of mature timber goes back into the work of the Foundation. Cutting operations have been started slowly and will be designed to discover and demonstrate poor as well as good methods. More than a dozen species of trees have been planted, including conifers and deciduous trees. Blocks of red pine and red spruce have been set in, and smaller groups of Austrian and Scotch pine, Norway spruce, balsam fir and Concolor fir, to compare their hardness and adaptability to local conditions.

(Continued on next page)
ABOVE LEFT: This is one of the Foundation’s arboretum areas. Lodge will be used in the future for conservation education work. Photographs on this page are by John S. McCormick, Jr. of Manchester, a tree farmer and trustee of the Foundation.

ABOVE RIGHT: An example of natural spruce regeneration under white birch in a woodland improvement area. The bushy “wolf” trees will be removed to allow the spruce to develop properly. In other areas foreign trees and shrubs are test planted.

BELOW LEFT: Precautions against disastrous forest fire include creation of many such pools and ponds. In addition the VFFF road system has been enlarged to about 18 miles. Foundation people work cooperatively with the Rupert fire department.

BELOW RIGHT: This is a deer study plot in sugar maple growth. The fenced area will show whether browsing deer are preventing proper regeneration of the maples. Hungry deer will eat maples, ash, spruce, red and white pine and other evergreens.

Controlled tests are being run over a period of years to see the difference in growth of pines where hardwood trees are cut from among them or where they are allowed to grow freely. The emphasis in all cases is not to produce a “model forest” but to develop economical methods that can be used by the farmers of the region themselves, with their limited financial resources.

About 10 per cent of the work of the Foundation goes into projects seeking to discover which plants and shrubs will...
provide the best wild-life sustenance and cover while being beneficial to the "natural economy" of the area.

An interesting variety of wild-life cover shrubs is being tried out in small plantings. Autumn olive is a tough shrub used as a wind break in the mid-west. Amur River privet, from Siberia originally, is a hardy shrub that makes good escape cover for the harried rabbit or partridge. Multiflora rose, also good cover, is used for "living fences." Lespedeza is an excellent quail food.

The question of wild-life cover brings to mind a problem which has become a central one for the Foundation—deer. Like other game deer can be supported best on mixed forest and open land, and they have long demonstrated to the farmers of the state that they can graze in the garden as well as in the forest and field. Just what they eat is being demonstrated by the Foundation's use of deer screens on shrubs and small forest seedlings of many types. In many cases the unprotected shrubs and trees have been cropped off so much by browsing deer that little or no growth is shown.

A planting of 55 strains of fast-growing poplar from the West has been severely crippled by the hungry deer. Changing technology has made woods like poplar, once scorned, of great potential value, but field trials of such planting materials on Foundation lands are hardly possible if deer will not let them grow. The Foundation has considered working with some berry bushes, including elderberries and high bush cranberries, and with genetically improved strains of native trees, but so far the deer problem has held up starting.

Having too many deer in the forests can be like killing the proverbial goose that laid golden eggs, Meyer explains. If great numbers of deer reduce the quality and quantity of young trees and shrubs, ultimately wild life population will dwindle and hunters will have small sport when autumn comes around. The problem, pointed out on Foundation lands, is to find a balance point where game and forests and farmlands may co-exist and contribute to each other's welfare. But Meyer and others are not reticent about citing examples to indicate that as of now, deer are and have been tipping that balance in many areas.

Much has been done, in the "farmlands" phase of the Foundation, in demonstrating methods of establishing birds-foot trefoil, a legume which grows well in poor land, is good for the soil and provides nourishment for cattle. It lives 25 to 50 years without reseeding and is a late-maturing crop. Experiments are also being made with orchard grass, which matures early and makes good pasture, and with climax timothy grass, which matures late and makes a good hay crop, with a view towards getting more sustenance for cattle from a farmer's lands. These experiments are not unique to the Foundation—the point is they are being made here in Vermont where they are readily available to local farmers for reference, and many have already come to look.

The record of the Foundation's work in the stimulation of better farming and forest management practices is already being written in the newspapers of the state. In 1952 the Foundation established Farm Management and Conservation awards, offering cash prizes in two categories: Distinguished Farmer and Friend of Agriculture. The former are based both on farm management and on "the use of land and other resources in a manner conducive to continuous production and to the welfare of Vermont." The Friend of Agriculture awards can go to any citizen as well as a farmer and are based on length and magnitude of service rendered beyond the normal activities that could be expected of the individual. Distinguished Farmer and Friend of Agriculture awards are made on a state-wide basis. Both are also given in Bennington County and the Distinguished Farmer prize is awarded in the Town of Rupert as well.

In addition the Foundation has helped, and expects to continue helping, programs sponsored by other groups, including Green Pastures competitions, The Forest Festival, 4-H Clubs and other Extension Service activities. The Foundation's fire equipment is used in cooperative drills with Rupert village and town apparatus. Recognizing the prevention and control of forest fires as a priority job, it has enlarged its road system from six to eighteen miles and added strategically placed ponds for water supply. Such improvements will continue to be made until there is access to all areas for fire protection and management.

The Foundation is not a self-supporting venture—the nature of the work precludes such possibilities. But basic research, though never planned for profit, sometimes "discovers" principles which enable others to make profits worth far more in dollars than the cost of original research, Meyer explains.

Detailed cost records are kept on many operations such as the trefoil experiments so that as time goes on farmers may see just what they may undertake with a reasonable expectation of land improvement and profit.

The Foundation has already made a good start on its projects, even though most of them are of necessity slow to develop. Not the least of its accomplishments has been that whether it is in taxes or trefoil or fire drills, the Foundation is an integral part of its surroundings. As it meets its problems and makes progress, one thing seems certain—its victories will not be those of an isolated test unit. They will belong to Vermont.
THE INN
WITH TWO FACES

By Stephen Greene

Photography by Neil Y. Priessman

The story of Newfane's unique County House.

ABOVE: The Windham County Sheriff, Norman Robinson, Brattleboro, talks with an enforced guest in the hotel's barred area.

ABOVE: A simple setting and abundant good food is served to the County House guests (and in some less style to the prisoners).

IF PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT said on a visit to this state, as he is reported to have said, that he would like some day to return to Newfane, commit some small crime and eat his way through a contented old age, he was speaking of a unique institution—the Windham County Hotel and Jail.

As its name implies, here in the two ends of a single building in Newfane, Vermont, are housed and fed both paying guests and prisoners of the county. They go in by the same door, register at the same desk and eat substantially the same good food.

By virtue of its Jekyll-and-Hyde character, the County House, as it is called locally, has become one of Vermont's better known institutions. A visitor to the Netherlands not so long ago picked up a magazine which carried an article in Dutch about Newfane's two-in-one hostel; it has appeared twice in the Ripley 'Believe-It-Or-Not' column, and it has been used to promote the sale of both Ford cars and a pancake flour.

It all started back in the eighteenth century. The Windham County seat was moved from Westminster to Newfane because the latter was more centrally located. Then in 1825 the principal village in town, in the pattern of migrant Vermont villages, left its hilltop and moved down into the friendly valley of the West River where a courthouse and jail, in course of time, were built. There were then no adequate accommodations for the court personnel so the inn portion of the establishment was added to take care of these official visitors: so, at any rate, the story goes, and for more than a century now the proprietors of the County House have been by turns hosts and jailors.

The present jailor is Mrs. Charles E. Whitney, who with Mr. Whitney has shared the dual role for the past twenty years. When they first took over the County House the Whitneys had a good many more prisoners than the four or five visiting them nowadays for periods from five to thirty days because of intoxication or breach of the peace.

"It's not like before," Mr. Whitney will tell you. In the old days the regulars—like "Nosey" Donovan, who has spent many a night in the Newfane lockup, splitting a cord of wood for his keep—would flock into town as the weather prompted. Generally they'd drift North in the summer and south in the winter, riding the rails for the most part and bunking in small jails.

But World War II began and the railroads were required for security reasons to keep men off the freights. Since then the
tramp population has never been the same. Men may still drop into town and get a free night's lodging at the jail—there's a Federal statute that says it must be accorded any who ask for it—but there aren't as many of them.

The judges have not been too sympathetic recently, either. When vagrants are nabbed in Vermont during cold months they most usually like to stay in out of the weather awhile, but winter sentences are being cut to the bone.

All in all, as jails go, the County House seems to be one that prisoners grow to have a friendly feeling about. "They come back regularly as birds," Mr. Whitney says, and points out that one name appears on the jail register more than eighty times. A boy who married a Rhode Island girl after leaving jail brought her back to the Inn on their honeymoon.

The more responsible prisoners at the County House are invited outside once in a while to shovel snow, rake leaves or do whatever the changing seasons and an agreeable jailor require. It's nothing obligatory but most of the men welcome the change. Thirty days is a long time behind even the friendliest bars.

Some of the prisoners, under the eye of Mr. Whitney, were out chopping up a tree near the courthouse not so long ago when some tourists dropped by to watch this chain gang—Green Mountain style—at work. Perhaps there was something patronizing in the look of one of the bystanders, for a prisoner, a little fellow from New Hampshire, stopped work and spoke up:

"You think we're dumb, don't you? You know what I think? I think you're the dumbies. You got to pay for all this food and scenery and mountain air. Here at the County House we get it for free."

It's the same idea that Teddy Roosevelt had.

ABOVE: Newfane, the Windham County seat, lies in the scenic West River valley on Route 30, main highway between Brattleboro and Manchester. Old town was built on almost inaccessible Newfane Hill and was moved down to the Valley about 1825.

BELOW: The 129-year-old Windham County courthouse is viewed in a Winter setting across the Newfane green from the County House.
ABOVE: Mrs. Charles Whitney, who is the official jailor, prepares meals in her comfortable kitchen. They satisfy both guests and prisoners.

BELOW: A jail is never the pleasantest place to spend one's time, but Newfane's County House probably rivals any other such establishment.
THOREAU IN VERMONT

By Elliott S. Allison

The little known Vermont visit by the famous naturalist.

"Henry D. Thoreau, at the time he visited Brattleboro, September, 1856, was the guest of Rev. Addison Brown's family in their home on Chase Street. . . . At that time none of the family had met him, but my father had some correspondence with him previously, and had invited him then to our home, if he should come to Brattleboro. When he did so, it was to look up an Aster (Aster pharacoides?) which did not grow in Concord, if I remember correctly."

The reason given by Mrs. Dunton seems a likely one, as in his journal entry for September 6, 1856, Thoreau quotes the early New England botanist, William... (Continued on next page)
ABOVE: A view of Brattleboro, about the time of Thoreau’s visit, looking to the north.

Oakes, as writing that the Aster paniculatus "is not found in New England out of Vermont." Thoreau also states that the Brattleboro botanist, Charles C. Frost, told him that the species was at this time covered by the high water of the Connecticut River.

Doubtless Thoreau found the Brown home a congenial one to visit. His host, Rev. Addison Brown, had come to Brattleboro in 1832 as the first minister of the newly established Unitarian Church there. Greatly interested in education and deeply concerned about the condition of the public schools, he left the ministry in 1845 to become superintendent of schools in Windham County and later in Brattleboro. For several years he also conducted "a high school for young ladies" in his home.

In 1862 he became editor and one of the proprietors of "The Vermont Phoenix," a position which he held until March, 1871, when ill health compelled his retirement.

Rev. Brown was deeply interested in civic and national affairs and was first president of the Village Lyceum in Brattleboro, securing such speakers as Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor and J. G. Holland. He was an advocate of women’s rights.

Mrs. Brown was a woman of great culture. Well versed in astronomy and botany, she was also a reader of the world’s best literature, reading Latin, German and French as easily as English. Her interest in current affairs lasted until her death in her one hundredth year. On the day she died, in an interval of consciousness, she asked for news of the elections, and expressed approval that Mr. Hughes had been elected governor of New York.

It seems probable that both Rev. and Mrs. Brown would have read "Walden" during the two years between its publication and Thoreau’s visit to them, and so knew what manner of man to expect, and treated him accordingly. "He roamed the country at his own free will," wrote Mrs. Dunton.

The morning of September 6 he set out to begin studying the flora of the region, walking down the railroad about a mile, and returning partly by the river-bank. "The depot" he writes, "is on the site of "Thunderbolt’s" house. He was a Scotch highwayman. Called himself Dr. Wilson (?) when here."

As space does not permit an adequate account of the fascinating story of "Thunderbolt" alias "Dr. John Wilson," the reader is referred to the article "Blunderbuss Academy" published in the Summer 1950 issue of "Vermont Life."

It was some time during this day that Thoreau met the eminent Brattleboro botanist, Charles C. Frost, mentioned previously.

Charles Christopher Frost, born in Brattleboro, November 11, 1805, can only be described as a genius. His formal schooling consisted of but a grammar school education. During these years he showed great talent in mathematics. Learning the trade of a shoemaker in his early teens, he established himself in the shoe business in 1831, and continued this for the remaining fifty years of his life.

Contracting mucous dyspepsia, and finding no relief from local physicians, he consulted a New York doctor. While waiting in the anteroom he was admiring a bouquet of flowers when called to the consulting room. After examining Frost the physician said he could do nothing for him and then asked if he were fond of flowers. Receiving an affirmative answer, the doctor said "You can do much for yourself. Make it a point to walk one hour in the morning and one in the evening looking for flowers."

Frost did this, his health improved and he became a botanist. Upon receiving Fries’s book, which he had ordered, he found it written in Latin. Unable to read this language, he bought a Latin grammar, and in six months could easily read his book. In like manner he learned German and French and read scientific books equally well in four different languages.

Frost became an outstanding authority on cryptogamous plants and many honors came to him. Both Middlebury and Dartmouth Colleges conferred on him the degree of A.M. He was connected with the Smithsonian Institution and was elected a member of many scientific societies both in America and Europe.

BELOW: A contemporary view of the Chase street house where Thoreau was a guest.

12 VERMONT Life
The Frost Herbarium at the University of Vermont is named for him.

Later that day Thoreau writes, "Frost said that Dr. Kane left Brattleboro the morning of the day I arrived, and had given him a list of arctic plants brought home by him, which he showed me—pages from his Report, in press."

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane had been in Brattleboro for several months as a patient at the Water-Cure, in an attempt to recover his health, following his second expedition to the Arctic in search of the lost English explorer, Sir John Franklin. While here he carved his name on the trunk of a great pine beyond the Miles School, under which he often rested after a long walk and enjoyed his favorite view of the West River valley. His name was legible until 1865. The American Forestry Association nominated the Kane Pine (as this tree became known) to a place in their Hall of Fame for Trees.

The "list of arctic plants" which Frost showed Thoreau were proof-sheets from Dr. Kane’s book “Arctic Explorations” published later that year (1856), of which it has been said, “it lay for a decade with the Bible on almost literally every parlor table in America.”

Dr. Kane told his publisher, whose fortune it made, “The book, poor as it is, has been my coffin.” He died February 16, 1857.

The two succeeding days Thoreau spent in further botanical study about Brattleboro, one of the afternoons being spent “by the Cold Water Path, for the most part along a steep wooded hillside on Whetstone Brook and through its interval.”

It was in this interval that Thoreau made his most exciting botanical discovery while in Vermont, when, for the first time in his life, he found leather-wood growing indigenously. The reader will more readily appreciate the following quotation if he realizes that, throughout his life, Thoreau was deeply interested in the American Indians and had long been collecting material about them which would have resulted in a book, had he lived longer.

He writes “I cut a good-sized switch, which was singularly tough and flexible, just like a cowhide, and would answer the purpose of one admirably. . . . I was much interested in this shrub, since it was the Indian’s rope. Frost says that the farmers of Vermont used it to tie up their fences with. I should think it would be worth the while for the farmers to cultivate for this purpose. . . . Potter, in History of Manchester, says Indians sewed canoes with it . . . Indian cordage. I feel as if I had discovered a more indigenous plant than usual, it was so peculiarly useful to the aborigines.”

At eight o’clock on the morning of Tuesday September 9, Thoreau set out to climb “the Chesterfield Mountain” accompanied by Frances, the eldest of the Browns’ five children, then twenty-two, and Mary, the youngest, aged fourteen. The latter became Mrs. Mary Brown Dunton who, fifty-two years later, supplied Mrs. Dav-enport with first hand information of Thoreau’s visit to them.

After stating that Frances told him the Indian name of this mountain “is Wantastiquet from the name of West River above” and that Frost gave its height as 1064 feet, Thoreau writes, “It is the most remarkable feature here . . . this everlasting mountain is forever lowering over the village, shortening the day and wearing a misty cap each morning. You look up to its top at a steep angle from the village streets.”

From the summit they saw Ascutney “between forty and fifty miles up the river.”

Later this same day Thoreau wrote,

“The most interesting sight I saw in Brattleboro was the skin and skull of a panther . . . I was surprised at its great size and apparent strength. It gave one a new idea of our American forests and the vigor of nature here. It was evident that it could level a platoon of men with a stroke of its paw.”

Thoreau left Brattleboro the following day, taking the train to Bellows Falls. After examining the pot holes here, he continued on to Walpole, N. H. Spending two nights with Bronson Alcott, he was home in Concord on September 12.
Stamford Valley

Photographed & written by
Jesse & J. Howard Buffum

ABOVE: From the northern rim of Stamford Valley the camera looks south to the Hoosac range opposite. Stamford village lies beyond the picture to the left. Beyond to the right are North Adams and Clarksburg, Mass. State line follows edge of meadow at right center.

FATHER & SON: Jesse Buffum the elder, traveler, lecturer, radio commentator and photographer, has sailed to Hawaii by windjammer, walked across the continent, filmed in Hollywood, the South Seas and Australia. Son J. Howard is the North Adams Transcript's suburban editor. He is married to a Vermonter, claims as a grandfather a Vermont Democrat.

VERMONT MAY BEGIN wherever one chooses to enter it—along the border lines of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and of Canada. But if the visitor comes from the east by way of the Mohawk Trail, from the south through the Berkshires or from the west by way of Troy and the Taconic Trail, he may cross the state line due north from Pittsfield and North Adams, on Route 8, into the peaceful Stamford valley with Stamford village just around a bend to grant him a typical scenic Vermont welcome.”

So says Dr. Burges Johnson, retired college professor, in the introduction to Stamford’s brochure commemorating the 200th anniversary of the quiet residential and farming community.

Dr. Johnson took that trip into Vermont through the Stamford valley several years ago and he was so impressed by the beauty of the valley nestled in the rugged hills that he and his wife decided to live out their retirement there.

Two hundred years ago King George II, through his royal governor of New Hampshire, granted this valley to a group of “proprietors,” mostly good citizens of the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies. Some settled here
ABOVE: Such views are found almost anywhere in the Valley area. A quiet, green oasis in the Summer, in late September it takes on the vivid colors of the Vermont Autumn. Though commonly reached from Massachusetts, there is easy access to the Valley from Vermont Rte. 9.

RIGHT: One of the more than thirty roads leading into Vermont from Massachusetts. Route 8 begins here, joins 100 near Weston.

and some sold their holdings to others who dared venture into this northern wilderness.

Stamford township grew by means of frugality, ingenuity and courage. It fought the Indians and the catamounts and the stern winters and the raiders from New York who claimed titles to its land.

In the migratory period when the pioneer spirit pushed westward to subdue other wildernesses, Stamford dwindled from 800 inhabitants to half that size.

But in recent years the tide has turned and the population is climbing again. Some of this is due to people like the Johnsons who seek a quiet haven after rightfully earning a rest from years of toil. But most of it is due to residents of nearby Massachusetts who look to Stamford valley as the ideal spot to build new homes and raise their families.

Stamford’s population takes a sharp rise in the winter with tourist homes bulging at the seams with skiers who have come to enjoy their favorite sport at nearby Dutch Hill, and summer and fall find cars winding their way through the scenic valley as out-of-staters enter this Gateway to Vermont on pleasure trips.

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ABOVE: A winding, country road runs parallel to and north of Route 8 to a dead end. It is a choice area for Fall foliage photography.

BELOW: The northern approach to Stamford’s shaded Main Street. The town was settled in 1753, has a present population of about 500.
ABOVE: Paradise Farm, just north of the village, once was a stagecoach inn. Now it is the Summer home of Mr. & Mrs. James H. Hunter.

BELOW: A few miles north of Stamford the Valley narrows. Here Rte. 8 starts to climb Heartwelleville Mtn. near Dutch Hill Ski area.

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To the motorist who seeks an extra scenic treat we would suggest a drive along East road, a well-kept gravel highway, running parallel to Route 8 at the base of the Hoosac range, known by the Indians as Forbidden mountain. From that vantage point Stamford valley unfolds like a spectacular CinemaScope scene. From the pastures in the foreground the eye follows the main highway as it winds it way from the Massachusetts line through the pastures and meadows, past the neat row of homes in the village and outskirts and then on its gradual climb into the mountains with the surrounding hills finally squeezing the ribbon of road out of sight.

Every time we drive across the Massachusetts-Vermont line into Stamford valley my father inhales deeply and says: “Ah, smell that wonderful Vermont air. You can always tell when you’re entering Vermont.”

We admit he’s exaggerating a bit but we know that the visitor who chooses to enter Vermont through this gateway will be rewarded with a scenic gift unsurpassed by any other in the Green Mountain State.
ABOVE: Chittenden contains a network of old roads leading often between rows of shading maples. This is the New Boston neighborhood.

MOUNTAIN TOWNSHIP

By Hildreth T. Wriston

BELOW: Mountain Top Inn & Cabins, once an old farm, overlooks Chittenden Reservoir.

The story of Vermont’s largest town and of its unique Barstow School.
Few people note, or have reason to take, a right-hand Y turn off Route Seven just north of Rutland that leads into Chittenden.

To most people in Rutland, Chittenden is only that little hamlet somewhere up northeast behind Blue Ridge mountain where that dam is that might go out, come high water. To a few others, it is home—to 484 to be exact, according to the 1950 census of the Town. But to a good many others, mostly from out of the state, who for one reason or another turn away from the valley, it is obviously a leader to the mountains and the forests.

It is therefore somewhat of a surprise, when, winding their way through farmland and woodland, they cross the town line into Chittenden and come suddenly upon the Barstow School. If they are driving as slowly as the countryside deserves, they can read the full name above the wide entrance: The Frederic Duclos Barstow Memorial School.

"How come?" is the instant and natural reaction—"a large modern school building with well-kept adequate grounds and athletic field, way out here in the country?" It is possible that Chittenden residents still ask themselves this question.

The answer is, of course, the Barstow family and their effect on a community, but equally the answer is Chittenden and that community’s effect on the Barstows: an exact combination of time, place and personalities that has given the town one of the best grade schools in the state,—modern, attractive, well-equipped and large enough to share with Pittsford and Mendon; the only consolidated school in Vermont operating across town lines under a joint contract. It has made the name Barstow almost synonymous with Chittenden, so much so that mail addressed to Barstow, Vermont, reaches its rightful destination.

What of this town of Chittenden?
First, it has by far the largest area of any in the state, with 46,315 of Vermont’s good acres. Only Stowe and Fairfield come anywhere near that, with about 30,000 acres apiece. This gives Chittenden a low average population per acre and a smug feeling of plenty of room. Irregularly shaped, it lies quietly there in the center of the state, part facing west to Pittsford and part southwest to Rutland, all of it with its back to the mountains on the east, and a good third covered with the Green Mountain National Forest.

Like other westward-looking towns along the Green Mountain range, most of its roads are dead-end. None at the present time finds its way through the notches to Pittsfield or to Rochester on the other side of the mountain. No road gets even high enough to cross the Long Trail which meanders northward along Chittenden’s wooded hills from Deer Leap in Sherburne Pass to the camp on Mount Carmel, through the hardwood forests and the pines and spruces where the only human sounds are the voices of the loggers and the whine of their gas-driven saws.

Try any of the roads north or northeast out of Chittenden Village (also known as Slab City from the days when there were twelve saw mills upstream on East Creek, handling the lumber now trucked to Pittsford and Rutland). From the Civil War monument in the Village try the road up the hill to Mountain Top Inn in the New Boston neighborhood. You will either come to a dead halt at the watering trough in the sheep pasture on the old Pent Road, or continuing past the Inn down the tempting twists of the New Boston road, past empty cellar holes and sprawling apple orchards of that early-abandoned settlement, you

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ABOVE: A Barstow School classroom with pupils from towns of Mendon and Chittenden.
BELOW: This is a part of the School’s very complete Home Economics Department.

BELOW: The much-used auditorium is a part of the original building, erected in 1933.

will eventually reach a dead end at the old Billings Place; for only a logging road goes beyond, fingerling into logging trails and the approach-trail to Carmel Camp.

Over in the North Chittenden-Holden neighborhood, (no one but a native knows, and he cannot explain, where one begins and the other leaves off, whether North Chittenden is a neighborhood and Holden a state of mind or the other way around)—over in the Holden neighborhood take the Furnace Brook road and cross and recross it over little rail-less wooden bridges, deep into the wooded hills. The road leads you on, narrower and narrower, with less and less chance of a turn-around. Eventually you have to and make your way back, the only sounds the sound of the brook, and branches flipping the sides of the car.

Try the road to the right up the hill above the Fish Hatchery, past the old Grange Hall and right again up into the Old Philadelphia section. This road does not end but it might as well: someone has built a barbed-wire fence across it. And on the next road north a lonely-minded farmer has discouraged traffic by jutting his milkhouse halfway across the road.

The road to Chittenden Dam along gutted-out East Creek does take you to the Reservoir of the Central Vermont Public Service Corp. but leads you inevitably into a cul-de-sac past half a dozen cottages looking out over the man-made waters, whose owners are plainly uncooperative in the matter of turn-outs. The other branch that goes on past Leffert’s Pond used to cross the ridge to Pittsfield. It is a dead-end now, used only by those who live on it and, from mid-August until late fall, by the fern pickers who scour the slopes of Blue Ridge and around South Pond where the Fancy fern grows thick and green.

All this lends a peculiarly intriguing flavor to driving and peculiarly intriguing problems to the Road Commissioner during the season of winter plowing. It also makes for country far enough into the back-beyond so that a man on his isolated farm or the fringe of his small village can step out at dusk and (even if he may not pull the trigger) sight along his deer-rifle at a two-hundred pound buck feeding on the late apples, even while he watches the lights in Rutland or Pittsford begin to twinkle down in the valley and knows that he can get his family to the movies in twenty minutes, summer or winter.

This is the town to which Frederic Duclos Barstow first came as a young man after serving in the First World War. He was worn out and in an extremely nervous condition. Chittenden looked good to him: it was not so much different than now—the mountains and the woods were there
and the farms, and most of the same people, and a quietness that appealed. He stayed and built himself a home on the high left bank of little East Creek just above the village and prepared to spend his life in the community of his choice. There his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Slocum Barstow, came up from Great Neck, Long Island, to spend considerable time with their son.

Chittenden’s industries were then, as now, negligible, and young Barstow proceeded to organize the Vermont Silver Fox Farm, which employed ten men, with himself as president.

The fox farm operated successfully for some ten years; an attempt to introduce pheasants to the Vermont forests turned out not quite as well, there being some local reluctance to his scheme of hatching pheasant eggs, but in the meantime the family had become identified with the life of the town. Frederic was particularly interested in young people, helping a number of boys through high school and college, taking various Chittenden youths on trips with him, one group on his yacht in Florida waters and another by car to California. He travelled extensively himself, several months each year, and became interested in the people of American Samoa.

It was on one of his Pacific trips that he died in Honolulu, in 1931, at the age of thirty-six.

At that time Chittenden’s educational facilities consisted of two rooms in the old schoolhouse in Chittenden Village. A small and struggling P. T. A. group was considering ways and means to raise $500, the amount needed for repairs to bring the building up to State requirements for a Standard School. At this point Mr. and Mrs. Barstow stepped in with the idea of a memorial school to their only son.

They hired an architect, Henry C. Pelton of New York; they acquired the land; they devoted almost their entire time to the project for the next two years. In July, 1933, the $430,000 Frederic Duclos Barstow Memorial School, given outright to the Town of Chittenden, was dedicated in the presence of then-Governor Wilson, Superintendent Wallace, the Rutland City Band, and citizens of Chittenden; and an American flag was presented by the A. P. Noyes Chapter of the Women’s Relief Corps of the town.

Not without some wrangling had the site been chosen. After all, it is right down in the southwest corner of the township, practically in Pittsford and not much farther from Mendon, and not in any village at all, half-a-mile from Slab City. (Though school-conscious families are rapidly building homes near by, two or three each year). But this site and one other were the only ones approved by the State Board of Education and the choice has proved a good one.

Nor would Chittenden residents be true Vermonters if they had not looked this fabulous gift-horse somewhat carefully in the mouth, and even at times debated where the hay was coming from with which to feed it, not to mention the oats.

The hay was supplied mostly by the donors. In addition to the school, with well-planned class rooms, an auditorium, a library (well stocked by the Barstows with many mementos of Frederic’s travels, as well as old Town books), and eight acres of ground equipped for an athletic field, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow set up an endowment fund sufficient (in 1933) to meet expenses of lighting, heating, power, and ordinary repairs, and a separate trust fund to take care of the incumbent janitor for as long as he wanted the job.

And this was merely a beginning. In 1939 the Barstows footed the bills for an addition, larger than the original gift. A gymnasium was added, well-fitted shops for manual training, a science laboratory, the economics department, a science laboratory, and several more class rooms, the whole inclosing a playground for the smaller children.

Even with the endowment, Chittenden could not, with rising costs and increasing salaries, handle such a school. It was so much more than Chittenden needed. It is very much to the credit of all parties concerned, that the present consolidated arrangement has been worked out. In this, Mrs. Barstow’s patience and generous cooperation (Mr. Barstow died in 1942) have been outstanding.

Four documents comprise the basic operational agreements by which it is possible for Pittsford, Mendon and Chittenden to enjoy the excellent vocational facilities of the Barstow School with Chittenden surrendering none of its independence.

The first document is a Release Agreement between Mrs. Francois M. D. Barstow and the Town School District of Chittenden, releasing operation and trust funds of the Barstows to a Joint School Board.

The second is a Joint Board Agreement between the Town School Districts of Chittenden, Mendon and Pittsford, with specific clauses relating to curricula, students, finances, transportation, and duties of the Superintendent.

The third, a Contribution Agreement between Mrs. Barstow and the Joint Board, specifies contributions for the operation of the school of $20,000 a year or one-half of the Superintendent’s Budget, whichever is lesser, with further provisions concerning name, insurance, use of library, auditorium and gymnasium, fire protection, records and accounts, and a special clause (Mrs. Barstow’s wish) concerning daily exercises and flag salute.

The fourth document is a Pittsford-Barstow High School agreement between the Joint Board and the School Directors of Pittsford covering the use of the vocational facilities at Barstow by Pittsford High School students, and the employment of vocational teachers, furnishing of supplies and materials, replacement of equipment, etc. This document also permitted the renaming of Pittsford High School to Pittsford-Barstow.

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All this took time: time to get the feel of the school directors and interested parents in three communities, to find out what the majority opinion was on particular items, and to work out compromises that all three school boards would support. In this work Mr. Raymond D. Dopp, former superintendent of the Rutland North East School District, played an important part, gathering the details and passing them on to New York, where the agreements could be drawn up legally and returned to the three communities for acceptance. All this took time, and limitless patience, and a tolerance in the town of such mild whims of the donors as the matter of flowers always being on the library mantle; and above all, it took generosity and understanding on the part of Mrs. Barstow who made it financially beneficial to the separate towns to go in together on the project.

An indication of this: in the 1952-1953 budget, the Barstow Trust Fund was slated to pay 44.4% of the total, part of it covering the $2,800 per year allotted to Pittsford which pays the shop salaries and the Home Economics salaries for its own high school students, and furnishes Shop and Home Economics training to Chittenden's and Mendon's seventh and eighth graders entirely free.

Since 1948, when the agreements were being worked out, Mrs. Barstow has given personally: a $20,000 principal's house, $8,500 to pay off the 1948 deficit, and three buses for school transportation.

The transportation system is interesting and complicated:

One bus starts from the town line road in Mendon Village and brings graded school pupils from Mendon, picking up Chittenden youngsters on the way.

A second bus starts from the Holden area and comes up over German Hill
through Chittenden Village to the school with graded pupils.

A third bus for high school students comes from Mendon through Chittenden and down to Pittsford for their regular high school classes, and then makes a return trip to Barstow, bringing Pittsford students up to the vocational classes.

The vocational training facilities of Barstow are outstanding among schools of the state, but more than that, the consolidation provides in every way a better education than one small town could possibly afford. By and large, Chittenden people are well aware of this. They should be. With 34% of the total number of students (around 165 grade students now attend Barstow but the capacity is 200), Chittenden was slated to pay from the Grand List Tax only 15.9% of the total budget for 1952-1953. So much for educational advantages, plus indirect benefits such as improved roads, increased building in the neighborhood along with improvement of existing dwellings, and a name in the state.

Early in the picture the Barstows helped fix up the Town Hall in Chittenden, repairing it and putting in kitchen facilities, so that it could be used by all town organizations impartially, for suppers and entertainments, as well as elections in alternate years.

In between, from different motives, Mrs. Barstow built Mountain Top—a home for her summer guests—in the New Boston section.

She had been familiar with this farm property for some time. Acquired soon after the Civil War by a young man by the name of Henry Long and brought to a high point of production by hard work and pure cantankerousness, it lay on an eastward-facing slope, with the mountains spread before it, from Blue Ridge to Bloodroot, and Chittenden Dam in the foreground to set them off. (The word "Dam" is not used idly, for while the structure itself cannot be seen from the hills, in Chittenden "The Dam" means the water, no matter what the maps say.)

Buying the Long farm in 1939, Mrs. Barstow took every advantage of its fundamental rural loveliness. The double line of sugar maples planted by Henry Long eighty years before makes the perfect approach. The sweep of meadow slope and woodland with the wide stone walls bordering them is true farmland still. The ideal location of the huge barn and its heavy timbers were utilized in the commodious guest house that, with some additions, is the present Mountain Top Inn & Cabins.

Starting as a hobby with Mrs. Barstow, it became a business—it was large enough to require a manager—and because of declining health she sold it in 1941 to William P. Wolfe, the present owner, a young man from Delaware.

Today under the hand-hewn beams an increasing number of guests relax each year. An increasing number of honeymooners square dance and play ping-pong where Henry's cows once chewed their cuds while being hand-milked. And where the same cows, on sunny, warm days, sank ankle deep in the mud of the barnyard, Mountain Top guests now play shuffleboard or lie in deck-chairs absorbing the peace and quiet of the Vermont hills from the early greenness of June days to the spectacular coloring of October.

Mrs. Barstow comes seldom to Chittenden now—her summers are spent in Manchester. But when she does it must be with a deep quiet satisfaction. She must enjoy the thought of the endless guests who have carried out of New England a recollection of Vermont at its best.

Most of all, she must be deeply satisfied with the thought of the children who have ridden the buses to Barstow and had the advantages of its schooling, as well as those who will enjoy such advantages through the years to come.
You have often heard that Vermont has more cows than people. So maybe it should not be surprising that the fashion center for cattle apparel is a smart shop in Vermont... The C. H. Dana Company... located, not on the Champs Elysees nor Bond Street, but on Main Street, Hyde Park village, high in the Green Mountains.

If you were not aware of fashions in cattle wear, you simply do not know your beef and bucolics. The day of the common or peasant-type cow is gone. It costs just as much to feed a poor cow as a good one. The modern dairymen or rancher knows more about good breeding than Emily Post. There is more blue blood, true aristocracy and pure swank among cattle than anywhere else in the world today.

So what would you expect? When these queens of the dairy, these princes of the plains go to the great shows, fairs and sales would they be wearing just any old rope? Certainly not. The Dana Company styles show blankets in the animal's own individual farm colors and monogram. The Dana Company provides delicately modeled round strap show halters for dainty Jerseys and stunning white scalloped show halters for contrast on the Angus' shining black head. Dana's special Show Shampoo has prepared the shining coat and Dana's Coat Dressing brought out that shine. Milady's or Milord's attendant is equipped with a bright gleaming telescoping aluminum Dana show stick, and he probably wears a Dana necktie picturing the breeds.

Even at home, in the modern milking parlor or near cattle pen, a monogrammed horn chain lock rests on Milady's forehead or handsome neck chain marker with engraved numerals hangs about Milord's great throat.

The accoutrements which Dana designs and manufactures for these highborn creators of milk and steak are handsome indeed. And handsome is as handsome does. Because, of course, behind all this elegance is a hard core of utilitarianism. We forebear comment on the Edwardian mama who outfitted her marriageable daughter from Paris. But certainly the cattleman who outfits his herd from Dana in Vermont has his eye on the main chance. He enters his animals in shows and fairs and sales. He sells milk or beef or breeding stock. His sale price on a single bull may well run into the thousands of dollars. His milk route customers attend-
Dressed Cow

RIGHT: A pedigreed Jersey models one of Dana company’s engraved horn chain locks.

ABOVE: Inspecting identification markers.

ABOVE: Some of Dana’s show halters.

ABOVE: Engraving numerals on pendant.

ing the county fair number into the hundreds. It pays him, and pays him well, to have his herd shampooed and polished with Dana soaps and brushes, led before admirers in Dana show halters, and advertising his farm name on colorful Dana show blankets.

Also those beautiful engraved Dana markers worn around the horns or around the necks are simply the best and most practical identification in an age when efficient records mean survival for any owner of livestock. Successful breeding, feeding and production has become more and more a scientific process.

The fact that the elegant Dana creations play a highly practical part in modern farming is evidenced by the company’s steady growth through almost a hundred years of changing conditions. Established in 1861, the Dana Company issues its mail-order catalog twice each year, spring and fall. Dana customers, by the thousands and thousands now, are spread over every state in the Union . . . western beef states, central feeding states, seacoast breeding states, and the whole great dairy area from Wisconsin to Maine.

The humble beginning of the Dana Company, a hundred years ago, was based on ear tags ... the little metal strips which are fastened into the ears of cattle, sheep and hogs. These carry identification numbers and the owner’s name. Nothing fancy. But there are an awful lot of ears on livestock in this country, and old Mr. Dana made a mighty good ear tag. A business founded in 1861 can’t expect to have its founder still in the shop today, of course. A set of Mr. Dana’s teeth are kept on a handy shelf and abruptly exhibited to new employees, especially timid and squeamish new stenographers. But John Viets of Hyde Park is the company president now, and for fifteen years Kenneth Newton has been general manager.

Although he came from way up north (Albany, Vermont . . . fifteen miles from Hyde Park by road) Mr. Newton is beginning to be accepted locally and it is under the regime of John Viets and Newton that the Dana Company has expanded the meaning of “livestock identification” to include such things as handsome neck chain markers, engraved horn chain locks and colorful show blankets.

Honesty compels the admission that, in addition to its recognized authority on what the well dressed cow will wear, the (Continued on next page)
Dana Catalog is also regarded across the nation as the standard reference on livestock supplies ... the special sort of things stores do not carry, like shepherd's crooks, wool cards, Swiss cowbells in tuned sets to ring in harmonious chord, branding irons, tattoo markers, beautiful stainless steel pails and dairy utensils.

It is a big little business. In this it is a typically Vermont business.

Also it is typically Vermont because it's untypical. Odd. Or at least unexpected. On the quiet village street of a mountain town of 1,100 population ... in what looks from the street like an old general store ... here is the fashion center of what we have called (and not too jokingly either) the swankiest blueblood aristocracy of modern times ... American show cattle.

Lastly, what is typically Vermont about the Dana Company are its people. They will undoubtedly see this article and would be mortally offended if we came right out and said anything nice about them. Suffice it to state that the women who sew Dana show blankets feel responsible for the seams. The men who engrave Dana markers work with care. Some of the office staff, as pictured, may spend time on the sunny front steps swapping fish stories ... but it is an interesting fact that into the Dana office comes a steady scattering of blank checks. That's right. Blank checks, signed by customers who are uncertain about a shipping charge or a special item cost. It would look as though cattlemen in Texas and sheeplemen in California and dairymen in York State feel a sort of trust for the Dana office ... fish stories or no fish stories.

BELOW: Addresses for 50,000 customers.

“Isn’t there a best place to go to enjoy Vermont’s Fall colors?”, friends are apt to ask.

Of course, every Vermonter has his favorite Autumn views and drives. As Fall approaches we think particularly of the Mad River valley, the old road between Townshend and Grafton, the high road between Craftsbury and West Glover, or the Three Maple Drive near Manchester. These are private favorites among a thousand just as appealing to others.

It doesn’t make much difference, really, what road you take. Wherever you go in Vermont there will be the brilliant sugar maples, the muted yellows of the beech and the poplar, the rich, green background of spruce and pine.

It’s not color alone which sets Vermont apart. The air has a new clarity. The late gold sunlight penetrates and etches the landscape sharply, revealing previously hidden details of field and woods—old walls, forgotten farms, fading roadways. There is a hint of chill Winter to come that makes us cling to and cherish this brief, warm beauty. On this and the following pages we present a few glimpses of Vermont’s Autumn beauty.
Inn in Vermont

Robert Holland

VERMONT Life 27
ABOVE: Mt. Ascutney overshadows the little village of Brownsville, not far from Windsor. The late afternoon light adds an Autumn atmosphere to the landscape, but a hint of Winter lies in the shadows. The distant church is famous for the baked bean suppers held there each Saturday night from June through August. Made famous by Newell Green, photographer of this scene, are the nearby Brownsville Birches, reproduced in our 1949 Autumn issue. The village lies beside Mill Brook.

RIGHT: Fred Ragsdale, famous photographer of his beautiful home state, Colorado, ventured East last year. He found this view along the Wells River, a short but beautiful stream which flows from Groton Lake in Groton State Forest Park, beside U.S. Route 302 and into the Connecticut at Wells River village. The upper reaches of the River are good trout fishing. Nearby lies famous Ticklenaked Pond. Not long ago the Vermont Legislature defeated concerted attempts to bowdlerize its name.
ABOVE: Like Canaan and Stamford, part of Rupert by geographic accident has better access to a neighboring state (New York) than to other Vermont towns. But the fertile Mettowee Valley in E. Rupert, pictured here by Arthur Griffin, lies on Route 30 between Dorset and Pownal. The view looks southeast from building of the James Leach farm in Pownal. In the middle distance are the Robert Graf and the Griswold farms in Rupert. In far distance are the Francis Leach, George Sheldon farms.

RIGHT: Vermont has no monopoly on the white birch, but in such a setting it takes on a new dimension. Fred Ragsdale of Boulder, Colorado recorded this scene near Marlboro on the Molly Stark Trail. This beautiful highway traverses the Green Mountains near Vermont's southern boundary from Brattleboro to Bennington. Marlboro village, just off the main route, is the site of Marlboro College. Midway on the Trail is Whetstone. Here Route 8, later joining Route 100, crosses.
LEFT: Probably one of the three most beautiful churches in Vermont, (the others in Old Bennington and Middlebury), the Strafford White Meeting House was erected in 1799 by local builders with money raised mainly from the sale of the pecks. Various denominations worshiped here. Tradition held that if the preacher spoke falsely an iron hand holding the big sounding board would unclench and let it fall on his head. Visitors may borrow the church key at the Town Clerk's office nearby.

ABOVE: Mrs. Luoma of Weirton, West Virginia found this placid fall setting above the Lamoille River valley near Morrisville. Route 15 follows this scenic river valley for much of its course toward Lake Champlain. Lamoille’s name resulted from an ancient error in copying the map Samuel de Champlain made for the King of France. Originally it was Riviere a la Mouelle or River of the Gulls. The famous explorer probably noted the many gulls at the river’s mouth on his Lake voyage in 1609.
Vermont Brick

By Florence C. Arms

U. V. M. Student Photographic Staff, Ed Huett, Jr.
dures
The story of four generations of Drury brick makers.

The Drury firm must have hired all their workmen at first, since the main business of the father was shipping butter and cheese to Montreal. Shortly after the Civil War Jacob Drury was joined by his son, George, and they founded the brick making firm of J. K. Drury & Son. Homer, the youngest child in a family of seven, was then in the grocery business. When his father died in 1889, the two brothers George and Homer joined forces and went into partnership, the brick business then becoming the firm of G. B. & H. D. Drury. The partnership was incorporated in 1897 as the Drury Brick & Tile Co.

Homer in his turn had five sons—Harris K., Max, Alan, Harley F. and Edwin Drury. Again war played its part in the family life, and Harris and Max left the University of Vermont to join the armed services during the first World War. Harris was an ensign in the Navy Reserve when he received his discharge in 1919. Max served in the Army Signal Corps for about the same length of time. Both boys joined the brick making firm at the end of their terms of service. Shortly afterwards, in 1920, the company was expanded.

Today the present plant is under the direction of the two brothers, Harris and Max, and they are making rapid strides in the business, using new and modern equipment. They employ about forty men in the brick making season, and with the new machines they turn out at least twice as many bricks as double that number of employees could in the old days.

The first brickmakers in the state were journeymen who came north and found natural materials to their liking. They made their brick by hand from clay located near the site of the buildings to be (Continued on next page)
erected, oftentimes from clay taken out of the cellar holes of the houses they were to build.

The old craftsmen had their own ways of arranging the brick layer on layer in the walls they were building. Some of them used the English bond, which consists of alternating courses of headers and stretchers. A few of the journeymen used the Flemish bond, using a header and stretcher turnabout in each layer or course of brick. After they had become acquainted with the thrifty Vermonters, some of them developed a new and interesting pattern in their brick. They saved the brick that had been burned too black and used it to make a patterned brick wall. These checkered brick houses are some of the most beautiful old homes in Vermont. They are laid in a patterned Flemish bond, the black brick being used as headers.

There were no commercial brick yards at first. Always the materials used were those at hand. The lovely rose-red brick were burned from their own clay pits. Lump lime mixed with sand was the mortar used. They sawed the boards from trees that grew on the place. What enduring excellence they attained!

About 1850 brick yards sprang up all over northern Vermont, as the need for permanent brick buildings continued to grow. As times grew better, larger homes were required for more frequent entertaining and to house larger families. So brick replaced wood, and comfortable, spacious houses in the Georgian style, like the author's own, were built on almost every road in the state. These simple old brick homes have endured because they are well adapted to the New England climate. Brick houses are warm in winter; they are cool in summer and they require a minimum in upkeep. If they had not been built well, they would have vanished. Because Vermont brick endures, most of them are in constant use today.

It was not, however, until 1867 that Vermont's oldest brick making establishment came into being. Like the other companies in operation at that date, the brick the Drury Company made were unmarked, handmade "water struck" brick, which means that they used wet molds so that the brick would slide out easily.

Brick by definition is an oblong block of kneaded clay dried in the sun or burned in the kiln. "Water struck" brick may be recognized today because they are smoother and irregular in shape. In the "water struck" brick process men put alternate layers of clay and sand into a pit, then added water and let it set. Horses on sweeps were used to mix clay and sand in these old "pug mills." A man shoveled clay from the pit into the "pug mill." Then a man called a "striker" took the clay in wads in his hands and threw it into the wet molds. He filled the six spaces in each mold, and then with a flat board he "struck" off the extra clay, which explains the origin of his name. Such a man made 12,000 brick a day in twelve hours' work and then he went home.

After brick are molded, while the clay
is still plastic, they are dried for several days and then set in kilns, where they are to be burned. The original Drury kilns were under sheds with movable roofs and the brick were fired entirely with wood, which was cheap and plentiful. They “burned kiln” for seven or eight days, and then let the brick cool in the kiln sheds.

The old brick were made without adding artificial color. Burning brick with wood brought out the beautiful rosy color. This red is produced in the firing process by oxidation, if there is a trace of iron in the original clay. In firing, the kilns are heated slowly and brought to a temperature of 1850°F. and this temperature is held for the last two days of burning. The color and hardness of the old “water struck” brick and “sand molded” brick were always conditioned somewhat by their position in the kiln—some might be overburned and some might be underdone.

“Sand molded” brick differ from “water struck” brick in the process of manufacturing. “Sand molded” brick are brick put into molds that are first dusted with fine (Continued on next page)
sand. However the two kinds of brick were burned in the same fashion with wood. It was necessary for the Drury yard to cut eighteen hundred cords of wood a year just to burn their product. Great care and constant watching of the kiln was needed in order that the bricks should not be overbaked or underdone, and it still took seven or eight days to burn. The sand molded brick were more regular and somewhat larger, although they showed traces of the sand dusting the molds. Using machines to mix the clay and sand, it was now possible to step up production to 48,000 bricks per day in a ten hour workday. The Drury plant was rebuilt and enlarged in 1893 and rebuilt again in 1910. In 1920 a further change was made in the manufacture of the brick itself. By that time, it was found easier and cheaper to fire the brick by burning oil instead of wood. Apparently the amount of time taken for burning was just the same. They used oil for five and a half days and then finished with wood for one and a half days. They finished with wood, because that was what brought out the color.

This new process of sand molded brick was so successful that between 1925 and 1930 once more the Drury Brick Company enlarged. Max Drury worked in the office. Harris worked in the yard and also managed a new farm that was bought in 1920. The farm had additional clay banks that the brick yard needed. Production was now stepped up to 60,000 brick per day instead of 48,000.

About this time new methods were put into operation. In contrast with the old machines which were operated with the power of one horse, two hundred thirty-five horse power is now used in preparation and molding of the clay and sand into brick.

The original clay banks were close enough so that the clay was moved to the soaking pits in scoop wheelbarrows. During the past eighty-six years the clay has been used from so much land that it is now moved by industrial railway a distance of three quarters of a mile. The clay is now won with a power shovel, transported in five-yard cars and dumped into a large granulator, where it is mixed with 10% sand, and gradually fed through a disintegrator consisting of two heavy rolls set about one half inch apart. This machine breaks up all lumps of clay and further blends the clay and sand. The mixture is then fed through a machine called a clay cleaner, where all small stones are removed or crushed to powder.

From this point the clay is conveyed to a series of two pug mills, one horizontal and one vertical, where it is further pugged, or mixed, and necessary water added. This vertical pug mill is actually the upper part of the brick machine, and it feeds the clay mixture into the press where the molds are filled with seven bricks. Previously the molds have been dusted with fine sand, which acts as a lubricant, so that the now plastic and sticky clay will readily slip out of the molds when they are inverted. The brick machine automatically sands the molds, fills them, strikes off the excess clay, dumps the brick onto pallets and returns the molds to the sander, ready for another cycle.

The pallets, loaded with seven brick each, are conveyed to long drying racks where they remain for one or two weeks, and where the mechanically combined water is removed by sun and wind. While losing this water the initial shrinkage of the brick takes place.

When dry the bricks are conveyed to the kilns and stacked on edge, with spaces between each pair or "hand" of brick, so the heat in the burning process may readily surround each brick. The brick kilns are actually large piles of brick so placed that heat from the fires may create a draft through the whole pile and bring it all up to a finishing temperature.

After the kiln has been completed, a battery of thirty-six oil burners is moved into place and low fires are started in the bottom of the kiln. The temperature is slowly raised during the next five days to 1850° F.

Mechanically combined water has been driven off by the time the temperature has reached 212° F. The chemically combined water is now gradually driven off too, until when the temperature reaches 572° F. the clay has lost its plasticity irrevocably. At about 900° F. the brick takes on a dull red color, which cannot be seen during...
ABOVE: Today, toward the end of the 7-day “burn,” wood is substituted for oil heat to bake the brick. This seems better to bring out the bricks’ red color, perhaps due to the temperature fluctuations of the wood fire. Drury production is now about 60,000 bricks per day.

daylight hours. From 1000°F to 1450°F, the color brightens and all foreign matter is burned out. The temperature is now gradually raised to 1850°F, and held there until the burn is completed. The color of the brick in the kiln is now a bright yellow.

At the end of the fifth day the oil burners are taken away and the burn is completed with cordwood. The reason for the change is that the oil fires are very steady, while the rise and fall of the wood fires as fresh fuel is added and then burned down, seems to better oxidize the traces of iron in the clay, and bring out the red color of the burned clay.

Drury brick today are stamped with the firm name. They are finished hard burned and of low absorption. Such brick will endure for centuries. Layer upon layer of their rosy red product has been used in various buildings at Fort Ethan Allen since 1869, at St. Michaels College, and at the University of Vermont. The new wings of the Mary Fletcher Hospital adjacent to the University appear almost as part of the campus, because they too are built of Drury brick.

The Drury product appears in schools and public buildings all over the state, in post offices such as those at St. Albans and Rutland, and in public buildings like Burlington’s City Hall and Memorial Auditorium. The newer State Hospital buildings at Waterbury are built of Drury brick. The Company also ships its product into New York state and into northern New Hampshire.

At the close of World War II, Harris, Jr. and Donald, sons of Harris, followed precedent and went into the business with their father and uncle. Harris, Jr. had been in the field artillery, and Donald, who went into the business in 1949, was an ensign in the Navy.

The entire “Drury tribe,” as they call themselves, is very active in the town of Essex Junction. Harris has served as village trustee and president, was chairman of the Ration Board in World War II, and has been manager of the Champlain Valley Exposition for sixteen years. He has a third son, Noel.

Max Drury, too, has served in town and village offices and has two sons. John was a Navy flier, lives in Burlington where he works with the General Electric Company. Robert is a sophomore in high school.

Also coming along in the fifth generation to take their proper places in the business in due time are Harris K. Drury III and Robert Rand Drury.

It would appear that these modern brick makers in Vermont are as devoted to their art and as steadfast as their forefathers. In turn they are making a rich contribution to our Vermont heritage just as did their ancestors when they first laid down the enduring old brick walls.

END

VERMONT Life 39
An Autumn Mile

Once upon a time—but this is not a fairy story—I stood in the Times Square subway in New York city awaiting the train that would carry me northward to my apartment near Columbia University. When the train came and its door opened, there was a mob rush toward the door by, at least, a quarter of the population of the city. I backed away, amused. A guard, noting my grin, sidled up and said: "I have been here twenty years, and they are getting rougher every day!"

Your true Vermonter, whether he comes of old stock or came to the state last month to make his home, objects to having some harried individual stamp on his corns, drive his elbows into his ribs, or breathe down his neck; so I agreed with the guard, and told him the story of another phase of New York's herd instinct. It seems that a workingman, comfortably seated in a crowded subway car, gave up his seat to a lady despairingly looking for one. When he offered her the seat, she was so surprised and shocked she fainted. Recovering, she thanked him and took the seat. Then he, surprised and stunned by her word of thanks, fainted in turn.

Actually, of course, New York is a sort of American Mecca although not in a religious sense by any means. Thousands of Vermonters go to New York with their pocketbooks jammed for a sniff of the fleshpots and return without even their pocketbooks. And I think that Christopher Morley (living on Long Island) once referred to the city as a modern Bagdad, filled with color and movement and the glamour that goes with a great city. My personal impression of it is based upon the symbol of a jack-hammer and its hellish racket. I would look out of my apartment window and find they were tearing down a building on their way to building another; and it seemed to me that a month later they were wrecking the one just built. To my Vermont ears it seemed to me the uproar of the universe was concentrated in that street.

All of this comment—and I hope my New York City readers have skipped it—is to suggest that most of us, probably, need a quiet lane in our lives where the yowl of this modern machine, bomb, slam-bang, raucous age of ours can die away for a little while—and we can realize that there are still bird songs, the whisper of winds through pines, the far fluting of a brook, the rustle of small feet in fallen leaves, serene hills against the sunset without a skyscraper in view, on this earth of ours, and also a hint of the immemorial peace that was in the world before man came with a jack-hammer.

Here in Vermont there are thousands of autumn miles. Suppose I give you a glimpse of my favorite one. I leave one of our main roads, turn to a secondary road heading back into the hills, leave my car, and start a casual stroll along my autumn mile. It is a road now seldom used except by a few farmers. Once, long ago, it was a principal hill road. Along it are the ancient stone walls where the fox grapes cluster, old acres aflame with golden rod marching like golden-helmeted knights toward the valley far below. There is no point in hur-
riving along such a road; it was made by
men who felt no urge to hurry, who car-
ried no vitamins and soothing pills for
ulcers. Instead of slamming a road through
the hills they curved around it—and lost
an hour—imagine that!—getting to their
destination. There is an abandoned house,
around it an old orchard bravely defying
the years, but there is no sadness about the
place. I know its story—from it a great
teacher and a famous surgeon went, and
the old home served its purpose in breed-
ing such men—men of integrity and
brains. The old place can rest on its
memories and its laurels.

You will not be alone strolling along
your autumn mile. The red squirrel, the
last defiant voice of the vanishing wilder-
ness, may hurl his brisk anathema at you,
and then go about his business which is far
more ancient than man and will be here, no
doubt, when man has gone. The finches in
the pines may pause in their cheerful chat
to pass a comment or two among them-

selves regarding you, and then forget you.
As you turn the curve of the hill, your feet
quiet on the fallen leaves, you may see a
dusky hollow near an old stone bridge and
you will pause suddenly, for there, drink-
ing with graceful head bent, in a shadowy
pool streaked with silver circles, you will
see a fawn—and that one lovely scene will
make the mile worthwhile.

So find your autumn mile—and cherish
it. Many of your friends will not care for
it, but there may be one, so take her—or
him. And if you want to read a book which
will tell you what a city dweller
found on his autumn miles, look up this
book **Song in the Hills** by Edward Martin
Taber, one of the rarest and most beautiful
books I know, and the wisest. If you can-
not find one in a library, I can tell you
where to buy one. There are only 90 un-
bought copies in existence, but they must
go to my Autumn Milers only.

**Song in the Hills**

Thanks to the effective work of certain
dominant poets whose poems are so ob-
scure in meaning that even an intelligent
person looks upon them as a sort of cross-
word puzzle, poetry has been having a bad
time in America—and there is no use
arguing the point: the sale of books of
poems proves the point. However, the
Poetry Society of the state, now in its
seventh year and going strong, has cour-
ried no vitamins and soothing pills for

That "Id" should identify the poem as
modern.

Another mood and much in four lines—
"By a Grave, One April" by Rachel
Velma Prouty:

| Level the gentle earth; |
| Strew her favorite flower . . . |
| When has death annulled |
| The April hour? |

And here is the eternal woman—"Proud
Song, Meekly Sung" by Bettie Cassie
Liddell:

| I can't unsay the things I've said, |
| And "sorry" is too hard to say; |
| But I shall bake your favorite cake |
| And make the table very gay |
| As though this were a holiday. |
| And I shall don the dress you like, |
| And touch perfume to wrist and ear |
| And lightly paint my penitent mouth . . . |
| Then wait with anxious heart to hear |
| You say that you are sorry, dear. |
| And I am "sorry" to say that every man |
| reading that poem knows that the system |
| works. |

And one more—to be remembered when
we see lilacs by an old home, long aband-
oned, but a symbol nevertheless of some-
thing that time cannot destroy—"Leaves
of Lilac" by Mrs. Liddell:

| This lonely hill once held a house; and once |
| A man and woman plowed the silence here |
| With talk and laughter. Only glad love hunts |
| For solitude like this, with none else near. |
| Only light-footed love would match the pace |
| Of sun and moon and stars, of rain and snow, |
| And the endless march of mountains round |
| this place |
| That harbors fox and rabbit, buck and doe, |
| Nothing remains of that which sheltered them |
| From plunging skies; no shingle, beam or stone, |
| Gives proof this briered grass caught in a hem |
| Or yielded to a pattern not its own. |
| And yet one sign, infallible: |
| The heart-shaped leaves of lilac grow here still. |

The little book proves, I am certain,
that there is song in the Vermont hills, and
I commend the book even to those who
have passed poetry by.

**First Harvest** 1954. 72 poems, 80 pages.
$1.58 postpaid. Vermont Historical Soci-
ety, Montpelier, Vt.
St. Michael’s College

By JOHN D. DONOHUE

Color Photography by THOMAS F. DECARO

BELOW: The 400-acre St. Michael’s campus stands on a plateau above the Winooski River valley, overlooks Burlington Municipal Airport.

WARREN CT.

42 VERMONT Life
An outstanding Vermont institution celebrates its Golden Anniversary.

RIGHT: The open doorway of Old Hall suggests the welcome which typifies St. Michael's. Georgian Colonial style marks new buildings.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE on Sept. 29, 1954 begins to celebrate the Golden Jubilee year of an educational adventure that reflects credit not only on the college founders, but also upon the neighborly people of Vermont.

In 1904, not even the most optimistic supporter of higher education would have given the Winooski Park institution much chance for success. Founded by men who could not speak a word of English, St. Michael's has grown and developed not only in size but in academic prestige to become an outstanding liberal arts college.

The initial student body of 33½—that half was the youngest pupil, a lad of 10—has multiplied to about 750. The single building which was bought with a borrowed $5,500 still stands, but it has been enlarged on two occasions. A total of 23 buildings, valued at about three million dollars, now make up the educational plant, and a “Greater St. Michael’s” lies ahead.

The original six priests—of whom three are still living—have developed into a faculty of 60. Two thirds of these are laymen. The other third are members of the Society of St. Edmund who prayerfully

(Continued on next page)
began their monumental achievement on Michaelmas Day, 1904. The 18 acres which provided home, college and farm have been multiplied to some 400 acres on both sides of Route 15.

That room was needed for the growth, especially after World War II. "We didn't expand. We exploded" was the way one Michaelman put it.

The word "exploded" only begins to suggest the varied activity that buzzes on the campus. Cancer research for the U.S. Public Health Service, training officers for the Air Force, preparing teachers for the state, readying young men for careers in medicine, dentistry, the church, law and the other professions—these give only a hint of the fruitful years since 1904.

When the six members of the Society of St. Edmund sought a location for the school they hoped to found, the site of the former St. Joseph's College in Burlington was the most obvious choice. Yet the vision that was to lead the Edmundites through their difficult years guided them in their decision. St. Joseph's College had lived briefly at the corner of Pearl Street and South Prospect Avenue on the lot now the location of the Bishop De Goesbriand hospital.

"Where will we have room to grow?" was the first question the Edmundites asked when they saw the proposed site. The University of Vermont was then a fairly substantial giant, and the Fathers did not want to have their campus surrounded by another. But there was always that vision of future growth, plus the desire for the kind of room they had enjoyed in France.

That was why St. Michael's College was founded at Winooski Park, overlooking the winding Winooski River and commanding one of the most breath-taking views of Mt. Mansfield and the Green Mountain mural toward Camel's Hump.

The home of Michael Kelly, which had served as residence of several Army officers from adjacent Fort Ethan Allen, was offered. The two-story frame building with barn was available for $5500, but that was enough to deter less determined souls. The founders went into debt for the first time, but it was a debt that was to pay great dividends to them, to their country and their church.

Michael Kelly had been the coachman for Miss Mary Fletcher, in whose memory and name a fine hospital was to rise in Burlington. Around the home were 18 acres on the plateau that overlooked part of the city of Burlington and gave a distant view of the picturesque Adirondacks across Lake Champlain. The founders could cultivate more than the minds of their young pupils. Their farm would help feed them and keep expenses down. Even today, a sizable farm and a herd of 75 cows serve the same purpose.

St. Michael’s had humble beginnings in Vermont but the six founders had left behind them in France monuments that provided the stuff of which their dreams were made.

Behind them they left Mont St. Michel, one of the wonders of the world, an island on the Normandy beach at high tide, a sandy promontory at low tide. At Pontigny, where the Society of St. Edmund was founded in 1843, they left behind the architecturally impressive Abbey of St. Mary’s which had been built in the 12th century.

Today, three of the founders still live and when they get together as they last did a year ago, when Very Rev. Victor F. Nicolle, visited from France they can laugh at the heartaches of those early days.

Another of those founders is Rev. Eugene Alliot, the twinkling-eyed former president of St. Michael’s, who chooses to round out more than 50 years of priestly service by acting as pastor of the new parish of the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Williston and by serving as spiritual adviser to the cloistered Carmelites at Williston.

"I’ll tell you how little English we knew”, Fr. Alliot laughingly recalls. "When we were coming on the train from New York to Vermont, we stopped in almost every town and we tried to tell by looking out the windows what kind of country we were coming to. The thing that caused us the most consternation was a single word that we saw in many store windows. It didn’t speak very well for our adopted country.

"To you, the word ‘sale’ means lots of business. To us poor Frenchmen, ‘sale’ meant ‘dirty’—and we couldn’t figure why those neat housewives were bustling into the stores in spite of the ‘sale’ signs on them.”

Fr. Alliot’s language difficulties were not such as to deter him from teaching his pupils in both French and German. He admitted last year when he marked the Golden Jubilee of his ordination that he had forgotten almost all his German until a
Massachusetts doctor wrote him a note of congratulations, thanking him especially for the help Fr. Alliot’s German lessons had given.

In the academic field Fr. Alliot’s great love was mathematics and he even mastered baseball scoring to illustrate his lessons with pertinent comments when the weather got fine. As a youth, his health was so poor that it appeared he might not take Holy Orders. Yet the Green Mountain air must have agreed with him. Each weekend, after teaching classes until Saturday noon, he took his train, buggy or bicycle and went on ministry into those towns that had no resident priest.

The bishop of Burlington, Most Rev. Edward F. Ryan, recalled at Fr. Alliot’s Jubilee that there was not a parish in the state that Fr. Alliot had not served at some time, and considering that one third of the state is Catholic, it was a big parish that he adopted.

For the early Fathers, weekend ministry was one of the few sources from which offerings might be expected, and all the Fathers took their turns. It’s a tradition from which no one is exempt.

The French in northern Vermont who had come from Canada were glad to send their sons to the “college” which was opened at Winooski Park. At first called St. Michael’s Institute, the school took its first big step forward in 1913 when the Vermont Legislature approved the charter, granting St. Michael’s authority to grant the usual degrees bestowed by a liberal arts college.

Others were not slow to take advantage of the educational opportunities afforded at Winooski Park. St. Michael’s—and the Society of St. Edmund itself—began to attract young men whose ancestors had been born in Ireland, in England, in Belgium and in the United States.

St. Michael’s had begun even in those early days to establish a reputation as a “family” college. At one time, shortly after World War II, nearly 10 per cent of the students on campus had brothers in college. “If it’s good enough for my brother, it’s good enough for me” was the motto.

The Crowley family from Babylon, N. Y., had four sons attending simultaneously in the late 1940’s, but State Senator E. Frank Branon of Fairfield holds the all time record. He not only was one of the early students, he sent six sons—and when the Cadet Nursing Program was inaugurated, his daughter, Rosemary, to St. Michael’s.

It’s little wonder Senator Branon was picked for one of the St. Michael’s College (Continued on next page)
ABOVE LEFT: Bishop Ryan Hall, first in quadrangle of proposed dormitories, is named for the Bishop of Burlington, Most Rev. Edward F. Ryan. In page 42 photograph it appears lower left.

ABOVE RIGHT: St. Michael's Playhouse since 1947 has been offering professional entertainment to Vermonters and their guests. Resident company is the national repertory group, Players Inc.

LEFT: Old Hall, twice enlarged, is the original building at St. Michael's. Its bell tower is a familiar sight along the Winooski valley. The building has a dormitory and office space.

BELOW LEFT: St. Michael's Science Hall, named for another founder, Rev. Martin Cheray, S.S.E., was first building erected after World War II as St. Michael's expansion program began.

BELOW: St. Michael's most distinguished honorary alumnus and cardinal protector of the Society of St. Edmund, is Eugene Cardinal Tisserant. Right is Rev. Dr. Jeremiah T. Purcell, who is the first St. Michael's alumnus to head the Society of St. Edmunds.
He asked to rebuild the church. The red tape for permission to rebuild. The red tape that the Catholics of Vermont have toward St. Michael's. Four out of five of the Vermont clergy have received some of their higher education at St. Michael's.

Fr. Louis Cheray was a wisp of a man—on the outside. He created in England a bit of a furor during the height of the Blitz. He had a church blown out from under him and since his parishioners had nowhere to worship, he organized a work crew to rebuild the church.

To be official about the thing, he applied for permission to rebuild. The red tape began to build up and so did the church. By the time the official board said: “Sorry, Father,” the church was again standing. It was very irregular, you know, but he had used only scrap material and you can’t be too rough with a pastor whose flock is praying for him.

Fr. Cheray who sketched the two additions to Old Hall, the name given to the old Kelly home, was able to spend his final days at St. Michael’s after long service in France and England. He plunged into full enjoyment of the building program and the vitality that the veterans brought to the campus. He became an avid basketball fan.

An endearing story is told of the spirit of the man. He had been applauding vigorously as St. Michael’s barely held a slim lead over Norwich, when a Norwich player scored a pretty basket. Father clapped. “Oh, no, Father,” moaned his coach. “You shouldn’t cheer. It was a Norwich basket.” “Yes,” said the gray haired gentleman imperturbably, “but it was a beautiful basket.”

That was the spirit that characterized not only Father Cheray, but also the students and faculty. In those early days, “moral victories” were many, as a student body that included high school students tried to field teams against larger schools. Norwich, for example, has to its credit an 80-0 Donnybrook over St. Michael’s in football.

Later the Purple tide was to turn and the cry of “wait until next year” was heard no more in the land.

The great victories which St. Michael’s achieved in the early days were in the academic realm. Long after other schools had dropped Greek and diluted Latin, St. Michael’s would not award a bachelor of arts degree to a man who had not mastered both languages.

One editor usually confounds would-be journalists by advising that the “best journalism class I had was sophomore Latin with Fr. Herrouet.” The explanation was simple: “He gave you literature to translate. That’s what he expected back. It was rough, but you learned style.” Fr. Herrouet is—though you have to read the catalogue to find it out.—Rev. Dr. John M. Herrouet, S.S.E., one of the founders of St. Michael’s. He still teaches the classics and in his “spare time” he can be found printing tickets for student dances or programs, or taking excellent photographs in black and white, or in color. A former librarian at St. Michael’s, he is a walking library when it comes to identifying birds, trees or plants.

The tradition of fine English teaching has during the past 20 years been in the hands of Dr. Jeremiah K. Durick, a native of Fair Haven. Dr. Durick is a past president and a founder of the Vermont Poetry Society. His chief prose contribution is the “History of the Burlington Diocese,” published during the Centennial Year of the Burlington Diocese. During the summer, he serves as director of the Summer Session, to which come some 300 men and women, priests, brothers, sisters and laymen, graduates and undergraduates.

The growth of the summer session suggests the changes at St. Michael’s. The usual enrollment for the summer session is greater than the enrollment in the regular session during pre-war days.

It’s quite a picture to see a fervent young actor or actress marching intensely back and forth in front of the St. Michael’s Playhouse, committing the latest lines to memory, while at more leisurely pace a cassock clad priest strolls with his open breviary, reading the eternal words from the Holy Scriptures.

The St. Michael’s Playhouse, one of the top tourist attractions in northern New England, was started at St. Michael’s during the summer of 1947. Since then, professional theater has been St. Michael’s summer contribution to the community.

The resident company is Players, Incorporated, a repertory group that has toured the United States, Canada and the Orient. All college graduates, they have twice been invited to fly to Japan and Korea to entertain our servicemen. Scarcely a week goes by since those trips, but some Korean veteran visits the theater, applauds loudly and then goes backstage for a “do you remember when” visit.

As for the quality of the company, growing audiences attest to their ability to entertain. The New York Times wrote of the touring company: “This is real theater. We want more of it.” Theophilus Lewis, drama critic for America, wrote: “The Playhouse is one of the unique theaters of the nation. It presents an annual selection of plays that are mature without being highbrow, edifying without being stuffy. Occasionally, it assumes the role of being experimental without being arty. It features no stars who lend their prestige to the country theater while saving their better efforts for Broadway. Players, Inc., the resident company, rates comparison with such distinguished foreign acting groups as the Abbey and Gate Players in Dublin and the Old Vic in London. No other summer theater can make that claim.”

But the Playhouse is only part of the campus activity that Vermont’s pleasant summers make possible during the months when city dwellers are moaning about the heat. This summer, teachers from all over the state began a study of the curriculum in...
ABOVE: Students stream from College Hall. It houses classrooms, chapel and gymnasium.

Derek

the parochial schools of the diocese. Members of religious orders and teachers with contracts in the Vermont schools are given a 20 per cent reduction in their tuition by St. Michael's.

There is scarcely a high school in the state but has had a St. Michael's alumnus teaching the boys and girls of Vermont. Young men who concentrate in Education at St. Michael's meet the requirements for teaching certificates in 45 states, and this year's senior class is sending one sixth of its members into teaching.

This love of teaching is a reflection of the devoted instruction that the students themselves have experienced. Although St. Michael's has long enjoyed a high reputation for scholarship, the faculty has never been content to rest on its honors. “The St. Michael's Plan” is the name given to the revised curriculum which the college now has in full swing. Weekly faculty meetings over a period of two years, plus innumerable conferences, resulted in the hammering out of a plan of teaching the liberal arts that has already attracted widespread attention and has inspired emulation.

“The dean of studies, Rev. Gerald E. Dupont, S.S.E., was the man who sparked the discussions and planning. The leading article in the first issue this year of “College and University” is devoted to his statement on the new St. Michael's curriculum.

Last year, the four issues of the Bulletin of Higher Education of the Catholic University of America were given over to his views on liberal arts education, especially in Catholic colleges.

“Everyone agrees,” says Fr. Dupont, “that a college student ought to have a significant experience in Mathematics and the Sciences, not only for the formative value to be derived from a serious study of these subjects, but to understand better the world of the Twentieth Century, which is in large measure the product of mathematical and scientific developments.

“A college student ought also to have a good command of English, an insight into the mentality and means of expression of some group speaking a language other than English, a fairly thorough understanding of the culture of the West, a knowledge of philosophy and a mature appreciation of theology.”

Time was when a student could brush off a question with: “We studied that last semester”. At St. Michael's, that is not an excuse for forgetting.

At St. Michael's, the student is expected to get an integrated view of the political, social, economic, literary and artistic development of the whole culture of a period.

At the time that a Michaelman is reading in history about Napoleon, he is studying the writers of the period. In the arts, he is reminded that Beethoven, discovering that his hero's dictatorial boots covered feet of clay, tore up the dedication of his “Buonaparte” Symphony and gave it the more general title “Eroica”. Thus are the different subjects related.

But no matter how well the program is organized on paper, it can not attain its aims without good teachers. The men whom the Society of St. Edmund has educated and the devoted laymen who have joined them are first rate teachers.

The Sociology department, for example, is headed by the first and only man in Vermont to earn his Doctorate in Social Service. He is Rev. Dr. Lorenzo D'Agostino, S.S.E., author of “The History of Public Welfare in Vermont”, and a frequent consultant on the problems of alcoholics.

When the citizens of Vermont, with alumni help, built the new Science Hall, they provided St. Michael's students with facilities that matched the faculty. No one at St. Michael's was astonished—though they were pleased—when St. Michael's was the only liberal arts college for men in the East picked by James Hampton in his 1953 listing of “recommended small colleges”. The Air Force, likewise, had 450 other colleges to choose from when it selected St. Michael's for an Air Force ROTC program.

The United States Public Health Service chose St. Michael's as one of the centers for its cancer research. The man who heads the project is Rev. Dr. Thomas Donald Sullivan, S.S.E. Fr. Sullivan, a
former dean at St. Michael’s, is chairman of the Biology Department and a native of Fair Haven. He has taken a leading part in the setting up of the Science courses which all St. Michael’s students must take to fit them for intelligent living in an atomic age.

The three story, fireproof Science Building is used not only by Michaelmen. Its modern facilities are available for the Science courses which the nurses at the Fanny Allen and the DeGoesbriand hospitals must take.

Although women are a familiar sight during the summer session, and also now when the nurses bustle into class, they first came to St. Michael’s in the regular session when the Cadet Nursing Program was set up in World War II.

Out of that war came many things, including a Greater St. Michael’s. Before the war, St. Michael’s was a small liberal arts college, content to educate as many boys as could be accommodated in the Old Hall dorm, plus a sprinkling of “dayhops”. Enrollment never touched 250.

Came the war when the student enrollment dropped into two figures and then with peace began to push toward four figures. The solid reputation that St. Michael’s had been building since 1904 brought thousands of veterans to Vermont, clamoring for admission.

The Fathers of St. Edmund were faced with a great decision. Should they continue as they had and admit perhaps 200 boys or should they try to expand for the sake of the young men who had helped preserve our country? For anyone who knows the Fathers, that was a loaded question.

Registrar Thomas Garrett recalls one letter: “You probably don’t have room for me, but if you can give me a closet to park my books.” Enrollment never touched 250.

Reginald McCarthy recalls another: “I’ll serve as chairman of the Winooski Ration Board during the war and end up with more friends than he started with.

Some of the surplus property was a gift that the government made available to all educational institutions. Some of the surplus was sold at a fraction of its value. In all, St. Michael’s acquired 23 buildings, including dormitories, a dining hall, a library, an infirmary, the Playhouse and an “I” shaped classroom building.

Some of the surplus sales yielded marital student veterans and their families.

But while the surplus buildings served the immediate need, the Fathers knew that St. Michael’s could not turn back. This was not a temporary boom. More Vermonters wanted the kind of education that St. Michael’s was offering, and with them came hundreds from other states.

The Vermont Legislature recognized the contribution of St. Michael’s when it established in 1937 the first scholarships for Vermont boys who wanted to go to St. Michael’s. Those 15 scholarships, valued at $120 each, were eagerly sought for. Twice since, the number and value have been increased by Legislative vote.

The scholarships for worthy Vermonters are now valued at $250 and this Jubilee year, 112 Michaelmen qualified for them upon the recommendation of their State Senators. Several times in recent years the valedictorian has been a State of Vermont scholar.

The long range aim of St. Michael’s is to conduct a college for between 800 and 1000 young men. Toward that end, the first of a quadrangle of dormitories has been erected since the war. It is called Bishop Ryan Hall in honor of the head of the Burlington diocese, a devoted friend of St. Michael’s and one of her distinguished honorary alumni.

The building and equipping of Science Hall and Ryan Hall cost about $1,000,000 and more buildings are required. Another dormitory, a chapel large enough for all the students and additional classroom space are sorely needed. It is not difficult to believe, considering the great strides that have been made in the first 50 years, that the second 50 will be marked by comparable growth. That is the earnest hope of St. Michael’s ninth president, Very Rev. Francis E. Moriarty, S.S.E.

When the Vermont Constitution was framed in 1777, Section XLI read, in part: “All religious societies or bodies of men that have or may be hereafter united and incorporated, for the advancement of religion and learning shall be encouraged and protected in the enjoyment of the privileges, immunities and estates which they, in justice, ought to enjoy, under such regulations as the General Assembly of this State may direct”.

That philosophy has been made manifest to St. Michael’s in many ways that belie the stereotype of a Vermonter as one who is concerned only with his own business.

The men and women who lift their eyes unto the hills of Vermont have shown by their words and deeds their confidence in a college whose motto “Quis ut Deus” is translated: “Who is Like to God?”
This is the Way it Was

Our valley is still green and quite likely always will be, but the green of the mown fields and the little stoned-in upland pastures has changed over the years. Now the green is almost black where the dark fingers of the spruce poke their way up through the thin soil of abandoned fields, or the poplar rush in, taking over a farm like a stream of excited silver.

You can stand here and look down our valley and see part of our country’s history written on these hills. Across the ridges you will have to look long and close to decide where the land was once cleared, for it has grown back to timber. Then, as your eye drops down the slope you find it easier to trace the outlines of what was a family farmstead or some valley farmer’s hill pasture. Finally, look at the valley floor itself. Nothing has changed very much. The farms there are level and well-tilled. The land carries more cattle than it used to, and each farm is a cherished property.

What happened to our valley? Well, the boulder-pocked, hardscrabble holdings near or on the hilltops were the first to be given up, and so on down the slopes, till now it’s pretty hard to find anyone living very far from the main roads along the valley floor.

Where did these people go? Some few went South to the cities there, or East to Boston and the Massachusetts manufacturing centers. But most of them, being farmers, pushed on to New York state, the Western Reserve, to the big logging in Michigan, to the big corn in Iowa, to the ranches, or finally to the Coast.

But some stayed, as they always do. The old ones can tell you how it was, before the hills grew back to woodland, and what family lived where now there is only a cellarhole and a mass of day lilies to mark their stay.

Let the old ones tell you and, before it is too late, show you.

This then, an old man, a pair of horses, the plowing and planting and harvesting, with the simple well-fashioned tools of forgotten years—this is part of what makes us great—this is the way it was.

Written & photographed by
Neil Y. Priessman

50 VERMONT Life
Take a walking-plow and an old pair of leather-heads that have been scrambling over these hills all their lives and a man can turn as neat a furrow as any tractor—if he'll just stay with it.
Those new lime spreaders work pretty good too—but I don’t see any call to spend all that money when a wagon and shovel do ‘bout as well.

T’ain’t that it’s hard work sowing oats.

It’s just in knowing how—so that a man winds up with his land covered nice and even and no seed left over.
Kind of pretty up on this hillside in Springtime.
Knew a fellow once—told me he could cradle five acres a day. What did you say?

Nuthin'. He knew I'd cradled some myself, so I figured he took me for a damn fool.

And I knew he was a liar.

What's the use of two people like that trying to keep a conversation going?

If you'll swing this cradle for fifteen minutes you'll see why folks have let them hang in the barn the past fifty years or so.
What are you tying those oats with?

Oats.

Let me have those last two shocks.

Look like pretty good oats, don't they? Look even better when they're all in the barn.
The City Is Doomed

The distinguished editor of the New York Herald Tribune, who is part Vermonter (he owns a place in East Dorset) sounded the death knell of cities the other day in a lead editorial. This editorial may be as far-reaching and as prophetic as anything printed in this esteemed family newspaper since its foundation.

Says he: "Not the least of the awful realizations awakened by new facts on the hydrogen bomb was stated by Herbert R. O'Brien, N. Y. Civil Defense Director. Shelters, he said, are obsolete. New plans are being shaped for the evacuation of New York, and presumably of all the other metropolitan centers of the country.

"What will happen to the life of a country that suddenly sees its cities emptied?" he asks. And he quotes Mr. Val Peterson who said flatly: "The cities are finished!"

It is apparent from a quick survey that complete and fast evacuation of the big cities, in case of a hydrogen bomb attack, would be impossible without hours of advance warning. No one knows how much warning modern defense methods can guarantee. This of course is an outstanding secret of our periphery defense plans.

I do not aim to argue with these startling facts or to deny them. I do, however, question the final conclusion of the eminent editor who ends his significant editorial by warning that:

"Without cities the land decays."

Cities A Colossal Failure

I wonder! History, seems if, has shown that the truth is just the other way around . . . namely that without the country the cities decay. A birdseye survey of the twenty-one recorded civilizations described by Prof. Toynbee in his monumental work shows, by a fairly graphic pattern, that civilizations follow a plotted organic metamorphosis. They get born in toil or revolution, endure long growing pains, suffer the indecisions of adolescence, and finally flower. Then they run evenly on a plateau for some time. Finally they began to go to seed. Eventually they wither, decay and perish.

In many of these case histories of the growth and death of civilizations the first sign of final doom appeared when great importance was placed on cities as if they were the symptoms of success! This marked the first breach in the wall. This was where the insidious factor of obsolescence set in. This was the beginning of the end. The weed-like unhealthy and artificial growth of vast urban centers in our machine age is not, by the facts of history (as the Herald-Tribune thinks) a sign of the flowering of our creative arts and the best product of our civilization. On the contrary it is a danger signal of the utmost significance, giving us sharp warning that we had better take an objective look to see if, indeed, we have not been wrong in allowing this development to go as far as it has.

That the cities are the center of the creative arts and of the best things of life is strictly not true. It is too well known a fact to emphasize that artists, writers, and most creative folk while they do go to the cities to sell their stuff, actually do their real creative work in the country. From the earliest days of Greece and Rome (and this is a fact borne out by classic writers of antiquity) the cities are, at bottom, but a vast market place. The worth-while work, whether creative or otherwise, is done in the country. Creative people know that the farther man gets away from the ennobling, inspirational and salubrious environment of nature, the less he is able to create and the less value he derives from what he accomplishes. And I hope no one will accuse me, in this assertion, of swallowing Jean Jacques Rousseau whole.

I am certainly NOT advocating, God knows, the demise of the cities when I try to show that we can live without them. I do not hate the cities; some of my best years were spent in the biggest one.

But I do say, and I do firmly believe, that the cities have been a colossal failure, and that they will eventually decay and finally vanish without reference at all to the hydrogen bomb or to any outside danger whatsoever. The destructive baccilli that will kill them off are in their blood stream and have been for over a decade.

Why The City Will Disappear

These are some of the reasons for this seemingly remarkable statement:

First: the cities will disappear because they are no longer successful. Diminishing returns have set in. Cities have become so noisy; so contaminated with noxious gases and lack of air and therefore so unhealthy to live in; so crowded that all the social ills are accentuated and contagious; so jammed that the traffic problem is admittedly insoluble; and so warm a breeding place for slums, crime and disintegration of moral fibre, that even now it is practically impossible to get anything done in cities or even to stay in them. When I go to New York on a business trip, I have to give up after two days in complete exhaustion and frustration. Their very size and present character defeat them. They have reached an impasse. There is only one way they can go . . .

Second: because of these same conditions, industry and business are fast quitting the city. The fiscal burden, the tax problems, and the approaching impossibility of operat-
ing urban facilities with any reason or sense, now makes it unprofitable for industry and certain businesses to live in the cities. Even the garment industry, New York’s pride, which one would think could endure most any conditions is moving out.

Third: the last war (1941–45) showed the way. The success of the widespread sub-contract structure in war industry, which caused thousands of small industrial units in the country to make and flow component parts into an assembly plant, was enough evidence to prove it would work and to suggest the devastating thought that because decentralization WILL work, the day of centralization of industry is over. BUT . . . it is over not just because centralization is unsafe in the event of attack from the air. It is over because living and working conditions for labor in the cities have become so unhealthy that there is, from the workers point of view, just about no use in working. This rather startling premise was advanced some years ago by Prof. Mayo of Harvard who, after years of intensive research, showed that men working in industry want something more than higher pay, more time off, wider fringe benefits, more pensions, more insurance, etc., etc., to make them happy. He showed that workers are unhappy because they are NOBODY! They do not have what he calls social identity. Nobody knows them or admires them. They don’t belong to anything.

The answer to this problem, Prof. Mayo says, is complete decentralization of all industry into the country:—to small towns and villages where the workers and their families can be respected and admired members of a human community . . . small enough so they can live integrated social lives . . . where they can BE somebody. And where they can be happier.

Fourth: The cities have made life impossible for men and women with families. There is a common understanding that one can live well in the big cities if . . . and this is quite an IF . . . one has an income of $50,000 a year or more. With such an income one can avoid most of the disadvantages of the city by placing the kids in boarding school and spending the summer in Vermont, the fall on the Riviera, the winter in Florida, and the spring fishing in Nova Scotia or Idaho.

The Sum of Our Danger

Please do not think I am being facetious about this urgent and indeed tragic plight of the cities.

But this I emphasize: the vulnerability of our big cities is the sum total of our national danger. Without their great industrial concentrations, there would be little worth bombing. So long as there exist on the planet people of ill will like the Communists who because of bitter greed and abject stupidity think they can conquer the world, just so long will the free world be in danger, especially now the means have been discovered to arm such men with the weapons of total destruction. Of course there are other ways of attack besides the H bomb. Without cities we would still be subject to such outer danger. But at least we might be better able to cope with it which we may not be able to do with the Bomb!

While experts now privately admit that with a bomb attack the cities are doomed and could not be evacuated, obviously no one is silly enough to propose that they be abandoned . . . at once. But there is no reason why objective studies should not be undertaken immediately, not only as part of our defense plans, but as part of our survival. Can we not make better use of our beautiful, wide, rich countryside? This is a new angle on land use. We have never touched upon land use on a national scale. We are now driven to it. We can no longer neglect it.

I am not advocating that we should forthwith turn the entire United States into a pastoral nation populated only by farmers, small soil-grubbers and hen and cattle tenders. Such a fate would destroy western civilization almost as quickly and completely as the bomb.

Our Last Best Hope

No . . . I am only talking about the real new national use of our country by business, industry and all manner of enterprise now concentrated in the cities. The better and happier use of our great continent, with its millions of acres un-used and idle, is merely a step to stop the further growth of something no longer useful for the purpose for which it was designed:—the city. Remember, the city arose as a port, when trade was by the sea, later by the rivers, or at railroad centers. All these premises are today, in the air age, invalid.

Millions of Americans today, most of whom escaped from the cities in the last couple decades, have shown to their satisfaction as well as to others, that life in the country can not only be as good, interesting, rewarding and cultured as in the cities, but in every way more so. And too, this advance guard has shown, in a small way, that we have neglected the greatest natural resource we possess as a nation . . . our rich, big, relatively untouched continent. This is our last best hope of all.

END
WHEN U.S. ROUTE 7 leaves the teeming suburbs of New York City, it strikes into early America. Anchored in the modern world, it leads, as though through time, into the past.

After Danbury the farms begin. Then comes the swift-flowing Housatonic, then the Berkshires with their great estates of a past era, and Williamstown, historic Bennington, and Rutland. At Rutland, a branch, Route 4, climbs northeastward and crosses Sherburne Pass, where the Long Trail Lodge stands at the crest of a rocky barrier, and Pico Peak, with its famous ski runs, towers above. Now the road descends sharply, swings northward onto Route 100—and enters old New England, a New England of Currier and Ives.

This thinly populated hill country, one of the loveliest in the East, extends northward over hundreds of thousands of acres of unposted land where anyone may wander. There are beavers and mink as well as trout in the streams; and bear as well as deer roam the ridges; there are even rumors of panthers. Here a man's most cherished possessions are still his axe and his rifle; buggies and sleighs are sometimes seen on the roads; oxen are still in use; and wood is the common fuel for heating and cooking. And yet this peaceful, restful island in the sea of modern times is within easy distance of the Northeast's great centers of population and industry.

This lovely country, where land prices too belong to an earlier age, is becoming a haven for those who earn a living in the arts and for teachers and professors, as well as for sportsmen and summer people who have discovered its beauty and the wholesome way of life it offers.

One of these newcomers, an author, and his wife, have found on a ridge of the Northfield Mountains a perfect setting for the fulfillment of a dream that has been shared by nearly every American—the dream of a small log cabin in a quiet, peaceful wilderness of long ago. The cabin was built for them by Ralph Ray, a neighbor, from plans and specifications they drew themselves after a careful study of architect Chilson D. Aldrich's "The Real Log Cabin", which they found in the Montpelier library. Except for the fireplace and chimney, Mr. Ray built the entire cabin, including the roof, which is of Vermont slate, with only a part time helper. For all concerned, it was the first experience in building with logs. Construction took about five months.

The cabin measures, inside, about sixteen by twelve feet; and sixty-five straight, forest grown spruce trees went into the log work. The trees were cut on the grounds and drawn from the woods by oxen; and the cutting was done while the sap was flowing, so the logs could be peeled. The average diameter of the wall logs was eight and a half inches at the butt; and tops and butts were alternated so the walls would be level as they rose.
The cabin's foundation wall is of concrete faced with fieldstone, and the gable ends are slightly higher than the sides, since the logs are staggered. The sill logs are bolted down as are sills in conventional frame construction. The floor joists, too, rest on the foundation wall. The log-fitting was exacting, but simple in principle: each log was given a rough, preliminary corner notch at each end; then, when in position on the wall, it was scribed to the log below, on both sides, for its full length, with a pair of dividers. It was then taken down and hewn to these scribed marks with a curved adze, called a hovel. After this the corner notches were carefully finished with hovel and chisel; oakum was laid between the logs and the newly fitted log was spiked down with twelve-inch spikes made by a local blacksmith. No chinking was necessary; and since only the underside of each log was cut, the walls shed water. The only finish used anywhere on the cabin, inside or out, was boiled linseed oil, with umber added to darken the tone of the floor.

All the materials used were of local origin except cement, felt paper, oakum, sash, oil and umber, and some of the hardware. The high cost of building materials had little effect on the investment involved.

No telephone leads to this cabin from the outside world; the omission was deliberate. However, there is power. It comes from the owner's farmhouse, which (Continued on next page)
is hidden by a knoll. No wires show outside; trench wire was buried in a plowed furrow. No road, no other human habitation, is visible anywhere, even on distant hills. Sometimes a plane passes, and sometimes a locomotive whistles at a distant crossing; apart from that the sounds are the age-old sounds of the uplands—the bark of a fox, the chatter of a red squirrel, the piping of a hermit thrush, and the endless purling of a brook as it tumbles, clear and cold, into the valley. Though near in driving time to the modern world, the cabin’s setting, like the call of the wilderness, is primitive and eternal.

LEFT: Mr. Ray makes an exacting cut on a rafter to fit the curve of plate log. RIGHT: The log ends were axe-cut. The logs were spiked together with 12 in. spikes. BELOW LEFT: Soon the chimney and the fireplace will be built in the end opening. BELOW RIGHT: The logs at the gabled ends are sawed. All the rafters are fitted.
RIGHT: The rafters have been fitted to the ridge pole, the cabin's master timber. No cut impairs its strength, all adjacent timbers having been fitted to it. The cabin is now ready for the pine ceiling. The chimney of a tightly constructed one-room cabin needs a very large flue.

BELOW: The casement windows of the cabin open in. Their frames were built on the job out of local white pine. The sash were among the very few materials bought to complete the cabin. The construction labor comprised much the larger portion of the building's moderate cost.

RIGHT CENTER: Here is a rafter ready to fit the notch in the plate log. Note the smoothly curved shoulders, carefully cut with chisels to match the curve. Ground was broken for the cabin in July and it was completed in late November. Later the chimney was raised to give better draft.

RIGHT: Native pine roof boards have been nailed to the rafters for the ceiling. Felt paper was added and then furring strips to provide an insulating air space. Spruce boards came next, then roofing paper. Finally slate was laid with copper nails to make it a permanent roof.
“There remains Vermont and in my judgment, half of your stay should be spent here. If it is not the most beautiful state in the union, which is?”