Vermont Life

Autumn 1952

35 cents

Hoot, Toot & Whistle • Hop Raising • Autumn Portfolio
Lost Treasure of St. Francis • 1927 Flood • Coon Hunting
Editor's Uneasy Chair

Having generally adhered to the views on poetry expressed on page 35 by Mr. Orton, and feeling that perhaps poets should be heard but not seen (on the open pages of Vermont Life anyway), we admit a certain suspicion that Mr. Orton has left himself open to a telling rebuttal by Dr. Peach.

Mr. Orton is not alone, however, for on page 30 we, too, have fallen upon the spell of verse, though less by choice, it must be confessed, than because no suitable prose seemed available pertaining to Athens, Vt., pictured on pages 20–30 by Mr. Teller. Athens is pronounced A-thens, commonly, just as Calais is called "callous." Whether Corinth is accented a or a fight is a matter of debate. With Berlin, of course, you bear down hard on the "burr."

Speaking of Calais, Mr. Orton’s Spring issue comments on the (at least) two Vermont Moscows brings us two stories. Of the Stowe Moscow Frank Stafford of Stowe says his grandfather, Jared C. Camp, did the naming. Seems the small settlement, called Smith’s Falls, had a large sawmill and by it hung a big saw with hammer to summon the men to work. At that period the unearthing of the 180-ton, broken Great Bell of Moscow (Russia) was a topic of general conversation. Mr. Camp’s dubbing the ringing saw Moscow just stuck.

The Calais Independent reports a similar derivation for the section of East Calais once called Moscow. When the mill stones for Samuel Rich’s new grist mill were installed they fell and cracked. Again someone likened the accident to the Russian Bell.

On Mr. Orton’s comment on a section of the Vermont Map, we have a suggestion from Nathaniel Smith of Providence, R. I. that this is a corruption of Biblical "Padenwaren," where the patriarchs Isaac and Jacob found their wives.

**In case you missed it, that Lady’s Slipper in the Summer issue was "Showy," not "Pink," and the Lake Champlain Bridge is in Addison, not Bridport.**

Vermont Life

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Green Mountain POSTBOY

By WALTER HARD

The Post Boy once had a maiden aunt who never went to bed. No indeed. Others might express their determination to "go to bed" or even to "hit the hay." But Auntie always modestly "retired." She could doubtless fully understand why we so often see Vermont towns described as "sleepy villages." It is because so many people live there who have retired.

Without laying claim to any more years than have been his allotment up to date, the P.B. remembers when it was only a man of unusual wealth who was spoken of as a retired this or that. He also was, as a rule, even past the stage when he had been made "chairman of the board." It is only in recent years that the age of sixty-five has come to mean something special. Of course all this has come about by the introduction of pension systems. We recall the great excitement in the academic world when the Carnegie pension system went into effect resulting in the sudden disavowal of so many seats of learning to any connection with any special religious denomination. Suddenly the teaching profession took on a new attractiveness.

THE SIXTY-FIVERS

Naturally those who have to keep on at their jobs until a certain age has been reached, usually sixty-five, are ready to "settle down" to some years of less strenuous living. People are not old at that age nowadays to be sure, and most of them enter on their days of retirement with a good store of energy, and plans enough to fill at least twice the number of days there are in the year. They have generally been teachers or professional men in the employ of some large corporation. Many of them have owned places in Vermont for some years and have spent any leisure time they could get preparing their summer homes for permanent residence. For some of those who are reading this most erudite discussion this may well be the first autumn free from the rush of getting classes organized and learning new faces and what is behind them. Or for the business man it may be the first release from the slavery of train catching and the daily routine of the office. Perhaps the new life has already been tasted during the summer but there has been so much to do this year that there has been no time to really savor the new life. A bigger garden accompanied by tired muscles that demanded an early-to-bed regime and often prevented the accompanying early-to-rise. And this latter may have been the greatest proof of a new life. The heating apparatus had to be made winterwise and the water system freeze proof. The leisure has not meant freedom from toil. It has meant more freedom from clock slavery.

Perhaps one of the first things the new life has taught is that TIME IS NOT MONEY.

The new countryman may spend hours fixing a bit of plumbing or doing a piece of carpentering, learning the hard way, either of which jobs could have been done by a professional in a quarter of the time, and probably done better. But now there is that monthly check coming in and it looks quite small compared to the former ones, but it has to do. On the other hand, with the shortage of money, comes the sudden wealth of time. So perhaps by now, things are fairly snug. There are plenty of vegetables in the freezer down cellar. He shows them to visitors with the pride of a creator. Doubtless there are some things he planned to have which he failed to make grow. Next year he'll know. Probably there are too many string beans. On the shelves his wife may be showing the results of days of picking berries and canning them. The P.B. has an idea that when she and the visiting female get off together, her enthusiasm for country life may not be fully up to that of her husband.

In fact any fair-minded masculine retiree would admit that at first at least he has had the easier adjustment. Now come the shorter days when there is invitation indoors as soon as the sun drops behind the mountain. When there is added warmth in the wood the new axe wielder has cut himself. When lingering around the breakfast table, in the kitchen of course, offers the hoped for reward after years of slavery to schedules. And still to come are those long winter evenings. Brother, beware. If you are not careful you'll find yourself plowing out to some kind of a meeting instead of reading peacefully by the fire. You'll be amazed at the number of clubs, lodges, committees, etc., etc. a small village holds. The Post Boy doesn't by any means advise becoming a recluse.

There are civic duties in small communities and social obligations too which should not be shunned. But if one has some mild infirmity it might be well to hold onto it in case the demands become too onerous.

IT'S TIME TO RE-TIRE.

You are doubtless familiar with this advertising slogan. We might group the second retiring-to-Vermonters as those, too young to be in need of "catching up on their sitting" as Ken Barry said in reply to the question as to what he'd do when he retired. They had jobs where they retired after so many years of service as is the case in the military branches. The old tires had been patched and re-lined and retreaded. They've been over a lot of rough roads no doubt. But this group has a lot of mileage ahead. So they re-tire. They move to Vermont very likely but by no means settle down. They're ready for a lot of new trips. Maybe they get free from schedules but they soon make out ones of their own. They too have many things they've been wanting to do and fortunately for Vermont they often use some of their energies in public services. Not that the older other group fails this way, but the re-tirers have youthful energy still left. They've been the greatest kind of help already in the state and the P.B. extends a welcoming hand to the new ones, here this fall for the first year on their own. In fact he, with all good native Vermonters, extends greetings to all of these retiring ones of all groups who greatly enrich us. May your new home fires burn brightly these cool nights perhaps with the wood you have cut, sending out a nice woody smell as the sap sizzles. As you doze there in the comfortable warmth, pleasant dreams to you.

END
Neil Y. Priessman, Jr. grew up in suburban New Jersey, came to love New England from summers in Essex, Conn, and schooling at Loomis Academy. He studied agriculture at Cornell and Rutgers, has been trying to get back to Vermont since a summer here 15 years ago. After farming in almost every other eastern state, three years in the Army and three logging in Georgia, he made it to Vermont by way of the Rabinovitch Photography Workshop. Vermont Life is proud to present his work.
No. 28 in Fitch’s Grant

If, some day, you are fortunate enough to be driving up Mill Hill from the village of Jacksonville, cross the stream at the crest of the hill and follow this road—not too far—but up and up. From the top you will see spreading out to the southeast and joining the North River Valley, the rich vale that is the Allen Homestead.

Perhaps it was this view that persuaded Elijah Allen I, Revolutionary War soldier, cobbler and farmer, to buy this tract in 1821, recorded on the deeds as “No. 28 in Fitch’s Grant.” Much more likely, it was his shrewd farmer’s eye that saw the level, stream-watered fields, and the high sheltering hill that would protect the farmstead from the north.

Old Elijah I deeded the farm to his son Jonathan in 1825, and Jonathan immediately brought his family and possessions to No. 28 Fitch’s Grant in an oxcart. His infant son, Elijah II, was later to be the father of Mr. Wallace Allen, the present owner.

Drop down the hill and stop under the shade of the giant old maples sheltering the Allen dooryard. Be sure you have a few spare hours, for this is an experience that cannot be slighted. Here is a family and a way of life as montant as the blue-stone hills and tart mountain streams around them. The Allen Farms are an integral part of this family whose occupancy spans 125 years.

First, as a link with the well-remembered, well-loved past, let Mr. Allen, now 86, show you his family museum room. Here are gathered together the worn, handled things that people have lived with and by. Many of the items were made on the farm by the Allens—all of them used by them. The collection includes farm tools, household utensils, account books, and such extra oddments as a miniature cant-hook for tooth-pulling, and a half-full jar of snuff made a century ago. Many of the things date to shortly after the Revolution, but Mr. Allen can tell you how they were used, either from his own experience or from remembered family lore.

An addition was made to the collection at the time the material for this story was gathered. In searching for a special tool the photographer felt was needed to complete one of the museum stills, Mr. Allen found, hanging where it had been forgotten for half a century, the knapsack carried by his uncle Wallace in the Civil War. The forgotten years were one with the present when his uncle’s war diary was found in the knapsack.

The diary contained an account of a furlough, or as he called it, “parole,” during which he visited his beloved Vermont. Shortly after his return to the front there is a brief notation of his being wounded in the arm, followed by a few widely spaced jottings about his condition, in an increasingly illegible handwriting. His brother and sister journeyed to his bedside and continued the diary, noting his gradual sinking and delirium, during which his brother noted, “His mind seems always to turn to Vermont.” Then came the last entry, by his sister, “Wallace breathed his last at 10:29 a.m., October 7, 1863.”

Step away from the past and follow Mr. Allen to the Kitchen collection includes wooden chopping bowl and scraper (for smoothing its sides), rolling pin, mortar and pestle, hand-carved butterprints, chopper and shaker. Craft & care went into their making.
A molding plane, beading gauge, hand-forged gouge, spoke-shave, hammer & hand-wrought nails from the Allen museum.

spotless modern kitchen, which will be a difficult place to leave. Mrs. Allen’s fragrant cooking and cheerful talk will tell you at once that here is a very important spot on the Allen Farms.

Now, if you fancy yourself a good walker and something of the outdoor type, prepare yourself for disillusionment when you follow Mr. Allen over the fields and pastures he has known and loved for so many years. This is a farmer’s farm, not a showplace. Look and listen closely and you will see and hear things that come only with many generations living on the same land. Mr. Allen will identify the old boundaries of the Coleman place, long since bought and integrated with the original Allen Homestead. A little further on he will show you with great pride a drainage ditch a quarter of a mile long—the first one to be dynamited in this section.

You will come upon a Black Gilliflower apple tree standing there since at least 1790. “Not too satisfactory,” is Mr. Allen’s comment. “Only fit to eat for about fifteen minutes, and that might be at night.” He didn’t add that the apples from this tree were still satisfactory enough to take a blue ribbon at the Wilmington Fair this fall.

A wing of one of the barns was first framed about the time of the Revolution. Another barn near it, the “new barn” only slightly less than 100 years old, houses a basement stable of over 20 stanchions, complete with calf pens, drinking cups, milking machines and all the equipment that goes with modern dairying. But a stable and well tended fields still can’t make a dairy farm. When you see the Allen’s herd of over 35 purebred Jerseys, all of them bred from foundation stock purchased many years ago by Mr. Allen, you will understand the Allen’s quiet pride in being fine stockmen. There is an old adage among cattlemen which can apply only to farmers like the Allens, and to cattle as well tended as theirs, “The eye of the master fattens his cattle.”

The Allens have always welcomed responsibility, not only for the land they have farmed so well, but also in town affairs. Wallace Allen, like his forebears, has always been active in school and church. In addition he has been an active member of North River Grange for sixty years, town representative, and director and auditor of the North River Creamery when it was in operation. The North River Creamery was an early model cooperative started by Mr. Allen’s father and a group of his contemporaries.

If you find milking time has come while you are still with the Allens, take a few minutes more and watch the fifth generation of Allens, Richard and David, (a third son, Myron, Jr., is now away in the United States Army) helping with the chores. Talk with them, or better, since they will be pretty busy, with their grandfather. He will tell you of their 4H activities and their Future Farmers of America work, in which Richard is a leader. They too are members of the Grange which their great grandfather helped to organize in the early days of the Allen Farms. The sure, quiet movements of the youngest Allens around the cattle continue the family tradition of fine dairying.

As you drive back up the long hill in gathering dusk you have a feeling that the Allens still have much to add to the history of No. 28 in Fitch’s Grant.

LEFT: Nephew Dale helps with chores.

RIGHT: Mr. Wallace Allen at 86 is still active in the management of Allen Farms.
ABOVE: As Vermont as maple syrup are the sloping pastures, stone walls, and grazing cattle at the Allen Farms in Jacksonville.

LEFT: Young David Allen grainning the Allen's purebred Jersey milking herd.

RIGHT: Old Vermont recipes, many of them Allen specialties, are prepared by Mrs. Allen in her modern kitchen.
In the days before flood protection, a quarter century ago, Vermonters proved their mettle in the face of disaster.

There was a great deal of rain through the early fall of 1927, but the first two days of November brought a new and heavier downpour. Hour after hour rain drummed monotonously on roofs and pavements. Gutters and ditches ran full, and swollen streams reached for their banks.

Then came the morning of November 3 and the clouds lifted slightly. People left their homes to view the raging streams, curious to see what was going on. But no one realized the danger. Few sensed that anything serious, let alone disastrous, was about to happen. The evident power of the rushing waters inspired awe but not alarm until around mid-day when some began to take the usual precautions against high water. Shortly thereafter, the seriousness of the threat began to dawn on inhabitants in upstream places. In early afternoon word came to Montpelier from the Northfield Weather Bureau that rain would continue and water would be high.

Unlike the mighty crests of the slow moving rivers of the central states, there was no other warning here. Had the populace been forewarned lives could have been preserved and some goods and valuables might have been moved. Little else could possibly have been done, for in a few hours Vermont's greatest catastrophe was to occur. Shortly many were to die and damage was to run into millions of dollars in value. As darkness fell none could visualize the horrors of the night ahead. Most were too busy with emergencies to pay heed to anything else.

Safe from the streams that were already scourging the valleys, residents of Burlington and St. Albans became alarmed as telephone and telegraph lines from central Vermont told of rising water, and then one by one sputtered and failed. On Friday, November 4, wild rumors were circulating. These reports were of great loss of life, of towns completely swept away, of suffering and hunger and exposure and of thousands homeless. These stories which turned out to be partly true could well be believed by those who saw the great masses of water, laden with debris, pouring down the Winooski, the Lamoille and the Missisquoi. Like spectacles were seen in every valley.

With alarm mounting, cavalry started out from Fort Ethan Allen and volunteer groups from Burlington to try to penetrate the wall of silence which had formed across the Winooski. From St. Albans, World War I veterans started up the Missisquoi and the Lamoille. Senator Frank L. Greene sent over a wire working intermittently into Montreal a telegram asking President Calvin Coolidge to send Army planes to ascertain what had happened. This was answered by a plane which rocked its wings over the city.

Serious damage was found by the groups which examined the two northern valleys but it was Saturday night before anything definite was learned from the Winooski above Richmond. Men caught in Montpelier arrived in Burlington after a hard journey along the hills to Williston.

They brought a story of almost unbelievable desolation in the low areas. Relief measures already under way were
immediately increased. Food, clothing and blankets as well as medical supplies were dispatched by trucks through Smugglers Notch to Waterbury. That narrow pass, already covered by early snows, was used for days for the transport of a miscellanea of necessities. It was the only means of reaching the area from down river and was kept open despite the snow. From Waterbury to Middlesex a wood road was improved hastily by clearing and filling in wet spots with thousands of Christmas trees which could not be shipped to markets. Back roads gave access to Montpelier and Barre from Middlesex.

Nearby undamaged communities were quick to come to the aid of stricken neighbors. Women prepared food and gave shelter to refugees; men labored first to open roads and later to aid in the clean-up. Offers of substantial emergency help came from outside the state.

With the probability that some legislation would be needed in Congress, the writer in behalf of Senator Greene gathered first hand information along the Missisquoi, Lamoille and Winooski rivers during the week after the disaster. The difficulties of getting around are not part of this account but the trip was possible only because the car had considerable clearance. The hard surfaced road program was just getting under way.

There was heavy damage all along the Missisquoi, more on the Lamoille and the saddest sights were on the farms and in the villages and cities on the banks of the Winooski. Early the next spring I saw evidences, partially cleaned up, of the fury of the deluge in the rest of Vermont.

These trips certainly were not pleasure jaunts. The mud looked like heavy grease and gave about as much traction. Scenes along the routes were not inspiring. Foundations revealed where houses and barns had disappeared. Some structures, fairly intact, had been moved varying distances, some to the centers of highways. Those still on original sites were often askew.

ABOVE: These twin bridges at Center Rutland somehow withstood the raging Otter Creek.

BELOW: The Winooski, here at Winooski City near its mouth, did the greatest damage.Courtesy Lloyd Hayward.

At St. Johnsbury floating Hastings St. bridge rams the Arlington St. bridge. Vermont lost half its covered bridges in the Flood.

This is the C. L. Stickney house in Royalton battered against a big maple. White River damage was second only to the Winooski. Courtsey Mrs. A. B. Whittier.
Manufacturing plants were heavily damaged. Stocks of lumber were scattered for miles. Stores were being cleaned with shovels and stocks often were almost beyond recognition if not swept away. Low-lying farms had suffered tremendously. Fertile valley places had suffered the loss of valuable top soil or fields had been covered with thick layers of sand or gravel. Cattle lay here and there most of them with two feet extended, awkward in death. Valuable pianos, beyond salvage, seemed everywhere in the light snow.

The Central Vermont Railway right of way from Richmond to Montpelier was to considerable degree wiped out and the line suffered severe damage at other places. Rails and ties were twisted over and over, sometimes standing like a picket fence and in some places drooping over washouts. One comfortable looking house was neatly balanced on the rails. Farther along a big railroad bridge had held for a time against the pressure of wreckage. The modern, heavy structure lay in pieces downstream, its heavy anchor bolts sheared by the tremendous force.

Narrow Bolton Gorge, unable to let the great flow through, had set the tide back until it passed through the railroad cut and gouged a mammoth hole in the mountainside. Up river, “Slip Hill” had slipped in earnest this time and the railroad faced a major job of rebuilding.

At one point on the road a tangle of hay and sticks was caught on a pole several feet above the roof of my car, ten or more feet above the level of the highway, without doubt marking roughly the top water level. Hither and yon, lodged against obstructions, were great piles of boards, furniture, uprooted trees and other flotsam. A huge deposit of this kind was one of the sights in Waterbury.

Everything the water touched was slimy with the fine grained sticky mud. Houses, stores, trees, cars, furniture were thickly coated. It penetrated partitions, upholstery, even into the grain in the wood in houses, to appear again for a long time after as dust. Housewives will vouch for that. From buildings and the saturated land came a dank odor, hard to describe and noticeable at a distance. Many people made the first move toward cleanup by turning garden hoses into their homes.

Sad were the scenes in every central Vermont community. I learned in Montpelier that signs of trouble began there about mid-day of November 3. Water was getting into cellars of the low business district. Merchants were used to that from past experience with high water, but this time the water did not stop rising as usual and the moving of goods from basements to first floors was not enough. Many men stayed in business places putting stocks on counters then on shelves until they had difficulty in getting to the sanctuary of second floors.

Soon there were many feet of water in the business district and in the lower residential sections. It was nightfall and after before the crest was reached and in the darkness it swept downstream. In the wild obscurity of that long night terror was intensified by the noise of the unseen threat of death.

That the casualties were not greater was a source of wonderment to those who witnessed the calamity. In countless cases the initiative, resourcefulness and bravery of individuals saved lives. Everywhere there were stories of spectacular rescues.

A crew of linemen swam to dry land from a railroad car in which they slept. They were dried out and fed by a good neighbor and then they set out to open communications and perform rescues. It was also related that a boat was carried over a mountain in order to rescue a number of people marooned in a home. A motor vehicle officer was let down a rope to save a merchant who had clung for hours to a shelf in his store.

Countless similar acts were recounted, some getting into print, and more, which in ordinary times would have made headlines, were recorded only in the memories of those who went through those two hectic days. One man was swept away with a rope and electric light wire. Men on a makeshift raft themselves became marooned in attempting to save the crew of a locomotive; all were saved by boat. Veterans trying to take bread to a village...
were nearly carried over a dam. Coffin boxes were nailed together to serve as rescue craft.

How some met death will never be known. Some left their homes by make-shift means and were swept away. Others remained in houses unable to see what was going on in the darkness, the din bringing added fright as houses strained, shook and sometimes collapsed or floated away. One man shouted farewell as he floated along in his home, a lighted lamp in the window.

The dawn of November 4 produced strange scenes of boats moving along streets taking out people when it was necessary and delivering milk for children. One man recalled that in the night he was awakened by unusual noises and swung his feet out of bed into a foot of water. A woman told of sitting at the head of the stairs watching the rising level and of a piazza light which became submerged before the power went off. Others on a second floor listened to furniture bumping on the ceiling below them.

Many persons were caught away from home and could get no word to their families, friends and neighbors. They came straggling back by one means or another approaching their homes with perturbation. Power was off in most towns but those with battery sets received and passed along personal messages freely broadcast by radio stations in other states.

Men used to organized effort—war veterans, National Guardsmen, soldiers of the Regular Army, police, fire fighters—led in all sorts of tasks. A notable example was the railroad man whose train was stalled and who walked miles along the hillsides to bring in a remarkably accurate story of the extent of damage to the line. Telephone men came from distant places to make repairs. I asked the member of a crew trying to get a line over a torrent where the fellows on the other side were from. Ohio was his guess.

Oddities of the flood were many. A china closet was found tipped over in the mud without a nick in the contents. A box of eggs packed in sawdust had floated to a top shelf, the sawdust gone but the eggs intact. A cow was found placidly chewing her cud in one home and in another a handsome marble statuette was neatly placed. A horse thought drowned under a barn was found two floors up in the hay now perfectly content. The water had not gone nearly that high but somehow, just how was a matter of conjecture, the mare had climbed the narrow, steep, twisting stairs. And there was a report of a barn which came nearly to rest, replacing one which had washed away.

Clear thinking Vermonters, each doing needed tasks, bridged the first hours of the emergency. In the midst of the wreckage everywhere I found people working. All the able bodied were cleaning, salvaging, helping others—a multitude of strange tasks suddenly to be done. Stunning as their losses were, they had gone to work, some doubtless to cover heartaches.

Those farmers whose places were intact or slightly damaged came to the aid of their less fortunate neighbors, caring for stock, housing and feeding victims, pitching steaming hay from water logged barns. Inquiries to stricken farmers about their losses often brought laconic answers. Words of sympathetic intent were deftly put aside, perhaps appreciated, perhaps not. It almost seemed that word had been passed around that the proper statement was "Yes, I'm kind of hard hit but wait 'til you see Blank's place down the road. Don't know how we'll do it but we'll get along." That attitude was often in the face of losses in buildings, stock and fertile fields built by years of hard work.

I entered a garage that was still dripping wet. Valuable equipment, motors and tools had not been cleaned and were about to rust. The owner and his mechanics were busily engaged in drying the mechanisms of autos which had been submerged and were being dragged in. The owner felt it was more important to save these cars than to take care of his own property.

I stood on the main street of one community. Across the street was a small house that had been flooded to the eaves. From the business district trudged a housewife laden with an armful of dry clothing. As she drew near the stained and battered home, a woman came to the door with a bucket full of mud.

"Ain't you a bit late with your housecleaning, Mary?" inquired the passerby.

Mary emptied the pail over the piazza rail onto one of several large piles accumulated from previous dumpings. The reply:

"Oh no, just dusting up a bit."

That was the spirit in the face of calamity. Wherever I went, more than the damage, terrible as it was, the courage of the afflicted was impressive. In some smaller places when asked what was needed the word was "We'll take care of things." They asked only for yeast to make bread and chlorine for the water.

Detouring over back roads with a town officer we came upon lone farmers filling small washouts or repairing racked or ruined small bridges, doing this of their own volition. They said someone might want to get through.

The only crossing over one stream for miles was a steel bridge still in place. Here I learned that for hours most of the
men and boys in the vicinity had filled sand bags and thrown them into the turbulence threatening to cut around one end of the structure. It still shook from pressure; men were still on watch. I was told: "Cross at your own risk."

Elsewhere I came to a covered bridge which had been moved downstream and was lodged from bank to bank against two trees. It sagged and looked unsafe. Nearby a man was hauling muck-covered potatoes from a cellar window and was washing them with a hose. When asked if the bridge could be used, his reply was indeed Vermontish—"Bigger cars than yours have been over."

A store stock was in a sad state nearby. A customer was teasing the bookkeeper who was trying to separate the soaked leaves of her loose-leaf system. "Hell of a store where a man can't find out what he owes," he remarked as he paid what they decided was due. Others, too, had paid their bills there that day.

Many will recall scenes of destruction in other parts of the State—in northeastern valleys and along the fast flowing waterways in southern counties. Outstanding were the huge gorge cut near Cavendish, the Mendon road which became the bed of a raging torrent and the sad fate of the village of Gaysville. At the latter place the entire center of the community was swept away. People had lived here in pleasant homes and in apparent security through many periods of high water. This time houses, barns, gardens, wells and land to a great depth dissolved before the eyes of the villagers to a deep gorge well below the previous stream bed.

For some days following the cataclysm news both local and of the world was scarce in many places. Radios brought in some information. Mail was delivered by one means or another. Letters and telegrams to Burlington were sent by boat across Lake Champlain.

Several newspapers were hard hit, particularly The Montpelier Argus. Its plant on the bank of the North branch was thoroughly swept and coated with muck. But The Argus was out Saturday with news printed on one side of a small sheet. Similarly The St. Johnsbury Caledonian put out one sheet. The St. Albans Messenger which got some news from a Montreal radio station was hand set and the press run by a gasoline engine.

Along the banks of every stream in the State the evidences of the gigantic power of the water were painfully plain. The havoc wrought in a few hours was unbelievable. And it seemed impossible that so much water could fall in so little time. About one quarter of the normal annual rainfall came down in three days.

The soil was already saturated when the storm broke, and natural storage places, lakes, swamps and streams were well filled. According to weather reports it began over Cuba October 29. As it moved northward there was a high pressure area to the northeast and another moving in from north of New York State. The warm, moisture-laden air current was caught between these cold areas. Cooling action lowered the moisture carrying capacity and the falling rain made more and more room for the humid air stream. This lasted about twenty-four hours.

At the highest elevations there was no record of the fall but it may have exceeded 32 inches at some points. The fall from November 2 through the fifth was 9.14 inches at Molly's Falls and 9.65 at Somerset.

Individual initiative took care of the first hours of the crisis. Gov. John E. Weeks was in Montpelier and with the aid of State officers and their staffs organized emergency construction and relief work. Surveys to determine pressing needs and long range programs were started. Civic and business leaders gave freely of their time and experience in many problems including the setting up of a temporary agency to provide financial help where needed. Help came from other states, governments, organizations, individuals, church groups; and the Red Cross made material donations to the hard pressed and destitute. School children far and wide donated to the building of a new school...
house. The plight of Vermont awakened wide sympathy.

Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover arrived at Rouses Point by train November 16, having been sent as the personal representative of President Coolidge. Vermont leaders escorted him by special train to Essex Junction and then by a convoy of cars to Montpelier. After consultations in the Capitol, Mr. Hoover and Army engineers continued southward to other stricken communities.

The Vermont Legislature convened November 30 in Montpelier. Many members arrived after arduous and devious journeys. In a one-day session they provided for a bond issue of $83½ millions.

The Vermont delegation in Congress, Senators Frank L. Greene and Porter H. Dale and Representatives Elbert S. Brigham and Ernest W. Gibson sponsored legislation which resulted in an appropriation of $2,654,000 to cover the government’s share in the repair of Federal aid roads and bridges.

It required many days to fully assess the loss. The accepted figure was placed at about $30 millions. Some have placed the entire loss including that caused by inability to reach markets with Vermont products at a much higher figure.

The saddest toll was in human life. The total ran to 84 persons, 55 along the Winooski, nine in the White River Valley, four in the Lamoille, the remainder at scattered places. Highways and 1,258 bridges were damaged by over $7 millions, 650 farms to $1½ millions, railroads over $8½ millions, industrial plants over $5½ millions and city and village properties over $6 millions. The greatest damage was on the Winooski.

About 9000 persons were driven from their homes and over 18,000 suffered loss. There were 264 homes destroyed and 1359 badly damaged, by official tallies.

Restoration of communications was the first and most urgent need. Here native skills and ingenuity helped in opening roads and repairing bridges and in the construction of temporary structures. In a matter of days, all but the longest spans were replaced by use of material salvaged from wrecked barns, other wreckage and fresh cut timbers. During the winter, ice played havoc with some of these, but that was expected.

Cold weather probably aided in preventing epidemics but it did not augur well for the workers. The speed with which the Central Vermont railway was rebuilt amazed many. With carload after carload of gravel to transport on flat cars and spread in place, engineers anxiously read their thermometers each day. Happily the cold did not become severe enough to freeze the material and halt their work.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1928, the first passenger train passed along the rebuilt line to be greeted by cheers at every station. Less damaged lines were already operating.

Restoration of the economic life of Vermont, a staggering task, was not the entire problem. Surveys were begun at once to determine what could be done to prevent future disasters. The engineers later said it could be done and their figures revealed that the cost would run into many millions of dollars. But where would the money come from?

The financial problem was solved when the plans were resurrected to provide work for the Civilian Conservation Corps. Construction of control dams began in 1933 at Wrightsville and at East Barre. There were on tributaries of the Winooski which received first attention for obvious reasons. Channel improvements and replacement of the so-called clothespin dam in Montpelier also were undertaken. Later a huge dam was built on the Waterbury river. The first two were completed in 1935 and the latter in 1938. The State provided the land rights and agreed to operate and maintain the structures; the Federal Government did the construction under the direction of Army engineers. In recent years, these dams have been tested and have proven their worth.

Vermonters have rebuilt long since their roads, homes, barns and industries. They replaced lost herds and improved the fields. Flood bonds have been paid. There is little now to remind one of the sad sights of twenty-five years ago—a bronze marker on a hotel desk quite a few feet above street level, a painted line high on a store or railroad station wall. Nature has covered with vegetation most of the scars on the landscape. Tranquility soon returned to communities and living is again good in the green hills.

Adversity revealed the mettle in the people. As Mr. Hoover said: “I have seen Vermont at her worst, but I have also seen Vermonters at their best.”

Security against bad floods in the Winooski valley today rests largely in the huge control dams. This is the Wrightsville Dam; others are located near East Barre and Waterbury.
On a half acre plot fifty miles from the State’s own border lies a sample of Vermont’s industry, agriculture and outdoor life.

Text and Photography by Cliff Bowman

If you get bored some day this fall—some day between the 14th and 21st of September—hop into your helicopter and head for a point about 50 miles due south of Brattleboro, Vermont. If your aim is good, you’ll soon find yourself looking down on the sprawling, bustling, up-to-the-minute city of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Don’t land right away; head over to the west side of town and cross that placid ribbon which is the Connecticut River and stretches away to the north and south as far as you can see. Now you’re over the municipality of West Springfield, tied to its big neighbor by three great bridges, and known to millions of Easterners as the home of...
of Eastern States Exposition.
You can't miss the Exposition grounds—they dominate West Springfield. First you'll see the big oval track and grandstand—and if the "big cars" are racing—clouds of dust as they roar around the turns. Fanning out from the track and covering 175 acres all told, are the miles of streets and thousands of exhibits that make up this mammoth show.
You might put your helicopter down in the middle of the big racing oval—with 80 or 90 thousand persons crowding the grounds; it's as good a place as any. About the only other possibility would be the roof of one of the Exposition's fourteen permanent buildings. And that's not a bad idea, either, because it's one of these we're heading for: the Vermont Building, a graceful Georgian structure on the famous "Avenue of States."
This is Vermont's only "foreign outpost"—half an acre of Massachusetts owned outright by the state of Vermont, managed by the Vermont Development Commission. Each year more people than live in the Green Mountain State pour through the doors of this red brick building and view the cross-section of Vermont recreated within its walls.
Manufactured goods and handcrafts, food products and Green Mountain vacations are featured in dozens of action-displays. Maple sugar cakes are made in a "sugar house" operated by the Vermont Sugar Makers Association, and thousands walk away munching and carrying boxes of cakes and jugs of syrup under their arms.
The Vermont Beekeepers Association shows how honey is made—even to bringing along an honest-to-goodness bee tree, bees and all. Vermont craftsmen pick up their equipment, move down to Springfield for the week, and turn out pottery, weaving, woodworking, and jewelry under the admiring eyes of the crowd.
The state Agriculture department promotes famous Vermont foods—the emphasis was on "Vermont Turkey" in 1930, "Eggs and Poultry" in '31. This year it's "Cheese" the world's biggest, in fact, specially made—a ton-and-a-quarter of it in one piece—by the United Farmers of New England at their North Troy, Vermont, plant.
And so it goes, Vermont foods, manufactures, resources and—new this year—a 40-foot state replica with model trains gliding along the "Connecticut" and "Champlain" Valleys and threading cross-state with the "CV" and "Rutland." Better mark those dates, get your helicopter tuned up, and plan to come.
(More pictures on page 16)
ABOVE: Tired Vermont exhibitor John Stinetz of Randolph dozes peacefully in the midst of the roar of a thousand voices.

ABOVE: Exposition visitors watch in rapt attention as Stan Ballard (top opposite page) deftly shapes a graceful vase on his spinning potter’s wheel in the arts and crafts exhibit.

LEFT: An amateur chef gets pointers on how to prepare a succulent bird from Poultry Demonstrator Eleanor Bateman at the display of the Vermont State Agriculture department.

BELOW: Vermont’s first and second in command sample outdoor cookery at the Boy Scout camp in the Vt. Forestry exhibit.

BELOW: The long arm of public demand didn’t hang back at last year’s show when samples of good Vermont cheese and crackers were passed around at the H. P. Hood & Sons’ popular booth.
ABOVE: A crowd-stopper at the Vermont show is the pottery making of Stanley Ballard of So. Burlington.

RIGHT: To the help go the spoils. After hours, tired and famished display attendants make short work of a tasty Vermont chicken that had been roasted as a part of the poultry demonstrations.

BELOW RIGHT: Harry Osborne of Island Pond gives a Vermont vacation prospect first-hand data on squaretail trout fishing in the Clyde River. The State Development Commission manages the show.

BELOW: Small fry stand entranced at the center of the show's big forestry display and watch real bears cavort in a pool of running water. About 380,000 persons visit the building each year.
Golden Canopy

The lower branches of the big maple beside this old house at Weathersfield Center spread a canopy over the yard and the sun streaming through the leaves makes it one of luminous gold.

Newell Green's Autumn Portfolio

Newell Green, one of the outstanding photographers of the nation, displays here and tells about some of his favorite Vermont views. Mr. Green's Vermont roots go back several generations in the section where he spends a good part of each year at his Ascutney barn studio. Mr. Green has written widely on photography, and is recognized as an authority on snow pictures. He is a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain and of the Photographic Society of America.
OCTOBER NOON—Century-old maples about the yard attest to the former elegance of this weathered farmhouse near Ascutney, and when the leaves have turned, the place is framed in a setting of vivid colors more brilliant than ever in the mid-day sun.
ABOVE: MISTY RIVER—Autumn mornings are misty mornings around the rivers and lakes, when a warm day followed by a cool night fills the area with a light fog. But then the early sun breaks through and the mist begins to rise, letting the colors in the scene filter through the haze in a soft blend of many shades. So it was along the Connecticut River the morning this photograph was taken.

RIGHT: THE SUNLIT VALLEY—The sun is lower in October. The shadows are longer and the late afternoon light is sharp and clear as it slants across the tawny fields or strikes the lingering leaves on the birch, electrifying them into a gleaming yellow. This picture is an Autumn version of the famous spot in Brownsville which camera fans have taken over as their own pet view of Vermont and photographed in every season with countless variations.
ABOVE: INDIAN SUMMER—Indian Summer days of October are warm and hazy, colors far and near seeming softer under the paler light. There’s a fragrance of fallen leaves in the air, and the universal urge is to be out, enjoying the last warmth, absorbing the color that’s all around. Even raking leaves is a pleasure.

AT RIGHT: THE ROAD HOME—The elm leaves shimmer in the late afternoon sun and the lane to this farm near Woodstock winds across the meadow. The late light heightens the russet of the dried grass.
Pick up the hops around your boxes girls,” bellowed old Bill Darling in his usual loud voice. “It’s supper time!” The hop-girls who had been out in the fields picking at six that morning needed no second summons to quit at six o’clock at night. In fact they were so enthusiastic about picking up stray hops that one night they just picked Bill Darling up and dumped him head first into the nearest hop box.

Elmira Streeter Laundry of Concord Corners, who used to live down on the Connecticut river below Bill Darling, was once a hop-girl. She tells about it.

“We girls used to like to pick hops for Bill Darling . . . he was always laughing and carrying on. He was a short thick-set man with a long white beard and a deep voice. When I
picked hops we slept and boarded down at the house, and just used the old sleeping-room in the end of the hop-house for a kind of girls’ room.

“It was about the last of hop raising around, the years I picked, from 1885 to 1890. There were hop-lice with wings and they flew all over and around us girls, but we got used to them. Sometimes one of Bill Darling’s city boarders would stroll out to the hop field to watch us work. He’d likely be all dolled up with a tall hat and maybe light trousers. He’d walk down through the field kind of slow and about the time he turned to come back up out of the field we girls would accidently give our hop-vines a shake as he went by. The hop-lice would fly up in clouds and settle all over him and begin to crawl around.

By the time he’d get to the end of the field he’d be running and waving his high hat around trying to beat them off. We had a lot of fun.

“We got paid fifty cents a box and our board and room for picking hops. The wooden boxes were large, about as big as an old fashioned cracker box that St. Johnsbury crackers used to come in. There was a pole fastened to each long side of the box, along the top edge, longer than the box to make handles on each end to carry them by. Right up the middle of each end of the box there was a stick nailed on, upright, with a fork on the top ends. The forks made a trough for the hop-poles to lie in while we picked the hops off into the box. There was a girl on each side.

(Continued on page 26)
"We girls who were old pickers could sometimes get our boxes full by two o’clock, if we didn’t have any bad luck. We only picked one box in a day. But sometimes someone would come along and hit our “ridgepole,” as we called the pole of hops, and shake our box down. And when the sun was awfully hot it would wilt the hops right down into the boxes.

"It was hot picking some days. We used to wear long sleeved dresses and high buttoned shoes, and long black stocking legs on our arms, with places sewed for our fingers. Something like long mitts, to keep the hop-lice and bugs from crawling up our sleeves. Of course, we wore widebrimmed straw hats to keep the sun off our heads.

"It took two men all the time going around to cut down the hop-vines and poles and lay them across our boxes. How we’d holler if we had to wait for them. Bill Darling went around in the afternoon with a stone-boat and a pair of big red oxen and gathered up the boxes when they were full.

"We used to get awfully hungry. Daphane Darling was a good cook, but she saved all the best of everything for the city borarders. We hop-girls got what was left. In the forenoon one of the menfolks would go up to the house and get us a lunch of small doughnuts.

"When we first began picking we were a little fussy what we ate, but when hop time was over we could even eat the handles off the bread, and the heels, too, which was mostly what we got. But we had a lot of fun picking hops."

Old Captain Darling, who came to Concord in 1806, had raised hops extensively through the years and Bill Darling, his son, continued. Horace Hastings who lived down the road a piece from Maple Grove Farm raised hops, too. When he hopped the market was down. When he didn’t hop the market was up. The town of Concord raised 8683 pounds in 1860.

Bill Darling’s hop-house was a long low building beside the road. It was in a little field by itself, fenced in with a neat stonewall fence, with a gate opening into the upper field, and one opening onto the road. It took twenty girls to pick the hops each fall, and they slept in a large room partitioned off from the hop-kiln in the hop-house. There were two rows of ten single beds that Bill Darling got in Boston from one of his brothers. The girls hung their clothes on large hooks along the far end of the sleeping room. They boarded down at the farmhouse.

Hop fields were rotated every three or four years. They were set out in check rows three to four feet apart, and planted around tall spruce poles. They were four to
six inches through and up to twenty feet high. Every tenth plant in every tenth row was a “he” plant for proper fertilization.

About the first of June they began to cultivate the hops, both ways. Then they had to hoe around each plant. Long strings were fastened from each plant to the top of the pole for the hops to climb on.

Bill Darling usually set out three or four acres of hops, the largest fields in that part of the country. The hops were ready to pick early in September, before the first frost, and girls from the surrounding neighborhood used to plan on about three weeks’ work at Maple Grove Farm every fall to earn some money.

As soon as the hops were gathered they were emptied into kilns with wire screen bottoms to dry. They contain from sixty to eighty-five percent water and will heat if left too long without drying. There were coal pits under the kilns, and men sat up all night in the hop-house raking over the coals and stirring the hops. One night would usually dry, and another bleach them. They put brimstone in an iron kettle on a stove in the hop-house. The fumes from the brimstone would bleach the hops and kill the bugs. In the morning the hops would be ready to bale. They were put in a long, square, white canvas that looked like a coffin and were sewed up with half stitches.

As Bert Groves of Concord tells it: “The hop-girls and the high-school girls up at Concord Corners always had a dance in the fall when the hop season was about over. It was kind of a girls’ dance. They would invite the boys, and then ask them to dance, though they usually had one or two boys’ choices. Bill Darling used to take a hayrack-wagon with four horses and carry the hop-girls up to the dance at James Darling’s hotel. James was his brother.

“The dance hall upstairs in the ell had a spring floor, and we all liked to dance on that floor. For music there was a violin, cornet and clarinet, and a caller for the dances. We danced the old string dances, Hull’s Victory, Money Musk, Fisher’s Hornpipe. The two-step and galop were just coming in about then. I remember we used to dance the old hop-waltz to the tune of Pop Goes The Weasel. The girls brought the refreshments, most always ham sandwiches, coffee and plain doughnuts.”

Hop raising was one of the Vermont farm industries that helped out slender cash incomes nearly a century ago. Many farmers raised at least a few hops and had small kilns to dry them. These dried and baled hops were sold to dealers who, in turn, passed them on to the breweries. Vermont housewives, though, used hops to make hop-yeast, essential in their bread-making.

This Vermont farm crop reached its peak of production in the 1870s. Gradually insects cut down the quality and production until this colorful farm activity vanished from Vermont about fifty years ago.
Fall in Waterford

Three Views

by Aaron Fryer

ABOVE: Golden maples overlook the Connecticut River by their providently stocked sugar house.

LEFT: Lower Waterford, called the White Village.

RIGHT: Autumn farm chore done and headed home.

From Black Star
FROM AN ATTIC IN ATHENS, VT.

by

Effie Louise Smith

AFTER HARVEST—WITHIN

The well-filled granery,
with worthy pride,
To view its goodly store
invites the eye;
Upon the great barn floor
the pumpkins lie
In yellow heaps;
above on either side
The fragrant haymows rise,
o'er reaching wide
Their boundaries, and upward
stretching high
With rustling fodder crowded,
as to outvie
Each other and the dingy
rafters hide.

The generous cellar gives
an ample space
To orchard fruits, and roots
from garden fields;
The woodfire in the kitchen
roars right well,
And seeds and fruits
for drying find a place
Around and o'er it;
while the garret yields
Its room to nuts and herbs
of fragrant smell.

This poem written by Miss Smith about 70
years ago is among those published in 1933
by The Stephen Dave Press, Brattleboro.

At Left: An Athens farm scene, an original
color photograph by Griff Teller.

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OVERSEAS WIVES

by Muriel Follett

Friedel Dutton, with husband, Ernest, looks over a new life in Vermont, finds it good. She is one of over four hundred new Vermonters.

Friendly Vermonters have welcomed these new citizens; Have found they, too, are bringing much to Vermont life.

Vermonters the past few years have welcomed a group of new settlers, newcomers from all over the world and from all kinds of homes. They are the wives of American soldiers, brought as brides from more than twenty-five different countries to the Green Mountains.

Perhaps the unique part of this migration is that these girls who have come to Vermont have joined together into a statewide group, sponsored by the YWCA, which is called by some "the little United Nations that works."

Vermonters have been impressed by these girls' desires to become part of their new communities, to be good citizens. The girls in turn are delighted to find Vermonters are not quite the kind of persons their native movie theaters showed them.

"I like the people in Vermont," a German girl says. "The women are—what do you say—home efficient. Many of them make their own bread and make their clothes and they bring up their children to be the best they can.

"And I like American husbands. They are not too proud to help their wives. In Germany you would never see a man push a baby carriage or help his wife with the groceries. The men are too much proud. And the women here help their men when they need help. Both ways it works and that is good!"

Elfriede Schreiber Dutton, called Friedel by her friends, lives in Springfield, on a farm with her husband, Ernest. She came from Neustadt, Germany, where she worked in the Constabulary of the Occupation Forces. At first she couldn't speak English but did typing and shorthand in German. Sometimes she couldn't understand the directives and when her boss was out she would call on the young American soldier who worked in the office next door, and who could speak some German. His name was Ernest Dutton.

Finally she invited him to her home. She was the middle girl in a family of five sisters. She thought Ernest was interested in her younger sister until he told Friedel he came to see her. Even after they were engaged it wasn't easy. They had to wait a year to be married, according to regulations, and Friedel had to be carefully screened before she could come to the States. But finally Friedel was free to come back when Ernie did as his wife.

You would enjoy meeting Friedel and the other girls. There is Sara Hanbridge from Glasgow. She, her husband and their four children live in Burlington. Elsie Kayet Dinwiddie came from Belgium; Antoinette Lammino Billings from Italy; Roland Capel Bruneau is a French girl from Algeria; and Marie Tarjeswhe Clark came from Poland. The largest number are from England and Germany with many also from New Zealand, Scotland, Ireland, Algeria and Italy.
Free libraries are a Vermont heritage. Wives at a Rutland meeting are introduced to Bookzigans, Library Supervisor Lorraine Gorski at left front. Group includes Mrs. Sallie Flint of Burlington, the Wives godmother, and Miss Flora Coutts, then YWCA director.

Red-haired Isolde Krummwein Parda came from Germany where she sang in light opera. Pauline Travis Smith came to Coventry from Manchester, England, took over the job of keeping house in her father-in-law's Vermont farm home. She joined everything, including the church and Home Demonstration group. "I'm glad I came to Coventry," she says, "The people have made me so welcome."

The list goes on and on . . . more than four hundred names in the files of the YMCA, which sponsors the girls' group. The statewide organization helps the girls get together, helps with their personal problems and in becoming citizens of their adopted country.

The girls' problems range from in-law conflicts to how to make a pumpkin pie. They want American hairdos and prenatal advice. They want to know different ways to cook hamburger, how to become American citizens and how to fit into their new communities.

Warm-hearted Vermonters have come forward to help. A beauty shop operator gave her services. A pediatrician answered their questions. Classes in citizenship started. In 1948 their first state get-together was held, and from the interest and enthusiasm met with there, other meetings were planned, since held in Burlington, Barre, Montpelier, St. Johnsbury, Rutland, Springfield and Goshen.

At the beginning the husbands sometimes held back from letting their wives attend the meetings. But now they go, too, and have as much fun as their wives. They take the children along.

This group of foreign-born wives of servicemen has brought from their home lands the best of their native traditions, to add to Vermont's own character.

As Friedel Dutton expressed it when one girl suggested forming little clubs of just their own countrywomen—even as older new-Americans had—"No, that is not good. We should spread out and learn to know many people. Other people have good ideas, too."

Social meetings for the Wives are planned frequently and help them get to know each other and older Vermonters better. Here a group has tea with Mrs. Benton Holm of Burlington. The original planner and sponsor for the Overseas Wives was the Vermont YWCA.
by a miracle have I managed to exist these
50 years without the beauty and glory
that comes with poetry.
That I may; at last, rise to defend my­
self of this quite irrelevant, and unfounded
charge, I am going to confess here that in
my extreme youth I used to write poetry.
A great deal of it is now lost in old
magazines and even in a book “The Best
Poems of 1929.” Most of it however lies
safely buried in an old pine commode in
the upper shed chamber and that is a good
place for it. Would that all my youthful
indiscretions could be as easily hidden.

***

I can not allow Peach to think he has
won any victory. I may not attend
meetings or hold poet’s hands, but I think
I still love poetry. No one can keep from
that privilege.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You can not rob me of free Nature’s Grace;
You can not shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brighten­
ing face;
You can not bar my constant feet to trace
The Woods and beams, by living streams, at eve . . .

I am especially moved by poetry . . .
both mans’ and nature’s . . . during this
most beautiful part of the year in the
world. Autumn is the time when summer
is done and all the gay and light-hearted
things are over. Autumn in Vermont,
where colors are more generous and
breath-taking than in any spot upon our
hemisphere, and where the soft undulating
contours of our old hills softly lead
the eye up a kaleidoscope of blended
wonder to the autumn skies above . . . yes
autumn is the time when people need to
think of poetry and of life.

***

The thrilling beauty of this time of the
year in Vermont is too overpowering a
subject for my pen. I turn to the greatest
master of them all, Edna St. Vincent
Millay, whose clear and unique lyric cry
will never find an equal.

O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mist, that roll and rise?
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and
say
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough:

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart: . . . Lord, I do fear
That’s made the world too beautiful this
year,
My soul is all but out of me . . . let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

Yes, the summer has gone and we must
take stock now and see how well or ill
we are prepared to face the winter days
ahead. This taking of inventory of our
resources, spiritual as well as actual, is a
good thing. Autumn is the best time to
do it. The man or woman who never takes
stock, in a quiet moment alone, will soon
be as bankrupt morally and spiritually, as
the merchant who never takes inventory
to know what he has left to do business
with.

In Vermont as no where else, I think,
our moral and spiritual climate is most
suitable for a profound meditative time
once a year when we may look inwards
upon ourselves and see what we have
gained or lost. And also, more important
. . . see what we have given.

I love the fall of the year in Vermont.
The beauty of the world is one thing, as
we have seen. But the fact that we are to
harvest what we have sowed is another.
Emerson tried to teach us that we can
not have a good harvest without good
sowing and good tending. Vermonter
with their clear sense of frugality and self­
reliance are the kind of folk who sow and
tend well. It is therefore good to live
with such people.

These traits, so rare in the United
States, are best seen in Vermont in the
autumn season of the year.

***

With a shaking hand on the editorial tiller,
we (who also like verse) repeat here that
Vermont Life’s publication of poetry con­
tinues to be limited to the columns of our regular
contributors—Hard, Orton & Peach. WALTER
HARD, Jr.

Readers are urged to send to Vrest Orton,
Weston, Ver­
mont, notices of unusual new businesses and ways of
earning a living which have news and human interest
value. Mention here in no way constitutes endorse­
ment by either Mr. Orton or VERMONT LIFE.
OCTOBER ADVENTURE

by Newell Green
Photography by The Author

Back Road Exploring to See the Real Vermont

Three quarters of the people who tour the state never really see Vermont! This I firmly believe. They may loop around for two or three hundred miles and look at some wonderful scenery, but there is so much more to Vermont than what they see. Its real charm, that of a rural countryside, has escaped them, and with it most of the quiet pastoral beauty which makes the state unique.

All this comes about because most tourists don’t dare venture off the nice hard-surfaced roads. When they plot a tour, they make sure that it includes only the solid red and blue lines on the road map, denoting the paved highways. They take their trip and think they have seen a lot, and so they have, but it hasn’t been Vermont, at least not what most of us think of as the genuine Vermont.

No, that Vermont, the part that’s loveliest of all to those who know it, is mostly off the concrete arteries and black top highways. It’s greatest charm for us lies back on the secondary routes and especially back on the gravel roads which wind up and down the valleys, and around, between and over the hills. And if the month is October, it’s on these roads more than anywhere else in the world that the spectacle of autumn shouts its glories to the beholder.

This is no news to anyone who lives in Vermont, either full time or part time, or even the vacationer who makes extended stays. The fascination of the Vermont byways have been told many times over and “back roading” is a recognized hobby among all who love the place. Yet the experience is never really complete till it includes some rambles in the Fall, because that’s when these roads outdo themselves in a parade of colors so brilliant that the eye wonders whether they are real. The week-end tourist who comes up for the color usually misses the best of this because he doesn’t quite dare leave the pavements. He’s a little leary about
those dirt roads, yet once he tries them, he finds there's nothing to it. The car goes right along just as it does on the black top, the gravel is hard, the hills are graded and he wonders why he didn't do this before. Suddenly he discovers that these are the places for an adventure in beauty. You'll find the same thing if you have never tried it.

Yes, it's up these dirt roads in the Fall where you see most of Vermont's unique beauty. That's where the rows of maples make golden arches over your head and you ride beneath them flooded with golden light. You travel along between walls of orange and walls of crimson as every leaf in the underbrush turns its own bright hue, and it's right there next to you because the back roads are never trimmed up along the sides as the main ones are. Giant maples tower beside the roadway, making huge domes of varied colors as the scarlet of the leaves on the sunny side of the tree modulates to an orange on the other, or the vivid yellow recedes to a paler shade. It isn't all red, yellow and orange either. Mixed with these in many spots is the dark green of the hemlock or the lighter green of the pine, setting off the brilliance of the maples and seeming to add variations to the bright tones by comparison.

The byways take you beside little streams and you watch the red and yellow leaves float down in the current like a never-ending fleet of gay boats. You look into golden glades to see the sunlight streaming through the yellow leaves and the ground covered with a golden carpet that is dappled with a pattern of light and shade. All around is color and you are right in the middle of it. It's before you and beside you and even over you some of the time. That's a Vermont back road in the fall and there is nothing else like it anywhere which can give you the same inner feeling that you are seeing nature at its most beautiful.

Not that you won't find color on the main roads, because you will, plenty of it when you strike the right week, but it doesn't have the same intimacy. You may get the broad sweeps and the massed effects, but never the smaller scenes which make the experience unforgettable.

There is a variety of scene along back roads—woods, fields, pastures and farmland. You twist through hills that have the myriad design of a Paisley shawl. From the low points you look up into the narrow valleys and from the high points you look off to the hills beyond where the colors blend into a soft orange, verging into a purple in the distance.

One of the most memorable experiences is to wind your way along a hilltop road at sundown and watch the last rays of red sunlight intensify every color it strikes, making them flame as never before. Then, as you coast down into the valley at twilight, there is a pink glow flooding everything and in the subdued light, the bright trees have a translucent quality as though they were lighted from within.

After the season has advanced and some of the leaves have fallen, nowhere else but on the back roads can you ride on a multicolored carpet, and if you happen to pick a seldom used one, the leaves cover the whole roadway. You roll along gently and hear them crackle under the wheels and you smell the special fragrance of the woods in the fall. If you are human, you stop the car to indulge in that irresistible and universal urge. You get cut and scuff around in the ankle-deep leaves just as you did once upon a time when you were a lot younger than you are now. You can do that sort of thing on a back road because there aren't a dozen cars a minute whizzing past and nobody is going to stare at you.

There is another reason for getting off the highways, too. If you are a camera fan, anxious to shoot color film, Vermont back roads in October are the one place in the world where you should be. That's where you find so many of the things which make good pictures—the farm scenes, the villages, the white churches, the red barns and the gray weathered ones, all against a backdrop of hills and valleys drenched in the brilliance of autumn.

There you'll see the clumps of orange and clumps of scarlet, just begging to be done on color film. You'll find rows of glowing maples parading up the slope along an old stone wall. There will be single maples on the hillside, here a yellow one, there an orange one and over that way, perhaps a flaming red one high on the ridge against the blue sky, a perfect set-up for the photographer.

There will be bright trees mixed with the dark of the evergreens or maybe a
yellow aspen against a background of hemlocks. You'll see birches in a clump, white trunks and golden leaves, rising like a huge bouquet, waiting for some latter-day Paul Bunyan to pluck them. Remember too, that it is on the back roads where you still find the covered bridges which your camera should catch before they are all replaced. They make better pictures framed by a few Autumn trees. And always there will be the gravel roads themselves which can make many a picture as they cleave the walls of color.

Those of us who stay here have developed sort of an intuition about these back roads, knowing how to follow a course around on them, but if you are a week-end visitor, you may be wondering where to find them and which to take. Well, finding them is no problem. They're right there waiting for you, hundreds of them, branching off from the main roads everywhere and yours for the turn of the wheel. Which ones you take probably doesn't matter, they're all lovely, especially in October. Still, if the spirit of adventure is tempered with a little hesitancy about trying the uncharted, stick to the numbered secondary routes 'till you learn what it's like to drive in the hills.

For instance, there is Route 8, which starts at North Adams down in Massachusetts and winds up through the middle of lower Vermont. There is 30 from Brattleboro up through the West River Valley or 9 from Bennington to Brattleboro. Further up there is 106 from Springfield to Woodstock and 12 from Woodstock to Montpelier, including an alternative 12A, which runs from Randolph around through Brantree and Roxbury. And there is 100 from Weston or Ludlow to Bridgewater and as far north as you care to go, or 116 from East Middlebury up through Bristol and Hinesburg. Still further north, there is 12, which you pick up again at Montpelier and follow up to Barton, with another alternate that veers off through Craftsbury. There is 108 from Stowe to Enochburg and 15 across the state from West Danville to Burlington.

There are dozens of these numbered routes where you can thrill to the glories of the Vermont autumn, but for its greatest impact, you still have to seek out the gravel roads that wind among the hills. They're not all on the ordinary maps. Mostly you have to hunt them out for yourself, venturing out from the familiar to the unfamiliar. Some of them may be marked with guideposts to villages and settlements off the main routes. These you can be sure are all right to follow. Unmarked ones that seem in good condition are always worth a try. You may end up in a dooryard and have to turn around, but people are used to that.

Another way of exploring is to use the Geological Survey maps of the section you are in, or the county highway maps as a guide to your wanderings. The county maps are published by the State Highway Department and obtainable from the Montpelier office at ten cents each per county or $1.25 per set. They give every road and are a priceless possession to the dyed-in-the-wool "back roader." Also, the Vermont Development Commission will furnish you free with a state road map, showing many secondary roads.

Perhaps there should be another reassuring word to the week-end visitor about driving on these gravel roads. For one accustomed to city streets and interurban parkways, these seem at first rather too crooked, hilly, narrow and rough, but actually, you are in infinitely less danger than you'll ever be on a park-way. There's much less traffic and they're perfectly safe for you and your car. Remember, those of us who live here are driving over them daily in everything from Model T's to 1952 dreadnaughts. If the road is steep, shift gears (or let your automatic transmission do it for you), if it's rough, slow down, and if it seems narrow, don't worry—there's more room than you think. Probably you won't meet anyone, but if you should, and he's a native, he'll find a place to turn out and give you a chance to pass.

You'll soon get used to driving on these roads. Just don't feel you have to cover a lot of territory and above all, travel slowly—25 miles an hour—and enjoy it. Half a day spent rambling over forty miles of back roads will give you a vastly richer reward than a hundred and forty on the trunk highways. Once you discover this, a new world of charm and beauty will be open to you, and the main roads will seem dull and commonplace by comparison.
Let's Go Coon Hunting!

Good Sport—Good Fun—Eyes in the Darkness and Voices in the Night

by Arthur Wallace Peach

Photographs by Larry Willard

An invitation to a country coon-hunt should never be refused even if a man's rheumatism is nagging him or if his household presents a united front to any roaming in dark fields and among the black hills where—he may be told—only skunks and coon-hunters are abroad. He will forget his rheumatism when he hears the first roll of a coon-hound's voice drown the night silence; and when he returns to his household at dawn, he will have become immunized, as it were, to any pertinent comments by his loved ones as to his common sense and appearance. He will have reached a crossroads in his life: he will have vowed “never again!” or he will have become a follower of the coon-hounds to the end of his days—and just before a coon-hunt date his rheumatism will steadily improve.

A coon hunt in the country is usually a social affair. At one time the hunt had a business basis: a good raccoon skin at one time would bring from a dealer about $12 to $15; now even a prime one means only $3 in coin of the realm. A change in business basis: a good raccoon skin at one dollar $15; now even a prime one means only $3 in coin of the realm. A change in business basis: a good raccoon skin at one dollar. A change in business basis: a good raccoon skin at one dollar.

A “twenty-two” rifle is carried by the best shot in the party, and Shep has a revolver of the same caliber—sufficient armament. A battery of larger guns blazing away in a general tangle of a fighting coon, two dogs, and five men might invite untold disaster.

An old Ford wobbles up and in some way or other staggers off into the night. Three likely places for coons are to be hunted: old man Taylor's cornfield, along Boulder Brook, and around Tinker Pond; all are within range of big timber, for coons prefer large trees for their dens. Interspersed with coon talk as we jostle along are new and ancient jokes, late gossip of the valley, and tales of bygone hunts. The miles bounce away under the laden car. Suddenly, the headlights swerve, picking up for a moment a distant cornfield with the corn set in stooks, looking like a ghostly set of Indian wigwams. The old car sprays dogs and men into the open. Out go the headlights, lanterns are lit, voices drop to whispers, and the leashes and collars are taken from the hounds’ necks, the reason being that no country hunter is going to take the risk of his dog’s collar catching in a fence or low limb, holding the dog to a lonely death of strangulation or starvation.

Budd vanishes into the outer night with Goofy at his heels. The hunters group themselves comfortably about. The hills loom darkly under the starlit sky, black areas tell of sections of forest, the lighter of cleared fields, and the pastures are mixtures of varying shades of blackness. The air is keen and tanguy with the autumn chill. Man is a creature who loves the sun, and when night comes, he enters into another world in which possibly the ancient night fears of far-off ancestors play a mysterious part; and there is a swift tension felt by all in varying degrees, as one stares hopelessly into the darkness and envisions the crossing and crisscrossing of unseen hounds seeking a trail.

Suddenly, the night silence is split wide open by the bellow of Budd's great voice. The sound seems to roll to the farthermost peaks—the ancient warning to an ancient night that death is once more abroad.

"Budd's got him! Come on!" Shep
The dogs come into the swaying circle of light. Spread in charging posture and baying lustily, they face a stook—and then we see him, a large coon cornered high up on the stook, his teeth bared—waiting too long, held against the stook by the dogs, flight to the dark woods back of him now out of the question. Once off that stook, the dogs would be on him.

"Shoot him!" Shep orders. A spotlight makes him a clear target, the twenty-two makes him a clear target, the twenty-two

The dogs have already slipped away into the darkness, and once more the group stood silent, save for a comment, "If there's another coon here, he's made tracks by now."

Shep rejoined the group. "Budd'll be back if there's nothin' doin'," he tells us. But Budd does not come back. Far back in the night-filled woods his rolling voice hurls to the stars his signal of challenge, and Goofy repeats it in easy postures. In the midst of tale and yarn, Budd, a half mile up the brook challenges the silence, and Goofy repeats the commanding word.

The party springs into action, but the spring does not last long, and soon it is every man for himself—a scrambling, tumbling, lurching progress, with gaunt, gigantic shadows doing a wild dance in the reflected light against the dark tree walls; but the end of it comes.

Shep, breathing easily in the midst of the breathless group, spots the spotlight vainly into the close, thick, top masses of the tall pines.

"He's up there, all right," Shep concludes. "He's had no time to jump or Budd would be after him." He turns to another hunter. "Jim, do your stuff."

Jim, with a pair of linesman's spurred braces on his legs, a small flashlight, and a twenty-two revolver in his pocket, starts up the tree under the guidance of Shep's spotlight. Up, up Jim goes into the thick mass.

Whoosh!—a wild scratching, brushy sound—and a furred shadow lands with a solid splash into the deep pool under the pine. The dogs are there at the same moment, and the pool under the lantern light turns into a foamy threshing as dogs and coon battle. Shep is into the pool up to his waist, a club in his hand. He is soon going; grub stored in hunting-coats comes out; and tongues begin to wag in the warm comfort of the blaze.

"I like a dog that opens up the minute he hits a fresh track," someone volunteers. "Then you know where the coon is going and the dog."

"Yeah?" Shep says, bare-legged near the fire, wringing out his soaked trousers. "The second a coon hears a dog bellow on his track he's off, and before the dog can tree him he will be miles away—and I don't go coon-huntin' for exercise. If a dog's a silent trailer, the coon don't know he's coming, and when the dog jumps him, up a tree he does—and not three miles away."

No one seemed to want to argue with Shep although the noisy dog advocate did not appear to be convinced, and the talk swung to the endless "yarning" again that makes country hunting much more than hunting.

Shep drew on his still moist but warm trousers and suggested, "Let's try the pond. Mebbee the coons have been grabbin' frogs there—and as a frogger he's got nothin' to learn."

It was easier going down than up the ravine, and the car was a welcome sight, we may assume, to two members of the party at least.

One incident interrupted the trip to
the pond. Shcp advised trying out an abandoned farm orchard where the faithful old trees still bore gnarled fruit. The idea seemed good, and the dogs were turned loose. Goofy was the first to open his excited, trailing bay, the sound threading the dark hillside and turning into the merry roar of his tree call. The old dog was still.

"He's treed him!" one of the party yelled and led off over the rail fence, into the old orchard through the battered trees; and finally, Goofy came into view in the lantern light, baying furiously at a furry clump in the top branches of an old tree. The spotlight picked up the clump.

There was a moment of dead silence, broken by a hoarse laugh from Shep. "Nothin' but a durned old tomcat!" And it was. Goofy, sensing with his crude wisdom that something was amiss, was led back to the car. Budd was already there, having gone far beyond the tomcat stage.

"Goofy'll learn," Shep said, "just like some of you fellows learned when you got old enough that it don't pay to chase after everything that comes your way."

A slam-banging, bone-jarring ride over an old side road brought the dark silhouette of Tinker Pond in view. This time, the old hound, battered, chewed and bruised by his fight with the coon, unwound himself from the car with more consideration for himself and others, and his comrades untangled stiffening knees with here and there a muttered grunt of discomfort; but once out of the car Budd was off into the night with Goofy at his heels, the tomcat matter forgotten with the cheerfulness of youth.

In less than a minute, it seems that Goofy's tenor sang a high note, then shifted to the even beat of his trailing bay.
VERMONT in ENGLAND

by Ted Tempest

On the side of the Great North Road, which runs through the centre of England and over the border into Scotland, there stands a house, quite ordinary in appearance, unless you look for a second time at the name on the gate.

If it were July 4th, you might stop for another reason: that of seeing flying from the same flag mast the Union Jack and Old Glory. And then this, plus the name on the gate . . . the state name of VERMONT . . . might prompt the inquiring American to knock on the door of the house and ask why!

Here is his surprise might well begin again, for on entering this English Vermont he would see first in the hall a large and wonderfully coloured map of the United States of America, and, on entering the lounge, his eye would be startled by the blue state flag of Vermont, with its large insignia, "Freedom and Unity." Quite near it he would note a large gold-sealed declaration, sent by the then Governor of Vermont to the occupiers of this Vermont.

How did this alien house called Vermont take shape? What is its particular story?

Years ago, too far back to recall with certainty, an English letter appeared in an American paper. It was on the subject of world peace and better understanding. And because of that letter there came to me one reply. It was from a Hardwick lad in the State of Vermont. I replied at once ... and so began an international correspondence which has known no end.

The interest begotten of that letter opened my thought of getting nearer the international stranger in our midst, so Martha and I began to work with most of our leisure and all our spare pennies in the job of making our home the venue of all who, being far from home, longed for a friendly place near a friendly fire.

Steadily there came to us from a University nearby, a constant stream of international students from every corner of the globe. The single letter from Hardwick in Vermont did not remain single either. Introductions from the first Vermont contact grew until today at the end of nearly every month, near 170 letters speed forth from this Vermont to every American state and many foreign countries.

As it should be, our Vermont friend, Philip H. Cummings, now of Woodstock, came to our home and stayed. And the following year he reappeared with a very gracious lady who was his mother, a native of Hardwick. She it was in those far off and memorable days who showed us how to make doughnuts. And it was her son who brought from a nearby store the seven pounds of lard for the cooking of them . . . and more ingredients so that we might later try out, not altogether successfully, her craftsmanship in that culinary line.

It was that same son who visited this Vermont a year ago. And at Christmas tide, in a land of electricity cuts and coal shortages, he taught us to be gay for the sake of those about us, by hanging at the door of Vermont its very first Christmas wreath decked out in brilliantly red ribbons.

When war came the second time, the international life almost perished, but near to the door was the prisoner of war camp. To this was added at a later date two great American hospitals, and so, here among so-called enemies and friends, was more friendship fodder. Oftentime a passing jeep convoy on the Great North Road seeing the Old Glory, which was given us by the revered American Ambassador, John Winant, drew up with a jerk. Soon afterward there was a smell of coffee from the kitchen and generous American humor beating about the house.

A questionable peace has now brought back the students from afar, and since then, this Vermont has had its full complement of them.

Yes, Vermont and Vermonters are to me, the salt of that part of the earth, and my last picture of it made me gladder than ever that we had been wise enough to call our Yorkshire home "Vermont."

Ted Tempest (second from right) finally saw the real Vermont five years ago, visited the then Governor Ernest Gibson. With him here are Cornelia and Philip Cummings.
THE LOST TREASURE of ST. FRANCIS

by Robert E. Pike

Priceless treasure seized almost two centuries ago in a famed Indian Raid by Rogers’ Rangers, still may lie buried in northern Vermont & New Hampshire. Here is one version of what occurred in that incredible raid & retreat of 1759.

On the night of the 4th of October, 1759, Major Robert Rogers, at the head of a band of colonial Rangers, attacked and destroyed the fortified Indian village of St. Francis (St. François de Sales) on the St. Francis river near its junction with the St. Lawrence, about midway between Montreal and Quebec.

Rogers' brilliant conduct of that raid hundreds of miles into enemy territory won the praise of contemporary experts on military strategy, and some years ago became familiar to millions of readers from the account in Kenneth Roberts's stirring novel: *Northwest Passage.*

The most dramatic incident of the raid, and which Roberts, for literary reasons, does not mention, and which scholars and historians barely note in passing, was the sacking of the church, and the subsequent fate of the looted treasure, especially of the eight-pound silver image of the Virgin, replica of the great image at the Cathedral of Chartres.

St. Francis had been a center of Indian activities for about three-quarters of a century. The French had had a mission there for three generations, and the Indians, who were composed largely of broken remnants of tribes from the English colonies—Anasagunticooks, Ameriscoggins, Pequawkets, Cooash-aukes, and other members of the Abenaki nation—were Catholics.

The village, surrounded by an eight-foot high stockade made of thick cedar posts set close together, consisted of some fifty large wigwams made of poles and covered with bark or skins. In the middle of the enclosure stood the church, a small frame building that contained many objects of value—golden candlesticks and plate, the solid silver image of the Virgin, and other church utensils sent over from France by pious devotees. Between three and four hundred Indians ordinarily dwelt there, but nearly a hundred warriors were absent on a great hunting party, the night of the attack.

Those who were left, were that night occupied in “a high frolick” as Rogers says in his *Journals,* and consequently went to bed late and immediately fell asleep. Thus when the Rangers attacked from three points, half an hour before sunrise, the surprise was complete. So swiftly and promptly did they scale the palisades that the Indians had no warning of the attack.

NOTE: A detailed bibliography of the author’s source material—first-hand accounts, town histories and subsequent tales—may be obtained by writing to *Vermont Life,* Montpelier.

The panic-stricken, half-dazed savages who rushed out into the streets, their eyes heavy from the night’s carousal, ran stupidly upon the levelled muskets of the Rangers, or were shot down by squads advantageously posted to receive them. A few who ran that terrible gauntlet plunged into the river and struck out for the other shore, but they were picked off by the men Rogers had stationed for that very purpose.

The same fate overtook those who tumbled into their canoes and pushed out into the stream. The Rangers had already made holes in the frail crafts, just above the water-line, and the added weight of the Indians sent them to the bottom, while the fugitives became easy targets.

The incessant flashes, the explosions of musketry, the shouts of the Rangers and the yells of their victims were all mingled in one horrible uproar. For two hours the massacre continued. Conforming to the orders that he had received from General Amherst, Rogers had ordered that women and children should be spared, but as daylight advanced the Rangers beheld over six hundred scalps of their countrymen waving from poles before the lodges, and the furious thirst for revenge could not be restrained.

It became a butchery. The pitiless bordermen hunted down the doomed redskins like bloodhounds. A number of the panic-stricken Abenakis took refuge in the chapel, to which they were pursued by a dozen of the infuriated Rangers.

An unexpected sight greeted them. Lighted candles were burning on the high altar, shedding a mild radiance throughout the interior, and casting a dull accurate in his statements).

2 First published as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title: “With Rogers’ Rangers.”
3 Cf. the abbé Marault: *Histoire des Abenakis.* (Marault is, at times, far from

accurate in his statements).
4 They were celebrating a chief’s wedding.
As Samuel Langdon's fine hand shows, this 1756 map of the wilderness of Vermont, New Hampshire and Canada was drawn in large part from information furnished by Lt. John Stark, later the hero at the Battle of Bennington. Courtesy the Library of Congress.
ABOVE: Groveton, N. H. marker reads: Site of Fort Wentworth—rendezvous of many of Rogers Rangers returning from the attack on the Indians at St. Francis Village, now Odanak, Que., 1759.

MAP: This map by Benjamin Hayward shows in broken line the general route taken by Rogers from Crown Point to the village of St. Francis and the retreat route into northeastern Vermont, which the author's studies indicate was taken by bands of Rogers' loot-laden men.

Shown also on the map are some present day highways and towns, and points mentioned in Mr. Pike's article.
The Rangers laughed derisively. Bradley, with an impatient oath, pulled the trigger. A general discharge from both sides shook the building, filling it with thick and stifling smoke, and instantly extinguished the lights. The few dim rays of the early dawn that came through the windows enabled the combatants to vaguely distinguish each other in the obscurity. Not a cry was heard; after the first discharge there was no time to reload the guns. Only the dull thud of tomahawks and the stertorous panting of mortal enemies in hand to hand conflict signalled the progress of the fight.

But at the end of ten minutes it was all over. The Rangers, with the exception of one of their number killed outright, issued from the chapel, after having first stripped the altar, despoiled the shrine of its silver image, and flung the Host upon the ground. At that profanation, a voice rose from the heap of dead and dying at the altar’s foot. It said:

“The Great Spirit of the Abenakis will scatter darkness in the path of the accursed Pale-faces! Hunger walks before, and Death strikes their trail! Their wives weep for the warriors that do not return! Manitou is angry when the dead speak! The dead have spoken!”

For a moment the bloodthirsty Rangers paused as if turned to stone. But the thought of those scalps waving from the poles outside was sufficient to rekindle their ardor. The looting was quickly finished. When the men came out, they found the village, which for two horrible hours had shaken with explosions and echoed with frantic cries, had become strangely quiet. Rogers ordered the place to be given up to pillage, and a rich collection of plunder was secured. The village had been enriched for years with plunder and ransom money from the English. Besides the church treasure, the Rangers took away 170 guineas in gold,® much wampum, and various pieces of jewelry.

Then the torch was put to all the buildings save three that were reserved for provisions. A singular thing transpired when the chapel burned. The fire was well under way when the chapel bell began to toll. Its slow and measured strokes continued until, the flames having mounted to the belfry, it fell with a loud clang among the ruins. By seven o’clock in the morning all was over. Silence once more enveloped the hideous scene of conflagration and slaughter.

The Rangers’ retreat is a tale in itself, a tale of heroic endeavor, of horrible suffering from exposure and starvation, of betrayal by the man sent to aid them. But we are interested only in the treasure.

At the “Little Forks” (modern Lennoxville), Rogers divided his 140 men into several small parties, the better to obtain game, and ordered them to rendezvous over on the Connecticut at the mouth of the Passumpic river (at East Barnet, Vt.), and promising those who should take the old Indian trail (by Island Pond) and down the Nulhegan that he would send them provisions and aid at the mouth of the Upper Ammonoosuc river, where, four years earlier, he had built a stockade called “Fort Wentworth.”

A day’s march below Lake Memphremagog, the pursuing French and Indians caught up with some of the parties. Weak with hunger, and every pound counting, the men who bore the golden candlesticks buried them at the foot of a huge birch tree, where they were dug up in 1816 by a farmer pulling stumps.

Bradley and eight other Rangers, bearing the rest of the treasure, including the silver image, finally arrived at the head of the Fifteen-Mile Falls on the Connecticut River, starving and in a most destitute condition. When they had come to Fort Wentworth, and found no food, they struggled down the river some ten or twenty miles (on the New Hampshire side) hoping to meet Rogers on his way back from Number Four with supplies.

But an Indian came into camp and offered to lead them through the “Great Pass” (Crawford Notch) whence they could easily reach home. Forgetful of the dying Abenaki’s prophecy: “The Great Spirit will scatter darkness upon the path of the pale-faces,” they accepted his offer. It appears that some of the treasure they buried at the mouth of Cow Brook, in what is now North Littleton, N. H. Some of it, including the silver image, they took with them.

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They were so weak from hunger that they could hardly stagger along, but they followed their guide back up the Connecticut to Singrawack Stream (today called Israel's River) and up that Stream to the deep, snow-laden gorges of the Great White Hills. There, in the gloomy labyrinth of pine, he conceived, or pretended to conceive, a fear that the Great Spirit would kill him if he ventured on the region of Agiochook. So he made a rude map on birch-bark and gave it to one of the Rangers, at the same time, apparently accidentally, scratching his hand with the poisonous fang of a rattlesnake. As they toiled on through the deep snows over the steep rocks, the poison did its fatal work, and mad with fear and pain the Ranger threw himself over a precipice to death.

The survivors, after a hasty consultation, decided to bury the mangled remains of their comrade, with his knapsack containing the stolen treasure, in a cave where the fear of the Indians would prevent its discovery. Then they dragged their weary feet away, and they knew that Death was stalking on their heels. The false chart of their guide misled them, and after wandering many days and suffering extreme hunger and cold, they perished, one by one. Bradley's skeleton was found the next summer by a hunter, and identified by his peculiar rawhide queue ribbon.

Only one man of the nine survived to reach the settlements. Ragged, starving, half-crazed, he had with him six knives, and in his bloody knapsack the remains of a human head which, he said, he had gnawed for the last eight days to keep his faintly flickering spark of life alive.

Twenty years later some hunters found a barkless spot on a pine tree at the mouth of a wild ravine emptying into the upper reaches of Singrawack Stream, on which were many half-obliterated characters engraved with some rude tool. Near this were rusty buttons, rotting cloth, a small copper kettle and the remains of an old gun. At the foot of a steep bank six rusty gun-barrels were found with what appeared to be a pile of knapsacks.

An old hunter, exploring for the hidden treasure, sought shelter from a terrible storm in a rocky cave. In its farthest corner he noticed several flat stones forming a symmetrical pile. He removed them, and underneath he discovered a rusty old hatchet, and a roll of birch bark covered with the wax of wild bees. A disagreeable stench rose from the damp mould in the crevice where these relics were hidden, and in silent fear of what he knew not what, the old hunter withdrew to inspect his find.

In the roll was an Indian-tanned fawn-skin on which were written many characters, which to the unlettered hunter were mysterious. Lacking all antiquarian spirit, he sold it to a distiller of spirits in Jefferson for two quarts of potato-whiskey. And when the whiskey-shop burned, in 1804, the mysterious parchment burned with it.

The old settlers of Warren, N. H., used to tell this story about one party of the starving Rangers that came down the Passumpsic and camped on the Lower Cohos waiting for Rogers to come with provisions as he had promised:

... As their forms grew more attenuated, their faces more haggard, and their eyes and cheeks more sunken, they would reel into the woods to gather roots and bark, coarse food to keep the last spark of life from going out.

Across the open meadow was a lofty mountain (Moosilauke) and the early snows of autumn glistened on its summit. Two of the Rangers, one of them by name Robert Pomeroy, had hunted on the streams beyond that mountain in bygone days. With their companions dying of hunger around them, and death staring them in the face, they resolved to cross it and go home. One night, when the rest of the band was asleep, they took from a knapsack a human head, cut off pieces, roasted them upon the coals, satisfied their hunger, and at the earliest dawn departed.

Late in the afternoon they were standing upon the summit of Moosilauke. They stopped to rest and to gaze upon the wildest scene that had ever met their eyes. Mountains were scattered through the great northern country like mole-hills. To the east, peak after peak shot thousands of feet into the clear ether. Looking south, the mountain on which they stood seemed the wild head of the wilderness. Scattered through it were gleaming rivers, flashing ponds and silver lakes, while at its foot, a hundred miles distant, a bright line on the horizon showed where the blue sea was dashing. Westward, range after range of lofty, wooded mountains stretched far away, like the rolling billows of a tempest-tossed ocean.

Pomeroy, bemuddled with cold, sank down, saying he must sleep. His companion tried to rouse him, but in vain, and, fearing for his own life, he hurried down the mountain. The wolf howled in the Great Gorge that night, and the wild echoes were roused by the panther's scream. But the Ranger heeded them not, and when the last twilight had faded from the western sky, he in turn sank down exhausted at the foot of the Seven Cascades (in Jobilunk Ravine).

It was a far, wild country, one in which seemingly no human foot had ever trod. Yet there was one being even here. An old hunter from the frontier at Stevenstown had penetrated this wilderness to trap otter, beaver and sable. He had constructed a rude camp for himself by the Gorge brook. In the great meadow over the ridge he set his traps for the beaver, and built Indian culheags for sable by his spotted line on the mountainside.

It chanced that he was visiting the latter that morning. He discovered the footprints of the Ranger who had crossed his line, and following them, found him almost insensible at the foot of the cascades. Bearing him to the camp, he nursed him back to life, and for a few weeks the Ranger assisted the hunter in his duties.

When the snow began to fall in the valley, the hunter, accompanied by the Ranger, returned to the settlements. Pomeroy's bones were found and identified years afterward.

Besides the golden candlesticks dug up in 1816, how much of the treasure has been recovered? No man knows. It is certain that the big barn on the Volney Blodgett farm at the head of Stiles' Pond in Waterford, Vt., was built by means of a cache of
old gold coins that the owner of the farm discovered while pulling
stumps, and it is supposed that the coins were a part of the St.
Francis loot.

Tradition says that part of the treasure was buried at the
mouth of Cow Brook, in North Littleton, N. H., where that
stream falls into the Connecticut. It is a fact that an ancient
musket, beside a skeleton, was found on the hillside above the
brook, and were thought to be relics of the ill-fated band of
Rangers. Many people have dug for the treasure there at the
mouth of the brook, some as recently as fifty years ago. One
man had a familiar spirit called "Jack," who directed him where
to dig. He excavated a trench forty feet long and six feet deep,
but found nothing. The writer has seen these excavations.

Old Jackson Perry, who was born on a Vermont farm opposite
the mouth of the brook in 1820, and lived there until he died in
1913, used to say that when he was a boy a man came and dug
for the treasure. The man was aided by a map given to him, so
he said, by one of the Rangers who had helped to buy the gold.
The map said to dig on the south side of the brook, and the man
dug there, long and fruitlessly, and finally went away, dis­
couraged. But Jack believed the brook had changed its course
(a phenomenon he had himself observed occurred several times
in his long life) so that when the man was digging on the present
south side, he was really on the original north bank.

Personally I am inclined to think that the silver image still
lies hidden in the wild ranges around the headwaters of the
Singrawack.

In any case, today a motorist can follow Rogers' wild and
bloody trail in a motorcar, and a beautiful drive it is, clear from
Crown Point, where you will see the ruins of one of the most
massive forts ever built in North America, then crossing Lake
Champlain on the high Chimney Point bridge—a structure
Rogers never foresaw—passing through Vergennes and Burling­
ton (where, as the Rangers were in bivouac on the lonely shore,
a keg of powder exploded and wounded fifty men whom the
Major had to send back to Crown Point) and over the remark­
able Grand Isle bridges to Missisquoi Bay.

You can cross the border at Highgate and take your choice
of roads to the mouth of the St. Francis. There at the mouth of
the river is still an Indian reservation, called Odanak, and from
there you can return on the right bank of the swirling St. Francis
through peaceful and pretty farming country and the bustling
village of Lennoxville (the "Little Forks" where Rogers
ambushed the pursuing redskins, killing half of them at one
volley) and the "Big Forks" (today Sherbrooke, metropolis of
Lower Canada and where you will find a Chinese restaurateur
who prides himself on serving steaks not less than eleven inches
wide). Then you can turn off up the Massawippi to Norton,
Vermont, and go straight through to Island Pond, head of the
Nulhegan, or you can continue up the shore of Memphremagog
to Derby Line and Newport, stopping en route at the Franciscan
monastery beside the lake, if you are so minded.

From Newport you can either follow up the Clyde River to
Island Pond, passing the swamps where a treacherous old squaw
led one party of Rangers around in circles for three days before
one of them spied the Pond and knew where he was by reason of
the island; or you can cross the height of land and follow down the
Passumpsic to its mouth, making a side journey to East St.
Johnsbury to see where the Volney Blodgett barn, built with St.
Francis loot, stood until recently.

It is at the mouth of the Passumpsic, at Barnet, Vt., that the
cowardly Lt. Stevens came with provisions by canoe to meet
the starving Rangers, but fled even as they approached, imagining
they were the enemy.

This country is beautiful at every turn of the road, and the
turns are many. Today you can see the great New England
Power Co. dam at Barnet, Vt., holding back the Connecticut,
and soon there will be another built at Waterford that will put
a hundred feet of water over the mouth of Cow Brook, where so
many people have dug in vain for the treasure.

Or if you choose to come down the Nulhegan, you will pass
the once famous Brunswick Mineral Springs, where six springs
of different minerals gush out of the high bank of the Connecticut
in a space hardly bigger than your hat, and so on down the
River past the site of Fort Wentworth, past Cow Brook, past
the mouth of the Passumpsic even to Charlestown, where the
survivors of the expedition finally rendezvoused.

You will see where Bradley struck off into the White Hills,
and you will see the tip of Moosilauke, where Pomeroy left his
bones. And perhaps you will think that in spite of wars and
rumors you are just as well off in your motor-car as those heroic
old-timers were, back in the "good old days."
A submarine veteran of World War II who was born and educated in Vermont has the distinction of being one of the youngest railroad executives in the country. He is Richard S. Long, 27-year old superintendent of the history-packed Hoot, Toot & Whistle railroad.

That's the familiar nickname of the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington railroad—17 miles of twisting track running along the East bank of the Deerfield river, between Hoosac Tunnel, Mass., and the tiny, mountain-locked community of Readsboro, Vermont.

Directing the operation of the road for the past three years is the slender, sandy-haired Navy veteran. "Dick's" home town is Readsboro, headquarters of the railroad since its establishment in 1884. He attended school in Readsboro, had his college education interrupted by the war, and then returned to the University of Vermont, graduating in 1949.

Since then, from an office in the Readsboro railroad yards, he has directed the operation of the Hoot, Toot & Whistle.

The young railroad executive, the son of a former Readsboro school teacher, himself has displayed interest in better education by serving on the Readsboro school board. He also is active in the Readsboro American Legion post. He is married and has a two-year-old daughter.

Superintendent Long heads a railroad which helped to develop vast agricultural, industrial and hydro-electric resources in practically virgin territory in the upper Deerfield river valley, in the south-central part of the state.

But by a stroke of fate, the hydro-electric project which the railroad helped establish ultimately put half of the line out of existence.

The Hoot, Toot & Whistle came into being in 1884 after the Newton Brothers of Holyoke, Mass. began tapping the hitherto untouched forests of lumber and pulpwood in the region. Readsboro became the site of the Deerfield River Pulp & Paper mill, one of the largest mills of its type in the world and boasting, according to town records, "probably the highest dam in the United States at the time, being 57 feet high and costing $67,000."

The village of Readsboro has many families of Austrian descent—sons and daughters of people from the mountainous Tyrol region who were attracted to this section of Vermont by the opportunities offered with the development of pulp and paper mills, and the construction of the railroad.

The Newton Brothers' mill eventually became known as the National Metal Edge Box company, and this industry provided employment for hundreds of area persons for many years. The concern purchased thousands of acres of woodland, and at one time the mill was using 3,500 cords of wood per year, turning out about 40 tons of wet pulp per day and from 12 to 15 tons of finished wood pulp board. In 1922 the immense mill burned to the ground and was not rebuilt.

The first important step after the construction of the paper and pulp mill at Readsboro was the building of a narrow gauge railroad from Readsboro to the Hoosac Tunnel, Mass., junction with the State of Massachusetts railroad, now the Boston & Maine.

In 1891, the railroad was extended 13 miles above Readsboro to Wilmington, giving the line a total length of 24 miles.
Much of the way the roadbed had to be blasted out of solid rock, and one of the curves was the sharpest allowed in railroad engineering.

Before the railroad was extended to Wilmington, all freight from surrounding towns had to be teamed to Readsboro. And at Hoosac Tunnel, all freight had to be transferred from the narrow-gauge to the standard-gauge cars of the State of Massachusetts railroad.

During construction of the railroad, the HT&W boasted having the youngest engineer in the East—if not the entire country. Sixteen-year-old Percy Kingsley of Whitingham was engineer on the first construction train. A few years later his brothers, Engineer Archie and Orrin, serving as fireman, were instantly killed when their engine overturned while making a “flying switch” at Hoosac Tunnel.

But this double tragedy didn’t keep the other brother, Percy, from staying on the railroad. Now retired and living in Pittsfield, Mass., he once was a crack engineer on the B&M, and at one time piloted the old electric B&M engines through the famous Hoosac Tunnel.

A few months after the line was extended to Wilmington, in 1891, construction was started by the Newton Brothers on another huge pulp and lumber mill. This one was located at Mountain Mills, a few miles below Wilmington.

Completion of this new mill was the signal for the tapping of many thousand more acres of virgin timberland in the Wilmington area. After Mountain Mills was completed, the firm laid narrow gauge tracks deep into the dark forests surrounding the towns of Searsburg, Woodford and Somerset, for the purpose of running log trains direct to the mill. There, the finished product was put on HT&W trains for the 24-mile trip to Hoosac Tunnel and “the outer world.”

Beginning in 1901, and continuing for 27 years, the Hoot, Toot & Whistle ran two passenger trains daily, and for several years trains were run on Sundays too.

In 1912-13, the track gauge was changed from narrow to standard. All of the narrow gauge engines and most of the line’s freight cars were then sold to a Cuban sugar plantation.

The Hoot, Toot & Whistle was the first railroad in the East to use a gasoline-propelled engine. And May 22, 1923, the date of its first official run, probably was

The author wishes to acknowledge for help in preparing this article: Richard Long, Philip Barre, Herman F. Ross, William B. McClellan, the late Earnham M. Sprague and also the North Adams Transcript.
ABOVE: This historic view shows a 13-car H T & W train between Wilmington and Readsboro. In the foreground is the Newton Dam, costing $65,000 and 57 feet high, probably the highest in the world when built. Building behind the engine still is the Readsboro band hall.

BELOW: This is Monroe Bridge, Mass., just across the Vermont-Mass. line and warehouse of the bustling Deerfield Glassine Co., one of the railroad’s most important shippers.

In 1921, the New England Power company bought much of the railroad right-of-way, after announcing plans for a mammoth hydro-electric development of the entire Deerfield river, from the wilds of Somerset, Vermont to Shelburne Falls, Mass. But it was not until several years later that the people of the valley realized the fateful impact that project would have on the vast agricultural and industrial “empire” which the railroad helped to prosper.

The narrow valley at the railroad’s
Davis Bridge station in the town of Whitingham was selected as the site of Harriman dam, the world’s highest earthen dam when built. It was completed in April 1924. The dam, more familiarly known as Whitingham dam, is 200 feet high and nearly a quarter of a mile thick at its base.

The construction of the dam was followed by a huge railroad reconstruction project financed by the power company. The 12 miles of track between the dam and Wilmington had to be relocated high above the original line to escape the flooding of the valley. At the same time, an unique “switchback” was constructed just below the dam.

The “switchback” consisted of tracks arranged like the letter “N”. A train approaching the base of the dam would go up a fairly steep grade; then it would switch backwards to a higher point; and then it would go forward and upward again on a third track, cross the dam, and continue up the opposite side of the river.

At Mountain Mills, the tracks crossed the growing artificial lake on a huge log, concrete and steel trestle, nearly a quarter of a mile long. The disastrous flood of 1927 wiped out the trestle, but, with the town of Wilmington contributing $8,000, it was rebuilt at a cost of more than $63,000.

Train service to Wilmington was restored in the summer of 1929, but the flooding of the valley continued; 2,200 acres eventually were inundated making 12 miles of lake covering a farming region where about 175 families once tilled the soil. All these farms had to be abandoned, and when the rising waters finally put the Mountain Mills pulp and lumber industry out of business, the death knell was sounded for that section of the “Hoot, Toot & Whistle” between Readsboro and Wilmington. In 1937 the rails were torn up and sold for scrap.

Many people in the valley, especially those who had to give up their homes, were none too friendly toward the power company interests. But today the company is a welcome neighbor, its network of dams and power stations providing employment for hundreds of valley folk and, at the same time, protecting the valley from disastrous floods.

Since 1936, the "Hoot, Toot & Whistle" has been owned by Samuel Pinsly of Yonkers, N.Y. He might be called an “overlord” of a miniature railroad empire, since besides the HT&W, his vast holdings include the 30-mile Saratoga & Schuylerville railroad, connecting with the B&M at Mechanicville, N.Y., and the 60-mile Sanford & Eastern railroad in the southern part of Maine.

The "Hoot, Toot & Whistle" went modern in 1949 when the line purchased a used Diesel engine. The main reason for the switchover was economy—it costs only about $2.35 a day to operate the Diesel, compared with about $20 for steam, and sometimes double that in winter.

But for the avid railroad fan who sticks up his nose when the word “Diesel” is mentioned, there’s good news from Superintendent Long. For unlike its ancestors, old Engine No. 6, the last of the steam engines, didn’t chug that last, long mile to the scrap heap. Instead it is kept in the Readsboro car shops for emergencies—and Dick says it also is ready for groups of excursionists.

The "Hoot, Toot & Whistle" today still...
serves a few industries, the Deerfield Glassine company of Monroe Bridge, Mass., the Readsboro Chair company, and the New England Box company at Wilmington, whose products are trucked to Readsboro and then loaded onto HT&W cars. On the average, the freight makes one round-trip daily.

Its present-day employees include a single locomotive engineer; one man who serves as a combined fireman-brakeman-conductor; one three-man section gang, a truck driver and the driver of the mail-passenger bus, which runs from Hoosac Tunnel to Wilmington, serving the in-between communities of Monroe Bridge, Mass., and Readsboro, Whitingham and Jacksonville, Vt.

In 1951, the railroad hauled 29,434 tons of freight and its bus carried 1,106 passengers. The road's gross income was about $50,000. In its first 53 years, up to about 1937, the railroad took in some 455 million dollars, and for 19 years of that period, because the earnings were annually above $100,000, the road was rated First Class.

The Hoot, Toot & Whistle, rich in history, today is prepared to meet the changing future linking the narrow Deerfield Valley with the outside world. END

ABOVE: The HT&W Diesel with photographer as passenger pulls onto the Boston & Maine line at Hoosac Tunnel just as a big B&M freight roars eastbound out of the long Tunnel on the way to Boston.

LEFT: Nearly the entire HT&W staff: Ass't. Super. E. Graiff directs Herbert Moffitt, Thos. Sucharzewski, brother Guido. Engineer and brakeman are in Diesel cab.

BELOW: The line's motive power poses for this story. Old No. 6 was retired in 1949, is kept for emergencies. The Diesel came secondhand, has top speed loaded of 4 MPH.
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VERMONT LIFE Story Map

The locations of many articles and pictures in this issue of VERMONT LIFE appear here in black. A basic Vermont map is printed in blue outline with many, but not all, main highways. Omitted to allow space are parts of U.S. Routes 2, 4 and 7 and Vt. Routes 12, 22A, 103, 108 and 114. We suggest as a supplementary reference writing for the Official State Highway map, free from the Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier, Vt.

MAP BY
ALLAN MACDOUGAL

VERMONT LIFE
Montpelier, Vermont
AUTUMNAL SOWING

Like this hour
To nothing known.
The blossom is planted.
The leaf is sown.

Thistle and gentian,
Stripped from the stem,
Go down with the rain
That tramples them.

Under the darkness,
Under the late
Loam of autumn
Does Beauty wait.

In leaf and leaf
The wind puts by
Bronze and scarlet
That struck the sky.

Like this hour
To nothing known.
Blue is planted
And flame is sown.

From Blue Harvest, 1931, by Frances Frost
JAY PEAK

The inhabitants, for the most part, are a hardy race, composed of that kind of people, who are best calculated for soldiers; in truth, who are soldiers." He added that his officers and men, queried about such an errand, expressed "the utmost horror at the idea of shedding blood in this dispute."

The point is, that there is not an area in Vermont where the old blood strains do not run strong, and Vermonters of that strain have never forgotten the days when their forefathers had to stiffen their backs, pick up their old flintlocks, and get ready. In the end, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and the Continental Congress all backed down, but Vermont had to go on and declare itself an independent Republic before the others saw the light one hundred and fifty years ago—and the old stock and the new means to keep on having that light be seen.

There are other factors, of course, that have led to the strong Vermont sense of personal freedom and individual right to live under the Constitution that is part of the Vermont philosophy—a personal insistence on being an individual rather than merely a part of a crowd; but, broadly speaking, the Vermonter remembers his heritage and the newcomer who becomes a Vermonter is even keener for that remembering.

So there really is some point to the New Yorker's poke at Vermont. No one need hunt for a customs declaration if he plans to come to Vermont, but he will be wise if he remembers after he gets here that no Vermonter, old or new, likes "to be pushed around." That strategy of pushing has paid no dividends for one hundred and fifty years, and it won't for another one hundred and fifty years—and more.

It is my belief that certain fundamental faiths in democracy are part of the Vermont credo—faiths born "out of storm and manifold perils," and they hold true in all the shift and change of our day; but a Vermont poet has said it far better in verse than I can say it in prose—

[end]

VERMONT

by George E. Goodliffe

There are higher hills than our hills,
But ours are hills of home.
There are broader vales than our vales,
But I don't care to roam;
For the higher hills are lonesome
And the broader vales too wide;
Be mine a friendly vista
Seen from my own fireside.

There are wider streams than our streams,
But ours will do for me;
There are longer, deeper rivers
A-flowing to the sea;
But should I go a-roving,
It would not be to stay;
By river road or high road
I'd seek the homeward way.

There are richer folk than our folk
In gold and other stuff,
But when it comes to living
I guess we're rich enough.
There are greater saints than our saints
In fact, our saints are few,
But for neighbors take Vermonters;
They are honest, kindly, true.

You may have your far horizons
Where the restless traveler goes,
And the continental highways
Where the ceaseless traffic flows;
Give me green hills close about me,
Simple fare and trusty friends—
Just Vermont and just to stay here
Till life's pleasant story ends.

[The Rev. George E. Goodliffe, the beloved pastor of the First Congregational Church in Morrisville, Vt., for thirty-three years, died February 27, 1952. The poem is reprinted from the Burlington Free Press, A.W.P.]
The Edlunds of VERMONT

How Two Vermont Boys have Put the Name VERMONT in Every American Kitchen

by Vrest Orton

Photography by Fralex

During the war, throughout the world, a lot of military men, from the hard working K.P.'s up through all echelons to mess officers who dealt with food and kitchens, found out something about Vermont. It was more than looking at the name Edlund on a can opener. They found that this name meant a can opener that worked. For there was not a military installation anywhere that did not have in its kitchen this heavy duty tool made in Burlington, Vermont.

The name Vermont and the name Edlund became, to tough military kitchen help, synonymous with the words dependable, fool-proof, and workable. Those folks up in Vermont make things that last.

Since the war the name and fame of Edlund of Vermont have spread. Today in millions of home kitchens throughout the land, women link these two names with quality and reliability. For in the last decade the Edlunds have made and distributed nationally a variety of can openers, egg beaters, top-off jar openers and can punches.

This all began back in 1925 in Burlington when H. J. Edlund, the father of the two present partners, designed and started to make, with the aid of his sons and two other men, John Desjardin (now superintendent) and his brother Henry (who is still with the company), a heavy duty commercial can opener for use in hotels, institutions and on ships. Mr. Edlund possessed that old-fashioned native genius for mechanics which once made New England great, and in a comparatively few years the name Edlund was known to hotel men, managers of hospitals and ship stewards. His business reached the point where Edlund openers outsold all other kinds three to one.

After Mr. Edlund's death in 1937, Oscar and Walter took over the business. They are sole owners today.

These two young men, typical of our best free enterprisers and ingenious small industrialists, soon began to develop new tools for the home kitchen and to spread the name Edlund around the world. Today with branches in three large American cities and salesmen covering the country, the name Edlund is pre-eminent in this special field. Last year one of their salesmen traveling on a vacation through the wild Yukon Territory in northern Canada, saw in the window of a tiny general store in a remote frontier settlement, prominently displayed, two Edlund egg beaters. It made him feel very much at home.

Oscar Edlund was telling me about a trip he once made to New York when he first started selling, and how he got lost. Sent by a steamship company to see if he could sell the steward of a ship docked at the pier, Oscar walked onto the vessel and soon found himself wandering below decks completely lost in the labyrinthine corridors. It took him over an hour to find a human being. This turned out to be a cook in the galley. Undaunted, he started to talk about the Edlund can opener, but found the cook spoke no language he had ever heard before. By sign language he demonstrated the Edlund opener without speaking a word. He sold the order.

* * * * * *

The Edlund boys (as they are still known in Burlington, though both are over 25 years old) and the 50 men who work with them, make up the typical small but efficient and successful industry which the Vermont economic

Henry Desjardins, Edlund's oldest production employee in point of service, makes a can test with one of the company's new household wall openers. Desjardins and his brother began at Edlund in 1925.
ABOVE: The Edlund brothers, Walter (left) and Oscar, are partners.

ABOVE: Pete Bosley shapes parts on punch press.

ABOVE: Bob Duprey inspects hand can opener.

ABOVE: Adelard Charrett, inspector, and Andy Luchini, checker, inspect egg beaters.

RIGHT: Superintendent John Desjardins watches Ed Courcy repair small power tool.
Edmund Simmer is doing the final assembly work on one of the heavy-duty commercial can openers used in hotels and institutions.

climate suits down to a T. Oscar and Walter know every man by his first name and they both emphasize that some of the finest operating ideas have come from the men in the shop. Some of these men have been with the company since their father started it.

The company fabricates its can openers, egg beaters and other products from the raw material . . . cold rolled steel and heavy metal castings. From the basement of the 100-year-old building where they plate the cast bases of the openers, up to the third floor where they assemble the final product and box it, every operation (and this includes heat treating) is accomplished by efficient local help. Under Mr. Frank Reich, who was with the boys’ father, they also operate a modern tool room in which dies, gauges, jigs and tools are made to suit their production requirements.

When I first looked at the plant, Sales Manager Bill Foster took me into their museum. Here in a pine panelled room they have gathered samples of hundreds of can openers and egg beaters made by other people. Here they can put on a graphic comparison between their products and the other fellow’s. It was by studying hundreds of other openers that the Eldlund boys decided that all these devices lacked something . . . and some of them everything. They realized that a woman in the kitchen (this they learned from their wives) wanted a can opener that took up little space, was vertical, clung close to the wall, did not swing out and hit anyone, would open all shapes of cans, would not let the top fall into the can and, finally, would hold the can to the opener.

This was a big order . . . nearly perfection. It took them months of trial and error but at last, this year, they came out with a Flat-to-Wall opener which, being built on entirely new principles, does away with all the disadvantages they found on other makes. Great skill and ideas in developing the new opener were contributed by Eldlund worker Frank Reich and also by Superintendent Desjardin.
are the makers of some other products, to the contemporary philosophy of the economy of waste. From my experience in the last few years with new automobiles, new typewriters and some other contraptions made of metal, I am convinced that some manufacturers have been able, through cunning metallurgical planning, to make products that will, exactly so many months, weeks, days and hours later, completely fall apart and have to be junked. This of course (as they figure) is good for American industry, because folks will then have to throw the darned things away and buy brand new.

The Edlund boys of Vermont don’t figure that way. By using the finest steel and the most modern methods of testing and fabrication, they aim to make an opener that will last a generation at least. I have one myself we have

used 15 years, so I am only a few years short of being able to know this is true.

And it’s a pretty good thing in my opinion. It goes to show that in Vermont, we believe, because of our rather out-dated notions of integrity and frugality, that things should be made to last.

Most of us have a lot of work to do. We also see that our wives have a lot of work to do. We like and we like them to have good tools that last, and tools that will cope with those daily tasks called chores . . . which Robert Frost so beautifully described once as “work that won’t stay done.”

END
My idea of a Republic is a little State in the north of your great country . . . Vermont.

Prince Otto von Bismarck, in 1878