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Aiken tells about the Champlain Cut-Off,
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Coming Attractions: Vermont’s copper
   industry, the forgotten founder of Barton

Back Cover

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

VERMONT Cabinet

Editor’s Uneasy Chair

Up—Price increases commonly are
   announced with wry apologies and
   extenuations about “spiraling costs.”
   Some can even remember when they
   were blamed on “that . . . in the White
   House.”

Vermont Life, however, is pleased to
   raise its rates, that is unless old friends
   cut us dead for it. If they don’t, we
   promise an even finer, more colorful and
   engaging magazine ahead. Though some
tell us that’s impossible, Vermont Life’s
   modesty is not shaken by such kind
   words.

In the months and issues to come we
   expect big things of the magazine, with
   continuing and growing support. A
   jumbo Lake Champlain issue, a special
   Civil War number and other surprises
   are in store.

A measure of our confidence comes
   from an incident last summer, when we
   announced in the Vermont press the
   increase, to come later. Instead of a rush
to get in on the low prices while they
lasted, the VL staff was dumbfounded to
find an immediate and steady flow of
orders at the new rate—months before it
became effective. We prefer to take this
as a testimonial to Vermonters’ support of
their own magazine—not to conjecture
that they just read their papers with
some lack of care.

Coming Attractions: Vermont’s copper
   industry, the forgotten founder of Barton
   (who captured a naked British general),
an old folks’ picnic at Smuggler’s Notch,
   Springfield’s amazing machine tool saga,
   Vermont’s railroad tunnels, story of the
   Canadian border country,Sen. George
   Aiken tells about the Champlain Cut-Off,
   Elsie Masterton pictures Goshen’s town
   meeting.

The Cover—A late afternoon recording
   of the Sunnyside Farm was filmed
   by David Witham, No. Bridgton, Maine. The
   farm is located in West Hartford
   on the road toward Quechee.
"Vermont has pretty rough winters," an old timer tells you, "but nothing like the cold and snow when I was a boy."

Is Vermont, then, as Mr. Baxter suggests*, in a relatively few years to become semi-tropical? To get the facts on Vermont's winters the Postboy has quizzed Robert Helbush of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Burlington, and some surprising things we learned.

No, it wasn't colder when grandpa was a boy, but it was when you were. These things seem to go in cycles of no determined length and for no known reason. The Nineties were pretty mild here, but starting in 1903 and lasting until 1926 Vermont had the coldest weather ever recorded. While 1917 was the coldest year, January of 1920 was even brisker. Six degrees above zero was the average for that month—a condition which today would warm the heart of any furnace oil dealer.

Then, from 1927 to 1944 came a period of erratic temperatures, and in 1945 began some of the warmest winters ever registered (as ski area people recall to their sorrow). Strike an average and last winter (1956-57) was the first colder-than-normal winter since 1945.

These trends are based on Burlington records, but Mr. Helbush tells us the same pattern holds for all of New England, indeed for much of the country.

Temperature isn't as reliable, however, as is the precipitation in Vermont. So we can say the second week of February usually is the coldest here. After that it begins to warm rapidly until the summer peak is reached about July 15th.

Discounting Mt. Mansfield's temperatures as unfair competition, the coldest spot in Vermont is Somerset, in the mountains of southern Vermont, where the average year-around temperature is 39.7 degrees. Not far away is Vermont's hothouse, Bellows Falls, with a 46.9 degree annual average.

The hottest official temperature recorded in Vermont occurred August 21, 1916 at Cornwall: 104 degrees. On the cool side was Bloomfield's even 50 degrees below zero on December 30th, 1933.

And what about the snow? What became of those great drifts of grandpa's day that covered the front windows? Well, the shocker here is that the winter 1946-47, saw more snow fall on Vermont than ever recorded before, 98 inches at Burlington as against 65 inches normally.

Snowfall comes in random lots at odd times, depending on low pressure areas, many coming from Canada. Some places it snows where in others it rains. Searsburg is Vermont's wettest area (right next to coldest Somerset) and Burlington is the driest.

Where does it snow the most in Vermont, discounting the mountain peaks? In Peru, where the average is 125 inches a year. Rutland has the least: 55 inches annually.

Mainly because of the mountains (which have a snow belt of 110 inches or more), Vermont weather patterns in the north bear no relation usually to those in the south, or even to the middle. Boston or Albany weather will tell little about Mt. Mansfield skiing prospects. Better related are the forecasts from Montreal and best from Burlington.

What about the howling blizzards, the raging Northeasters, such as we had in November of 1950. Northeasters, the PB learned, are quite an oddity. It was Benjamin Franklin who discovered that, while their winds roar in from the northeast the snow actually moves in from the west or northwest. This is most apt to occur at the beginning and especially the end of the winter, when the cold, high pressure areas of deep winter are battling the warmer, low pressure trends over this area.

In mid-winter the cold, bright days of high pressure prevail. Then they weaken and the stormy lows move slowly north again. This is the reason we get half our storms in February and March, especially from mid-month to mid-month. This is the time when Vermont skiing invariably is the best; when, ironically, most enthusiasts to the south, with spring already come there, have packed their gear away and are looking to fishing or gardening.

Thaws and plowed roads fool us about the snow cover. We forget the many small storms, and mentally measure the drifts on roadside fields. It may be a record year but it takes the piling up of an infrequent blizzard to make us say "it's a real, old-fashioned winter."

Vermont Life's forecast (made without reference to the Old Farmer's Almanac): One howling blizzard in mid-December, light January thaws, bright and cold in mid-January, and then colder and more snow in February, warming into March, until the air turns soft, snow runs to the brooks and sap buckets again hang on the maples. But that's a long winter away.

WH, Jr.

*"What's Happening to the Weather" by Robb Sagendorph & W. J. Baxter.
HORSE DRAWING

THE FARMER'S CHOICE

By NEIL PRIESSMAN

CHANCES are that if you want to find anyone at the Wilmington, Vermont, Farmer's Day—first Saturday in September, come what may—you'll find him over at the far corner of the grounds where Leon Carpenter and the other teamsters are competing.

"Teamster" is an old and honorable term. Folks up here don't use it lightly but when they speak of Leon they say it slow, and add another syllable so you don't miss the emphasis:

"Leon? Well naow, he's a teamister."

They mean that when he takes the lines in hand that his horses and he are almost one. They mean that it's just pure pleasure to watch his horses dance with impatience as they cramp the stone boat with its cargo of quarter-ton concrete blocks over a few inches. Then, when he straightens them around so that they have the extra leverage of a twitching start, you can feel the moment coming. When you're about ready to bust there's a surge of horses lunging together—a snap as the boat straightens out and inches forward, the fast staccato "go-go-go" as Leon works with them. Then, and this is all in a moment, the incredible relaxation and relief as the horses' heads come up and
you're cheering with the rest of the crowd because these horses and the man who knows them so well have moved more than their own weight six feet from standing start.

The uninitiated and the professional animal lovers are prone to put horse-drawing in the same category as cock-fighting and bear-baiting. If you think that abusing and overstraining a team is accepted in front of this audience of experts, listen to the cat calls and jeers that greet the
Competing teams are trucked in from a 100-mile radius.

They did all they could.

Six feet’s enough. Don’t have to draw ’em clear to Halifax.
Enter the ring. Helpers hold eveners, to keep them away from horses' heels.

unfortunate who cannot “gather” his team. As his horses snatch and jerk, lunging against themselves in a frantic see-saw, the chorus of jibes wells from the sidelines.

“Better put 'em out to grass and buy a tractor!”

There isn’t much to do but unhook and get out of the ring—quick.

Extra insurance against overstraining is incorporated in the rules. Teams compete in weight limit classes much as boxers do. Each team is allowed three hitches as tries each time the weight on the boat is increased. The expert (and novices don’t compete here) knows when his team has reached its limit and drops out before he overtaxes them.

That a good teamster does not hurt his horses is best shown by Leon’s team. He’s had them a long time—one is twenty-two, the other fifteen—“draws” them every Fair Day, and though he only took second this year after many years of firsts, he isn’t quitting yet.

These people are farmers and loggers. Most of them were brought up with horses and though prosperity and a faster tempo have brought the tractor in with a rush, they do not forget the thrill of “teaming.” Even those summering here from the city, some of whom may not know a hame from a belly-band, a frog from a fetlock, seem to draw from a memory that is part of our inheritance—the affection of man for the animals who work for him.

This is horse-drawing, the sport of the dawn to dark farmer, of a people who “mister” only their ministers and “sir” no one, of a region where “teamster” is a title more choice than “king.”

First time I haven’t pinned a blue in eight years.
At seven a.m., Barre quarrymen, workers from many lands, don their aluminum safety helmets and go down in the "box" to work the world's largest quarries. Their workshop floor is the granite core of the hill. Their ceiling is the sky with a silhouette of gigantic boom derricks and a network of guy wires. Their tools are powerful pneumatic drills and channel bars. The vast pits, sometimes reaching a depth of 300 feet, resound with the staccato roar of drills, and seem strangely incongruous in their setting of pastoral Vermont hills. Barre quarrymen are a hardy lot, able to withstand the scorching sun and the rigors of Vermont winters.

Barre granite is one of the hardest substances to drill. It takes two men—a drill operator and his helper—about two months of patient, arduous work to break loose a block of granite 30 feet by 15 feet by 12 feet.

In the veins of many Barre workers flows the blood of master craftsmen dating back to the days of Michelangelo and of 11th century Scotch artisans.

Old World ancestral skills have long been synonymous with Barre monumental work. In 1886 Barre became a mecca for skilled quarriers and sculptors from the stone-working centers of Europe, principally of Carrara, Italy, and Scotland. In Barre they created some of the nation's finest memorials.

The new Americans made contributions in other fields. The word "grout" (waste granite) which is in common use today, is a contribution of the early Scots. The Italian dishes—ravioli and chicken a la cacciatore—became adopted Vermonter long before they gained countrywide popularity.

A robust, fraternal spirit characterizes today's workers-in-stone, and this quality is reflected deeply in the life of cosmopolitan Barre, the granite center of the world. The Barre workers are a human extension of nearly all of Europe. But unlike the European countries, these men have discovered how to work together and live together in harmony.
Photographed by SONJA BULLATY & ANGELO LOMEO
at the ROCK OF AGES quarries
Written by MARI TOMASI
Keen of eye, sure of foot, weathered by the elements, quarrymen must work at dizzying heights on quarry walls.
Whether of Scotch, Italian, French, Spanish, Scandinavian, Irish, Finnish, German or old American descent,—theirs is a marked individuality, and the camaraderie of a common denominator... granite.
In canyon workshops, the derrick operator above and the quarrymen below, gra
Rocks weighing from 35 to 50 tons are hoisted hundreds of feet to the surface.
Some of Vermont's younger generation, when confronted with one of the state's 128 covered wooden bridges, might well ask their parents: "What's so much about a covered bridge? Why are you so sentimental about those old things?"

One reason is that a great deal took place in and about Vermont's covered spans. Some of it is gospel truth, some is folklore, and much will always be locked in the hearts and minds of those who had memorable experiences beneath the sheltering roofs of Green Mountain bridges. Perhaps a few of the known tales are worth remembering.

It is pretty well established why they covered bridges, (to protect the internal structure or "bones" of the span), but every once in a while a new reason, usually facetious, crops up. Barre and Montpelier have been long-time rivals, and years ago would vie as to which could put on the best Independence Day parades. Well on his way to celebrating one particular Glorious Fourth in the Capitol City, a Barre boy was told to go home. At the end of Main Street he plodded through Montpelier's big, sidewalked covered bridge. The high sheltering roof of the bridge loomed up over a group of policemen who were assembling for the parade. Beyond the bridge, the disgruntled Quarry City partisan shimmied up a lamp pole and addressed Montpelier's finest in a stentorian voice.

"Hey!" he bellowed, "You know why Montpelier put a great big cover on this here bridge? Well, I'll tell you why. It's so's a stranger can't tell what kind of a town he's comin' to,—until it's too late!"

The Montpelier cops soon dunked the brash youth in the nearest horse trough, but he had had his say, and returned to Barre,—soaked and happy.

In the very early days some communities put on a concentrated effort to get a new bridge built. In the same manner that a barn or church was erected, the entire neighborhood would pitch in to build a bridge,—often to serve only a single farm. The self-appointed foreman would cry:

"Raise up on them spike poles, men,—He—O—He!"

At the end of the laboring there would be the reward of an ox roast, and the jugs of New England rum would pass from hand to hand.

The directors of toll bridge companies along the Connecticut River could indulge their supposedly finer tastes. Records indicate that in celebration of the opening of a new bridge a man would be stationed at the portal to...
ladle out a glass of flip or toddy to every person who crossed on the first day. In addition, the proprietors would usually vote themselves a gallon or two of “good West Indian Rum.” Everybody had a high old time.

Some toll bridges were hastily built at spots where there was little or no traffic. The toll-taker would sit hour after hour in his tiny house beside the bridge, with only an occasional traveler to break the monotony. To while away the time he might keep a voluminous diary, draw pictures, play solitaire or plunk away on a banjo. James Monteith, long-time collector at the Windsor-Cornish Bridge, which still spans the Connecticut, became well-known as a knitter of fine wool mittens.

In later years these toll-gatherers were more than just employees. Like as not they might even own the bridge. Willard K. Sanders tells that sixty years ago the entire community gathered to shovel snow onto the bridge floor, so they could go out for a slide of a winter’s evening. They used a huge “traverse” or bobsled some forty-five feet long and eight feet wide, which had seating room for

break the ice of the smooth crossing, but it would be frozen solid again in the morning. In impotent rage he would hop up and down in front of his toll house, shaking his fists at the by-passers below,—only to be rewarded by broad grins and cheery waves. Springtime found the bridge owner licked, and he sold out cheaply to the adjoining towns. The bridge became free.

All kinds of tricks were practiced by the enterprising who wished to avoid paying toll. One man made a habit, after dark, of always crossing on the roof of the Old Lyman Toll Bridge above White River Junction. One night, somewhat unsteady, he crashed through a rotted place in the roof, practically into the arms of the toll-collector, who had been following his progress by listening to the footsteps overhead. Still another daring individual swung hand over hand above the fast water of Beard’s Falls near Barnet, using the cross bracing under the covered bridge to evade paying toll. He never tried it again.

It was sometimes a problem to decide on toll charges. Saul Prentiss had a discussion with Old John, the collector at East Thetford. Driving a pair of bays and a wagon with a covered bed, Saul pulled up to the toll house.

“John,” he said, “I know you let the minister and the doctor go across for free most times.”

Old John nodded.

“Well, I got a shipment here that’s for medical and scientific purposes. I reckon I should go across for free!”

John grinned. “Pshaw, Saul,—you know a wagon load o’whiskey pays just the same’s any other wagon.”

“This ain’t no whiskey.” Saul motioned the toll-collector over and leaned down to whisper in his ear.

“Know what I got? Laboratory in Boston wants ’em. Fifty LIVE skunks!”

At the thought of further delaying such a cargo, Old John gulped and backed hastily into the toll house. Saul slapped his horses and crossed “for free.” He was still chuckling a few minutes later as he explained to the station agent that his shipment had been safely “de-scented.”

Rates on most toll bridges were not very high, but to beat them was considered fine sport by some travelers. On the other hand, if you owned a bridge it was not the money that mattered so much,—it was the principle of the thing. There are people alive today who swear they saw Hetty Green,—at the time the world’s richest woman, personally collecting 2¢ tolls on the Tucker Bridge she owned at Bellows Falls.

More of the “tall-tale” variety is a story about the remote little bridge at Garfield, a small hamlet in Lamoille County. Willard K. Sanders tells that sixty years ago the entire community gathered to shovel snow onto the bridge floor, so they could go out for a slide of a winter’s evening. They used a huge “traverse” or bobsled some forty-five feet long and eight feet wide, which had seating room for
forty people. Down Davis Hill they'd go, with the traverse requiring two men to steer and a navigator to aim it so as to hit the narrow passage of the covered bridge with only inches to spare. This “threading the needle” was the high point of the trip, and somehow the sledgers always managed to make it through. The Garfield bridge stands today, unscathed.

There were tragic happenings in covered bridges too, as related in Vermont history and folklore. Consider the melon party at West Hartford. Back over a century ago, John Steele, a young merchant of the village set out with some local young bloods to “inspect” the neighbors’ melon patches. Apparently the neighbors were snug in their beds, for the group gorged themselves and took along more spoils for further consumption.

As they trudged along back to town they came past the big double-barrel covered bridge across White River. A late driver coming up from the Junction scared them, and to escape possible recognition, the boys turned and dashed into the protecting shadows of the bridge. Unfortunately, the town was in the process of renewing the flooring of the span, and during the day the boards had been removed from the south side. Forgetful of this fact, young Steele clambered over the dividing truss between the two passageways and then over an obstruction put up to confine travel to one lane. Leaping off the last barrier with no thought but that of flight, he hurtled to the rocks some fifteen feet below. Steele was severely injured, and never fully recovered from his fall. Surprisingly, he received $1,500 compensation for his injuries from the Town of Hartford, which had dutifully and carefully barricaded its bridge!

Other doleful events took place in Vermont covered bridges. In Willingford late one night, a despondent man hanged himself from a cross beam. In the morning fog a traveler discovered and cut down the dangling corpse. He always avoided that bridge on future trips.

South of Rutland, Avery Billings was set upon by masked men as he drove through the bridge between his farm and the city. One leaped from the shadows to grab the bridle of the horse, while another dropped down from the cross-bracing above, into the wagon. The horse plunged and bucked while Billings lashed out with his whip at one assailant. The other lost his grip on the dashboard and was bowled out on the splintery bridge floor. The farmer escaped.

Isaac Kelly was not so lucky. He started out for Rutland one night to buy a railroad ticket for his mother, and was never seen alive again. Days later a trail of bloodstains was found, leading from the interior of Billings Bridge to a clump of bushes nearby. There was Kelly’s body, beaten and robbed. The murderers were never found.

One of the most unlikely-seeming occurrences in Vermont was a Civil War chase through a covered bridge. St. Albans was the scene of a daring daylight raid by the Southerners, late in the conflict. The idea was to get some money for the ailing Confederacy and to throw a scare into the Northern cities by bringing the war to their own doorsteps. Into town, quietly and in civilian clothes came Lieutenant Bennett H. Young and twenty-one Confederate soldiers. At three o’clock on the afternoon of October 19, 1864, they donned their uniforms and simultaneously entered the three banks of St. Albans. Killing one man and wounding others, they dashed away with $208,000. Ten miles out of town the raiders threw phosphorous into the twin-lane covered bridge over Black Creek at Sheldon, and set it afire. The village people managed to get the fire out, but pursuit was held up long enough to allow the Confederates to escape into Canada. Later the flooring of the bridge all had to be replaced for fear the phosphorous-soaked boards might be re-ignited from hot summer sun-glints streaking into the old span.

Most Green Mountain covered bridges had, and have names,—usually derived from their proximity to the home of an individual. From this practice come names like “Henry Bridge” in Bennington, “Sanderson Bridge” in Brandon, “Hopkins Bridge” in Enosburg, and “Howe Farm Bridge” in Tunbridge. Some roofed spans were dubbed with the names of their builders,—such as the “Moseley Bridge” in Northfield and the “Coburn Bridge” over the Winooski in East Montpelier.

Often a nearby building or establishment led to the name. This resulted in “Depot Bridges” in both Rockingham and Pittsford, the “Creamery Bridge” in Brattleboro, “Power Plant Bridge” in Johnson, as well as the countless “Tannery,” “Lime Kiln,” “Foundry” and “Grist Mill” bridges of the past. “Old Maid Parker” gave her name to a covered span in Clarendon, and both “Ryder” and “Walker” bridges spanned Saxtons River in Grafton. The height of a covered bridge in Waitsfield gave the name to both the span...
and to “High Bridge Brook.” Montpelier couples found a retreat in “Lovers’ Lane Bridge” south of town, and Northfield Falls folks can still direct you to the rather forbidding-sounding “Slaughter House Bridge” over Dog River. Up in Charleston a farmer had no barn and stacked his hay in the fields. To this day the locality and covered bridge (recently dismantled) bear the name: “Haystack Corners.”

A name sign painted on the end of a Vermont covered bridge was a rarity. But a little hamlet in Townshend once had one on its span,—put up in proud self-defense when the jealous mother town up-river insisted on referring to the village as “Tin Pot.” The local tradesmen erected a big bright sign across the bridge portal, proclaiming their village as “HARMONYVILLE.” Though raiders from Townshend long ago spirited away the sign, and the covered bridge is no more,—the village still retains the name.

Most conspicuous of signs on the covered bridges of Vermont were those in this vein: “Five Dollars Fine for Driving Faster than a Walk on this Bridge, per order of the Selectmen.” One of these boards graced the portal of the Market Bridge in Tunbridge, through which passed the Chelsea-South Royalton stage. Mr. C. F. Peters owned and operated the stage coach,—driving four white horses at a spanking clip up and down the valley. He often ran horses and coach at high speed through the covered bridge and one day he was hauled in by the Tunbridge constable. In court he gave the justice a ten dollar bill in payment of the fine.

“Keep the change,” he boomed. “I’ll be back tomorrow and run your blasted bridge again!”

Less important signs were tacked inside the covered bridges. These advertised all the half-forgotten patent medicines, foods, tobacco, cooking utensils and various personal services of the ’70’s and ’80’s. There was “Kickapoo Indian Oil,” “Friends Baking Powder,” “Cinco Cigars,” “Rogers Stoves” and “Battle-Axe Plug Tobacco,” to name a few. Particularly notable and well-advertised in covered bridges were “Kendall’s Spavin Cure” and “Dr. Flint’s Powders,” both beneficial to man’s trusty friend, the horse. These two products carried the fame of Enosburg Falls, Vermont to far corners of the countryside.

The advance man for fairs and circuses paused to tack up his posters on trees, fences, barns, sheds, outhouses and covered bridges. The gaudy signs gleamed bright in the spring sunshine, faded in the August glare, began to rot and flap loose in the fall rains, and often vanished entirely in the blasts of December. But inside the covered bridges they stayed, tacked securely, dry and unfaded as the years passed. One old farmer’s family went to the World’s Fair in Tunbridge a week too late as a result of reading last year’s poster, which remained still bright and inviting, inside a covered bridge they only occasionally had crossed.

An unfrequented bridge in the Town of Marshfield once served as a gathering place for local boys to practice on their band instruments. They rigged up the covered structure by laying planks across the lateral bracing for a kind of “second floor” high up out of sight of the travelers on the adjacent main road. Lanterns, by which to read the music, hung on rafter nails, and sap buckets served as seats. Six or eight would-be musicians could while away many an evening hour in this cozy retreat, free from interruption, and with nobody to mind the frequent discords. One travelling thread salesman got the scare of his life when he passed by the bridge on a gloomy night. Shaken, he told unbelieving friends that there had been a strange glow and weird music coming out of a covered bridge that you could see clear through from end to end.

As related by Walter Hard, Sr., the scene of the classic Vermont covered bridge story was Newfane. Time was when the West River road crossed and re-crossed the stream and its branches by means of covered bridges. An old Civil War pensioner from Newfane celebrated properly in Brattleboro one Saturday night. Sometime in the early Sunday hours a farmer below town was awakened by a racket in his buggy shed, which stood out parallel to the road. Pulling on pants and boots, he took his lantern and went to investigate. There was a horse and buggy, cram-jammed tight into the shed. The pensioner sat disconsolate, his legs dangling over the tail gate and his eyes blinking up at the light thrust in his face.

“All I want to know,” he said thickly, “is who in tunket boarded up the end of thish bridge!”

VERMONT Life 17
A PARADOX in the life of a country minister is that he preaches against those who work seven days a week, without a day of rest, yet he himself finds a seven-day week too short for the many duties he performs in his parish. Such a man is the Reverend Lincoln Bigelow.

Aided by his wife, who also is a licensed minister, Reverend Bigelow attends to two small Methodist country churches. One is in Union Village and the other in Thetford Center.

In a busy schedule of weddings, baptisms, funerals, choir practices, church service and private calls throughout their large parish area, Reverend Bigelow and his wife travel about 20,000 miles a year. Occasionally their morning work starts at four and continues late into the night.

Such a life offers few material rewards, but ever since he received his ordination more than thirty years ago it has been Reverend Bigelow's ambition to be a country minister.

By HANSON CARROLL
Mrs. Bigelow rehearses with Union Village church choir.

VERMONT Life 19
Whether the task be spiritual or physical the country minister must be prepared to rely upon no one but God.
On Sunday the ringing bell perhaps may bring more churchgoers than came the week before.
In winter the congregation keeps to the back pews, near the stove. During summer the habit continues.
“It’s encouraging to see new faces,” Mr. Bigelow says, with Mrs. Bigelow greeting the congregation after services are over.

Finished with one service, the country minister hurries to conduct another in a nearby town. Each year his ministries carry him over 20,000 miles.
LONGFELLOW imprinted indelibly on our minds Paul Revere’s famous “One if by land, two if by sea” gallop through the countryside, and Revere’s unexcelled ability as a silversmith and engraver is familiar to many as well. But a little-known aspect of his life was his career as a bell-maker.

Approximately 88 of the Revere bells are still in existence. The wording of the inscriptions varies according to the period in which the bells were cast, but each bears the name of Revere in bold letters, attesting its authenticity. All but two of the remaining bells are in New England, and six are in Vermont.

Fires and faulty methods of hanging and ringing have perhaps been the most prevalent cause for loss of church bells, so it is through a combination of good fortune and good care that Woodstock, Vermont can claim the distinction of having four Revere bells in that one small community—more than any other locality in the country.

Paul Revere was the founder, in 1801, of the first copper rolling mill in America, of which the present Revere Brass & Copper Company is the outgrowth. It was at this mill that he cast most of his bells, although the first large scale bell-making establishment in America actually came into being in the Revere Foundry in 1792.

Although the first bell was not good in tone quality, it was used for a good many years and it still rests as a priceless relic in the auditorium of the St. James Episcopal Church in Cambridge, Mass. Revere was a master craftsman, one who realized great satisfaction in doing to perfection everything he undertook. He, of course, improved with practice, and his bells eventually became noted for their outstandingly clear, mellow tones. The fact that many are still in use today is a credit to the pride in their workmanship of the men of the 18th and 19th centuries.

What is considered by many to be Revere’s masterpiece—one of the largest and finest he cast—hangs in historic Kings Chapel in Boston, its 2437 pounds resounding daily. Paul Revere started the bell business and was later...
joined by his sons, Paul, Jr., and Joseph Warren Revere. In 1801 Paul, Jr., left his father and undertook bell casting with someone else, while Joseph worked with his father until Paul's death in 1818, and thereafter carried on the business himself, becoming the first president of the Revere Copper Company when the firm was incorporated as such in 1828.

In the years from 1792 to 1828 Paul Revere’s stockbook (descendants of Paul Revere have the original in their safekeeping) lists nearly 400 bells, weighing from 50 to 2885 pounds. There were a few after that date not listed in these records. The majority have been lost, destroyed, or shipped to foreign parts many years ago.

In Vermont one bell marked “Revere & Son Boston 1819, Presented by General Amasa Allen” hangs in the Emanuel Episcopal Church in Bellows Falls. The First Congregational Church in Norwich has one inscribed “Revere & Son Boston 1817.” This bell is connected even more closely with the history and tradition of Vermont by having an oak timber from an old covered bridge in Woodstock used in the frame when repairs were necessary a few years ago. Both the Bellows Falls and Norwich bells are still ringing.

The first Revere bell to be sent to Woodstock, in 1818, was for the Congregational Church. It was guaranteed for only a year, but it has been rung continuously for 138 successive years. It was hung so that it couldn’t turn all the way over, which was most unusual at that time, and it was tuned to “C”. It cost 45 cents a pound, and weighed 647 pounds. It is marked “Revere & Son Boston 1818.”

The second bell, weighing 670 pounds, was first rung from the belfry of the Episcopal Church at the 1827 Christmas service. It is inscribed “Revere Boston.”

The Christian Church, now the Masonic Temple, obtained its bell in 1828. It weighs 849 pounds and reads “Revere Boston.”

The largest of the four bells, 1021 pounds, was bought from the elder son of Paul Revere in 1835 by the Universalist Church and is inscribed “Revere Boston.”

All four Revere bells are still in use, but in the early 19th century their ringing played an even more important role in the religious life of the community, for each peal had its own meaning.

The “Gabriel” bell woke the people of the Parish; the “Sermon” bell announced it was time for the church services; the “Pardon” bell rang before and after the sermon, during prayers for the pardoning of sins; the “Pudding” bell, which was undoubtedly the most popular, told the cook to prepare dinner while the church-goers headed for home; the “Passing” bell tolled three times for a man’s death, with a ring for each year of his age.

A few of Revere’s early bells bore the inscription “The living to the church I call, and to the grave I summon all.”

END
Sometimes the snow flutters down and silently alights like immense flocks of birds. At other times it descends as silently, but like the continuous falling of a gray veil shutting one in from all the world lying farther away than his nearest outbuildings. Another snowfall comes blown by howling winds in long slants to the earth, and whirled and tossed along the fields blurring their surface in a frozen crust.

Then comes the day when the wind quits buffeting the snow from this side and that and stands still, debating which way it shall blow next, while the sun burns into the cold blue sky's eastern rim, runs its short course over the dazzling northern fields, and burns its way out behind the glorified western mountains. . . .

At nightfall the smoke of the chimney leans toward the North Star and by the next morning the wind comes roaring up from the south, armed with swords and

"Sunset Schuss" at Pico, by M. L. Joslin
spears of cold that no armor of wool or fur can ward off, and from every vantage-
ground of ridge and drift stream the white banners of snow.

With the moon now well up above the world, we fancy that a part of this northern
half of the earth outshines her.

Silver fields is not a good enough name tonight for these shining farms, for the
creek unmarked now but for the fringe of wooded banks, nor for the broad lake quiet
under ice and snow.

We begin to entertain kindly thoughts of indoor homeliness and desire the comforts
of its harboring, and presently shut ourselves in from the blue sky and shining moon-
lit outer world, tired and contented to smoke a restful pipe by the fireside.

SILVER FIELDS by Rowland E. Robinson
Winter Birches near Weathersfield Center, by Newell Green
Sunburst near Woodstock, by Carsten W. Johnson
Edward Norton, photographed in 1866 with some of his potters, had with his brother, Luman Preston, successfully weathered the Civil War slump.

In 1793, two years after the Independent Republic of Vermont became the fourteenth State in the Union, a Revolutionary Soldier in Bennington produced the first pottery made in the new state. He was Captain John Norton, who had served in the Army from 1776 to 1781, taking part in military encounters at Long Island, Haarlem Heights and White Plains. He was a captain in the Eighteenth Connecticut Regiment and a native of Goshen, Connecticut.

Four years after his military service ended, Captain Norton brought his wife and first child to Bennington, twenty-four years after the founding of the town. He purchased a large farm, the deed, dated 1785, indicating it was considered one of the finest in the region. It lay at the foot of Mount Anthony, on what was then the main road between Canada and Massachusetts Bay, on the main highway between Bennington and Pownal.

Extant records tend to show that from 1785 to 1793 the Captain devoted himself to farming, including the raising of sheep and an apple orchard. At least there is no mention of a pottery until 1793 when it is recorded that he erected his first kiln. He also established a distillery, apple brandy and cider being sold by him in large quantities. Records do not show if the distillery came before the pottery. But it is a fact that both the pottery and the still flourished and Captain Norton became one of the most successful and important citizens in Bennington.

This first pottery in Vermont produced the simple wares needed to maintain a simple way of life. The every day requirements of the community consisted of functional utensils: milk pans, jars, crocks, plates, jugs and similar pieces. The earliest known piece, now on exhibition in the Bennington Museum, where it is an important item in the famous John Spargo Collection, is a simple jug of brown earthenware. Barely six inches high, it is glazed in a brown slip, with a crude decorative spray of leaves painted in ochre-colored slip on each side. It is not a “salt glaze,” which many so-called authorities have stated to be the first type produced at Bennington. Two other pieces in the Museum, both produced before 1800, are made of the same red ware, and are either glazed or covered with slip. Quite soon thereafter, stoneware was made in addition to the slip covered redware.

By 1811 or 1812, Captain Norton took his eldest son
Luman into partnership with him. The firm became known as J. and L. Norton, and shortly afterwards, his second son John Jr. joined the firm, the name becoming John Norton & Sons. Captain Norton retired in 1823, Luman became the head of the pottery and until 1828 the firm name was L. Norton and Co. By 1828, John Jr. had relinquished his interest in the pottery to his brother Luman, who in 1833 admitted his son Julius to the partnership.

It was in this year that the pottery was moved from its early location down into the village then commonly called East Bennington, which we know today as simply Bennington. Three years later, Judge Luman Norton’s son Julius was the actual director of the pottery. Julius was an especially competent potter, and an equally capable business man. His father had many interests not connected with the pottery, and Julius was a progressive executive with technical ability, so the management naturally fell his lot.

Judge Luman Norton had built a large double house for

The very variety of pottery and porcelain produced at Bennington was its most important influence on American ceramic manufacture. Wares pictured here were made 1847 to 1858. Top row from left: white cow creamer in Granite ware; Rockingham Poodle; Blue and White Porcelain vase with applied handles and grape decoration; Parian Poodle; rare Yellow Ware cow creamer. Center row from left: Flint Enamel bottle; wild rose design pitcher with rare, fired, colors applied; Flint Enamel lion on base; Presentation pitcher in Granite ware; Scroddled ware toby jug. Bottom row from left: rare tan and white pitcher in Palm Tree design; one of a pair of extremely rare Staffordshire type cottage vases with colored decorations and gold leaf. (Pair is marked U. S. Pottery Co., Bennington, Vt.); Parian statuette “The Tight Shoe”; Scroddled ware pitcher; Parian statuette “Praying Samuel”; cottage vases; rare Flint Enamel change cover in the shape of a girl with hoop skirt.
himself on what is now Pleasant Street in Bennington. His eldest daughter, Louisa, and her husband, Christopher Webber Fenton, lived in the other side after their marriage in 1832. Fenton had learned his trade at his father's pottery in Dorset, Vermont, before he married Louisa. He later was employed at the Norton pottery. This arrangement made it possible for the reserved Judge Norton to keep an eye on his new son-in-law, who was inclined to be speculative in temperament, unlike Julius.

When Julius Norton came into complete control of the pottery in 1841, his business acumen prompted him to improve and expand the production and the plant. His ambitious brother-in-law Fenton spurred him on in this direction, and that year saw a variety of pottery being produced for the first time in Bennington. The staple stoneware items were not dropped, but new items were added, including the manufacture of the mottled brown glazed ware called “Rockingham.” By the next year, 1842, yellow glazed pottery ware and common white glazed ware were made in limited quantities.

It is interesting to note that at about this same time, experimentation on new porcelain products was being done in England, especially by the famous Copeland Pottery at Stoke-on-Trent. There they first made a type of porcelain which was called “Statuary-ware,” and its resemblance to Parian marble was so exact that it soon became known as Parian Ware, or simply: Parian. Julius Norton, spurred on by Christopher Webber Fenton, became interested in the production of this new ware using local Bennington kaolin deposits.

In 1843, Julius hired John Harrison, a modeler at the Copeland works, to come to Bennington. Harrison arrived in October, bringing with him samples of kaolin and moulds and actual pieces of the new Parian ware. For the next eighteen months Harrison worked on experimentation of the new porcelain. There were many problems to solve, especially the purification of the kaolin. The local iron deposits caused black spots to appear in the fired piece of porcelain, spoiling its finished white beauty.

While Harrison was still experimenting, Julius Norton took his brother-in-law into partnership with him in January, 1845, with the firm name becoming Norton and Fenton. The partnership was short lived, being dissolved in June, 1847. Pieces of pottery, including items in stoneware and Rockingham are found marked with this firm name.

On June 24, 1845, the Norton and Fenton pottery was burned to the ground. This put a temporary stop to all production, including Harrison's experimentation with Parian porcelain. Almost immediately after the fire, Harrison returned to England, although Julius had started rebuilding. The new plant was ready for production by the beginning of 1846, and included the production of stoneware and the other proven items in Rockingham, Yellow and Common White. Only a small space was set aside for porcelain, scarcely little more than for one worker.

Naturally this did not make Fenton happy as his main interest was in the new porcelain. He had several other business interests, and was dissatisfied with his brother-in-law's conservative attitude. In June of 1847 they dissolved their partnership and Fenton rented the small section in which the porcelain experiments had been conducted, together with the rest of the North wing for pottery manufacture. Julius discontinued all activities in the porcelain experimentation, and granted Fenton the right to continue it, as well as to produce Rockingham, Common Yellow and Common White. There was obviously some competition, as the Norton pottery continued to manufacture these three types of pottery in addition to the firmly established line of stoneware items. But Julius was thereby helping his sister Louisa, Fenton's wife, and keeping his brother-in-law in work. At the
Three stoneware pieces show typical production at the Norton pottery. Center jar has number decoration and bears the earliest Norton mark, (1825-1828) "L. Norton & Co." The wares made by his father, Capt. John Norton, up to 1825 were never marked. The jug on the left is a rare example on which the design is engraved and partially filled with cobalt before firing. It dates between 1830-1835. The jar on the right is of later manufacture, 1850-1859, and shows a superior cobalt design with which the Norton stoneware was frequently decorated.

(John Spargo Collection)

same time, he was giving Fenton the opportunity to experiment with the new Parian Ware.

Fenton started on the production of Parian in 1847 on his own, and continued to experiment with various formulae. He marked his pieces with an elaborate raised medallion with the impressed words "Fenton’s Works" and produced some fine pieces. One of the rarest of these marked pieces, is the Snowdrop pitcher illustrated, formerly in the George McKeen Collection, and now part of the famous display in Bennington Museum.

During this period of having his own pottery works, Fenton was also engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder with Alanson P. Lyman under the firm name of Lyman, Fenton & Company. His pottery production was not financially a success, so he agreed to make Lyman a partner, and moved into a nearby building owned by Lyman, making the pottery firm name the same as the gunpowder business, “Lyman, Fenton & Co.”. In April of 1848, he was also in the dry goods business with Lyman and another partner under the firm name of Lyman, Fenton and Park. His interests were as diversified as was his pottery production.

During this time of many interests, Fenton patented his famous “Flint Enamel” method of glazing. Letters Patent No. 6907 was granted on November 27, 1849, giving him the exclusive right to make this ware in the method outlined in the patent. The resultant flowing of brilliant colors has never been duplicated exactly. Fenton also is credited with having been the first producer of Parian Ware on this continent.

With the success of these products, Fenton entered into the greatest period of pottery production in America. Lyman had not put any money into the firm, only supplying the building. In 1850, new capital was obtained from several wealthy men outside of Bennington and a new factory was built. Everything was on a much larger scale than had ever before been attempted in Vermont. The factory had three large double kilns, and the cost was reported to have been fifteen thousand dollars, a sizeable amount in 1850.

While this new plant was being built, production continued in the old building without interruption. The new factory was located practically next door to Julius
Recumbent stag in Flint Enamel ware was a mantel decoration, the tree trunk being a spill holder. Design is credited to Daniel Greatbach. Tufts of grass and forelock are of cole sawn-applied decoration. Impressed 1849 on bottom. (John Spargo Collection)

Brilliant Flint Enamel coffee urn with helmet cover. This type of glaze was patented by C. W. Fenton in 1849. Beaker, handled goblet and mugs are in Rockingham ware. (Spargo, Bennington Museum, and Walker Collections)

Pitchers in early Rockingham were called "dark lustre." Biscuit piece was dipped in glaze of feldspar, flint, red lead and clay, with some manganese for brown color. All pitchers of this type are marked Norton & Fenton. (McKearin, Spargo, Ben. Museum Colls.)

Famous Bennington hound-handle pitcher in Rockingham ware is identified by three points: (1) nose of hound rests on paws but neck is arched to allow little finger to fit underneath; (2) collar is of clearly defined links; (3) belly is pointed, not flat or rounded. (Spargo & Bennington Museum Colls.)

Typical Rockingham plates and bowls. Unless pieces are marked there is no way to tell they came from Bennington or from one of over fifty other potteries. (Elizabeth McCullough Johnson Coll.)

Part of very fine fourteen-piece toilet set of Granite Ware decorated in gold and cobalt under glaze, the work of Theophilus Frey, decorator at U. S. Pottery Co. (John Spargo Collection)
Norton’s stoneware factory. Fenton hired a great number of trained Englishmen, among them the famous Daniel Greatbach. The genius of Greatbach is to be seen in the pieces credited to him; the lions, deer, poodle dogs, hound handled pitchers, toby mugs and bottles. The lovely blue and white porcelains were introduced at this time.

By 1852, Fenton’s pottery was again in financial difficulty. Lyman dropped out in the latter months and Oliver A. Gager, one of the investors, took over its financial management. Gager was an adventurous man, having been one of the passengers in the longest balloon voyage ever made. He was also the head of an important china importing company, and later took over the pottery business of Charles Haviland. The firm name in Bennington became O. A. Gager & Co., but none of the wares was ever marked with this name.

In 1853 Gager exhibited Fenton’s wares in the famous Crystal Palace Exhibition in New York, under the name United States Pottery Company, although it had not yet been incorporated under that title. Fenton owned a fifth interest in the new company. Business was brisk, and that summer the factory had to be expanded. In 1855 it incorporated for the first time, keeping the title of the United States Pottery Company. Capital stock of $200,000 sold at twenty-five dollars a share and demand for the wares kept on increasing.

But this brought a problem by no means uncommon to business today. Production costs increased more rapidly. Cordwood for firing the kilns had risen in cost from a dollar a cord to as much as three and a half to four dollars a cord. It was more expensive than coal. Coal was substituted but the savings did not offset the increase in costs. Transportation of the breakable production was tremendously expensive, being accomplished entirely by wagons drawn by horses. Packing was costly, and if not carefully (and expensively) done, caused costly breakage.

Orders continued to pour in, in continually increasing quantities, and collections became harder and slower. When it finally became obvious that work could not be continued, the decision to close down was reached. The end was in the finest of Vermont traditions. The workmen themselves became the preferred creditors, and as accounts were paid to the pottery, the workmen were paid for wages due. Every last cent of back wages was paid by the time the pottery closed on Saturday, May 15, 1858.

Several attempts were made to revive the pottery, the A. A. Gilbert Co. lasted from August, 1858, to September, 1859; the New England Pottery Co. from September, 1859 to March, 1860; Thomas A. Hutchins Co. until the spring of 1861. In the Bennington Museum is a signed and dated (1861) cuspidor of this firm. In 1861 it closed for all time, and in 1870 the buildings were torn down and the Bennington Graded School was erected on the site. During the comparatively brief time of eleven years of Fenton’s separate pottery, Julius Norton was successfully operating his stoneware pottery. When Fenton left Bennington to go to Peoria, Illinois, to establish a pottery there, his wife Louisa, sister of Julius Norton, stayed behind in Bennington. There she died on December 3, 1860. Julius himself died the following October 5, 1861, passing his business on to his two sons, Edward and Luman Preston Norton. This partnership, under the firm name of E. and L. P. Norton, lasted for twenty years, until 1881, longer than any other of the many family partnerships in the long history of the Norton Pottery. This period saw the Civil War and the difficult post war period of adjustment successfully weathered.

A disastrous fire completely gutted the Norton Pottery in 1874, causing a thirty thousand dollar loss, mostly not covered by insurance. The pottery was rebuilt on a larger scale immediately, however, and production resumed the same year. The familiar wagons, pulled by four matched horses, again became active. The job of driving these wagons was actively sought for by the young men of Bennington, and part of their apparel was a tall silk hat worn with much flourish. The wagons delivered wares to agents all over New England and into Canada, New York and New Jersey.

In 1881 Luman D. Norton retired from the firm and his brother Edward became the sole owner, continuing the firm as E. Norton until July 1883. At this time he sold a half interest in the pottery to C. W. Thatcher of Bennington, and changed the firm name to Edward Norton and Company. Mr. Thatcher became the only absolute outsider to have ever owned part of the company. C. W. Fenton was the only name other than Norton to have a partnership, and he was related by marriage.

Edward Norton died on August 3, 1885, two years after Thatcher’s partnership began. His place was taken by his son Edward Lincoln Norton who had been a salesman for the firm for three years. To meet competition from the Mid-West potteries, Edward L. undertook wholesaling glassware, china and pottery of all makes and kinds. Manufacture of his own stoneware continued, but the wholesale business grew. In 1893, one hundred years after Captain Norton had founded the pottery, its own production was back to about the size with which it had started. Edward L. had plans to increase production, when he suddenly died in 1894 at the age of twenty-nine. The firm closed its doors and never reopened.

For one hundred and one years the pottery industry flourished in Bennington. For one hundred and one years, the Norton Pottery was in the same family, a record to be envied by any business. Over a dozen different types of porcelain and pottery were produced in Bennington. This variety of production is the most important contribution ever made to the manufacture of ceramics in America.
Very rare Parian pitchers, marked “Fenton Works.” (Johnson Coll.)

Statuettes in Parian made about 1852. (Spargo, Bennington Museum Colls.)

A beautiful example of technical craftsmanship in blue and white porcelain decorated with Parian flowers. A completely unsympathetic handling of the material, ornate decoration like this was popular at Fenton’s pottery from 1847 to 1858 (Johnson Collection.)

Parian vases with applied grape decorations, made at the Fenton pottery around 1850. This type of item was never marked, is easily confused with English Parian Ware. (Spargo & Benn. Museum Colls.)

Trinket boxes in Parian and Blue & White Porcelain, others Parian, made at Fenton pottery. (Spargo Coll.)
Note: In assembling the half-forgotten details of Diana and her career we are indebted to Mr. Afton Hall of Pittsburgh, N. H., Hon. Sherman Adams, Mr. Clifford Bowman of East Montpelier, Mr. Stewart H. Holbrook of Portland, Oregon, Mr. F. B. Willson of Glens Falls, N. Y. and Mr. Morton Harper for his article on Granville Gulf.

Almost forgotten today is the era of 50 years ago when Vermont's backlands echoed with the ring of axes and the drone of cross-cut saws. Out of this past appears an old photograph and the mystery of this pictured strange monster's heritage, her name and her area of operations.

Not long after Benjamin Holt invented the crawler tractor at the century's turn, the steam locomotive was adapted to big logging operations, especially in the more level areas of Michigan and Minnesota. Soon the steam haulers were chuffing through the woods of Vermont's Essex county, along the Granby branch of Paul Stream.

First to Vermont came the Vandyke steam haulers. Here the front sled was steered from shafts by a horse. The driver perched below the boiler.

The Diana, legend has it, was named by admiring woodsmen in honor of a popular young lady of Granville, Vermont, where big logging operations began in 1903. Diana, a Lombard steam tractor, was moved into Granville's Austin Hollow area in 1911. Here logging is still carried on by Owens Illinois Plywood.

Diana was steered by a geared wheel, as shown, from a cold seat in front. The coal-burner made many a winter journey until she was retired in 1917. On one record trip she pulled on linked sleds through 12 miles of woodland 75,000 board feet of 36-foot logs.

The fate of Diana's namesake is not recorded, but logging continued here with gasoline haulers until 1924, when the State took over and slightly improved the logging road, linking Granville with Warren in what is now a part of Route 100 and the scenic Granville Gulf road.

The old road was badly damaged by the 1927 flood, and in the rebuilding its twenty bridges were reduced to eleven. The route, which winds through Granville State Park, is now being modernized to provide better winter driving to the ski areas farther north.
In a small mountain town on Route 4 at four-thirty one afternoon last summer a woman picked up a New York morning newspaper and also a copy of a Vermont evening daily paper which just came in by bus five minutes earlier. She thus had a great metropolitan daily with full news of the outside world, and also a high quality local paper just off the press with news of the region where she lived and important state and national news.

This incident epitomizes the general newspaper situation in Vermont. Local papers are in competition with big city newspapers. Sheets from Boston and New York hit heavily at what newspapermen call the morning field, so most Vermont dailies are afternoon sheets. None of them has more than one wire service, compared to the Washington Post's eight busy tickers. They cannot compete for the reading of world news, when big papers have the night hours to send issues hundreds of miles, reaching Bennington and Brattleboro before six in the morning, and Barre by eight.

Even afternoon Vermont dailies have occasional sharp competition for readers. The comic strip and feature-conscious Burlington Daily News starts its press at 1:53 p.m., sells on the street by 2:30, but is at the airport at 2:45 only twenty minutes ahead of the plane arrival of a Journal-American bundle, a New York afternoon paper, also rich in comics and features. The two fight for local sales with the News winning.

Yet, of about 1,500 daily newspapers in the United States, more than five-sixths are in small cities. As the big papers reach out and out for circulation, they may blanket the country but they do not smother the small city dailies. Home town newspapers exist for local advertising to stimulate trade, and the local news and local opinion upon which community feeling thrives. And there are plenty of these last two in Vermont, as all who know Vermont know. Our papers sell news as a commodity, indeed, and of course without quite that intimacy found in country weeklies. Yet Vermont dailies reflect their communities, and the communities get back what they themselves put into their papers in the form of advertising and subscriptions.

I was moved summer before last to make a “Grand Tour” of these papers by an announcement. Each year, N. W. Ayer & Son holds a nation-wide contest for excellence of typography, make-up, and printing in daily newspapers. The Rutland Herald won it previously, also the Valley News. I got data from advertising representatives. And off I went to see the folks who made this thing happen, heading first for Montpelier.

You approach through rich and intimate scenery of the Williamstown Gulf or up beautiful Winooski Valley with gorgeous views of towering mountains and striking passes alternating with verdant meadows.
In relatively quiet Montpelier you meet our only woman publisher, Elaine Atkins, and what a charming person to meet, and capable too. Founded as a weekly in 1863 by Hiram Atkins, highly respected personal editor of the old style with a statewide reputation, even though a Democrat in Vermont, the Montpelier Evening Argus was transformed into a daily in 1897, with a brother and his son in succession, and finally a granddaughter shouldering heavy responsibilities. It has since been a strong town tradition, concentrating on Washington county amid the mountains and following State Capitol affairs closely, surviving three other dailies there and surviving even the disastrous 1927 flood with mud-smeared type and a small job press. In recent years, reporters Stanley Ryan and Stanley MacPherson have been well and widely known for perceptive coverage of government affairs. The Argus is not only a family newspaper and a family business; it has a personality of its own. Of those who produced its anniversary edition a decade ago, half the mechanical staff and more than half the country correspondents are still with it in its old building. Of these, George Collby and Maurice Himman now rate thirty years with the paper. These are all doing jobs for the community, adequately and simply, even though breaking out on big occasions to produce big headlines proclaiming Normandy and war’s end.

Along broad highways, a few miles lead to Barre, our third city, active in retailing and in manufacturing, down whose main street you reach the central triangular park bordered by four churches, a library, a post office, and the newspaper-owned Averill block where at 11:10 every afternoon the Barre Daily Times goes to press, a monument to Frank F. Langley. Began right off as a daily by a man and a boy in the vacant end of an old building, with the privilege of using water power an hour a day, it matched two local weeklies and has risen to national recognition. Its founder could do everything in the shop. For years he went to his plant before breakfast to start things, lighted the pots under the linotypes, returned home to eat, and then began the day again with the rest of the crew. He was a prime technician who appreciated good work.

When the Times was incorporated in 1916, some stock went to leading employees. When Langley died in 1938, his son was already in newspaper business elsewhere. So, at Langley’s wish, the paper was turned over at far below its real value to five of his staff—in the back shop as well as front office. Such divided ownership is unusual in newspaper busi-

ness, and rarely successful. The loss of Langley’s leadership was severe, but the Times maintained a steady circulation under Dean H. Perry and Alexander C. Walker, splendidly printed, good in news presentation with “Barre first and the rest of the world afterward” and somewhat conservative in appearance, clinging long, for example, to those banks or decks under its headlines, which many more modernized papers have abandoned. Langley would have been pleased, though, to see the Times among the first ten in the country to change to nine columns, and to see it cited by the Ayer firm in 1936. He also would have been pleased to see Alexander Walker develop real leadership and acquire full ownership this year.

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

Two local men, almost life-long associates, made the Newport Daily Express. While still at school, Franz A. Hunt began working for the late Wallace H. Gilpin on Barton’s Orleans County Monitor as a bookkeeper. He later became a partner and in 1919 Gilpin, Hunt & Co. was formed. They prospered. They took over the Newport Palladium, started the Newport News and later combined the two. In 1920 they acquired the Newport Express & Standard.

At the beginning of 1936 Newport seemed to need a daily paper. They talked with other newsmen. One said: “Take a look around, then go home, get a rope and hang yourself.” But the two went ahead. It is easier to alter a three-day-
respondent at Newbury, a short distance out. Here was a daily newspaper gap. The Claremont Eagle reached only 25 miles to cross the river, called itself "the Twin State Valley Daily" and did well in Windsor and Springfield, getting 25% of its circulation in Vermont, although in advertising and news principally a New Hampshire paper. The alert Rutland Herald broke "the mountain rule" and reached heavily into Westfield county with a special edition, selling about a third of its copies there. But that is a morning daily. Boston morning papers sell very well in this gap. The gap was in the evening field.

Into it stepped Allan C. Butler who started the Valley News in 1952 at a new plant in West Lebanon, just across from White River Junction. Teaming with two young Dartmouth graduates, James L. Farley and Michael J. de Sherbinin, and other associates, Butler produced a striking paper, designed by a Woodstock man, with new and attractive headlines. They had teleypesetter service, a Fairchild engraver, much local interest and a feeling that this was a growing area. In their first year, on an old flatbed press, their mechanical superintendent David W. Durward turned out a sheet that took national honors for its excellent appearance. Publisher Walter C. Paine took over from Butler in 1956, and the paper continued to climb. Fifty-four per cent of its 5,547 circulation (ABC, March 31, 1957) goes to Vermont homes. In these days of frequent daily newspaper deaths, their success is sufficiently unique to have won acclaim from Quill, a professional magazine for journalists.

Still running south, you move some 67 miles from this newest publishing venture to our oldest publishing town. Famous for the Vermont Gazette (1781) and for William Fessenden, where Howard Rice still publishes the Brattleboro Reformer. The editor is his son-in-law, John H. Hooper. Rice is now the grand old man of our daily papers. Personally he is proudest of many yearsheadings appropriations and finance committees at Montpelier. About the state he is famous for wit, penetration, and judgment, and every leading citizen identified and respected his Reformer editorials.

Across from the busy bank corner, down a narrow alley you can find him in an old building above railroad tracks and river, thinking of Vermont and of his immediate region. Hemmed in by the Massachusetts line, barred by the mountains from reaching westward much beyond Wilmington and Wardboro, the Reformer is primarily a Windham county paper, serving and representing its chosen area. Good sales in Keene and former ownership of a Greenfield paper have not altered Rice's view. A Daily Evening Times was tried here in 1891 and failed. The predecessor Phoenix appeared daily during the Spanish-American War, and had to revert to a weekly. It took Howard Rice to make a daily succeed, which the Reformer did from the first, in spite of a press lost in transit, and carpenters and electricians cluttering up the shop. From 1,500 words of Associated Press news telephoned daily from Boston, the paper has grown to take more than 20,000 a day by leased wire. National news, yes, but the paper is mainly local in its pictures (three to twelve daily) and in most of its newspaper. Against out of town sheets, the Reformer competes for readers with local coverage. President Coolidge once wrote to Howard Rice: "I value your friendship very much." And Vermont, as well as Windham county, values very much Howard Rice and the Brattleboro Reformer.

Next, you climb winding, wooded, narrow valleys, cross high Hogback Mountain with its phenomenal view of distant heights, and drop down other valleys into Bennington where another great of Vermont journalism presided over the Evening Banner more than fifty years, now "the lengthened shadow of a man." In 1900, local folk waited at Evans news shop every morning for a horse and buggy to bring from the depot big dailies from New York and Boston, and Troy papers evenings, Bennington having only its two weeklies, the Reformer and the Banner. The late Frank E. "Ginger" Howe combined these two and, since 1903, the growing town has doubled population with its own daily more than doubling too. No novice was this thirty-year old, originally from Massachusetts. He had served apprenticeship in the shop and as reporter for the Brattleboro Reformer. He worked on the Argus in Montpelier. He served as sub-editor of the Barre Times. He knew his trade and his state and was

Valley News

A DAILY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED FOR THE TOWN OF CORDON SMITH, N.H., WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, V.T., BENNINGTON, V. H., AND THE UPPER VALLEY

VERMONT Life 43
deeply interested both. He became a
legislator in Montpelier, then Speaker of
the House, then Lieutenant Governor—
keenly and ably promoting needed pro-
gress in workmen’s compensation, direct
primaries, stream pollution control, fish
and game conservation, and a hard-surface
road system. Concurrently he was always
for his own area and always served it
well, in person and in his paper. With
mountains to the east, and Massachusetts
and New York close to the south and
west, and reaching little farther north than
Dorset and Peru, the Banner is a regional
paper of strong traditions, with early
struggles in its old wooden building on
Pleasant Street until success was attained.

It now operates out of a modernly
equipped plant on Main Street. Two sons
took over in turn, and both unfortunately
died young while the father survived until
1946. The veteran staff in the back shop
and the paper as a whole, adjusting to new
growths and new techniques, is now
capably directed by a grandson, Frank E.
Howe II, in his thirties, who learned the
trade on the Syracuse Standard. Just now
the Banner has installed a new 24-page
rotary press, changed its makeup and has
begun to produce its Saturday edition in
8-page tabloid size.

As you ride up the west side of the
state through beautiful valleys below and
above Manchester and arrive at teeming
Rutland, you do just what Robert W.
Mitchell did in 19s after he had learned
excellent and concise coverage on the
Banner. Following a spell as head of the
Vermont Press Bureau and capitol cor-
respondent in Montpelier, this Randolph
man has been reporter, then editor in 1941,
then publisher in 1942. With Business
Manager L. B. Noble he bought the
Rutland Herald in 1947 and now continues
as publisher of Vermont’s second largest
city daily. We could say that he writes
at least one of his own editorials a day—
and they are good—but there is more
about his paper than that. This young
dynamo is one of the two publishers in
the state to challenge the invasion of
metropolitan morning dailies, and he
challenges them well. Begun as a weekly
in 1794, transformed into a daily in the
“fast age” of 1861, the Rutland Herald
had been tool of a railway magnate and
an absentee owner. A real newspaperman
now has it. In a modern plant, it produces
what can well be called a completely ex-
cellent paper for Rutland and Windsor
counties with their high recent increases
in manufacturing strength. In 1937, a
Yale typographer designed a new make-up,
and people howled. But the new appear-
ance took top national Ayer Award
honors in its class, and subscribers now
cheer, for the Herald continues and has
now won the over-all top award twice,
and more mentions than any other paper
in the country except the New York
Times and the Herald-Tribune. In edi-
torials, in Betty McWhorter’s feature
writing, and in Aldo Merusi’s photog-
raphy, Herald people have scored heavily
in New England contests. Twice Rutland
Herald photos have been among the top
ten nationally. This is not a mere area
paper, by any means. Its heaviest sales
might be in Rutland and Springfield, but
there are 33 towns where they run into
the hundreds, so Vermonters can have a
Vermont morning paper instead of big
out-of-state papers. Vermont owned,
edited, and produced, it brings credit to
Vermont.

Coming all the way upstate you find
The St. Albans Messenger, Vermont’s
oldest evening daily, and a situation not
unusual in the nation. The widening dis-
tribution of a paper of a bigger city
reaches umbrella-like over the smaller
community paper, even if one is a morn-
ing and the other an afternoon newspaper.
The Messenger, therefore, has to fight
for sales against Boston and New York,
and even Rutland and especially Burling-
ton morning papers. It has always the ad-
vantage of local advertising, for local ad-
vertising is news to people who go market-
ing and shopping. If it did not carry this
sort of “news” the people of Franklin
county might go to Burlington to buy, and
the St. Albans merchants would suffer. It
has the usual kind of local news and
opinion, too, of course.

In the past The Messenger was distinc-
tive with its former stars, John Cushing,
who rose high in the Hearst organization,
and Frank Greene, whom it developed
into leadership in state and nation. More
recently St. Albans-born Walter Murtagh,
now deceased, came back from New
York to be editor and move to Burlington to buy, and
the St. Albans merchants would suffer. It
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into leadership in state and nation. More
recently St. Albans-born Walter Murtagh,
now deceased, came back from New
Hampshire and carried on the good work.

Some might presume The Messenger
handicapped by being absentee owned,
but by that very fact it has the advantage
of broader resources, by belonging to a
three-paper group, all in New Hampshire
and Vermont.
The Rutland Herald, nationally honored for its excellent appearance, editorials and photography, was top winner of Ayer typographic contest in 1947 and 1956.

The paper battles distinctively in two ways. It places a great deal of emphasis on hometown photographs, features and on comics. It is a strong crusading paper on local matters, in the same vein in which it fought the old Central Vermont railway many decades ago for trying to run the town.

The Messenger still tries to “stir up the animal,” as Charles Dana used to say. Its success may perhaps be measured in that it has within the year added ten pages a week, to print news and advertising, and has installed new machinery at a cost of thousands of dollars.

Burlington is anomalous in the newspaper business. Usually, in a large manufacturing town, the afternoon paper is the stronger, but the case is reversed between the morning Free Press and the Daily News. The Free Press was well established when the News started. The latter has had its troubles. It fell into the hands of the Whitney-Shaw-Darling triumvirate who appeared to wish to use it as a political tool. Just after World War I, the re-doubtable H. Nelson Jackson bought it in a quick move, and his son and daughter tried to run it, aided by Stephen Kelley from the Caledonian-Record. It was purchased in the early 1940’s by William Loeb, for some years a resident of Vermont but now of Nevada.

Vigorous in his ideas and unequivocal-minded, he frequently sends sharp editorials to appear front page over his signature. Its present managing editor, though, writes a multitude of its editorials without distant dictation.

In recent years when hosts of two-paper towns across the country are disappearing from the lists, Burlington stands, by grace of the News, among cities of less than 50,000 as the only one in New England to support competing dailies, and one of only a dozen in the rest of the country.

This has been accomplished because the News has done two things. It follows the successful metropolitan journalism technique of bearing down heavily on comics and on features. Secondly it crusades sharply in big city fashion as a non-partisan fighter. It has frequently supported Democrats for public office, always for the mayoralty, sometimes pushing a Democrat for one office and a Republican for another, picking by man and not by party, as Charles Dana would.

It has also been forward in promoting civic causes: not only Miss Vermont, the Golden Gloves, the Soap Box Derby, but also its charity-supporting Good Fellows Day and the bringing of new industries to the city: Bell Aircraft, General Electric and Fairchild.

The News received top national honors in 1944 from the National Headliners Club for its efforts in this regard “and for its comprehensive expose on conditions in the State reform school.” Hawked by street boys at 2:30, it is in the hands of route carrier lads at the farthest edges of the city by 3:30 with the afternoon news, as well as on dealers’ stands and swinging around the mountain through Morrisville and Cambridge by truck. Recently it has acquired new teletypewriter equipment and a new type size for easier reading.

The News is a lively paper, as lively as when in 1942 it escaped from the drums and went up 40 per cent in circulation in 16 months. Like a big city paper it is not averse to stunts. Its most recent achievement was to be cited in Washington as one of the two papers in the country which contributed most completely in the big bomb test, in July 1957. Charles Weaver’s vigorous interpositions for the common people are being carried on.

Our last visit, to the Burlington Free Press, takes us close to a major factor in journalism today. A newspaper needs that independence which comes from financial success. Not only a public institution of social importance, it must also be a successful business. So we pass over early strong editors of sharp convictions, and even the high intellect of George W. Benedict and John L. Southwick.

The new regime started when Willard B. Howe joined in 1890, became business manager, bought control in 1897, and ran an expanding business. For 60 years the advertising side of the paper has been steadily developed. For the year 1956, it stood first in the state in national and in local display advertising lineage, although second to the Rutland paper in classified.

The Free Press stands on principle, declining $15,000 or more of hard liquor advertising. It has profitably developed retail advertising along with the country's
best newspaper and advertising techniques. It is the only Vermont daily recorded in the Spring of 1897 as offering run-of-the-press two color printing in its advertising. On two days' advance notice, and for an extra sum, an advertiser can have an additional color used any day in the week, even if it requires the mixing of a special ink. The emphasis is clear in the fact that its present publisher, David W. Howe, who took over in 1921 after an apprenticeship in Syracuse, until very recently was merely "business manager." The "publisher" was simply the corporation, the Free Press Association.

The paper has expanded and improved itself. Within a decade, it has twice adopted a new, more modern makeup and appearance, increased its type-size for easier reading, as well as being a national leader toward the nine-column width. Blocked to the west by the Lake Champlain barrier, the Free Press has intensified its Vermont news gathering and circulation, commonly carrying local items from North Troy, Island Pond, Rochester, Randolph. It joins the Rutland Herald in maintaining excellent state news from Montpelier’s Morning Press Bureau every morning.

In circulation it meets its southerly Vermont morning contemporary in Middlebury and surpasses its sales there. In circulation, there is no device, no arrangement it will not try to get to the countryside reader early in the morning. It periodically conducts readership surveys. Not depending on mail or country store and news stand sales, it has created a staff of some 400 carrier boys in small far-out localities, even for 38 copies in tiny Moretown. Frank J. Heinrich, its circulation manager himself sat mornings one cold March week beside a road, noting automobile plates, finding regular travelers, and arranging for a small bundle of papers to be taken to a remote town by a work-bound machinist. The shorter route being impracticable, one batch of papers has even been looped through Montpelier, St. Johnsbury, Newport, to reach Richford by 7:10 every morning. Every possible means of transportation is used: Post office, truck, train, motor express, bread truck, individual contractor—in addition to ordinary mail subscriptions. Since the advent of the telegraph in 1848 started it on its course to bring news from the four corners of the earth as well as the four corners of the community, the Burlington Free Press has striven to perfect its prompt service. Neither it nor its community can well do without its stimulating and profitable local retail advertising.

This is the outstanding feature of the Burlington Free Press. Other papers here do these things, but not to such an intensive degree. Some are big business like the Free Press, using 51,000 pounds of ink a year; some small, like the Argus using 2,250 pounds. But each must be a business. For the story of the daily newspapers of Vermont is not merely of strong men, distinctive opinion, the printing of news and names. It is also almost everywhere the story of sound and smart business—for the papers and the community.

Nor are these newspapers completely localized community activities. They have drawn upon out of state personnel indeed. But they have also set their eyes professionally out of the state too. When Lowell Smith of the Caledonian-Record attended the American Press Institute in New York in 1937, he was following in the trail of John Hooper, Robert Dubuque, and Harold Allen of Brattleboro, and of Lawrence Clayton, Robert Beaupre, and H. Moore Fayette of Burlington. At the annual convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, you could have seen in the corridors of the Waldorf not only Dave Howe and Warren McClure of Burlington, but also Herbert Smith of St. Johnsbury, young Frank Howe of Bennington, and the Walkers of Barre, all of them exchanging ideas with newspapermen from all over the nation. And when the New England Society of Newspaper Editors started a professional magazine of its own, among those who made money grants to get it rolling were the Barre Times, the Brattleboro Reformer, and the Valley News. Our papers are not only a part of Vermont. They are also an active part of the American newspaper world.

This issue of the Burlington Free Press, Vermont's largest paper, won a 1957 Ayer typographical citation for front page layout.

The Author—Elbridge Colby had a grandfather born in Vermont, at West Haven, Horace Greeley's boyhood town. Now retired from the U.S. Army, he is professor of journalism at The George Washington University. He spends his summers at Charlotte.
On top a wooded hill, and a good five mile drive over a dusty dirt road from Fairfield, was born on October 5, 1830, the 21st president of the United States. The political enemies of Chester A. Arthur began to dispute this fact as early as 1884. They sought to prevent his reelection as President by claiming that he was born over the neighboring border in Canada whilst his mother was visiting her relations. Others claimed he was born in two other places in northern Vermont. This welter of myth and fabrication stubbornly persisted for many years. Even up to the dedication of the reconstructed birthplace by the Vermont Historic Sites Commission on August 24, 1934, one Vermont writer insisted that Arthur was a Canadian citizen and was therefore an illegal president of the United States.

However we finally reached the end of all that. The Vermont Legislature appropriated special funds so that this Commission was able to build an authentic replica of the small one-storey frame house on the exact spot where Arthur was born. At the ceremonies opening this house, Gilbert Doane, historian and former resident of Fairfield, proved beyond cavil in his speech that there was no question about the fact that Arthur was born in Vermont, in Fairfield, and on the very spot where the house today sits.

Now we can stop worrying and all enjoy visiting this most beautiful and picturesque spot in the hills of northern Vermont. For with the cooperation of The Vermont Department of Forests and Parks, we have laid out a 35 acre park here with up-to-date picnic facilities. And next to the birthplace cottage stands the plain granite monument erected in 1903 at another ceremony distinguished by the presence of Robert Todd Lincoln, son of Abraham and a resident for many years of Manchester, Vermont. Our former Lieut. Governor, Consuelo Northrup Bailey, who was also born in Fairfield, tells in a recent Vermont Life article the charming story of this great day when she was a little girl and was able to watch the granite monument being drawn by a team of horses to the spot where it now stands. She says of this region that “there was a lovely pasture covered with little ledges and large maple trees.” It is the same today. We intend to keep it the same.

The Birthplace is furnished and kept open in the summer by the members of the Franklin County Historical Society. We hope as the years go on, more of the original Arthur heirlooms will be given to us for the house.

The Arthurs moved to New York state in 1835. The future president rose to eminence from the New York bar, service in the Civil War as N. Y. Quartermaster General, and as Collector of the Port of New York. The bullet that killed President Garfield on September 19, 1881, put Vice President Arthur in the White House. His administration was distinguished by his creation of the U. S. Civil Service, better relations with Central and South America, and the revival of the United States Navy. History does not call Arthur a great president but describes his record as “dignified and creditable.”

In succeeding his old friend General James Garfield, Chester A. Arthur must have let his memory go back over thirty years to the time when he lived at the other end of the state of Vermont in Pownal township. Here he taught school for a short time. As a teacher in this rural school, he was succeeded by a student of Williams College, just over Vermont’s southern border in Williamstown, Massachusetts. The name of this student was James A. Garfield.

Vest Orton

This stylized decoration is prominently displayed on one of Vermont’s newer buildings. First correct identification received, postmarked after Nov. 25 will win our special prize award. Workers in the pictured building are disqualified. Summer Issue Mystery Picture No. 5 showed Lake Elmore. Winner was Mrs. Raymond Trepro of Montpelier.
PATTERNS OF INDUS

VERMONT MACHINE TOOLS
Photographed by
WALTER STEINHARD
At Jones & Lamson Machine Co.
On January 17, 1957, a group of 101 Hungarian students who had survived the confusion of Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, found themselves on a train winding through the frozen mountains of northern Vermont. They had, for the time being, far fewer material possessions than they had had in Hungary—just the clothes on their backs and a few cents in their pockets. As a group and as individuals they had already seen more suffering and sadness than most men of Western countries experience during their entire lives. The climax of ten years of communist domination had been their bare-fisted resistance to Russian tanks and machine guns.

There were, on this train, Hungarians from every walk of life—a few from what had been the nobility and some from the bourgeoisie, whose possessions the Russians had confiscated. But the majority were from families of modest origin—farmers, tradesmen and factory workers. As college students they were proof of Russia’s supreme failure to stamp Marxism upon Hungarian youth. After the Russians returned with a massive onslaught of guns and armor they had no alternative but escape. Between November 4th and 21st they threaded their way through the border swamps to freedom.

As the train whistled down the Winooski Valley through the subzero night there was high excitement, for in a matter of minutes their very long journey from Hungary would end. As the cars rolled into Essex Junction the refugees saw a crowd and heard cheering. Upon leaving the train they were astonished to find that the young men waiting there in the January night were cheering for them. Among the signs of welcome in Hungarian and English was one bearing the seal of Hungary with its shield of red, green and white. Unable to understand the reason for such a demonstration, the Hungarians, some with tears in their eyes, could only say “Thank you! Thank you!”—almost the only English they knew.
INTO HOPE

The words of Vermonter Calvin Coolidge made a vivid impression on Hungarian students who visited the State House on invitation of the Vermont Legislature.

The welcoming students were from nearby St. Michael’s college which three years previously had inaugurated a special fifteen-week English program for foreign students applying to American universities. Of the 31,000 Hungarian refugees in the United States, 1200 were students and St. Michael’s was now receiving 101 of them supervised by the Institute of International Education and financed by grants from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations. Poorly clothed for a Vermont winter, the Hungarians were hustled into buses, driven to the St. Michael’s campus and lodged in reconstructed barracks, moved to the college from Fort Ethan Allen after the Second World War to provide emergency housing.

Within a week the Burlington Council of Churches had collected a large amount of clothing, part of which St. Michael’s students contributed by digging into their own closets and by calling from door to door in Burlington. Each of the refugees was presented with a suit of clothes, an extra pair of trousers and a sweater or sport jacket. To accomplish this with the least embarrassment a system was devised whereby one St. Michael’s student was responsible for each Hungarian. After obtaining measurements the American students went to the college theater where the clothes had been sorted, returned with suits of proper sizes and presented them with as little ceremony as possible. The Red Cross gave underwear and shoes. Hungarian Bibles were distributed and arrangements were made for attendance at churches of their several faiths.

The St. Michael’s students then went out and knocked on enough more doors to obtain two dollars spending money per week for fifteen weeks for each of the 101 Hungarians.

That the Americans should do this with no thought of reward was beyond the experience, indeed, the comprehension of the Hungarians. It helped to banish the reserve and suspicion with which they had been forced to regard everyone outside their own families since they were small boys. “Why,” they asked each other, “are they interested in us? Why are they so ready to help though they may gain nothing?” Whenever in Hungary they had been shown apparent kindness or favoritism they had found strings attached or ulterior motives. They could not immediately bring themselves to believe that this reception was not more of the same. Upon finding that it was genuine they were overwhelmingly grateful.

Classes started immediately. With very few exceptions
the boys understood little of the English language or American life—challenging subjects for a course of merely fifteen weeks' duration. The course is given three times a year and until the arrival of the Hungarians the majority of the students were French Canadian or Latin American. Similarities between the Romance languages and English give the French and Spanish an advantage over the Hungarians whose own language and English have nothing in common except a few Latin derivation words. Thus the first few weeks were confined to lessons in conversation, composition, pronunciation, vocabulary and reading. In the third week they began to use the school's 42 tape recorders on which they listened to voices of native speakers and recorded their own for comparison. Many of the words which flooded their ears concerned using a telephone, ordering a meal in a restaurant, exchanging money, greeting and addressing people, locating a barber or using a library. Such subjects as state and federal government, American folk music and jazz were taken up in the later days of the course's first eight-week period, at the end of which Professor Ernest Boulay, director of the program, found that the Hungarians had surpassed his best hopes. Students whose scores on arrival were zeros in reading, grammar, structure, comprehension and understanding advanced 80 or 90 points in eight weeks, a record unequalled by previous students from 25 countries.

To visit their classes and listen as they discussed the idioms and idiosyncrasies of English was an object lesson in concentration and industry. To read their short themes, submitted only two and three months after their program began, is to understand something of their harsh background and the agonizing problems of adjustment:

I had a good friend who could write very beautiful poems. He wrote his first poem when he was 15 years old. When he lectured his poems in class we applauded him. Since this time we became the best of friends. He told me always not only his own poems but the poems of other poets. When I was in love with a beautiful girl I could say her many nice poems. When we met we told each other poems. We vied who can say more and nicer poems. We spent a nice time together. Sorry, they stayed in Hungary.

Near my hiding place stopped a Russian tank. Its window opened and a soldier creeped out. My rifle made a thundering noise and the shower of bullets were splashing in the face of the soldier. He rattled in the throat and plunged back in the tank. A little of his blood dropped on my hand. Since that time I frequently see that scene. Did I do right? I do not know!

During the second half of the course the students were introduced to American history—the Revolution, Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and the Civil War, and to the world of American education and business. They went on conducted tours of hospitals, churches and businesses in Vermont cities and towns. They read American newspapers and magazines and watched TV. (It was something of a revelation to American students when, at the end of the evening's last TV program, the Hungarians stood at attention while the station played The Star Spangled Banner.)

They were excused from classes to attend the annual town meeting of Colchester. This made such an impression that many did not wish to leave for lunch. It did not surprise them that a citizen arose and shook his finger at the Moderator, saying: "Why didn't you do so and so?" But they considered it remarkable that somebody's head didn't roll afterwards. The experience that had the strongest impact was a visit to Montpelier, where they attended the Legislature. As the Hungarians filed into the imposing chamber of the House and sat beneath the
state seal of the first state whose constitution expressly forbade slavery, the legislators stood up and cheered. They were cheering for the students as symbols of a modern struggle against slavery.

The Speaker of the House explained the processes of state government and how legislative procedures provide checks and balances against abuses of power. The lieutenant governor later welcomed the students to the Senate chamber and outlined its part in the government. At luncheon the state representative of the CIO-AFL told them how labor and management could and did get along.

At the end of this memorable day they attended a dinner in Burlington at which the president of the New England Council remarked that although we in America have not had to struggle for freedom at home in recent years, our ancestors did and we endeavor to practice the principles that they set forth. In view of the earlier address by the CIO-AFL representative the dinner was especially significant, for the management of the Hotel Vermont contributed the food and the staff and waiters, their services.

Zoltan Ipoly, president of the student body, said afterwards that it seemed that the events of a whole lifetime had paraded before his eyes. A blond, serious-faced young man, he was a representative of the Revolutionary Workers' Council in Hungary. It was this group that managed the country-wide strike after the Russians returned on November 4. He and his associates called upon Premier Kadar and presented the Workers' famous seven demands, chief of which was that the Russians get out of Hungary. Kadar's reply was that the presence of the Russians was good for Hungary. The other spokesmen of the Workers' Council are now in jail. Zoltan eluded the AVO at the last minute, and is safely in America.

“Every people,” he declares, “would like to have escaped from their chain when they have seen the effect of the revolution on the Hungarian people. The Russians said: 'It does not matter if the Hungarians strike—nothing happens. It is the Hungarians who suffer.' That is true. The people cannot make another revolution.”

Words to describe America come haltingly to Zoltan but with the eloquence of strong feeling:

First when I arrived to New Jersey and after when I went to New York I only opened my mouth and was amazed. I saw the Monument of Liberty and the Empire State Building and I was always surprised. And after when we came here to St. Michael’s we came with a train on a nice day and we can see the wonderful villages and the mountains. I always saw through the window the mountains and I was happy here.

In Hungary there was never a chance to see the government. Never. Here we could see. We could not understand perfectly but could see one woman stood up and can speak what she want. And another man speak—and spoke what he want. And after they have a bill what they want. And so we see that the law came in a democratic way. And it is very, very beautiful. We never saw it. And now we can understand this freedom.

The final step in the introduction of the Hungarian students to American life was their reception in Vermont homes, where the exchange of ideas and impressions does more for international understanding than any amount of formal teaching. There have been Sundays when every student enjoyed dinner in a private home. Perhaps the most unusual of such invitations was one which resulted in at least eight summer jobs—for jobs the Hungarians must have whether or not they obtain college scholarships.

The people involved in this dinner were two Burlington physicians and their wives, a hotel owner, the writer, and no less than 21 of the Hungarians. Prior to the arrival
of the students in Vermont Dr. Ernest Stark and his wife were among the state's few Hungarians. Having had experience in teaching English to the foreign-born, Mrs. Stark was promptly pressed into service by the school of English as a teacher and instructor. The other physician, Dr. Coleman Twitchell, and his wife have for several years been hosts to foreign exchange students in the Experiment in International Living. When it developed that one of the students, Imre Kajdi, was a good cook, another, Attila Kadar (an assumed name), was an accomplished pastry cook and that a third, George Waginger, could wait on table, Mrs. Stark called Mrs. Twitchell who called the writer who called the hotel manager, then getting ready to assemble his staff for the season.

chased five dozen eggs (because Attila was worried about not having enough for his pastry) and many other groceries. The cooking got under way late Sunday morning, proceeded through the entire day and so monopolized the kitchen that the Twitchells had to go out for lunch. Attila broke open nuts and examined their interiors for his pastry, insisted on a vanilla bean rather than extract of vanilla, and otherwise displayed a true chef's attention to detail. As the afternoon wore on various crises in the preparation of the food were somehow met. There was no rum for the whipped cream and Attila said he would use mixed Daiquiris, which were available, only if forced to the wall. He insisted on separate plates for his varied pastries, each of which was a creation, and at the last

It was presently arranged that the two cooks and the waiter would prepare and serve a Sunday night dinner at the Twitchells’ for the hotel manager, David Beach. He could then decide whether he wanted to employ them for the summer season. On the Saturday preceding, after an impassioned session of menu-planning, the cooks accompanied the doctors' wives on a food-buying expedition to a supermarket and a delicatessen. Astonished at the quantity and quality of food on display, the Hungarians spent most of their time deciphering labels and trying to imagine the Hungarian equivalents. When Attila picked up a can of Bumble-Bee brand salmon with a picture of this insect on the label he was shocked to think that Americans apparently canned bumblebees!

After much earnest consultation Mrs. Twitchell pursued the Stark household was raided for more plates.

The dinner, starting with chicken paprikash and dumplings, cucumbers steeped in white vinegar, a dash of garlic and lemonade dressing, proceeded for nearly two hours. It was climaxed with fruit rice pudding, crépes Suzettes with cheese, currant and apricot fillings and five different kinds of pastry including a snow-white torte with walnut butter cream and chestnut pudding, Attila’s piece de resistance. There was so much pastry that cars were dispatched to St. Michael’s, eighteen more students were brought back and they consumed it with gusto. Attila and Imre were hired virtually on the spot, as was George who waited on table in a professional and distinctively continental manner. Having introduced a kind of culinary protocol to an informal American kitchen, the staff was
astonished when they were invited to eat with the guests. They actually were shocked when, after the dinner was over, the hostess started washing dishes. The Hungarians said that it was beneath the dignity of anyone who owned a nice house and two cars to do such chores—that they should be done by a servant.

Such an attitude expressed by young men schooled in a classless communist society that considered employing servants exploitation, in turn struck the Americans as odd. The non-proletarian dinner that Attila prepared and served had in America gone out with the carriage trade. The students explained that the Russians could not in ten years erase the customs of generations and that although the aristocracy as a class had ceased to exist the

cannot afford a college education the dean of St. Michael’s declared that this country had bestowed upon them more than its historic gift of a chance to make of themselves what they might.

In the years to come their lingering accent will gradually diminish and in looks, manner and attitude they will become Americans. If tyranny persists behind the Iron Curtain, others may meanwhile take their places in the English school. This may require reevaluation of our immigration policies—but reevaluated they should be if the United States is to uphold the principles that have made it what it is. In answer to the occasional protest that foreigners are taking jobs and appointments at universities away from Americans, Director Boulay of the

Russian military clique had assumed their privileges and prerogatives. The people had been changed but social attitudes and customs had not. As workers and revolutionaries “we are,” the cooks declared laughingly, “the proletarian aristocracy.”

During the closing weeks of the school of English great excitement prevailed at St. Michael’s as news arrived of the appointment of one student after another to Princeton, Stanford, Dartmouth and other colleges around the country. By graduation nearly half of the entire group had in fact received word of their acceptance. Among the highlights of their simple graduation exercises were unrehearsed comments by the students who promised to “make good work and a good life in this finest country.” Reminding them that there are many Americans who

school of English says that if they can learn to speak English in sixteen weeks and compete with Americans in entrance requirements at universities, or in ability for a job, then all success to them. He considers them an antidote for the sense of self-satisfied well-being that tends to come with prosperity.

On the train which brought the 101 Hungarians to Vermont was a Canadian who told the one or two students who could understand any English that they should proceed north to Canada, a great and dynamic country with a shining future. They replied that they have a high regard for Canada but they could imagine no greater opportunity than to become citizens of the United States. To a country that oppressed peoples still consider a symbol of hope, what better compliment could be paid?

END
James Wilson was portrayed in this miniature by his son after success had crowned his long endeavors.

James Wilson, a farmer-blacksmith of Bradford, Vt., a village on the bank of the Connecticut River, was a man of broad vision and great determination. Both characteristics, it is true, are common to all Vermonters, or so natives of the Green Mountain State will tell you. Wilson possessed them to a degree unusual even by Vermont standards.

A man of little education, Wilson was in 1799 imbued with the desire to manufacture globes—the kind you see in school classrooms and occasionally in homes. But first he had to learn geography and the art of copper engraving.

There began for Wilson 11 years of the most devoted labor and scholarship, years of disappointment and failure, poverty for his family, years that finally ended in success when Wilson produced the first globe made in America.

Wilson lived at a time in history when explorers were finding new lands and seas almost every month, or so it must have seemed. This was the time when Capt. James Cook was making his historic voyages to the South Sea, when a man of spirit had only to outfit a ship, assemble a crew of adventurers and set sail to west or to east. Although Wilson possessed little formal education, he was fascinated by geography and exploration. His horizon was not bounded by the hills on either side of the river that slipped tranquilly past his town.

On a visit to Dartmouth College, founded only 30 years before, Wilson saw a pair of English library globes, one terrestrial showing the earth and the other charting the heavens. They were expensive, costing $200 and more the pair, and nothing cheaper could be obtained.

So it happened that this uneducated blacksmith decided the thing he most wanted to do with his life was to make globes, just as good as those manufactured in England, but at a cost within the reach of a moderately wealthy family or a village school system.

Wilson was married, had children, and was a successful farmer. Like most countrymen, he made do with equipment he could obtain, and he was known around the community as a good blacksmith, a man handy with tools. From the time he visited Dartmouth he began to lead a dedicated life.

At 37 years of age, Wilson was too old to learn the mysteries of geography and cartography, of astronomy and mathematics, at nearby Bradford Academy. He did not have time to pursue a formal program. He had a farm to run and a wife and children to support.

So he sold some livestock to a total of $130 cash and bought an Encyclopedia Britannica. This was a tremendous purchase for him, one of the largest since he had moved from Londonderry, N.H. and had begun farming in Bradford 12 years before.

Wilson determined to teach himself, from the Britannica, what he needed to know of geography, astronomy and cartography. And while he pored over the Britannica, he also began to teach himself how to engrave on copper. Although the book learning proceeded to his satisfaction, he could not master the difficult art of controlling the engraver's burin. So he journeyed, afoot and by stage, to the seacoast town of Newburyport, where he had learned there lived an engraver named John Akin. Akin agreed to teach Wilson how to engrave, but he asked $100 for the lessons. Wilson possessed no such sum, in view of his recent purchase of the Britannica and his heavy family expenses. By this time he had five children and a new second wife. Back he went to Bradford, determined to do the job himself.

But still the art would not come to him, and off he traveled again to see an expert, this time 250 miles on foot to New Haven, to talk with Amos Doolittle, the man who had engraved two maps in the first geography book published in America.

Wilson left his wife and family and hiked for two weeks over forest paths, trails and dusty roads. He walked down...
the valley of the Connecticut and then
across to New Haven. Records do not
indicate just at what season of the year of
a busy farmer he took time off and
journeyed more than half a thousand
miles on foot to pursue his dream. But
And then he discovered that something
was wrong. The meridian lines were not
coming together in proper proportion.
Fearing that he had made a miscalculation,
he journeyed once again to seek expert
advice, this time to see Jedediah Morse,

This early example of James Wilson's craft, a terrestrial globe,
is displayed at the Norwich University museum in Northfield.

it was probably in late September, after
most of the harvest was in, and all that
remained to do on the farm was to get
in the winter supply of firewood. And
at that time of year weather and road
conditions would have been ideal for
traveling.

Doolittle agreed to teach the farmer
who dreamed of making globes and for
two months supervised his work. Then,
as winter already hovered on snow-
covered hills, Wilson trudged back to
his farm and family.

He set to work once again. First he
turned in wood on a lathe a globe 13
inches in diameter. Then he carefully
fastened to its surface a hand-drawn map
which he would follow in producing the
快ened to its surface a hand-drawn map;
inches in diameter. Then he carefully
indicate just at what season of the year of
across to New

Morse gave Wilson a piece of dis-
This was of plaster, cast around a core.
After the plaster hardened, it was cut
in two and worked off the interior core.
Then the two halves were joined to-
gether, forming a hollow sphere. Upon
the exterior of this the segmented map
printed from the copper plate was care-
fully fitted and glued.

The project was a success. The hours
spent in the back kitchen and in the frigid
woodworking shop in the rear of the
farmhouse were showing reward. After
11 years of labor and disheartenment,
Wilson at the age of 48 was ready to
begin a new career.

The first recorded sale appears in
Wilson's handwriting in a looseleaf
account book: "Jan. 18, 1810, sold Mr.
Wellman 1 globe. Jan. 25 sold Judge Niles
1 globe." Judge Niles had encouraged
Wilson when his spirits were low and
had assisted him financially when he
wondered if he were doing the right thing
for himself and his family in pursuing
his dream all those years.

It is characteristic of Vermont that the
judge paid for his globe, even though it
may have been offered to him as a gift.
But then, Wilson may well have felt, in
the same fashion, that the judge would
deem it improper if he were not treated
like others.

In 1811 Wilson brought out a revised
globe, and this was followed by a celestial
version, depicting the stars and constella-
tions. A pair of 13-inch globes, one ter-
restrial and the other celestial, sold for
$50. Globes were usually sold in pairs,
because there was world-wide interest in
the early 19th century in both geographi-
cal exploration and the place of the world
in the cosmos.

Not only were explorers active as never
before, opening up vast new areas in Asia
and the Far East, but the science of
astronomy, with the development of
better telescopes, was at last coming into
its own from both a scientific and popular
point of view.

Wilson's first globes charted upon their
surface the voyages of Captain Cook. At
one place they carry the notation, "ice
islands seen," but there is no indication
of Antarctica, nor of the southern and
western coasts of Australia.

Although Wilson was tied to his farm
in Vermont, he could in a way take part
in the great exploration of his age. And
he did so for more than half a century,
first in Bradford and later in another
factory in Albany, N.Y., where Wilson
and two of his sons supplied globes for
all of America.

the father of American geography," in
Charlestown, Mass. It was for Morse's
book that Doolittle had engraved the
two maps which had earlier caught
Wilson's eye.

Morse gave Wilson a piece of dis-
heartening news—there was indeed an
error, and it was an error that could not
be corrected on the copper plate that
represented so many days of labor. Gone
to nothing were the hours taken from
farming, from doing blacksmith jobs for
the neighbors, from providing for his
family.

After he returned home, Wilson threw
his first plate on the trash heap and with
the fiercest determination started all over
again. By this time the family circum-
stances were such that it was only with
great hardship to his family that he was
able to purchase the scarce and expensive
copper needed for a new plate.

But now Wilson had learned; the new
plate was at last completed to his satisfac-
tion; and the printing began. He turned
to the production of the actual globes.
These were of plaster, cast around a core.
After the plaster hardened, it was cut
in two and worked off the interior core.
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factory in Albany, N.Y., where Wilson
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all of America.
Winter in these northern latitudes would seem the natural time to stay at home while the snow makes half moons on the window sills and the north wind fingers the house. A log fire, a book, an apple—these should be entertainment enough in blizzard weather. However, it’s been proven through the years that a little weather never daunted a Vermonter. Just as in the past people would hitch up and drive ten or twelve miles to a performance of Shakespeare in a drafty hall, to singing school or musical convention, to dance all night and eat oysters at dawn; so Vermonters these days think nothing of driving fifty or sixty miles to a winter concert, especially if the Viennese Philharmonic is playing, as it did in Burlington last winter as part of the Lane series.

We take our pleasures seriously and value them all the more for the effort required to get to them. The virtuous pride of the man who takes a cold shower before breakfast is duplicated on the faces of those who have struggled through snowdrifts, wrestled with chains, balky windshield wipers and faulty heaters and are unwinding their scarves and mufflers from glowing cheeks in the vestibule at the Auditorium. We are carrying out our part of the contract we undertook when we bought our tickets, just as we expect the performers to do likewise.

Every seat is taken. Beside me sits a little Viennese woman for whom, until seventeen years ago, this orchestra was part of life. She confesses that she hardly dared come for fear of breaking down at the sight of those familiar figures, and quite naturally her eyes fill with tears as the musicians file on to the stage and she recognizes old friends. No doubt there are others in the audience who have similar associations, for there is a current of emotion in the applause that is more than just for the music, beautiful though it is. The weather sharpens our sense of the dramatic, for while within we celebrate the values of civilization through Richard Strauss and Brahms, outside the blizzard is quietly attempting to bury all our cars.

On another evening the New York City Opera Company gave ‘Die Fledermaus’; on still another Rudolph Serkin, now a Doctor of Humane Letters of the University of Vermont, played a fine program of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. At still another the Canadian National Ballet attracted all the dance-struck mothers and daughters of the area—me and mine included. Mine, seven, remembers every costume and gesture in ‘The Nutcracker,’ found ‘Les Sylphides’ rather boring, as indeed it is and no fault of the young dancers, and delighted in the gaiety and enthusiasm of ‘Offenbach in the Underworld.’ It was all real ballet—in person—she sighed in happy satisfaction.

For the coming season Prof. Jack Trevithick, executive secretary of the series, has announced attractions equally fine. They include Boris Christoff, a Bulgarian bass who has been compared to Chaliapin, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, ‘La Boheme’ by the New York City Opera Company, the American Ballet Theatre, ‘No Time for Sergeants’ with the current Broadway cast, ‘The Rivalry,’ a serious play by Norman Cousins on its way to Broadway with the Lincoln-Douglas debates as its subject and Raymond Massey as Lincoln, finally Mantovani and his New Music, featuring an orchestra of 45.

As always the funds of the George Lane Bequest are being used to enrich our lives and extend our horizons. The charms of television are still no competition for the lure of music, plays, ballet of such high quality—in person. Would that some benefactor would present Burlington with a suitable theatre and concert hall with comfortable seats so that our pleasure might be perfect.

Then too for winter variety there are the various Community Concert series around the state, supported by devoted local committees. There are the concerts of the Vermont Symphony Orchestra under Alan Carter, in which not only the audiences but the players themselves are Vermonters. Perhaps more than any of the arts the making of music comes easily to us. School bands and orchestras are busily rehearsing all winter long, heading toward the State Music Convention in the spring. Choruses and glee clubs are practicing equally hard.

Out of all this music-making and music-hearing will surely come many good musicians, as well as the pleasure of creating and working together. Even the smallest one-room school can now manage a band program, and the village echoes to trumpet, clarinet and trombone, making if not exactly music something that may one day be music and meanwhile gives enormous satisfaction to the beginning players. Vermont’s opportunities for playing and hearing music at first-hand are increasing all the time. END
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Charles E. Crane in Winter in Vermont