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The Battle of Hubbardton

The Revolution's only engagement fought in Vermont

COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, U.S.A. Ret.
To understand what happened at Hubbardton, one must first go back to July 5, 1777, at Fort Ticonderoga and to General Arthur S. St. Clair, an amiable, run-of-the-mill soldier doomed throughout his career to meet problems just beyond his ability to solve.

For some three weeks St. Clair had been in command of what was considered by the American people the impregnable guardian of the Champlain Valley. As a matter of fact, it was a white elephant. The Ticonderoga position included the fort itself on the New York side and the companion fortress of Mount Independence in Vermont. These were connected by a boom and bridge across the narrow lake neck. It was an elaborate defense system, far beyond physical capabilities of its garrison to man. Worst of all, the entire complex was dominated by a crag which the Americans had neglected to occupy.

St. Clair's troops, approximating 3,500 men, were confronted by General Burgoyne's expeditionary force—some 7,200 troops, well armed, well fed and tempered by a year of campaigning in the North. St. Clair's troops were disease-ridden, hungry, miserably equipped and clad.

And, on this morning of July 5, on the mountain no one had thought fit to defend, red-coated soldiers were man-handling brass 12-pounder guns which, when mounted, would command every inch of the American positions. There was but one thing to do: get out!

Under cover of darkness that night the fort was evacuated, in a whirlwind of near-panic. While the baggage, the sick and one regiment moved south up the lake the remainder of the garrison struck across country on the rough Military Road lately slashed southeast across Vermont's mountains and forests.

The stout boom across the lake would, St. Clair believed, prevent the British naval flotilla from pursuing by water, while a small detachment manning a cannon on the Fort Independence side, could sweep the bridge and stop any enemy attempt to cross on the heels of his fleeing garrison.

St. Clair's sorry force stumbled out of Fort Independence about four o'clock on the morning of July 6.

The road they took was an abominable trail slashed through virgin forest, with but occasional clearings.

St. Clair's attempts to maintain an orderly movement were at first futile. His green militia, sandwiched between the plodding Continental brigades, wanted only to get away as far and as fast as they could leg it. Not until the column reached Lacey's Camp was St. Clair able to restore some order.

Behind all, came dependable Colonel Ebenezer Francis and his 11th Massachusetts Regiment—"some 450 strong"—as rear guard, with orders to gather before them "every living thing"; a tall order. In the forest depths, with dense foliage cutting off all circulation of air, the heat became almost unbearable. Sick and feeble men were soon lagging behind the fierce pace set and were slowing up Francis' progress.

At Lacey's Camp, St. Clair received disturbing information. A party of Indians and Tories had already reached Hubbardton; "500 of them," went the rumor. So the marchers hurried on. By noon they discovered the raiders had gone on to Castleton, after capturing several of the local townsmen. The settlement was deserted.

A new problem now confronted St. Clair. Certainly the enemy raiding party had not come from Ticonderoga; they must have come from the north. Were additional British troops behind them?

St. Clair waited for more than an hour for his rear guard to close. But Francis, to collect his stragglers, had halted at Lacey's Camp, and St. Clair decided to push on without him. Actually, his militia regiments could no longer be held back.

Colonel Seth Warner with his Green Mountain Boys would stay behind until Francis caught up. With them would also remain Colonel Nathan Hale's 2d New Hampshire. When Francis arrived, Warner, taking command of the entire rear guard, would rejoin the main body at Castleton that evening. The order was explicit.

No better choice of a rear-guard commander could have been made. Warner and his Vermonters knew the country well, and he was more experienced in rear-guard fighting against both British and Indians than anyone else in St. Clair's command, for he had taken part in Sullivan's retreat from Quebec the previous winter. Some of his men also were veterans of that campaign.

His decision made, St. Clair and the rest of his tattered demoralyzion army disappeared down the road. When Francis reached the camp area, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, shoving 117 stragglers before him, the three colonels gathered in the empty log cabin of John Sellick, at the junction of the Military and Castleton roads. Let's look at them.

Kindly, rough-hewn Seth Warner, 34, standing a good six-foot-three, had been a troop-leader since 1775, when the Green Mountain Boys first selected him—instead of Ethan Allen—for their wartime commander. A bush-fighter, Warner had proven himself as a soldier and a regimental commander with Montgomery in the invasion of Canada. His present outfit was a six-company battalion of whom 99 were listed as "fit for duty," meaning that they were not only tolerably well-armed, but also in good health.

Ebenezer Francis, another six-footer, handsome and imposing, in his early thirties, cast from the same mold as Warner, was dynamic, outspoken, hard-driving. His 11th Massachusetts, a nine-company regiment, perhaps the best disciplined of all the Continentals in St. Clair's force, mustered 429, 206 of them "fit for duty."

Nathan Hale, 34, was no relative of the man who had
“but one life to lose for his country.” His 2d New Hampshire, a six-company battalion, mustered 212 “fit for duty.”

There, then, we have them: the leaders and the outfits, probably the best of St. Clair’s ten, commanded by officers with combat experience. The force—if we add the stragglers—totaled 1,070 officers and men, of whom but 517 were fit for duty.

One may speculate on Warner’s estimate of the situation. While his own tough Vermonters might be ready to move on again, Hale’s outfit was still exhausted after that twenty-four-mile march in nine hours. Francis’ command, just arrived, must get a breather, too. And then there were the stragglers. All these men must eat. It would be dark before this command could be moved again in any cohesive order.

The enemy? Pursuit might be expected, both from Ticonderoga and from the north. Certainly, the British were already on St. Clair’s trail, as men in the rear guard could testify.

But it is doubtful that Warner felt that pursuit in force from Ticonderoga was close enough to interfere seriously.

Warner’s mission as rear-guard commander was to secure the American army from danger; to delay pursuit until the main body could be reorganized at Castleton. Here, six miles north of Castleton, he was astride the roads over which pursuit might come, and on well watered terrain suitable for both bivouac and for defense.
One assumes that Warner thus assessed the situation. Perhaps he didn’t, perhaps he simply decided his men were too tired to obey the order given him.

In any event, he stayed. The 2d New Hampshire and the stragglers remained in the hollow along Sucker Brook, athwart the Military Road. The Green Mountain Boys bivouacked behind and above them, in the vicinity of the Sellick cabin. The 11th Massachusetts moved up into the woods along the ridge a bit to the north, where they would bar any enemy advance from the north down the road from Crown Point.

Warner, it appears, was prepared to resist any enemy attack from either of the two possible directions, with his own regiment as a reserve.

The cleared area of the Sellick farm was ringed and fenced by logs and a jumble of fallen and girdled trees, stumps and brush. The remaining hours of daylight were utilized to strengthen this ready-made fortification. Pickets were posted for close-in warning. There is no evidence of any patrolling.

The American camp fell into a chilled, exhausted and uneasy sleep. Everyone knew that early next morning they would be again on the move. They didn’t know that a determined and skilled enemy lay that night at Lacey’s Camp, less than three miles away.

SIMON FRASER GOES AHUNTING

Forty-eight-year-old Brigadier General Simon Fraser was the most active and experienced subordinate commander in Burgoyne’s army, a most gallant soldier and a cool, daring troop leader. His was the Advance Corps—the elite troops.

Fraser had served with Wolfe at Louisburg and Quebec, and he was familiar with Americans and American methods of fighting. His command was divided into three components: his own 24th Regiment, a light infantry battalion and a grenadier battalion.

Competent young officers led these three elements of Fraser’s Advance Corps. The 24th was commanded by Major Robert Grant; Major Alexander Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, who was only 24, led the light infantry; and 30-year-old Major John Dyke Acland, the grenadiers.

General Fraser, with a detachment of his corps, had been the first to rush into Fort Ticonderoga. His men led the way across the bridge to Fort Independence, surprising a squad of drunken American artillerymen supposed to sweep it with their fire. Fraser then organized an immediate pursuit.

Gathering the Advance Corps, less guard and other detachments, Fraser “resolved to attack any body of the rebels that I could come up with.” The outfit—approximately 850 strong—marched light, there had been no time to issue rations or even fill canteens. A nine-mile hike netted “about 20 Rebels all very much in liquor.”

From the prisoners Fraser learned Francis’ name and the fact that he was considered to be one of the best officers in St. Clair’s command. An officer was sent back to Burgoyne to inform him of progress, and to request that reinforcements be sent.

For four more miles the impatient Fraser drove his men through the sweltering heat, before halting by a stream.

About four o’clock in the afternoon, as Fraser halted once again to give his men a brief rest, up from the rear came Major General Baron Friedrich Adolph von Riedesel, commanding the German division of Burgoyne’s army and, in theory, his second in command.

Burgoyne, said von Riedesel, had instructed him to march part of his corps in support of Fraser and then push on to Skenesborough. He had at once set his troops in motion—a regiment of infantry and a battalion each of jägers (riflemen) and grenadiers, totaling 1,100 men. Von Riedesel had rushed on ahead of them with a detachment of 180.

If there was a trace of coldness in Fraser’s announcement that with von Riedesel’s “permission” he would push three miles further, bivouac for a few hours and—at three the next morning—take up the pursuit, the Brunswick general paid no attention.

Von Riedesel’s slow-moving Germans, he told the Britisher, would be unable to cover further ground that night. They would bivouac where Fraser now was, and at three the next morning would move out to give close support.

Mollified, Fraser got his redcoats on the move once more. They marched another three miles, and at Lacey’s Camp—which Francis’ Americans had left not an hour previously—made their bivouac.

Promptly at three next morning, Fraser set his troops in motion again. As promptly, von Riedesel’s Brunswickers, three miles behind them, heaved themselves on the road. The Baron, with his little advance guard, hurried out in the lead.

The rising sun was brushing the hillcrests when the British column topped the notched cleft of Sargent Hill and started down its southern slope. In front, the handful of Indian and Tory scouts sifted through the woods. Grant’s 24th Foot led the regulars, with Balcarres’ light infantry following. Acland’s grenadiers brought up the rear. Fraser himself marched beside Balcarres.

Fraser’s intention was to hit—and hit hard—with the 24th Foot, as soon as contact was made with any American force. The light infantry was to press in, should any real resistance develop, in close support. The grenadiers would be held in reserve.

Fraser moved to a baldish knob to the right of the road and peered down into

[Continued on page 56]
Over the years many an auction goer has journeyed home with trash and treasure—or maybe just with a sunburn and memories of a pleasant day.

In days gone by a visitor could expect to bid on worthwhile items, but questions arise about present-day auctions. Are bargains still plentiful? What makes for a good auction? Do dealers help or hinder? What about “bidding fever”?

For frank answers to these and other questions, V L called on one of New England’s best-known and most colorful auctioneers, Albert May of Marshfield—“the man who wears the derby.” Mr. May, in addition to auctioneering all around the Marshfield area, draws a big crowd to his own auction sale (and show) Saturday evenings through the Summer in a roadside barn near Molly’s Pond.

Q: A lot of people, Al, say auctions aren’t what they used to be—that there aren’t the bargains there were ten or twenty years ago. How do you feel about this?
A: Well, bargains are fewer but they still can be found. It depends a lot on the person at the auction... what he’s looking for... Every auction isn’t a good one, though we try to make people think they are. But an auctioneer with a following can’t afford to take a junky auction.

Q: Can a person still expect to come across a good item if he tries hard enough?
A: Sure he can. Of course, one of the secrets of antiquing is the unexpected that makes it exciting... where you can open a trunk and come out with a treasure.

Q: One question you hear a lot is “What’s the fun of auctions if you have to bid against a dealer who knows everything?”
A: The average person has nothing to worry about from a dealer: as a rule, the dealer doesn’t pay much over half of value, due to the fact that he has to hold his purchases and wait for a buyer. And then when he buys an item, it's got to be in nearly 100% condition.

Q: Then, how can you distinguish a dealer, say, from an avid collector?
A: Even an auctioneer can’t always be sure who is a dealer. The signs are a consistent bidder who doesn’t go above about half the value of an item. Dealers are the auctioneer’s backbone and they can be a help to private bidders too, who of course can afford to top them. Dealers sometimes gang up together so they won’t bid against each other, but that usually doesn’t work.

Q: What makes for a good auction?
A: Well, the weather of course is important. '62 was one of the worst auction summers I’ve...
**Auction goer’s Guide:**

**Go often, listen, learn**

ever seen: it rained every other day and some of the times in between. The background of an auction—people knowing that a good family collection is being disposed of—makes for high prices. Auctions held to settle estates are the best—the stuff’s not likely to be picked over. Funny thing: it’s hard to sell even good stuff if the family is disliked.

Q: Even in off-season auctions, Spring or late Fall for instance, are you still likely to get some good items?

A: It’s at off-season auctions when people can really pick up the bargains, because there isn’t the competition. July and August are the auction months of highest prices. Things go cheaper in September.

Q: What are the best buys at Vermont auctions today, generally speaking? Dolls? Other antiques? Farm equipment?

A: Antiques generally, but there aren’t any consistent values. An item that brings $10 one day will sell for $1 the next. Everything in the antique line is up from ten years ago. But any antique bought at a reasonable price is bound to increase in value. They’re a good investment. Old tools would be good to collect today—they’re plentiful and there aren’t many collectors yet.

Q: Does a good auctioneer always feel bound to mention the defects in an article—the crack in the teacup—as well as its virtues?

A: Yes, if he doesn’t he gets a bad reputation. If I call a cup perfect and it turns out to have a defect after all, I refund it and reauction it... often for more than it brought the first time.

Q: Is it true that people often pay more for articles at an auction than they could get them for at the neighborhood store?

A: Yes. During a fever pitch I once sold a 24 foot extension ladder for $52 while Sears just down the street was selling them new for $45. Once I had several pails marked 85c, and I said: “Who’ll buy these 85c pails at $1?”
and I sold several to an old gentleman. He came up to me afterward and said: “I didn't know the bargain was for you.” Sometimes people bid up prices even when I tell them they’re paying too much.

Q: How about this bidding fever? Can an auctioneer encourage it? Do you?

A: Yes, to get fever bidding the auctioneer needs good weather, good stuff to sell which the people know about ahead of time, and good economic conditions at the time. I encourage it by laying some fine pieces out in front. I had an auction in Barre once where the bidding was really ferocious and the people stayed right at it standing in a downpour.

Q: How do you figure in what order to put up the articles at an auction? How do you try to start on auction off?

A: I make a practice of selling the first item put up to the first bidder. That breaks the ice. I try to mix up things in the order sold and mix in junk and valuable items. If they’re not paying attention I try to snap them awake by telling them I’ll sell the next item, something of value, on the second bid. I try to keep them in a good frame of mind. You have to be very careful of the jokes you tell, though.

Q: Tell me something about the tricks of bidding.

Is it possible, for example, to scare out another bidder by raising the amount you bid drastically, with a view to convincing the other fellow you’re going to stay in there indefinitely?

A: Yes, but you must know ahead what an item’s worth and how far you want to go. If the bidding starts: $1, $1.50—and you jump the bid to your top price of $10, others often will say: “Let the crazy fool have it.” Yet this may save you money in the end. I try to ask for a first bid that’s about half the real value of an item. Bids aren’t by nickels and dimes now—quarters and half-dollars. Sometimes an auction will have a showoff bidder or a cheapskate bidder, and the old timers are quick to bid him up so he wastes his money.

Q: You're considered one of New England's top auctioneers Al. What's your secret?

A: Know people, know values, don't oversell.

Q: What advice do you have for the auction goer?

A: Pay attention every moment and don't be visiting with your neighbor. Go to several auctions and draw comparisons on prices. Get there early and look around. At some auctions you can't inspect ahead though, for various reasons. Visit museums beforehand, study reference books, talk to dealers: They're almost always courteous and helpful.
Gift from the
RONALD ROOD

A certain Vermonter, hearing Texas described in glowing terms, decided to see it for himself. On his return, he was asked what he thought of the Lone Star State.

"Shucks," he said, "it ain't so big as I thought it was. In fact, it's no bigger than Vermont would be if you pulled out all the wrinkles."

These same "wrinkles," as anyone knows who has traveled in Vermont, collect a remarkable substance in their hollows and glens. They funnel it down their steep sides with every rain. They store it awhile in their spongy soils or release it into lakes and streams where man may put it to his own use. Then they give it back to the air through evaporation and the moist breath of their plants.

Many a resident is hardly aware of this substance—the good water of Vermont. Yet it's with him almost constantly. The State's five-hundred streams, more or less, would stretch to Chicago and back—or to San Francisco and back if you count everything that has water flowing at some time of the year.

There are some four-hundred lakes and ponds in the state. Vermont's share of Lake Champlain alone (some 172,000 acres) gives nearly an
Play in it, harness it, drink it or just let it run—Vermont has good water to spare for herself and neighbors, too.

Acres of water for every two persons. And its entire eastern border is composed of a river it doesn’t even own. This is the Connecticut, all of whose waters belong to New Hampshire, except those above low-water mark on the western bank. This thoughtful provision of the law allows Vermont title to freshets and floods which occasionally visit in the exuberance of spring or as the aftermath of rain.

“Looked at from the recreational standpoint,” a Vermont Development Department officer said, “water represents one of our biggest assets. Tourists and vacationists spent nearly 130 million dollars in the state in 1961. That year there were 30,000 non-resident fishing licenses of all kinds sold. Add more than twice that many resident licenses, and you’ve got 100,000 fishermen on our lakes and streams.”

The Department of Public Safety indicates that there were 16,989 boat registrations this past year. “That’s nearly one boat for every twenty persons in the whole state,” a spokesman said; “and the total number jumps up about a thousand every year.”

Snow is water, too. There are almost fifty miles of ski trails in the Mt. Mansfield area alone. There are hundreds more in the many other ski resorts scattered over the state. During the 1961–62 ski season these brought some 30 million dollars to Vermont.

But figures can be pretty meaningless in themselves. What does this come out to in terms of people? Simply this: in Vermont, which has been dubbed the “Switzerland of America,” the income from year-round recreation amounts to nearly $400 for every man, woman and child in the state—and a large percentage of this income can be laid directly to water.

Water figured generously in Vermont’s past, too. Early pioneers struck north along the Connecticut River, founding Vernon and Fort Dummer long before the Revolutionary War. Years later, the colorful Ethan Allen...
Power for industry
or a realtor’s dream

crossed the waters of Lake Champlain under the cloak of darkness. Suddenly—materializing at Fort Ticonderoga, he demanded its surrender by the British “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress”—although, as a wag suggested afterwards, “he didn’t hold a commission from either source.”

The Green Mountain State has even had its seafaring moments. In the Winter of 1813-14, when the British Navy supposedly had Lake Champlain to itself, young Commodore Thomas Macdonough pulled one of the greatest surprises on record. Scraping together every resource he could find, he built a pocket-sized fleet at Vergennes. Then the next Summer he launched it at the astonished British. The resulting victory at Plattsburgh thus helped set the infant America up as a naval power—even though salt water was two hundred miles away.

“Lake Champlain figured in another way, too,” a St. Albans historian told me with a hint of a smile. “A hundred fifty years ago, smuggling was our town’s biggest business—some of it by water from Canada. Beef for the British, arms for the Americans all passed through here with happy impartiality. This, of course, took place in spite of St. Albans’ pious-sounding name.”

Smuggling, boat-building and scores of other enterprises, from making back-scratchers to fashioning butter molds, kept Vermonters busy along the little streams. Today, although water power has largely been replaced by modern methods, the towns still retain their streamside names: Bellows Falls, Bridgewater, Island Pond, Post Mills, Wells River.

“There are still a few of us left in the waterpower industries, though,” said Benjamin Thresher of Barnet. “There’s Clark’s water power mill in Cabot, for one. There’s another mill in Peacham. I remember one wheel that got clogged with eels a number of years ago.”

Such hazards are getting fewer by the year, although the thriving machine-tool industry in Springfield still leans heavily on water wheels. The Ward Lumber Company in Waterbury, one of the state’s largest, used to start its wheel up on occasion—“but it was mostly just reminiscing,” says Merlin Ward; “modern power methods are surer. Instead of waiting for a pond to fill up with water, you just punch a switch.”

A friend of mine once helped in his grandfather’s lumber mill on the New Haven River. “Grandpa had it all fixed up so he wouldn’t waste a minute,” he recalls. “All summer he cut lumber ’til the apple crop came in. Then he turned right around and pressed cider with the mill machinery until the last apple was gone.”

Today’s water wheels are in the hydroelectric stations. Instead of a creak and a splash they turn with a steady hum. Vermonters still depend on the water for power, but now it’s piped through wires to their milking machines, refrigerators, freezers, TV sets.

“Connecticut River power goes to many parts of the state,” an engineer at the Wilder Dam said. “Sometimes it lights the lamps in Boston. At other times when the water’s low or there’s a heavy drain on our station, we import power from other states. This is what’s so wonderful about hydroelectric power—just pull the right switch and you get instant juice from hundreds of miles away.”

Happily, industrial and domestic activities have blended in with other uses on many streams, so a number of Vermont rivers do not suffer the pollution woes that attend so many similar areas. “There
are painful exceptions, however," a spokesman for the Water Resources Board declared. “Some rivers need cleaning up badly. Our job is to help people see what clean water means in terms of dollars and cents. Then with federal and state aid available, towns can help themselves to cleaner streams.”

You don’t have to go very far in the state to realize that it’s almost the rare farm that doesn’t have its own fresh-flowing spring. Some lucky residents just drive a well-point down into the cellar a few feet. “One of the first things a buyer asks about a house when I show it,” a real estate agent remarked, “is, ‘How’s the water supply?’” Good water on the place—or a clean river flowing past—will often make the difference between a sale and no sale.

A friend from California visited us awhile back. He accompanied me to a farmhouse in the dead of Winter, where an inch-stream was pouring into the kitchen sink and out the drain. “How come you leave the water running?” he asked in surprise.

“It’d freeze up in five minutes on a cold night if I turned it off,” the housewife said. “Besides, there’s plenty. It comes from a nice spring up on the hill.”

My friend shook his head. “Out in the San Fernando Valley, they’ve spent millions in drilling wells. They have to re-drill many of their deepest wells at further cost. They’re frantic for water. And here you let it run out into the sink. In Texas, I’ve seen it sold for the same price as gasoline. Why, if I had what’s coming right out of that faucet, I could retire tomorrow.”

I remember, too, a visit I paid to a Southwestern desert community two years back. I asked how long it had been since they’d had any rain. “See my son there?” a garage-station attendant asked. “Well, he just had his third birthday. He’s never seen it rain in his life.”

How is it that water is such a common commodity in our Northeast and so scarce in the West? “Much of the answer,” a meteorologist answered, “is the way the moisture-laden air sweeps in off the Pacific onto the western mainland. There it hits the high peaks of the coast ranges and is forced to rise until the moisture condenses. Hence it dumps much of its water on the western slopes of the mountains. There’s almost none left after it gets over the tops and works its way inland.

“Then there’s the water table,” he said. “Think of this as a sort of underground pool which saturates the soil. Sometimes it rests on bedrock, but often its level is maintained by rainfall from above. Thus with less rainfall the water table will be found deeper underground. Out in the West they may not hit water for hundreds of feet. In one spot in Arizona the water level dropped fifty feet in six years when communities used it faster than it could soak into the ground.

“Here in Vermont you just can’t say what the average water table level is,” he continued. “Some places it stands above ground as a swamp or marsh. In others it may be thirty or more feet deep.”

Some states, such as Massachusetts, have pressed nature into service to raise the water table. This is accomplished with the help of that industrious rodent, the beaver. Live-trapped and released in remote areas, the beavers soon build their dams. These raise the general water level of the valley as they create little ponds to float the tree branches which the animals use for food and house-building.

“The forests themselves have a tremendous influence on the water supply,” a conservation professor told me, “and in a surprising way. Many of us know that the force of falling rain is broken by vegetation of all kinds, so that its impact on loose soil is lost. And it’s common knowledge that forests act like a huge sponge, with their humus and leafy litter soaking up everything but a downpour. But did you ever realize that there’s a continuous ‘rainfall’ upwards as well?”

He indicated the window sill where a potted plant was covered with a huge glass jar. On the inside of the jar were great water drops, joining into little streams which trickled back down to the soil. “Plants—from moss to maples—are constantly drawing moisture from the soil and losing it out through their leaves,” he said. “We call it transpiration. It’s part of their life process, just as we breathe moisture out from our lungs.

“They use water in tremendous quantities,” he continued. “They need great amounts in order to get enough of the dissolved minerals it contains. An acre of corn may pass about 300,000 gallons of water through its leaves during the growing season. An apple orchard may ‘breathe out’ over 90,000 gallons of water per acre each month in the process of growing its fruit. And a single big oak tree may transpire 180 gallons of water on a good Summer’s day.”

“How about plants with narrow leaves, such as pines or spruces?” I asked. “Vermont has a lot of them. They must lose less water because of their smaller leaf area.”

“Depending on the species and size,” he said, “they use roughly half what the broadleaved trees use. But they largely make up for this in Winter. While the

**SEA WATER IN VERMONT**

Vermont, so little troubled by the lack of water, is nevertheless making significant contributions to a national effort which is focused on finding answers to the growing need for fresh water. At the General Electric Company’s Burlington plant, scientists and engineers are developing new techniques and equipment for the practical conversion of sea waters and inland brackish waters to fresh water. This is one of many companies developing new approaches and equipments.

Briefly, G. E. technique creates very thin water films in the presence of heat which efficiently evaporates sea water to obtain a high-purity vapor. This vapor is condensed into fresh potable water, while the concentrated salts are drained off. Hence, in a way, it’s just the opposite of the traditional process of making Vermont maple syrup, in which the liquid or steam is the “waste” and dissolved material (sugar) is the end-product.

One might ask, “Why locate this project in Burlington, so far from the ocean?” According to a General Electric spokesman, a sea water location has absolutely no value on long test runs with brackish water, where the best location may be the Dakotas or the Southwest. Coastal locations have certain limitations even with sea water testing. All things taken into consideration, it’s easier to bring water to the laboratory than vice versa.

The Company recently completed the installation of a 37,000 gallon-per-day pilot plant at the Department of Interior’s new test facility at Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina. Such pilot plant testing will indicate the practicality of the process to have the oceans of the world economically serve the fresh water needs of humanity.
Rain, snow and the breath of trees fill nature's hidden storage tanks

deciduous trees lie dormant and bare, and lose very little water through their bark, the evergreens are busy drying out the snow. Did you ever notice how shallow the snow is in a heavy spruce forest? This is because the boughs catch it before it can reach the ground. Then they hold it up in the air. The wind blows around it and through it and under it as it hangs on its evergreen 'clothesline.' Pretty soon it has all evaporated away.

This sounded as if the forests were working against the interest of water conservation, but he pointed out that it wasn't that simple. "Cut over a forest and you immediately get a tremendous increase in yield of water from its streams," he said. "But the trouble is that this new yield is sporadic, uncontrolled. A normal rain will hardly affect a forest stream beyond raising its water level a little. But the same rain on cutover land produces a flood. The water gets choked with silt and topsoil. Later the stream may disappear entirely.

This relationship between woods and water has been probed in a number of ways. One of the most interesting is a study by the U.S. Forest Service. They discovered that if a plot of forest is cut over and the trees left where they fell, stream yield of water goes up with few disastrous side effects. This is because the vegetation is still there to check erosion and sponge up the rainfall, although of course felled trees don't allow transpiration to drink up half the moisture and return it to the air again.

"Leaving trees lying around is unnatural, of course," said the forester. "It's
NATIONAL WATER SUPPLY

New England's ample water supply isn't equally divided, since 75 percent of the area's population is concentrated on five bays and five river systems, all of which lie outside Vermont.

a fire hazard and it doesn't produce any timber. But the interesting thing is this: on the basis of these and other studies, it's been shown that enough water can be gained from a square mile of cut-and-let-fore for to supply the domestic water needs of a city the size of Montpelier."

Then he made an interesting suggestion. "Here in Vermont, farm after farm has been abandoned. Their old pastures and fields are coming up to trees of little timber value—gray birch and red maple, for instance. It's taking millions of gallons of water to grow those trees. Even with two thirds of Vermont covered with forest, we'll still have more water than we need for years to come. Why couldn't we manage those old fields and trees for maximum watershed production, get rid of the low-value trees, if necessary, and actually export water to states which need it?"

His thoughts are borne out to a degree by the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Water Resources. Its figures show that Vermont is indeed blessed. We'll have about twice the water we need in the year 2000, while almost half the country will not be able to meet its own demand.

Even while Vermonters help work on the problem of increased water for the nation, they sometimes face a more immediate one from the opposite direction. The Vermont hills serve to channel heavy rainfalls down into the river valleys, creating disastrous floods. This happened in 1927 and again in '38, with shattering loss of life and property. Since even the forests cannot hold a record rainfall, the federal government has built several flood control dams.

The dam at Waterbury received its baptism just after completion when it successfully tamed the waters of the 1927 hurricane. Visit East Barre, Wrightsville, Jamaica, Townshend, North Springfield, North Hartland or Union Village, and you'll see others. Many of these are on little "feeder streams," thus controlling flood waters before they become great crests in the larger rivers.

There are other projects under way besides flood control. In Franklin, a study is being made of drainage of agricultural lands. At Danville, the Sleeper's River project studies runoff and snowfall. And one of the most fascinating is the work done by the Fish and Game Department. "There seems to be a definite relation between reproduction of trout and other fish on the one hand, and the hardness of water on the other," says James MacMartin, who has been active in the study. "We've discovered that soft water tends to limit the survival of trout sperm, particularly with rainbows and browns. It also affects the water balance of their bodies. A fish in soft water must do more work just to pump excess water from the tissues. It has little energy left from the food it eats for growth. A little more lime or other calcium source in the waters seems to have a big effect on their success in life. Hard water may be a bane to the housewife but it's a boon to the fisherman."

"Does this mean that we'll 'lime' our ponds and streams some day for better fishing, the same way a farmer limes his soil for a better crop?" I asked.

"We've already tried this," he said. "By putting marble chips or limestone rubble in upstream areas we can raise the alkalinity and hardness somewhat. It's not on a practical basis yet, but it's a real possibility. Stream hardness may mean the difference between thirty or forty undersized 'non-keepers' or a mess of good-sized fish in the same day's fishing—other things being equal."

So the good water of Vermont finds itself used in other ways. Forty-one inches of it per year fall on the state as a whole—if you can average a relatively dry valley in with a cloudy mountaintop. Two to three hundred gallons of it per day are used by each Vermonter. Of the 10,000 individual Vermont farms, nearly half have little farm ponds. Many of them are just used for watering stock or fire protection. Others may be used for fishing or for a cooling dip on a hot day.

One sunny afternoon I stood with a visitor on the shore of a farmer's pond and watched a fish snap at a grasshopper. "Is it very hard to build a pond around here?" the visitor asked the farmer. "Not at all," he was told. "All you have to do in Vermont if you want a little extra water is to dig a hole with a bulldozer or throw a few sandbags across a trickle. Then soon you'll have a little pond of your own. Anywhere."

Not quite anywhere in Vermont of course. But almost.

Summer 1963 • 15
SOUTHERN STRIP

▪ BORDER FLAVOR
▪ THE MAP
▪ THE SCENERY
▪ WILDERNESS TRAIL
▪ WILMINGTON: CROSSROADS TOWN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSON CARROLL
This 40-mile swath contains enough contrasts for all the rest of the state

HERE are those who say that you don't get to the real Vermont until you are north of Rutland. But any observant eye can see the folly of that. The minute you enter the Pownal Valley from Massachusetts something changes. The houses are different, with their touches of Greek revival and their simple yet right proportions. The barns, painted or unpainted, are different: they have adjusted themselves to the landscape. And the landscape is different—marked off by the parallel Taconics and Green Mountains which set limits to every view and therefore help the eye to grasp it all.

Whether you enter from New York and come upon that poem in wood which is the Old First Church of Old Bennington, the even-windowed white houses along the street like chickens of its brood, or whether you enter the lovely Stamford Valley so cut off from the rest of the state that it is like a miniature of the whole, the quality that is Vermont spreads itself before you.

On the eastern edge the change is not so apparent. Northfield, Massachusetts, could almost be Vermont except that its public buildings are more impressive and self-conscious than ours for a town of similar size. Vernon, sleepy beside the Connecticut, does not immediately announce the charm. Fort Dummer, which once guarded the river bank, has been dissolved into the river by the lake behind Vernon power dam. And Brattleboro's Main Street is—well, a Main Street.

But Vermont is people even more than it is landscapes or buildings.

One of our neighbors was restoring an old house. He asked the carpenter, a homegrown craftsman, to leave the old hand-hewn beams exposed in the living room.

"Want us to paint 'em same as the walls?"

"No, no," he said. "Just leave them the way they are."

A little later the carpenter called to him: "Them beams 're pretty rough. Want we should sand 'em down some?"

"No; I want all those ax marks to show." Again, later: "Mebbe we ought to stain 'em."

Irritated, my friend said: "Now look, I want those beams to stay just as they are, if you don't mind."

The carpenter looked up at the rough beams, removed from his mouth the nail he had been chewing, and said: "Be all right with you if I wipe the —— cobwebs of'n 'em?"

Or there was the other friend who had felled an elm and was working on it when a true-born Vermonter stopped to "neighbor" with him.

"Whatch'ya doin'?"
"Cutting up this elm for firewood."
"'T won't saw."
"Well, I'm sawing it."
"'T won't split."

My friend indicated his wedges and a small pile of wood.

Elm does split hard, but he had split it.

"Elm won't burn."
"But I've already burned some."
"Well, it'll smoke up your chimbley."

Yes, we have Vermonters in our part of the state. We love them, and they tolerate us. Having been born three miles across the border, I'm an outsider. The true-born like to remind us we are aliens, which is only natural seeing how we more and more outnumber them. But our children will be true-born, and that will restore the balance.

BENNINGTON ANCHOR

Vermont has two anchors to the south—Bennington on the west and Brattleboro on the east. Each has its special quality, its distinction, its pride in history, its civic qualities. Driving through town will not expose them. You have to live in a town to know its inner life.

Bennington's past is still visible in the old street, now known as Monument Avenue, where the first settlement was built and where a dozen old houses still stand. The story goes that Samuel Robinson, who began the settlement, used to greet all the newcomers as they arrived from southern New England. If they were Baptists he sent them on to Shaftsbury, if Episcopalians to Arlington. If they were Congregationalists like himself, he offered them choice plots in Bennington. It is true that the three towns long preserved this religious differentiation. Legend says that if they were atheists, he sent them eastward up the
mountain to remote Searsburg to let them have a taste of hell while there was still time to repent. But this may be apocryphal.

The old church and the markers on the green remind us that Bennington nurtured the Green Mountain Boys in their struggle against New York’s land claims, held the military stores Burgoyne coveted, gathered the militia who went out under General Stark and won the Battle of Bennington, hatched an independent government which operated as a sovereign state from 1777 to 1791—when a convention held in the old church finally voted to accept the union—and supported William Lloyd Garrison’s anti-slavery Journal of the Times nearly a quarter of a century before the Civil War began.

The battle monument on the great round green at the end of the street presides over it all, waiting with its elevator to whisk the visitor to the top where he can see Vermont undulating northward between its mountain confines. I liked it better when you had to climb the several hundred steps and earn your right to that view.

Down the hill past the cemetery stands one of the country’s finest small museums—especially fine for those who like old glass, Bennington pottery, local history, and the costumes and artifacts of early days. The most precious single object is the flag from the Battle of Bennington, the oldest Stars and Stripes used in battle. The whole museum is a delight to the eye—nothing crowded, each case artfully arranged, every item perfect in its kind.

Further down the hill, past the Paradise Restaurant in its handsome new building which has already, like the Four Chimneys in Old Bennington, become a landmark, modern Bennington begins. Much of it looks like any other New England town, but three fires and one demolition have given Main Street a more modern, if not as yet quite recovered, look.

The many motels make it clear that this is a town visitors like to come to—for the nearby trout streams, ski slopes, and art centers.

In recent years this part of Vermont has had its own quiet renaissance. The most moving performance of

Co-owners of the new Paradise Restaurant, Bennington—James Playotis and, in the foreground, his brother-in-law, Peter Pappas.
Bach's Saint John Passion I have ever heard was given under Paul Boepple's direction by a combination of town-and-gown musicians at Bennington. The world knows about Marlboro, thanks to Rudolf Serkin and Pablo Casals. Brattleboro has its Music Center under the Moyse family, and its Spring festival of music. More folksy, but none the less appreciated, are the summer concerts in North Bennington under Gunnar Schonbeck's direction, sometimes combining fireworks and group singing under the stars to recapture an older rhythm of life some of us still cherish.

Southern Vermont, in fact, keeps proving that you can have high culture among low hills, that you can stay in the country and still live in the midst of art on the highest level.

For Bennington, the focus of the arts has been at Bennington College, where the music and painting these days tend to be 'way out, but faculty concerts still lure us with a few classical numbers. Summers, you can hear at the Composer's Conference music still glistening with the wet ink from the composer's pen.

Pownal, now marked by a new race track, and Shaftsbury to the north are becoming bedrooms to quietly industrial Bennington in between. But they retain their traditional independence. Pownal, settled for a while by the Dutch as early as 1724, can claim an older pedigree than Bennington. It can also claim—and what other town can?—that two future Presidents, Arthur and Garfield, taught in its school. Shaftsbury, scene of early skirmishes with the New Yorkers, site of an old house (between the Red Barn and Iron Kettle restaurants on Route 7) which has one of the finest façades in New England, onetime home of the art of apple grafting, also produced the man (Jacob Merritt Howard) who wrote the platform on which the Republican Party was founded.

When we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of that event, Howard's grandniece, then in her late nineties, sat on the platform next to our distinguished visitor, the national party chairman.

"I suppose you've always been a Republican," he said, making conversation.

"Me?" she said, "I'm a Democrat. Been one all my life."

**BRATTLEBORO ANCHOR**

Brattleboro, while not so fortunate in having visible remnants from its past, can claim an earlier start than Bennington. First a part of Massachusetts which turned it over to Connecticut, it then became part of New Hampshire but was claimed by New York. Fort Dummer was built there on the Connecticut in 1724. But Brattleboro's most visible contact with past greatness comes from the home Kipling built and lived in for about four years after his marriage to an American girl, Caroline Balestier. He chose the upper slope of her brother's farm because of the fine view of Mount Monadnock, known to him since childhood through his reading of Emerson, who loved it best of all New England's peaks. Here Kipling wrote _The Jungle Books_, best known of all his writings, as well as _Captains Courageous_ and part of _Kim_.

In a Brattleboro cemetery the robber-baron Jim Fisk lies under a splendid monument which in death surrounds
him with well-set-up women, as he liked to be in life. It was a woman, though, who sent him to his grave prematurely when a jealous rival shot him down in a New York hotel.

Brattleboro is proudest of the fact that it was voted the All-American City for its Living War Memorial in the form of a recreation area to which many individuals and organizations contributed. Instead of a monument, Brattleboro has a center its people can enjoy forever.

It was planned, incidentally, by the Allen Organization of Bennington, a leader in recreation planning and an example of the quiet sort of excellence the area enjoys in its business and professional services. Physicians, lawyers and other professionals are attracted to the area by the promise of a more satisfactory life than big cities afford. We also have writers of all sorts, artists, composers, craftsmen like David Gil and his Bennington Potters, and any number of small shops and industries doing cabinet work or making handbags, infant wear, furniture. Even the larger industries such as American Optical in Brattleboro or National Carbon in Bennington are small by metropolitan standards. Most of us like it that way.

Each of these towns has a unique institution—Brattleboro its century-old Retreat, one of the Nation's largest private mental hospitals, Bennington its Soldiers' Home with a similar tradition of private initiative. Brattleboro's Austine School for the Deaf is another outstanding institution. Each has something quite special to offer in a day
when such institutions are usually government-operated.

Brattleboro like Bennington has its satellites—though they will probably reject the term. There is Guilford, for instance, half of whose inhabitants in 1772 declared themselves a part of New York State and thus initiated a local civil war. It went on until Vermont entered the Union in 1791—and this in spite of the fact that Ethan Allen had marched on the town in 1783 with a hundred of his Green Mountain Boys. Said he:

"I, Ethan Allen, declare that unless the people of Guilford peaceably submit to the authority of Vermont, the town shall be made as desolate as were the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, by God!"

But as soon as he turned his back, the civil war recommenced and went right on until Vermont became a state and the Yorkers finally capitulated. It then was the state's most populous town, but has been shrinking ever since.

My favorite town on the east side is Putney. Where else in the country can you find a community of 1177 people which has a college (Windham), a graduate school (The Putney Graduate School of Teacher Education), a famous private school (Putney), and the world headquarters of a unique international organization (The Experiment in International Living)? Not to mention having been the home for nearly ten years of America's most remarkable social experiment.

BORDER MAP

Vermont's fence line with Massachusetts, the earliest to be firmly decided, follows not a single physical contour nor yet a line of latitude. It cuts arbitrarily across mountain ranges and many a north-south river valley. This is the state's most mountainous border area and also the shortest, extending about forty miles from the west shore of the Connecticut River to the New York state line. In Aldren Watson's special map only the largest bodies of water and the principal roads are shown. The route in red, however, is Author Bradford Smith's suggested Back Road Adventure trail, negotiable by car, which is described starting on page 32.
Back in 1838 John Humphrey Noyes, Brattleboro-born, graduate of Dartmouth and of Yale Divinity School, returned to Putney as a Perfectionist. He gathered around him a band of devoted people with whom to live the Perfectionist life. It was years before the neighbors found out that this involved—as Noyes had plainly stated in print—a holy community in which “there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be restrained by law, than why eating and drinking should be.” His community, apparently, ate rather well. But when neighbors finally understood what the community was, they prepared to break it up. Noyes fled westward into New York and his flock soon followed. Together they established the Oneida Community which became famous for silverware and traps. Ultimately the habit of “complex marriage” was given up, though Noyes seriously believed that sexual love was a sacrament which should be integrated with religion and shared by the whole community of believers. He also pioneered in eugenics; all the children in the community were planned.

Dummerston, next door, just missed being the birthplace of a future President when Rutherford Hayes inconsiderately migrated to Ohio before his son could be born in Vermont. Named Fullam in its charter of 1783, it soon began to call itself Dummerston but never got around to legalizing the change until 1937. Even in Vermont that is a rather long time. Somehow it reminds me of the molding stationmaster's hat hanging on the wall over the pot-bellied stove, the stacks of yellowing papers and the ancient calendars in the little country station near my home. When I made a few discreet inquiries about them a few years back, the then stationmaster said:

“When Bernie had to leave—he'd swallowed a stomach full of nails and they was disagreein' with him some—he said he didn’t want nothin' changed while he was gone, so I ain’t changed nothin’.” It turned out that Bernie had left some fifteen years before. We were glad we had bought his house from intervening owners, and hadn’t had to promise not to change that.

Geography has set Bennington and Brattleboro far enough apart—only forty miles, but with a lot of intervening mountain—so that they are not active rivals. Between them, along the Molly Stark Trail—named of course after the wife General Stark generously offered to make a widow unless his men beat the British at the Battle of Bennington—lie towns with very small populations. Great six-horse freight teams once toiled past them over the mountain road to Troy and the Erie Canal. Farming, what there was of it in Woodford and Searsburg, has been
replaced by recreation. Summer people and hunting-camp owners must outnumber the residents, many of whom commute to Bennington.

Skiing has at last discovered the purpose God had in making so hunched and humpy a country. Prospect Mountain in Woodford, Mount Snow north of Wilmington, with satellite Carinthia, Burrington Hill near Whitingham and Hogback farther east, have turned what appeared to be lumps of useless real estate into healthy assets. On a good weekend Mount Snow skiers fill up the strikingly modern lodges nearby, then Wilmington, then motels all the way to Brattleboro and Bennington.

The Molly Stark Trail cuts through the middle of a sizeable wilderness. The great square formed by Woodford, Searsburg, Glastonbury and Somerset is good hunting country, but a bad place to get lost in. Hardly a year

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**THE WILDLANDS**

One of the wildest areas of Vermont is located in the state’s southern mid-section. Hikers on the Long Trail have gazed eastward over its 300-odd square miles, and the Indians who camped in its towering forests called it “Taghkanic,” meaning “Wild Lands”—from which the Taconic Range farther west gets its name. The average tourist, however, scarcely knows it exists.

The area fared roughly in the heyday of the big lumber operations. The virgin trees yielded to the charcoal interests in the area around Glastenbury. Some were used in the forges which extracted iron from the soil which had given them birth. Then the paper and pulp outfits grabbed their share of the trees. For years men slaughtered the forests for all they could get.

Finally, its hills and mountains scalped over thousands of acres, much of the land became a part of the Green Mountain National Forest. Some of it is in private estates and corporation holdings. It includes Woodford, Vermont’s highest village, and Lake Whitingham, Vermont’s largest artificial lake, extending north from one of the world’s highest earthen dams.

It also includes mile upon mile of back-country—often scarcely threaded by more than woods roads.

Today the Wild Lands lie quiet. The scars of ravishment of more than a century ago are covered at last by pines, maples, birches in a great expanse of green in Summer, a colorful tapestry in Fall. Traveling along the gravelly stage road running east from Arlington, roughly marking its northern boundary, you can scan an area representing the second largest wilderness forest tract in all of Vermont. It’s exceeded only by Essex County, far to the north.

The surprising thing is that this great chunk of woods and wildlife lies little more than 100 miles from Boston and 50 miles from Albany. It’s just one more reward for the traveler who really takes time to discover Vermont.

_Ronald Rood_
INDIANS' AND TRAPPERS' trails usually followed the geography of Vermont's mountains and water courses and ran north to south. But new settlers on either side of the Green Mountain range needed to get to the other side. Particularly this was true in the southern Grants, and here between Bennington and Brattleboro a rough trail was in use even before the Revolution.

The name of the trail today comes from John Stark's military triumph west of Bennington—or rather from his wife. Molly Stark, perhaps being confused with Molly Pitcher, is sometimes pictured loading a cannon in the heat of battle.

Molly (Elizabeth Page Stark her proper name) did follow her husband into battle, but it wasn't to Bennington. It was the year before at Dorchester Heights.

And John didn't take this route when he marched his troops to Bennington. They went by trail from Charlestown, N. H. to Peru, thence to Manchester and on south. It was at Bennington just before the battle that the Colonel dispatched to Molly in New Hampshire this message: "Send every man from the farm that will come, and let the haying go to hell."

Homeward bound, now a general, John Stark did take the trail from Bennington to Brattleboro, bringing with him, probably by pack horse, the choicest of the brass cannons captured in the battle, as "a souvenir for Molly."

As more people began to use the old trail, the route was blazed from town to town. In places rough farm roads which formed part of the path were accepted by the towns as public highways.

Along the trail Ethan Allen rode in 1783 with his Green Mountain Boys to crush the Guilford rebellion. It was the following year that standard fees were established—at three cents a mile—for the post riders who now were traveling it. Sometimes we mean the place where the store and post office are. And sometimes we mean the whole history and background we share. The thing that puzzles outsiders most is that a town is everything within its borders, all of it governed by all the voters at Town Meeting. There are twenty such towns in the area I am talking about.

The four lying east of the wilderness towns also make a group. Wilmington, Dover, Newfane and Marlboro have a quality of their own. Placed on the high plateau, they are open and inviting, with roads that bring out the explorer in you. Riding through countryside that varies field with wood, rolling hill with distant peak, you come to perhaps the loveliest village in Vermont—Newfane.

Small as it is (714 people in the whole town), it is the shire town of Windham County, which accounts in part
on regular schedule between Bennington and Brattleboro. Surveyor Ephraim Nash in 1790 was commissioned to erect stone markers at the eastern terminus for a county road “from Bennington to Brattleborough and the Connecticut River.” Then, in 1796, the First Vermont Turnpike Corporation was chartered to build and operate a road from Bennington to Wilmington. Work was never started, but three years later a new company was formed for the same purpose, and to extend the route to within a mile of West Brattleboro. The company was given the unusual powers to seize land where necessary and to use any existing road sections. Five toll gates were erected—in Bennington (where the first section was opened in 1800), in Readsboro, Wilmington, Marlboro and West Brattleboro.

The turnpike company was responsible for maintaining the road, and it hired residents along the way to supply labor and tools. Toll charges, pro-rated at the various gates, figured out at about a cent-and-a-half per mile for a two-horse coach—which would pay 75 cents for the whole length of the turnpike.

Vehicles drawn by four horses paid a dollar, while a walker could pass on payment of four cents and sheep or swine for a penny each.

The toll road apparently was a going concern from the start. Shunpikes were difficult to develop in this wild terrain, and the more northerly East Arlington-Stratton stage road wasn’t chartered until 1808.

The state legislature ordered the turnpike to be turned over free to the public as soon as it had earned a twelve-and-a-half per cent return for the investors. This was done on the Brattleboro side in 1815, six years later at Wilmington, and in 1828 for the whole route.

The old road, now considerably changed to avoid flood areas, and adjusted to automobiles, was officially dedicated in 1936 as the Molly Stark Trail. This is Vermont’s shortest border-to-border highway, but in all its present 46 miles there still are enough curves and hills and wild mountain scenery to avoid monotony.

Laura E. W. Kendall

for the beauty of its two greens—the handsome courthouse built in 1825, the once-combined hotel and jail, the town hall, church and inn. In mid-Summer, when the dark green foliage makes a tracery of shadows across the white clapboards of the buildings, or in Fall when the great trees are loud with color, Newfane is the ideal New England village everyone dreams of.

Marlboro, lying east of Wilmington, was almost a ghost town when Walter Hendricks turned his summer home into a college. When Rudolf Serkin, a nearby summer resident, began to use the college for master classes and concerts, with such visiting greats as Pablo Casals on his faculty, this forgotten town came to life again. Something in our hills attracts the highest in the arts; they flourish well together. Before Marlboro College came along, this dying town’s chief claim to fame was a bloody battle between whites and Indians in 1748. So Marlboro has progressed in two hundred years. Progress just takes time!

There remains that piece of Vermont which is nearly cut off from the rest—Readsboro, Whitingham (with its village of Jacksonville) and Halifax. Between Jacksonville and Whitingham lies little Sadawga Lake with its floating islands, parts of which move about from time to time. Perhaps you might catch them at it. Or you might have a look at the “Green Mountain Giant,” the largest boulder in New England. It stands 500 feet above the river in the western part of town.

When I was a boy, I was taken to see the part of Whitingham, including an area of houses, a church and
Almost nothing puckers Wilmington more than having strangers call it a depressed rural area that's been brought reluctantly to life by the new ski industry of the southern strip.

So, to help strangers:

Since 1800 Wilmington has been the mid-stop on a main road between Bennington and Brattleboro, and about half of its people live in the village whose two big streets form the junction of the present Routes 9 and 100.

During the Civil War it had 1,260 people, four churches, a savings bank, an inn and livery, saw- and gristmills, several general stores, a cornet band and an agricultural society which sponsored the annual fair and stock show. The town was noted for its war record—126 men, one tenth of its population, were Union soldiers—its teams of oxen and its maple sugar.

In 1890, when other places were still suffering a postwar decline, it held the first known Old Home Week town reunion in the U.S.A., and ex-Wilmingtonians returned to admire such signs of progress as the new high school, the co-operative creamery, the weekly newspaper and the big chair-stock factory; thriving masonic, Grange and veterans' societies; the resort hotel on stylish Lake Raponda (old Ray Pond, where 130 acres of water and 153 of land had sold for $2,450), and, at the crossing of Main and River streets, the new drugstore on one corner and O.O. Ware's emporium on another. They applauded the Board of Trade and predicted it would soon get a railroad to Wilmington (it did). The reunion was so fine that the town resolved to hold one in 1900 and every decade thereafter; and it has.

Over the next forty years it grew to around 1,450 people. The Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington RR carried south the pulp and lumber and plywood from the complex of mills; the creamery made 120,000 pounds of butter in one year alone, and Ware's shipped local maple syrup and sugar all over, even to France. Summer visitors had come for the riding and golf long before 1923, when the town put out a publicity booklet, Wilmington, The Green Mountain Gateway, citing among its attractions the year-round Childs Tavern and winter sports—including the skiing. Clarence Budington Kelland lived here then, and called it Coldriver in the stories of his composite hero, Scattergood Baines. In 1929 the Chamber of Commerce began bucking to hard-surface the cross-state road, and had held a contest to give it a colorful name: the Molly Stark Trail. It was finished in '36.

Through World War II Wilmington led the state in filling war-bond and blood-bank quotas although the population was down to 1,221 with the railroad and biggest mills gone. Even so, before Mount Snow Ski Area started there were still The Plywood (the New England Box Company), the fair, the old stores and businesses; plus a new Catholic church, a group of home-talent actors who took shows on the road, and a Lions Club.

Since then and at last count there are 1,245 residents, a new post office, sixteen new ski lodges and five bars; three more restaurants, a bowling alley, another constable and more strangers on a weekend than you can shake a stick at.

Janet Greene

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THE GREEN MOUNTAIN GIANT

During the Great Ice Age of some 30,000 years ago, what is now the State of Vermont was entirely buried by continental glaciers. Little wonder then, that sand, gravel and boulders lie higgledy-piggledy all over the state where the receding ice sheet left them. Boulders, or glacial erratics, are everywhere, and are found in all sizes and shapes.

Thought to be Vermont’s largest boulder, a mammoth chunk of rock lies in an out-of-the-way spot in Whitingham. This granite mass is in one piece some thirty-two feet high and forty feet long, with a horizontal circumference of 125 feet. Its contents are estimated to be 40,000 cubic feet and its weight a whopping 3,400 tons.

Discovered by early Whitingham settlers, it was long ago dubbed “The Green Mountain Giant.” Though eroded on top by centuries of exposure to the elements, the great boulder has remarkably flat and angular faces, indicating that its journey to this resting place was not a rolling, tumbling one. Probably it was pushed down from farther north while encased in a solid mass of ice or frozen earth.

Local inquiry and a short climb from Rt. 8 south of Whitingham can bring a visitor to the “Green Mountain Giant.” It lies a little to the east of a hemlock grove on the ridge, between the highway and Harriman Dam over on the Deerfield River.

Through the years the surrounding timber on the ridge has been cut and re-cut. But, lacking an earthquake, the 6,800,000 pound boulder is likely to remain there for some time to come.

Richard Sanders Allen
didn't know that, so we thrived on it, loving the full flavor with its reminder of cattle stalls and barns sweetened with the odor of hay.

Charlie must have got up every morning around four in order to milk by hand and do his chores before setting out in cart or sleigh on the six-mile drive to North Adams. It would be mid-afternoon before he finished his route. Then he had to jog home and milk again. I don't know when he ploughed and planted and harvested. Yet he always had time to stop and talk—about weather, people, the things he saw along the way.

When we went to Stamford, it was not to call on Charlie, but to visit at the Blood farm (where we had spent several weeks when I was an infant), or at Charles Houghton's. Well off, he had a white barn with a hardwood floor, as smooth and clean as a living room. The big car which he seldom drove sat in the middle of the floor as if it were on exhibit, which I guess it was. I believe he had once run over a dog and had a distaste for driving. The other attraction was a tree which in its season bore what we called peach apples. That is how they tasted. I have never had one since, but they were uncommonly delicious.

**BACK ROAD ADVENTURES**

Most of our visitors stay on the main roads. But there is another country hidden behind them—rich in views, in solitude, in peace. Shaftsbury alone has a hundred miles of road. To discover this back-country you must get onto the dirt roads. From all the tempting possibilities, I have worked out a way of covering the whole area away from the highways, but I have had to leave out many favorite views and tree-arched lanes.

Entering Vermont from Williamstown, Massachusetts, a mile or so after passing the new race track in Pownal you can turn right onto the old road where the new one sweeps broadly up the hill. This will bring you to that lovely west-
ward prospect where the Dutch entered the valley of the Hoosac back in 1724. You will come out again onto the main road, but only for a half-mile until you see another road going right to Barber’s Pond. Take it, keeping always with what appears to be the main track. Passing Barber’s Pond you have on your right a bog of great interest to botanists since it preserves flora of prehistoric times. Eventually you will come out in Bennington by one of several ways—it doesn’t matter which!

Turn right at the blinker light (Safford Street), go to the end, turn left and then right when you reach Park Street, which will give you a back road through Bennington and Shaftsbury. (If you have time and a good map, you should also go west across Shaftsbury to see some of the lovely views over there.) About ten miles from Bennington you will pass an old house on your right with a small silo-shaped library. This is Topping Tavern, 1777, now the home of Lady Gosford who makes a hobby of collecting colonial tools. Upstairs is a pine-panelled wall on hinges, which could be hooked up out of the way when neighbors wanted to dance, or let down to make two bedrooms.

Halfway down the hill the road to the right gives the only access into Glastonbury—worth a detour if you have time to explore its deep forests and tumbling brooks.

Maple Hill Cemetery, hardly a mile northward from Topping Tavern, is the resting place of Lord Gosford, whose ancestry may be read on the large flat stone surrounded by cedars. Once owner of a great castle in Ireland, he summered in Shaftsbury for many years until his death a few years ago.

The road takes you into Arlington, veering west as it descends. When you reach blacktop, turn right, go to the end, turn right into East Arlington, and then head uphill (east) for Kelley Stand. It’s rough going but passable and harmless. It will take you right into the wilderness. At the top (where the road suddenly improves) you cross the Long Trail, a footpath to Canada. Take time to try a bit of it. Or drive on to the place where Dan Webster once spoke to a vast crowd, beginning, “I address you from above the clouds,” then turn right for a look (and a swim if you wish) at Grout Pond. Just south of it, the Somerset Reservoir begins.

Continuing east, you come out at Wardsboro. Any map will show you the way to West Dover for a look at famous Mount Snow. Then ride on to Dover (through fields of clover?), East Dover, South Newfane and Williamsville, turning left before crossing the bridge so as to visit New-
fane, a must on any back-country exploration.

If you are a real explorer, you can go north beyond Newfane, then turn east and (with a second right turn) up over Putney Mountain. I've done it several times. Putney, like Shaftsbury, has a complex of back roads. If you have a good sense of direction or a compass or both, you can work your way south through Dunmerston past the Kipling house (not open to the public), onto Black Mountain Road and out onto U.S. 5. Or if you are short of time, you can go directly onto U.S. 5 at Putney.

In either case you have to travel the main road briefly through Brattleboro, but from Vernon on Route 142 where you may want to pause for a look at the dam and falls, you can head back-roadwise to Guilford, Green River and Halifax (where the Otis of elevator fame was born), to Jacksonville, Whitingham, Readsboro and Heartwellville, then up over the mountain road to Searsburg where you can turn left for Bennington. This last bit again will have to be on the main road—there are no alternatives in this mountainous area.

The whole trip comes to about 140 miles, but is not to be driven fast. Take a couple of days or more. Take time for the views, the quiet. Stop often. Get out and hear nature breathe. Here nature is not spectacular, but comfortable—small ponds holding the sky, forests whose silence the chipmunk rips open with his ridiculous squeak, rounded mountains walling in small valleys, hill farms where a man with modern equipment can still make a living at dairying.

A FULL LIFE

This southern strip of Vermont is comfortable country, where a man can do a day's work in town and go home to nature—to planting a garden, picking his own apples, making his own maple syrup if he likes. Or to walks in the woods and fields where in their season the fringed gentian, the checkerberry or wild strawberry, the arbutus or trailing groundpine wait to be plucked or admired; where the chipmunk rips open with his ridiculous squeak, rounded mountains walling in small valleys, hill farms where a man with modern equipment can still make a living at dairying.

We live. We live all too actively, for since our numbers
Oh, how unlike those merry hours,
In early June when Earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of sweet repose.

Away! I will not be, today,
The only slave of toil and care,
Away from the desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
(Above) Near Waterbury Center—Robert Bourdon

(Opposite) Kirby—Jack Breed

(Over, left) South Windham; (right) East Jamaica—John H. Harris
QUAKER STREET
IN 1901

WHEN YOUNG Will Albertson arrived from Philadelphia that summer 62 years ago to help out on the farm of his Guindon cousins in Lincoln he brought along a fine new camera. This was a community of Friends, where he stayed and worked, and here he recorded the life of rural Vermont as he found it. This summer is green now in the memories of but a few.

Quaker Street still winds up Elder Hill, facing rounded Mt. Abraham to the east. Here then lived the Peltiah and Frank Guindons, the Purintons and a few other closeknit farm families.

The long summer days of 1901 held scarcely enough hours for the urgent
chores of field and farmhouse. But on First and Fourth Days Friends' Meeting was held regularly. There was time, too, for children to play or idle or go fishing, for grown-ups to gossip and spark across the fence—and time for a young visitor to record it all on fragile glass plates.

_Vermont Life_ is indebted to Mrs. William L. Thom III of Wilkes-Barre, Penna. for the use of these, her father's photographs, and to Mrs. Mary Purinton of Lincoln for her assistance with information about the scenes here shown.
THE BIG bell beside the kitchen door had clanged for breakfast ten minutes ago, and I put the gray filly back in her stall and hurried up to the house from the barn. Somehow I could sense that there was going to be a little trouble. The house was shingled, weather-beaten, and oblong, with the window frames painted white and the front door pretty well overgrown with vines. Everyone used the kitchen door off the ell. I scraped my feet on the iron scraper, went in and washed my hands at the kitchen basin. Everybody was seated in the dining room, but there was no conversation, and it was sort of like the stillness before lightning strikes.

The dining room was long and narrow, right off the kitchen, and there was a hump in the floor where the frost got in under every Winter. There was a good wood stove out from the far wall, and a painting of one of Mary Hewitt’s ancestors, a stern and stiff old guy, on the wall. There were white platters of pancakes and eggs and bacon and sausages, all home grown, on the table, and piled plates of toast and dishes of doughnuts and big pitchers of milk, with the cream bubbles on top. Coffee cups steamed and the blackened blue enamel pot was on the stove. I sneaked into my seat two down from Mary Hewitt, and she looked at me and sort of pursed her lips, and there was a sparkle of smile in her light blue eyes and I had a feeling that she was on my side no matter what the head farmer was going to say.

She piled my plate high with food and leaned back a little in her chair. She had gray hair that was parted in the middle, and a square, strong face, and she was lean and low heeled and had on a kind of jumper dress that was dark blue, and a blouse that was lighter blue in a rough weave. Her hands were gnarled and very strong, she ran the Hewitt Farm right down to the lastforkful of hay. I was the second hired man, three weeks on the farm that summer, sixteen years old, and I was probably going to catch it, in a minute or two, from the head farmer.

The head farmer never said much at meals until he had eaten. He was a gaunt, usually unshaven man, encased in baggy, suspendered overalls. He never smiled, he was usually about two days behind schedule and on the verge of tobacco-stained melancholia. He washed down a doughnut with a cup of scalding coffee and did not look at anyone.

"Get a lot more work done," he informed everyone in general, "if the horses warn’t raced up the woods road afore breakfast. Het’s ’em up an’ tires ’em."

There was complete silence around the long narrow table. Phil, who was the first hired man and not too bright, looked at me sheepishly and grinned. He would get a haircut before the summer was over. Hopefully a bath before that. Aunt Hattie, who was very old and lived completely in the past, peered, stooped bent, and from one face to another. Emmy, the hired girl, giggled into her hand, and Miss Copperthwaite, who was Mary Hewitt’s friend and whose face was New England hewed from stone, looked at me as if I had caused rain on the Fourth of July. Mary Hewitt put her rough hands on the table cloth and regarded me quizzically from under her heavy eyebrows.

"I don’t run her going away,” I said in feeble defense, "I just let her, well, sort of move on a little on the way back. She likes it." The gray filly, Sally, was just coming four. She was out of an Arab mare, and fifteen hands of unpredictable quickness. After the morning chores were

One Good Churn

NEWLIN B. WILDES

Illustrations by HAMILTON GREENE
done, about six o'clock, I had been taking her for bareback rides up the woods road that led two miles to the next farm. It was cool and damply fresh from the dew on that back road, the ground soft under the great beeches and maples, and the little mare could really fly.

Mary Hewitt could not, of course, go back on her farmer, and she considered the matter for seconds, drumming her stubby, rough fingers on the table. "You've been using the filly to cultivate corn in the lower field, haven't you," she said to me. I said that I had.

"Seems like she's ripped up an awful lot of rows," she said pushing back her chair. The farmer grunted and went on out. He had given me the filly to use on the cultivator, and we had not done too well.

In cultivating, you put the reins around your neck, using both hands to control the cultivator, and the horse was supposed to stay straight between the rows. The filly had not always stayed straight. Mary Hewitt had not, to my knowledge, been down to the lower field, but she knew about the damage to the corn. Somehow I felt that she was going to arrange things so that I could have my early morning rides on the filly. If I had known how she was going to arrange it, I might not have been so happy. Mary Hewitt had a way of arranging, of handling things.

She had been head nurse at one of the big hospitals in Massachusetts, giving that up to come home and run the 500-acre Hewitt Farm in Hewittsville, Vermont. Hewittsville is part of Pomfret, just north of Woodstock. Stephen Hewitt brought the name to Pomfret in 1793, from the original family in Stonington, Connecticut, and the Hewitts, from then on, were important in Vermont life.

Mary Hewitt was proud of her ancestry, but not unduly impressed by it. I met her first when I came up, from Boston and prep school, to work for her that Summer of 1918. I came because I liked the country, but primarily because Mary Hewitt raised horses.

Not that horses were the principal crop at Hewitt Farm—milk was, and there was a herd of some ninety Jerseys, very beautiful animals if you happen to like cows, which I do not. But horses, ah, that was something else, and something that Mary Hewitt and I agreed on. Light horses. There were a dozen or so on the farm, mostly old-time Morgans, short of back, stubby, strong and good for anything from the smart red-wheeled buggy on Sunday to
With great misgivings I brought the filly to the shed door. Mary Hewitt took the lead shank and, in a completely matter-of-fact manner, not once looking back, led the filly through the narrow passage to the mill. The filly followed her, but in no relaxed manner. Her nostrils flared wide and snorting. The whites of her eyes glowed like headlights. She was rapidly becoming very tightly wound up.

“Get behind, and kind of shoo her in,” Mary Hewitt said. I kind of shooed and, amazingly, the filly entered the narrow treadmill. Her front hooves were just about level with my head. Mary Hewitt tied the shank loosely.

“I’ll go fix the churn,” she said, to my horror. “You keep an eye on Sally.” She disappeared down another wood-lined passage into the milk room, and there I was with a filly about to explode, and very little room to explode into. After a minute or so, broken only by loud snorts and pawing from Sally, Mary Hewitt called from inside the milk room. Her voice was muffled, coming to me through the drive shaft that connected the mill and the churn inside.

“Throw off the brake,” she said; “let her go.”

I threw off the brake, and all hell broke loose. As the treads moved out from under the filly, she struggled mightily to keep her footing, to keep up with the moving belt beneath her. The belt went faster. She went faster. A treadmill is not a silent contraption, and this one shortly began to sound like tons of coal pouring down a metal chute. The treads went faster and faster. The filly went even faster than that. I could imagine what the churn, inside, was doing. That cream would become butter in seconds. Vaguely, over the uproar, I could hear Mary Hewitt’s voice. But no specific words. It would have made no difference. I was frozen.

I did not become unfrozen until, with the mill reaching a crescendo of sound, Sally finally caught up with the treads and, in one convulsive leap, came up over the high side, was doing. That cream would become butter in seconds. Vaguely, over the uproar, I could hear Mary Hewitt’s voice. But no specific words. It would have made no difference. I was frozen.

I hold no brief as to the wisdom, horsewise, of the above event. You may have your opinion. I have mine. All I can say is that, miraculously and two weeks later, and after much personal handling by Mary Hewitt, the filly was operating the churn treadmill as if she enjoyed it. And, at breakfast, Mary Hewitt had said, with a gleam in her blue eyes, “Might be a good idea if you gave the filly a little move up the wood’s road, mornin’s we churn. Kind of take the edge off her.” The matter had been taken care of, as usual, to everyone’s satisfaction. Especially mine. And, I am equally sure, to Mary Hewitt’s.
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OUR old German shepherd was able to lick nearly everything in the neighborhood. This included cats, most other dogs and even, on one memorable occasion, a skunk. But he met his match in a waddling, grizzled-red woodchuck which took up residence in our pasture.

Day after day Fritz tried to catch the big rodent unawares. Finally he got his chance. Seeing the 'chuck an unusual distance from the earth-mound which marked the entrance to his hole, Fritz raced towards him. Triumphantly touching the mound like a base-runner rounding first, he galloped off toward his victim. It looked bad for the woodchuck, who stood rooted to the spot.

Fritz launched himself and landed perfectly on target. Only the target wasn't there any more. With a saucy whistle, the 'chuck did a turn-about and disappeared—down a hole we didn't even know existed.

An hour later the dog stopped to rest. Then the 'chuck delivered the final blow. His bolt-hole, of course, connected with several tunnels running along two feet beneath the surface. One of them led to the main entrance some thirty feet away. Now he sat up in this entrance and whistled. He leisurely scratched a flea. Then, a split-second ahead of the enraged Fritz, he did his disappearing act again.

That did it. Fritz sniffed in disgust. “You don’t play fair,” his manner plainly said as he gave up and headed for the house.

As I recall, Fritz never bothered that chuck again. Although he continued to insist on lordship of our little farm, he allowed the woodchuck his fifty yards of clover, weeds, and occasional snail or insect tidbits.

Anyone who knows 'chucks would probably not be surprised at this turn of events. For woodchucks have a way of coming out on top. I recall my first trip over a section of Interstate Highway 89. The snorting road machinery had just recently left the great double ribbons of pavement, and we were among the first cars to try it.
out. But the woodchucks had already moved in. Heedless of the cars racing along within a few feet, there’d be one every few miles, munching placidly on vetch or dandelion greens—or on the new grass which had been thoughtfully planted right where it was handiest.

In fact, this roly-poly ground squirrel (for that’s really what it is) along almost any highway in the northern two-thirds of our United States and Canada, is a real tourist attraction. As it sits up straight like a portly picket-pin or grazes like a complacent little cow, it will catch the eye of everybody in the car.

If it’s a small, five pound female, it will probably be tagged as a woodchuck. However, if it happens to be a two-foot male of, say, a whopping ten or twelve lbs., it may lead to all kinds of excited guesses. If it dives across the road ahead in a ripple of fur, fat and muscle with its six-inch hairy tail in a low arch, it’s liable to turn into a beaver, raccoon or bear cub by the time the travelers decide what it was.

Life for the big rodent begins in a grass-lined underground nest. A friend of mine turned over such a nest early in May when digging a ditch.

“There were 5 young in it,” he recalled. “They were about four inches long, bare naked, and blind as a litter of puppies. We fed them warm milk with an eyedropper. They finally got little fur coats and opened their eyes when they were about a month old.”

In the wild, the woodchuck kits are weaned at five or six weeks. Then they go on the diet that serves them for the rest of their lives—almost anything that grows. Tumbling out ahead of the mother in the early morning dew, they often wrestle and play like kittens.

By mid-July their enthusiasm for life has taken them in different directions. Each one builds its own little burrow—near the top of a hillside, at the base of a stump, or sometimes under a ledge. They are neat in their personal habits, so they dig a separate chamber for their toilet needs. They periodically cover the waste with fresh dirt.

From then until autumn, their days are mainly composed of eating, napping and not getting caught at either. Besides sharpshooting farm boys and their dogs, they have to watch for foxes and an occasional ambitious hawk. By late September or October they’re ready for a four or five months’ snooze.

“Did your ‘chucks go dormant in the fall?” I asked my friend.

“No,” he answered. “But they sure ate as if they were going to. I’d given away all but two of them by August, and I’m glad I did. They spent half the day mowing our lawn like a couple of little sheep. When they started on our dahlia and lilies, we put them in a pen. We found they liked oatmeal and bread, so we fed them until they were almost too fat to walk. I’m told they eat like this wild, too. I guess it helps them get ready for winter. But they never went to sleep. Probably the kids played with them too much.”

Why woodchucks often quit just when the fall rains are making everything green is somewhat of a mystery. Probably, it has to do with decreasing length of daylight. Right in the midst of plenty, they just stop eating. Then for several days they wander about while their digestive tract empties itself.

Ready at last, each ’chuck retires to a leafy nest underground. Plugging and tamping and sealing itself in with dirt, it curls up and drops into slumber. Deeper and deeper it sleeps as the hours pass until it’s in that mysterious almost-death that is hibernation.

Curled up, its head tucked down until its nose touches its belly, it seems to “freeze” into a hard ball. Body temperature, normally about that of a human, plummets to a chilly 40 degrees or less. Breathing slows from 35 times a minute to once in 5 minutes. The heart beats only a few times per minute—so slowly that the blood pools up in internal organs, and a wound does not bleed. Then, with its fires banked low, the woodchuck waits beneath the frost line while the winter blizzards rage above it.

In spite of this profound slumber, it takes only an hour to awaken. Once at college we watched a ’chuck in the process. His toes twitched and his eyes tried to open. I put my hand gently on his coarse-furred body. I could feel his pulse and breathing rate increase by the minute. Smacking his lips and yawning, he struggled himself awake. Getting to his feet, he staggered around the cage.

“Looks the way you do after the alarm goes off,” grinned my roommate.

Some woodchucks apparently have insomnia, just like people. They may poke out of hiding at any time. We’ve seen them on a January day, trying to graze on a patch of dead grass. It’s this mid-winter appearance, probably, that gives rise to the Groundhog Day tradition—for groundhogs are nothing but woodchucks.

Like people also, ‘chucks are unpredictable. Occasional­ly they go on the night shift. We’ve watched them through binoculars in a moonlit meadow. We’ve found them up ahead of us when we arose early to go bird-watching. And a rare groundhog hearthens back to its dim squirrel past as it climbs a tree to escape an enemy or just to sun itself. Then, squirrel-like, it descends the tree head first—something not even the arboreal porcupine can do.

It can swim, too. That jelly-roll body floats well. A naturalist has followed one across the Mississippi where it was half a mile wide. Another ’chuck lived in a river bank and crossed a forty-foot stream daily for food. It’s this lure of the other side, probably, that leads them to dash across the road in front of your car.

Many a farmer has gone on the warpath after he’s dropped a tractor wheel into a hidden ‘chuck hole or sliced off the top of a stony mound with his mower. Horses and
cows have been known to break legs when they stepped into a burrow. But there’s a plus side to the story. It came to me vividly after a forest fire.

I was poking through the rubble of a twenty-acre burn. It had been a fierce little fire. Sadly we kicked at the carcass of a raccoon which had been driven out of its hollow tree.

Something made me look at the ground to my left. There, though we were a hundred feet into the woods, was the familiar mound and hole of a woodchuck. And peering out at me were four pairs of frightened little eyes. As I looked, I could pick out the black-masked faces of four baby raccoons.

Since then I’ve learned that woodchucks do go into woods more than people suspect. Sometimes a meadow burrow will have a bolt-hole 50 feet away in a woodland. Such holes are used in the nick of time by many a frantic refugee.

Like a man who finds a whole new list of friends when he installs a swimming pool, the woodchuck’s burrow gives him a host of neighbors. Skunks, rabbits, southern opossums, turtles, snakes and foxes are apt to move in. Philosophically, he just digs more burrows, though he could defend his rights well with those white chisel-teeth—as more than one farm dog has found out to its sorrow.

"Their half-acre becomes a one-chuck wildlife refuge," a New York game warden told me. "A few years back there was a county-wide extermination campaign where I grew up. Farmers and sportsmen gathered together to poison the holes with gas and clean up the woodchuck nuisance.

"Like so many attempts to tinker with nature, it backfired," he continued. "There was such a howl from the skunk trappers who found their fur crop cut in half, and from the rabbit hunters who couldn’t find a target, that the authorities had to reverse themselves. They slapped legal protection on the woodchuck, and it became against the law to molest them. Now Wisconsin and a few other states protect them, even though you don’t in Vermont."

The Algonkian Indians also had a high opinion of the woodchuck. They called it "we-jack," from which we get its name today. It made an interesting camp pet. Stewed or roasted, with the glands removed from its forelegs so it didn’t taste so musky, it was served to guests as a special treat.

The Chippewas called it kuk-wah-geeser. French-Canadians, hearing its shrill, penetrating whistle, call it the siffleur—the whistler. Scientists have named it *Marmota monax*, recalling its relationship to the other marmots and ground squirrels. Farmers call it whistle-pig, moonack, groundhog, or several other less printable names as it takes up engineering or grocery-shopping in their meadows and gardens.

But old whistle-pig doesn’t care. He just waddles along, eating crabgrass or corn with equal gusto. If we insist on tearing up his woods and brushlands and planting a fine garden of tasty beans and peas, that’s all right with him. He’ll just take it in stride. Plant by plant and row by row.
REPORTS:

On Summer Theaters

By SAMUEL R. OGDEN

THERE are five permanent summer theaters in Vermont, and devotees of the muses of Comedy and Tragedy will find great plays and fine performances at each of them, and at each something special in the way of setting and tradition. And in general, what setting could be more comfortable than the sweet cool summer evenings of Vermont, or more beautiful than the grand backdrop of the Green Mountains? Therefore I propose to take you on a theatrical tour, starting near Dorset in the southwestern part of the state and swinging north and then back down to end at Weston on the other side of the mountains. Before we set out, I must warn you to play safe and make your ticket reservations in advance.

Entering Vermont via U. S. 7, we drive north through Bennington, with its decorous and historic old town and its college near by, and enter the golf-renowned community of Manchester. Here at the Center we veer off to the left on Vt. 30, and in six miles arrive at Dorset. Both Manchester and Dorset are vacation centers and offer first-rate accommodations and side trips to hold the visitor here for more than one night, but Dorset's Caravan Theater is the focal point for us.

The beautiful playhouse in the village grove is the home of the state's second-oldest theatrical operation. It is now offering five performances a week for seventeen weeks—ending on Columbus Day and thus providing an added attraction to the Fall foliage season. Under the joint guidance of Fred and Patricia Carmichael, who are convinced that good theater is not necessarily confined to New York City, the Caravan group has another distinction: of the two hundred plays given during its many years of operation, nearly twenty have been world premieres; and of these, eleven were written by Mr. Carmichael. And the plays drawing the biggest box have all been originals.

The playhouse itself seats 223 (but ideally should be able to hold fifty more, since the plays are sell-outs more often than not), and is a delightfully rustic building made with boards and timbers from dismantled barns, whose silvery weathered spruce makes a lovely interior finish. However, there is nothing rustic about its functional backstage; nor, despite its budget and the fact that the names of stars do not appear, is the quality of its productions anything less than first class.

Traveling north for our next stop at Burlington, we have a choice of three routes with little difference in mileage. One is to continue northward from Dorset on Vt. 30 through the lake country, historic Poultney and near the architectural gems at Castleton Corners, rejoining U. S. 7 at the lovely college community and Middlebury and continuing on to Burlington. Another way, and the most heavily traveled, is to return to Manchester from Dorset and follow U. S. 7 for the hundred miles to our Queen City. The third route, and my favorite, affords a wider panoramic view of the splendid Vermont countryside by driving north for most of the way just across the border in New York state: leave Dorset via Vt. 30, bear left at Poultney, pick up N. Y. 22A north of Hampton and return to U. S. 7 at Vergennes; then on past the Shelburne Museum and so into Burlington.

There the Shakespeare Festival Players offer a four-week season during August in the Arena Theater in the basement of the Fleming Museum on the campus of the University of Vermont, where stage and seating arrangements simulate those of Shakespeare's day. The 240 seats—none of which is reserved—are on three sides of the stage, which projects out into the audience and so allows no seat to be more than five rows distant from the players. There is no curtain, and once the play starts the beholder is transported into the magic atmosphere of the Elizabethan theater without any of the modern trappings of stagecraft. The mood is set by a boy and girl singing madrigals as a prelude before the play begins.

For its first season the festival offered two privately sponsored plays of Shakespeare and one by Molière, produced in 1959 by Professor Gregory Falls of the faculty of speech at UVM as part of the Lake Champlain 350th anniversary celebration. Since then the summer session of the university has sponsored the festival, and with the closing of the past season (this Summer's will be the fifth) a total of thirteen major works of Shakespeare have been presented. Professor E. J. Feidner, head of the UVM drama department, is now co-director with Professor Falls.

Each night of the week during August the Festival Players offer a different play for three or four perform-
ances in succession (last year the fourth work was added), so that it is possible for a true addict to see four plays in as many nights. Such is the artistry of acting and setting that I predict you will stay to see them all.

There will be temptations to stay on for side trips and rides on Lake Champlain, but our theater tour of the state continues a few miles north of Burlington to the campus of St. Michael's College in Winooski Park. Nowhere are restrictions more ominous than here, in telling the story of St. Michael's Players, now in their thirteenth Summer.

Inspiration for the productions at St. Michael's is Gilbert V. Hartke, O.P., a man of the cloth who has long been involved with the buskin. (As a child, Gilbert Hartke appeared in many a movie made by the famous old Essanay Studios in Chicago—and there's a story in itself!) In 1949, while head of the speech and drama department at Catholic University in Washington, D. C., Father Hartke wanted to give graduate students professional stage experience, so he organized a road company which ended up with a foreign tour sponsored by the State Department and with a welcome surplus at the box office. Doctor Henry G. Fairbanks of St. Michael's saw a Hartke road show, applauded the idea behind it, and offered the first similar professional season at Winooski in 1951.

Father Hartke joined the St. Michael's faculty last year and Donald Rathgeb is manager of the company, whose '62 season ran for seven weeks through July into August, Tuesday through Saturday, presenting a new comedy or drama each week. The playhouse, a remodeled and air-conditioned army mess hall, seats 360. The seats are comfortable, stage view excellent and the interior attractive.

Leaving Burlington and Winooski, we head east on U. S. 2, picking up the new Interstate 89 and, after driving for about forty minutes, we exit at Waterbury. From here we swing north on Vt. 100 to the famous skiing community of Stowe, situated in perhaps the most spectacular section of the Green Mountains. At the entrance to the village we bear left on Vt. 108—the so-called Mountain Road—and soon reach the made-over 130-year-old barn which houses the Stowe Players.

Organized by a group of public-minded citizens, Stowe Theatre, Inc., puts on a nine-week season, with a new play running each Thursday through Sunday. Using a nucleus of from three to five professional actors, the group draws upon the talent of such highly regarded non-professionals as the nearby Burlington Theatre Club and the Lamoille Players (Vt., Sum. '60) for the rest of its casts.

Artistically worthwhile as the productions here are, however, the playhouse itself is a main box-office attraction. The antique barn—used as a recreation hall catering to the overflow ski trade in Winter—has its 190-seat theater on an upper level which is reached through stable doors at the ground and then up a gentle ramp to the foyer. The whole interior has a rugged hand-hewn charm, possessing unique flavor and atmosphere.

One of the most beautiful drives in the state is the 130 miles of Vt. 100 from Stowe southward as it skirts the Green Mountain National Forest, bringing us to Weston and Vermont's oldest and best-known summer theater. It is also the scene of outstanding examples of community spirit and of the great theatrical tradition that "the show must go on," but I'll come back to these in a moment.

Despite the fact that the village is a tiny one in the midst of a thinly populated countryside, this theater has never operated in the red since its first professional productions in the Summer of 1937 under the direction of Harlan Grant, formerly chairman of the speech and drama department of the Boston Conservatory of Music. For twenty-five seasons now, Mr. Grant and his associates have brought the very best plays to Weston, ones as varied as *Harvey* and *Othello*, *Charlie's Aunt* and *Summer and Smoke*.

The present company of about thirty—staff, technicians, ten apprentices and never less than six professionals and more when the plays require them—is a purely professional group, staging a new play each week for ten weeks. Thursday through Saturday they appear at home in the Weston Playhouse, but on Mondays the entire group plays a one-nighter at the 450-seat Town Hall Theatre in Woodstock. (Woodstock, a true picture-book town, lies around 50 miles north and east on the Ottauquechee River at the junctions of U. S. 4 and Vt. 12 and 106).

As this is being written, though, the Weston Players are performing in a tent: on a bright early morning of mid-July last year their lovely theater and the dormitory, both owned by the Community Club, burned to the ground. Even while the fire raged, friends donated money to re-build the playhouse, which will have around 350 seats, as against its old 277 capacity, when it is completed. And that same night the show went on from a stage rigged up of tables taken from the town hall. Such people, with such spirit, will see that the magic world of the theater lives on in Weston.
the shadowed valley of Sucker Brook. Ahead the rough trail, gashing the forest, passed down through the alder-fringed line of the brook, 800 yards away. It reappeared, then, to wind upward through a splash of green, cleared farm land, before disappearing over a ridge which joined the shoulder of a towering, rocky-faced hill, a mile and a half beyond the spot where the general stood. To the right, the valley bowl stretched wide. To the left, it was constrained by high ground. These things, particularly the importance of Mount Zion dominating the vicinity, Fraser’s military eye must have noted instinctively.

Up front, a musket popped; then another. Fraser saw a sudden flurry of redcoats as the leading company of the 24th Foot below him deployed from column into line and pushed into the underbrush. Muskets began to speak among the alders. Grant was attacking.

Fraser decided his scheme of maneuver. He would oblique Balcarras’ men to the left, lead them up on that high ground (Monument Hill), and with the combined force sweep the hollow. But the key to complete victory lay on that craggy knob on the right front (Mount Zion). Its possession by his troops would cut the rebels from their sole route to safety. And Fraser had in hand the power necessary: his grenadier battalion.

Such a move would mean committing his entire reserve before the enemy situation had been fully developed. However, he was “depending upon the arrival of the German Brigade” to support him, and time was of the essence. His orders given, Fraser raced to join the light infantry. But he didn’t forget to send word back to von Riedesel.

The British column fanned out for battle. Balcarras’ light infantry, obliquing to the left of the 24th Foot, pointed for the Monument Hill ridge. Acland’s grenadiers, obliquing to the right to cross Sucker Brook, plunged into the woods, on their wide end-run. Their mission was to seize the Mount Zion crest and “prevent, if possible the enemy’s gaining the road, which leads to Castletown and Skencsborough.”

Down in the hollow of Sucker Brook the 2d New Hampshire was strung about in little groups, helter-skelter, preparatory to falling in.

The shots, the two scared sentinels who came screaming in, and the immediate appearance of British infantrymen on their heels, set the bivouac into a boil of panic. Except for some brave souls, the 2d New Hampshire dissolved into the woods. The red-coated wave washed over the last resistance, picked its way through the woods for another three hundred yards. Then it stumbled to a bloody halt as a well-aimed volley, almost point blank, smashed in, bringing down some twenty men. Major Grant was instantly killed by an unseen marksman, and the 24th Foot took cover, to begin an irresolute fire fight among the trees.

Warner’s Green Mountain Boys were barring the way.

ROUND ONE

About the time that Fraser’s Britshers were coming down Sargent Hill, Seth Warner, with Colonel Francis beside him, was at the Sellick cabin, listening to a courier from St. Clair, with shocking news.

The British had broken the boom at Ticonderoga, sailed up the lake to Skencsborough, and captured the army’s baggage. St. Clair, cut off now, was about to move east to Rutland. Warner was to join him without further delay.

Warner’s original intention had been to move out as soon as possible. His own regiment must have been already falling in. Francis, who had ordered his adjutant to form the 11th Massachusetts, hurried now up the road to join it. Warner couldn’t see what Hale, down in the hollow, was doing, but he should be ready to march.

Then came a faint pop of musketry, down by the creek.

As the noise swelled, Warner must have realized that real trouble was at hand. If the enemy was really in considerable force, on his heels, it was too late to join St. Clair. Unless something was done right now, the entire American force at Castleton would be caught in British pincers.

At once, he moved the Green Mountain Boys down into the hollow and formed them in the woods, across the road, to support Hale and to stop the enemy before he cleared Sucker Brook.

As the Vermonters’ first collected volley halted the 24th Foot, the British light infantry, probably some 200 yards to Warner’s right, had already passed them in the trees and was swarming up Monument Hill.

On the Crown Point-Castleton road, Francis’ adjutant had formed the 11th Massachusetts in march column, facing south. Francis, now arriving at the Sellick cabin, gave the command to move out.

On their right the rattle of small-arms fire swelled over the brow of the hill. At Francis’ order, muskets were primed and loaded. The column started to move south. Its head had hardly reached the site of the monument when red coats showed over the crest of its flank, the leading elements of Balcarras’ light infantry, disordered and panting from their climb.

Francis swung his regiment from column into line to the right, and his 11th Massachusetts, double-timing towards the enemy, swept to the brow of the hill and poured aimed fire into the jumbled climbers below.

The light companies of the 29th and 34th Foot, in the lead, took the brunt of the unexpected blow with heavy loss. The survivors reeled back on the rest of the force, and Balcarras’ battalion went tumbling down the hill. Not until they reached the foot of the slope could their shouting officers halt them.

Here was a turning with a vengeance; an immediate counter-attack was the last thing to be expected from a foe surprised while in full flight. The 24th Foot had been checked, not far south of the brook; the light infantry was back where it had started. Fraser accepted these facts as merely a temporary set-back.

Over to the northwest, on the trail from Lacey’s Camp, von Riedesel and his advance group were now panting up the far side of Sargent Hill.

The sounds of musketry had come drifting south to Castleton, too. Warner must be in trouble. Two of St. Clair’s aides were flogging up the road to Ransomville, only two miles south of Hubbardton, where two militia regiments still lagged. These were to march at once to reinforce Warner. The aides, having delivered the order, were to push ahead to Hubbardton and tell the rear-guard commander that help was coming. Meanwhile, with the remainder of his army paraded under arms, St. Clair waited, impaled on the horns of his own dilemma.

ROUND TWO

At Hubbardton the battle resolved itself into three distinct engagements. Francis, on the American right, satisfied with pushing the British light infantry down the slope of Monument Hill, apparently pulled his regiment back and regrouped along the crest of the hill, behind the protection of logs and a stone fence. To Francis’ left Warner reorganized his own front across the Military Road.

On the British left, Balcarras, his light infantry rallied, pressed slowly up Monument Hill again. The 24th Foot, on his right and in close touch, began to move through the trees in the general direction of the boulder now known as Sentinel Rock. The bulk of Acland’s grenadiers, out of sight of the combatants along the Monument Hill ridge, were approaching the rocky face of Mount Zion. But to
maintain contact and prevent any American attempt to outflank the 24th. Acland detached two companies of grenadiers, who now moved out into the open field between the Military Road and the Mount. Warner, noting this move, promptly shifted part of his command over to occupy Mount Zion, which had apparently been left out of the American calculations.

Warner's men evidently never got quite up on the crest of Mount Zion. The grenadiers (Acland's main body) scrambled up an ascent which appeared almost inaccessible, and gained the summit of the mountain before the Americans.

In the fire fight on the slope of Mount Zion, Acland received a musket ball in his thigh, just as he prepared to push his battalion down onto the Castleton Road and cut off the Americans. Leaving their wounded major with a small guard, the grenadiers went plunging eastward down the hill. Reluctantly but skillfully, Warner, who was now much over-extended, with his left flank open to attack, refused it, pulling back to the brush and tree-lined corridor of the Military Road just south of the Sellick cabin.

Warner was now in a snug situation, for the grenadiers could only reach him by crossing open fields, exposed to fire from a well-protected position. Warner’s ability to maintain control over his men, pulling them back in the face of an approaching enemy, then halting to take up the fight again, was remarkable.

Even more remarkable was what was happening now on the American right. Fraser was confident that once on the crest of Monument Hill British discipline and bayonets would prevail. Accordingly, both the light infantry and the 24th Foot were pressed up through the woods again.

Francis now led his men out of their log emplacements against the slow British advance. Running halfway down the hill, the Massachusetts men flung themselves into the brush and opened point-blank aimed fire against individual targets.

Francis’ right arm was hanging useless now—shattered by a bullet—as he rushed back and forth along his own line, a conspicuous target.

This second unexpected counter-attack snubbed the assault. The light infantry, recoiling, stumbled back down the hill again, despite Balcarras’ efforts, and carried with it the 24th Foot on its right. Balcarras himself had been grazed on one shoulder.

Once more Fraser’s offensive had failed. This time he was really worried. The Americans in front of him appeared to be stronger than ever (he estimated them at 2,000), the flanking attack of his grenadiers against Mount Zion had thus far produced no tangible result, and the Germans had not yet arrived. In hot haste a staff officer galloped back along the road in search of them.

Von Riedesel, now halfway down the hill, his jäger and grenadier detachment commanders beside him, had a grandstand seat as he swept his spy-glass over the battlefield. For a good mile—from Monument Hill on his left front, across the cleared land, and on the shoulder of Mount Zion beyond—little puffs of powder smoke dotted the scene. Over on the edge of Mount Zion, and on the cleared land below, tiny figures moved in the shimmer of the broiling sun. But the left sector interested von Riedesel most. There the smoke swirled hottest through the trees, there the banging of musketry rang loudest. There, indeed, was trouble! Fraser’s left was being driven in.

Von Riedesel had seen enough. Captain von Geyso would rush his 100 jägers to the attack across country, close to the British left, and support Balcarras. Captain Schottelius, with his 80 grenadiers, moving wider to the left to circle the conflict, would turn south as soon as he reached the top of the ridge and assault the American right flank and rear. As an added touch, to puzzle the enemy, von Riedesel ordered the jägers’ little band (perhaps a round dozen) of hauhtboys and hunting horns to play them into action.

At the moment, the rest of the Germans, nearly 1,000 men, were slowly and ponderously tackling the trail up from Lacey’s Camp. As it turned out, the battle would be over long before their arrival.

ROUND THREE

The Americans were now aligned in a rough half-moon along the south and western slope of the Monument Hill crest. Warner’s Green Mountain Boys held from the log-fence V across the Castleton Road from the Sellick cabin, in front of the cabin itself, and around to the stone wall that now rims the crest. Francis’ 11th Massachusetts held the rest of the line. The indefatigable Francis, having disrupted the second attack of the British light infantry, was again showing his skill as a troop leader by pulling his men back up the slope and reestablishing his position on the crest.

At Ransomvale, two miles away, St. Clair’s aides were in the midst of an excited mob. The two militia regiments ordered to Hubbardton to support Warner flatly refused and started scurrying south towards Castleton in a disorganized drove, leaving St. Clair’s officers to pick their way alone toward the sound of battle.

Fraser—who apparently didn’t know von Riedesel was entering the fight—now made one more desperate attempt to gain the day. He knew that his grenadiers had reached the Castleton Road and were moving north to hit the American left flank. So he threw the light infantry and the 24th Foot, this time with bayonets fixed, up Monument Hill for the third time. They were to close with the Americans on the top, regardless of their fire, and regardless of the trees and brush.

Then it was that on the far American right a weird cacaphony began to dominate the din of battle, a cadenced chanting, punctuated by the squeal of hauhtboy and bray of hunting horn. The Brunswick jägers, singing hymns as they went, were crunching through the underbrush, their green coats melting into the foliage.

Once within musket-range the jägers, firing by platoon, came slowly on, overlapping Francis’ right. The 11th Massachusetts, finding its enemies approaching both in front and on the right, dropped back in disorder across the plateau to the Castleton Road, where Francis rallied them behind the log fence on the eastern side. There they reloaded and waited.

The British and Brunswickers began dressing their ranks for a charge. Hoping to catch them before they started, Francis rushed towards them to get within range; one good aimed volley might do the trick. Behind him his ragged Continentals streamed out onto the plateau. It was a desperate gamble.

A jäger marksman drew careful bead on the American leader and squeezed the trigger. Francis, a rifle bullet through his heart, fell just where the battle monument now stands. At the same time, bearing down from the north, the glittering bayonets of the Brunswick grenadiers pressed into sight on the Castleton Road. This was too much. The men of the 11th Massachusetts, their colonel killed, wavered, broke and fled eastward into the woods. Warner, on the left, saw his entire right wing disintegrate. He saw, too, the British grenadiers pressing close in from the south.

It was time to go.

Tradition has it that he sat on a log for a moment, cursing and weeping, then called to his men: “Scatter and meet me at Manchester!” In any event, Seth Warner was an old hand at guerilla fighting, and so were his men. Slipping like so many eels from the British clutch, the Green Mountain Boys flitted over the hills towards Pittsford, to keep a rendezvous with destiny at Bennington, just forty days later.

It was now 8:45 a.m. The Battle of Hubbardton was ended.

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All Tasseled Out

LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

The news that corn tassels are green is always welcome at Appleyard Center but days of anxiety follow. Will the tassels turn golden and the ears push out from the stalk at the proper angle before frost comes? Will a masked bandit with stripes on his tail visit the garden some crisp moonlight night? He always knows which ears are ready. Mrs. Appleyard, not so smart as a raccoon, has to test a kernel of golden Bantam by running her thumbnail into it. If milk spurts out, corn appears in some form at every meal until frost.

The principle of cooking corn is the same however you serve it. Pick it just long enough ahead of the meal to husk it and cook it. Guests should wait for corn, never corn for guests. If you must pick it ahead of time, put it unhusked into your refrigerator till just before you cook it. This way you will keep most of its special sweetness.

Start the water to boil in a large kettle. Fill it about a quarter full. Pick the corn, husk it, pack it into the kettle, cover it tightly. It will stop boiling. Watch it and check the time when it steams hard again. This will vary with the size of the kettle and the amount of corn in it. Cook it for five minutes. Have ready a hot platter with a damask napkin in it. Heap on the corn, cover it with another napkin. Have plenty of Vermont butter on hand.

Some one is sure to say: “I never ate corn like this!”

No doubt a true statement but he might like it even better cooked outdoors over hot coals. Build a stone fireplace in some convenient pasture near the corn patch. Maple wood makes good coals and fragrant smoke. Mrs. Appleyard picks the corn while the flames are high. Her corn patch has a friendly scarecrow in it. She has lent him her coat for the summer but it and beaten eggs. Beat well. Stir in the cut corn. Bake 35-40 minutes in a 375° oven until it is puffed and brown around the edges. There should be brown crust on the bottom of the dish. The Appleyards like this part best.

Country sausage and ham both go well with this dish. So do broiled tomatoes topped with buttered garlic crumbs. This rule serves four generously.

Frozen Corn

If you grow your own corn, you had better freeze some. Pick it, husk it at once, score and scrape it from the cob. For a pint of cut corn, boil 3 T. of water in a quart pan. Add the corn. Cook covered 3 minutes. Set pan in cool water. Put corn with all the liquid in the pan into a package and freeze. Next winter when you use it, the cooking water is right in the package so none of the flavor is wasted. This is next best to corn straight from the garden.

Use it in chowder, corn pudding, soup or in

Corn and Peppers

Do this in a chafing dish or a double boiler. Serve it on English muffins, split, buttered and browned under the broiler.

Mrs. Appleyard begins to shiver. She and beaten eggs. Beat well. Stir in the cut corn. Bake 35-40 minutes in a 375° oven until it is puffed and brown around the edges. There should be brown crust on the bottom of the dish. The Appleyards like this part best.

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Mrs. Appleyard invented this once when she had six unexpected visitors and not enough corn to go around.

3/4 cup corn meal 3 eggs
1 cup boiling water 2 t. baking powder
6 T. melted butter 1 1/2 cups corn cut from the cob
2 cups milk 3/4 t. salt

Melt 2 T. of butter in a caserole. Mix baking powder and salt with corn meal and add the rest of the butter. Scald mixture with boiling water. Beat. Add milk and beaten eggs. Beat well. Stir in the cut corn. Bake 35-40 minutes in a 375° oven until it is puffed and brown around the edges. There should be brown crust on the bottom of the dish. The Appleyards like this part best.

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CONTINUING EVENTS


July 2–July 7: Weybridge–Country Auction, 7

RECURRING EVENTS

May 29–Sept. 2: Bristol–Band Concerts (Wed., Labor Day), 8
June 1–9: No. Fairfield–Ches. A. Arthur Birthplace, Park (Weekends), 10–5
June 1–Oct. 31: Barre–Graniteville–Granite Quarry Tours, 8, 4:30
June 1–Oct. 15: Newfane–Horse Show, Field Day.
June 1–Aug. 18: Peacham–Strawberry Sup., Sale.
June 2–September 2; Peacham–Historic Mus. (Sun.), 10–5

SPECIAL EVENTS

May 30: Grafton–Mcm. Day Celeb. Irasburg–Mcm. Day Dinner, 12
May 30–June 2: Lake Bomoseen–Races
May 31–June 2: So. Woodstock–G.M.H.A. Rides
June 1: Essex Jct.–Bi-Centennial. Enosburg Falls–Dairy Festival, 9–10
June 7: Manchester–Choral Group
June 16: St. Albans–Sports Car Gymkh.
June 20: Londonderry–Strawberry Fest. Supper, 5–7
June 22: Arlington–Choral Conc., 8:15
June 26: Tyson–Strawberry Fest., Band Concert, 6:30–9
June 26–29: St. Johnsbury–Kiwanis Carnival (Trade School), 7–11:30
July 27: Dorset–Strawberry Fest. Sup., 6
July 27: Weybridge–Country Auction, 7
July 27–28: Weathersfield Ctr.–Turkey Dinners (Reserv. Tel.: 263-2255), 6
July 27–29: Weathersfield Ctr.–Antique Show, Sale
June 29: W. Brattleboro–Colonial Village Baz. Chester–Painting, Design Exhib., 2
June 30–July 6: Waterbury–Bi-Centennial
July 2–4: Bristol–Country A-Fair

Burlington–Port Kent, N. Y., Grand Isle-Plattsburgh, N. Y., Charlotte-Essex, N. Y.

July 28–July 10: Manchester–One-Man Art

June 22–July 7: Manchester–One-Man Art
June 28–Sept. 2: Grand Isle–Hyde Log Cabin, 10–5
June 29–Sept. 2: Mt. Snow–Chair Lift
June 29–Oct. 30: Chester–Art Guild
July 1–Aug. 31: Addison–Strong Mansion
July 1–Sept. 1: Poultney–Horace Greeley House
July 1–Oct. 15: Warren–Gondola Lift
July 2–July 15: Marlboro–Pablo Casals
July 15–Aug. 31: Shrewsbury–Daylily Exhibit (Cuttngsville)
Aug. 1–31: Burlington–Shakespeare Festival
Aug. 11–25: Bennington–Composers’ Conference
Aug. 26–Oct. 12: Pownal–Harness Races
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