The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Confusion became airborn in our Winter issue captioning. The airplane views of covered bridges should have been labeled as Charlotte the top of page 36. Both scenes on page 39 are near East Randolph. In the Spring issue we incorrectly spoke of the Winter Mystery Picture as being located on Route 12B. There is none such, of course. It is 12A.

Soon after this issue is published Vermont Life's new Calendar for 1961, a handsome and improved color work which embodies engagement and almanac features, will be available in shops throughout Vermont. Further details will appear in our Autumn issue.

For the first time, in this issue, the subscriber's copy will contain order envelope and blank only if his subscription is now expiring. Please note and read the envelope, if one is found, between pages 2 and 3 of this copy. Newsstand copies carry the envelope, but without the expiration warning. All Winter issue copies of the magazine will carry envelopes, to facilitate gift ordering.

### CONTENTS • SUMMER 1960

| Placey Farm, near Newbury—Bullaty & Lomeo | cover |
| Green Mountain Post-Boy | 1 |
| Learning Languages—Margaret Smith | 2 |
| 63 Years on Film—Ralph Nading Hill | 7 |
| Man Behind the Myth—Edward C. Lathem | 11 |
| Drama in the Hills—Photogr. by David Nichols | 15 |
| Border Valley: The Connecticut—Photogr. by Sonja Bullaty & Angelo Lomeo | 18 |
| Forty Connecticut Crossings—Richard S. Allen | 28 |
| Arts in Review—Elizabeth Kent Gay | 36 |
| Mystery Picture—No. 14 | 37 |

**Country Switchboard—Ilse Bischoff** .......... 38
**Skin Diving—Hanson Carroll** .......... 43
**Dr. Jarvis—Photogr. by Hanson Carroll** .......... 47
**World’s Largest Apple Tree—John F. Smith, Jr.** .......... 52
**Summer Events in Vermont** .......... 53
**Black River estuary—Bullaty & Lomeo** .......... BACK COVER

**PICTURE CREDITS**

| p. 1—Aldo Merusi, John Titchen | Willard McAllister |
| p. 2—Lawrence Stafford |

The purpose of this change is to make renewals easier and also to effect considerable savings in postage and printing, which can be applied to the magazine itself.

Exploring beneath Lake Champlain for something worthy of his new skin diving equipment and submersible camera gear (see page 43), Hanson Carroll of Norwich began at Colchester Reef. Legend has it that here the schooner General Gates went down in a storm many years ago, carrying to the bottom some $45,000 in silver coin. Not only did Diver Carroll fail to find the hulk; considerable research with Burlington friends failed to show such a ship ever existed. Communications are welcomed regarding this phantom craft.

Publication of our feature in this issue on the Connecticut River valley prompts a reminder that our sister magazine, New Hampshire Profiles (Box 900, Portsmouth, N. H.) is devoting its entire June issue to the subject.

It has never been stated better, perhaps, than in Ilse Bischoff’s article (page 38)—the exasperating independence and the bitter-sweet character of the old-line Vermonter.

The Vermont Year Book for 1960, appearing shortly, is a colorfully garbed and amazing compendium of current facts and figures on Vermont. Behind it is a 166-year history of almost continuous publication under various titles.

The first issues were largely almanacs, and as the content increased so did the price...from 15 cents to $5 currently. Early issues are rare, the State Library’s first being 1812. All are well worth perusal.

At that time the state’s population was 217,913; there was no Lamoille County; and, the issue shows, legislators received six cents a mile for travel. Royal Tyler of Brattleborough as chief judge of the Supreme court earned $1000 yearly and Governor Galusha only $750. In those days, the old Year Book shows, college students escaped poll taxes, gold watches were taxed twice the rate of silver, while clocks with wooden works were tax-free. But six per-cent was levied on anyone fortunate to have cash assets.

Milton those days was almost as large as Burlington; Pawlet as Rutland. Windsor was the metropolis, followed by Woodstock, Springfield and Bennington.

Moral sentiments of a doleful nature abound in early issues. One carries on each page a stanza “On Man’s Mortality.” It ends typically:

The web is torn, the show’r is O’er. 
The fruit delights the taste no more; 
The flower fades, the flood’s suspended 
Man’s hour is come, and life is ended.

The almanac for 1816 foretold “fine growing weather” for June, “good weather for farmers” in July, August as “pleasant weather for some time”, and no frost until October 23d. The fact that this turned out to be Eighteen-Hundred-And-Froze-To-Death, the year of frost and famine, cut no ice with the forecaster. He was back, bold as brass, next year.

Published now by the National Survey in Chester, the Vermont Year Book, a fact-packed directory indispensable to many, leaves the forecasting to others.

Ever since Samuel Morey ran the world’s first steamboat near Fairlee, strange and useful craft have been appearing on the Connecticut. A school of pleasure barges is now found operating on the 25 miles of quiet water between Windsor and Bellows Falls. Basically they are platforms buoyed by oil drums and powered by outboards. They are sturdy, capacious and cheap.

Phil Durland of Springfield began it in 1956 with his prototype, Blinkin’ Barge I, shown here with Mrs. Durland in the stern. Our back cover pictures a similar barge moored in the Black River estuary, this one built by Henry Ferguson for the pleasure of Randolph Bingham’s large family. Others cruise the river now, including the big River Queen and the sleek Blinkin’ Barge II.

In the navigational field again is perhaps the world’s first portable sidewater steamer, built by William Kimberly of Middlebury for about $200 in materials (and $3000 in labor, Mrs. Kimberly adds.) The rowboat-steamer is powered by a one-cylinder steam engine of about one horse-power, fired by bottled gas. Operating cost at top (six mile) speed is about four cents per mile. The craft, complete with steam whistle, uses eight buckets per paddle wheel. Mr. Kimberly, who is an industrial engineer, plans next a 40-foot steamer, is rumored to be considering a steam-driven tricycle.
Mead Memorial Chapel, dominant landmark of Middlebury College’s campus, faces Vermont’s Green Mountain range to the east, stands on highest elevation of main campus. Below, the Russian School presents typically strenuous dance in amateur night show.
THROUGH warm and pleasant summers, on the Vermont-green campus of Middlebury College, a thousand people study foreign languages. Students come to Middlebury from distant places to attend the famous graduate schools of French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian.

To the idealist, it would seem a second United Nations. Mais, non! For a student in one school must not address so much as a “good morning” to his friend in another school.

The student in the German School is pledged to speak only German. Mr. So-and-So becomes Señor and must utter no word which is not Spanish. Thus it goes through the five schools. For anyone caught breaking his pledge, the verdict is, in firm and understandable English, “Leave!”

Every student must “live” his language, until such speech no longer seems foreign. Through conversations in dormitory rooms, at meals, in recreation, each group develops steadily increasing oral facility.

Most of the faculty are natives of the country about which they teach. Each participates in all phases of school life, teaching at all hours of student activity.

Middlebury’s summer schools pioneered in this system, which now has many imitators. It is a method tried and proven to give near-native fluency.

The spacious campus of tree-dotted lawns and grey, Hearty German songs resound over the smooth water of Lake Pleiad as Fritz Tiller (assistant to German School director Werner Neuse) leads the music at a German School off-campus picnic. Mrs. Charlotte Evans, a student, accompanies on the accordion.
In Middlebury's new Wright Memorial Theatre students learn techniques of play-giving and gain in language comprehension, while being entertained by faculty production of French plays. Being shown here is "The Love Doctor."

Lustily singing their way through a cops-and-robbers French melodrama, "Orion le Tueur ("Orion the Killer"), are French School faculty members.

Learned, directed, performed and critiqued entirely in Russian, Anton Chekhov's play, in English "The Power of Hypnotism," is presented to Russian School, Institute of Soviet Studies.
native-stone buildings is divided by invisible lines into ethnic islands for each school.

Schedules are varied. Besides formal classes, plays are dramatized; there are games of each country; students do folk dances, and Sunday concerts feature music of each country's composers.

In language laboratories, students record their own voices and check their progress. Talking to oneself becomes a favorite activity, in the effort to attain native perfection of accents and intonation.

Among the students each year are teachers working for advanced degrees and seeking improved techniques. Foreign service personnel of the state department seek oral facility. Translators of scientific material want technical vocabularies.

Instructors in the armed forces's academies come for knowledge of both foreign speech and foreign cultures. Black-robed sisters, brothers and priests of the Roman Catholic Church enroll in increasing numbers. For preaching, for helping immigrant families, they want to know languages, backgrounds and customs of each group.

All this began when the late Dr. Lilian L. Stroebe of Vassar saw in Middlebury College's broad campus the ideal setting for a new type of summer language school.

Dr. John M. Thomas, then Middlebury's president, was quickly receptive to the experiment. He worked with Dr. Stroebe in setting up the German School in 1915. Thus the liberal arts college, founded in 1800, started on a new venture which has added luster to its name.

Recreation time at the Italian School: Students pair off for the popular Italian game of Bocce. Cheers and jeers have one thing in common—they must both be in Italian—as opponents try to score by tossing larger balls as close to the small one as possible.

Spanish School students listen to native enunciation on tapes.

A French School was founded next, in 1916, and a Spanish School in 1917.

Prejudices of World War I closed the German School. It was reopened in 1931 in the charming village of Bristol. Twenty years later it took up quarters again on the Middlebury campus. In the meantime, in 1932, an Italian School had been added.

Far ahead of general acceptance of the need for increased knowledge of the Russian language, Middlebury...
By 1954 the Russian School's curriculum included scientific and technical courses. In 1957, financial help from the Rockefeller Foundation made possible the addition of highly specialized courses in analysis of Soviet politics, ideologies and propaganda. They formed the new Institute of Soviet Studies, operated in conjunction with the Russian School.

Residents of the town of Middlebury accept with aplomb a situation which amounts to a foreign invasion each summer. Shopkeepers struggle patiently with heavy accents of faculty members who may never have been in the United States before.

Townspeople, however, are favored in the scheme of things. By administrative dispensation, students may lapse into English if necessary in contacts with local residents.

Youngsters of the area also fit into the picture. They are invited to enter demonstration classes where experts teach the teachers how to teach. In many a local home sons or daughters try out new phrases.

There are international benefits also. In appreciation of the Language Schools' contribution to understanding of their countries, several foreign governments hand out cash grants for scholarship funds.

Even in the Soviet Union are the Schools known. For last summer an issue of "Amerika," the U.S. magazine published in this country for sale in Russia under an exchange agreement, carried four pages of text and pictures to describe the Language Schools.

At the end of each summer, all schools emerge from their separate worlds, uniting in commencement exercises in Mead Memorial Chapel. A speaker of national repute addresses all students, in English, and approximately a hundred advanced degrees are awarded.

It is not easy for Americans to leave the English-speaking world one day and pass into an extended period during which they must work, play, eat, converse and study without recourse to their native tongue.

Some make the psychological and linguistic transition successfully. A few do not. Some take a degree in one language, return and study another.

For those who complete the summer's work, there remains no time for prejudices, for petty considerations. Fellow students prove themselves as individuals, not as members of any particular nationality, race, religion or profession.

This was noted in a Paris newspaper last summer, in an article written by Madame Beatrix Dussane, retired actress and brilliant Molière scholar who had just returned to France after teaching at Middlebury.

She wrote, "Even students coming from the South forget at Middlebury the last traces of segregation prejudice. Classroom corners, automobile rides, play groups, and even rooms are shared with the greatest cordiality in the world."

Though barriers are raised during the period of learning, Middlebury's ultimate contribution surely is one to further the ideals of the United Nations.
63 Years on Film

L. L. McAllister still shoots crystal-clear views with his antique equipment, makes panoramic prints in his cluttered cellar

RALPH NADING HILL
Photographs by Einars J. Mengis

They don't make them like that any more” applies also to the pictures of Louis Leon McAllister of Burlington who started “shooting” in Randolph in 1897 and has been at it ever since. With supreme indifference toward what the photography industry heralds as technological advances in the art, McAllister clings to his old equipment and takes better pictures than anybody else. They may laugh when he mounts his stepladder and drapes the black cloth over his head to gaze into the huge screens of his varnished

Whoom! A powder-flash catches Frank Wildung of the Shelburne Museum staff, who himself started taking pictures in 1905 and served for 25 years with the National Geographic Magazine.

The McAllister cellar workshop. In amongst the photo prints—antlers, violins, wooden chains, animal traps.
8-by-10 and 12-by-20 cameras, but results are what count. “No detail in those midget cameras,” he declares. “Can’t blow up a negative without losing something.”

McAllister’s trademark, his panoramic camera, has made him familiar to tens if not hundreds of thousands of high school and college seniors. A fair day in lilac time finds him perched on his stepladder, and the panoramic sheet film in the assortment of makeshift tubs in his basement.

McAllister’s trademark, his panoramic camera, has made him familiar to tens if not hundreds of thousands of high school and college seniors. A fair day in lilac time finds him perched on his stepladder, and the panoramic

Midget camera fans shudder to see the bulky equipment McAllister requires for his panoramic shots. Here he sets up on the University of Vermont campus, the Ira Allen Chapel in the background.

VERMONT Life
At far left is College Street. At center is the earlier City Hall, and to the right is St. Paul Street and the Hotel Vermont.

camera on its lofty tripod, in front of fidgety rows of caps and gowns. "Stiddy!" he commands. "Hold it!" And the camera begins to revolve while the inevitable two or three rogues at one end of the class race to beat the camera to the other, so that they may be photographed twice.

It was with reluctance that McAllister gave up taking indoor stills with his powder-flash outfit—and this only because it is so hard to get the powder these days. No one photographed with this device has ever forgotten it. As Mac adjusted his 8-by-10 and sprinkled powder in the trough of the gun the subjects, perhaps the cast of the
school play, began to look as if they were facing a firing squad. "Stiddy! Don't move!" Then a blinding explosion as a cloud of white smoke rose to the ceiling. The picture was in the box. The ashen-faced subjects were dismissed.

McAllister's father, a native of Warren, made tintypes in Bristol before the Civil War. "He left the state. I rattled around for a while and then came back." For a time he tried his hand at acting and admits to some success with a youthful declamation called Dude in a Horse Car. "How disgusting to allow on board the common herd with lime on their shoes!" he recalls, drawing himself up disdainfully.

If he could live his life over maybe he wouldn't try to do so many things. The fruits of his interests, other than photography, are stored all over his basement. A dozen violins. He made them all. A rack of wooden chains. "Just take a broom handle and go to whittlin'," he explains. Iron traps. Has trapped bears, coons and bobcats all over the state. Foxes, too, which he lures with muskrat glands pickled in brandy or alcohol. He finds the stock market fascinating. "Got it all doped out for next year but haven't the nerve to test my theories. Or the money."

Everywhere in his basement are pyramids of rolled-up panoramic pictures. One four feet long, taken at Fort Ethan Allen in the cavalry days, shows five thousand men. "Wish I had the panorama I took at Plattsburgh in 1915 or 16. Theodore Roosevelt was in it. Lost the negative."

The future? He will add to the prodigious number of Vermont faces and scenes he has engraved on film as long as he can climb a ladder. And holler "Stiddy!"

Safelights, timer and temperature controls would be strangers to McAllister's basement darkroom. Here he washes a large group print.
The Man Behind the Myth

The character, the personality, the manner of Calvin Coolidge—
these provided the right person in the right place at the right time

EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM

His was a career well seasoned with paradox. That a man so quiet, so introspective, so taciturn, so completely lacking in the expansive, outgoing, voluble qualities ordinarily thought to characterize the politician, should have achieved any success at all in seeking public office, to say nothing of having attained during a quarter century of orderly upward progression the Presidency of the United States, was in itself gigantically incredible: one of the basic paradoxes of the Coolidge story. But the crowning paradox of all was to come at the end of his career, as he turned from the glitter and grandeur of official Washington to take up private life once more.

Few of our Presidents have left office enjoying so ample a measure of popular acclaim as did Calvin Coolidge on the fourth of March, 1929. And it was a popularity by no means restricted to members of his own party or supporters of his political principles and policies. “One cannot remark the going of Mr. Coolidge without a certain regret,” declared one of the nation’s leading magazines as his term neared its close, “a regret that has nothing to do with his qualities as a public man, one that is purely personal. Mr. Coolidge is a character; he has a pungency and flavor that most public men lack. Even if one does not admire, one cannot help having a certain liking for him.”

Nearly a decade earlier, Bruce Barton, in one of the first major articles about Coolidge to appear in a publication of national circulation, had written, “We like novelties, we Americans; especially do we like them in our public life—and nowhere else are we offered so pathetically few of them. Year after year the same familiar types crop up in politics to go through the same threadbare campaign gymnastics. . . . Only at rare intervals does something fresh and new and different break across the dull horizon; and when that unexpected does occur, we draw a deep breath, and thank God and take courage.”

Theodore Roosevelt had been one such “blessed phenomenon”; Woodrow Wilson another. “And now,” Barron declared, “to stir our jaded interest, another new thing under the sun has appeared—a politician who apparently conforms to none of the established rules; who operates after his own peculiar fashion, and yet somehow succeeds in getting his fellow citizens to vote for him in numbers that have made all political observers stop, look, and listen.”

Mr. Coolidge was then still Governor of Massachusetts, but the Boston Police Strike had, overnight, made him famous. “The Silent Man on Beacon Hill” had captured the nation’s fancy with his bold assertion, “There is no right to strike against the public safety . . . .” He was looked upon as “a sentinel of law and order,” and there was talk of him in connection with even higher elective office—in connection with the Presidency itself.

Although earnestly sought for him by his supporters, the Republican Presidential nomination was, nonetheless, to be denied Coolidge at the Chicago convention in 1920. His potential strength lay principally with the ordinary delegates and not with the political leaders, at least some of whom considered the self-contained, undemonstrative Yankee to be “the coldest proposition in modern politics.” When the forces of Wood and Lowden, the leading contenders of the first day’s balloting, were found to be in hopeless deadlock, a council of party chieftains deftly sunk their tomahawks into the hopes of all other aspirants—Governor Coolidge among them, and powwowed a handsome, tractable brave of the Senatorial tribe, Warren Gamaliel Harding, into the first-place candidacy. The Senate sashems could, however, but watch with impatient surprise and ill-conceived dismay as the convention suddenly took back into its own hands the naming of a running mate. With a rush and a roar the deed was done, and Calvin Coolidge was designated Vice-Presidential nominee.
What a dissimilar pair they were, Coolidge and Harding! More than just opposite, they seemed in fact contradictory in both personality and nature. It was almost as if fate had conspired to provide for the warm, jovial, effusive Ohioan a complete antithesis in the person of his second. An easy victory, at any rate, was theirs at the polls. (It was, as someone quipped, a year of “kangaroo tickets”: Harding and Coolidge against Cox and Franklin Roosevelt; in both cases, “back legs stronger than the front.”)

When in 1921, Calvin Coolidge arrived in Washington he was regarded by the inhabitants of that “City of Conversation” as “perhaps the oddest and most singular apparition this vocal and articulate settlement has ever known.” He was “a well of silence,” a “center of stillness.” Nobody quite understood him, this Vermont-born, Amherst-educated, small-city lawyer—shy, uncommunicative, aloof—who somehow or other, by means inexplicable and for reasons incomprehensible, had climbed the political ladder so skillfully, so unalteringly; who over all the years had experienced but a single defeat at the hands of the public.

“In common with everyone else at Washington, I have been eager,” wrote one prominent journalist some six months after the new Vice-President’s advent at the Capital, “to pluck out the heart of Mr. Coolidge’s mystery, to discover what sort of man he is, to establish a basis for appraisal. All in vain, for he has revealed nothing, disclosed nothing.” Surely, however, such a situation could not long continue; he could not indefinitely evade the searching scrutiny now so intently fixed upon him; he would not escape a final and comprehensive evaluation.

“Before the microscopists at Washington are done with him,” the writer over-confidently predicted, “he will be catalogued and indexed and cross-referenced.” Few prophecies have gone wider of the mark, for Washington with all its cleverness and acuteness never did “get” Calvin Coolidge, either during his two and a half years as Vice-President or later.

When, at Harding’s death, he was suddenly installed as the nation’s Chief Executive, the puzzle of Calvin Coolidge became all the more nettlesome to those dedicated to solving “The Great Coolidge Mystery,” to charting the contours of the country’s “Grand Enigma.” And if these explorers were confounded in their attempts to measure and define Mr. Coolidge, they were baffled also by a realization, slowly arrived at, that somehow or other the frustrating object of their investigation was being astounding successful in projecting himself to the people.

“Political Washington,” recorded one observer less than a year after Mr. Coolidge had been called to the Presidency, “has at last awakened to the fact that President Coolidge is getting an immense and increasing backing from the American public. . . . “Acceptance of Coolidge as a power in himself, apart from his office, has been the slower because it has been so utterly unexpected. It violates almost all notions of what a man should be and do in winning public favor. It flies in the face of every political rule of thumb. There were, indeed, some who, when President Harding died, did hope that Mr. Coolidge would ‘develop qualities of leadership’, but comparatively few believed that he could, and almost none suspected that just as he was, with his known character of caution, calmness, silence, and retirement, he could become a dominant figure. He has not changed, he has shown little of what is usually considered leadership, yet his strength is as unmistakable as it is surprising . . . .”

But public favor is, of course, a fickle thing; and the question remained, Would this great popularity continue? Would it last to the next election? Last it assuredly did, and Coolidge, integrity unchallenged, still possessing an undiminished public confidence even in the wake of the scandals of his predecessor’s administration, smashingly carried the 1924 Presidential contest with a huge majority. Beyond this, his astonishing popularity continued, ever mounting.

He was known to the public as few men ever have been known: his sharply chiseled features, his wiry frame, his outward characteristics and highly individual traits. With a familiarity born of affection the nation called him “Cal” and delighted in the telling and re-telling of countless “Coolidge stories,” fondly mimicking his nasal twang and Yankee manner of speech.

He stood in bold outline as the unmistakable symbol of an era—assuredly more by contrast than through any personification of its more typical features, but its symbol nevertheless—an era that was to depart with him and the exact like of which, as with the man himself, the country can never experience again.

When in 1929, having chosen not to run for re-election, he quietly gave up occupancy of the White House to his successor and returned again to the Northampton duplex that had been his home for so many years, he was the object of an all-but-unprecedented national regard. Yet comprehended he was not! Though universally known and warmly acclaimed, he remained to the end—tauntingly, bafflingly—“Public Puzzle No. 1.”

“Is Mr. Coolidge,” asked one editor, “a uniquely dull case of a political accident who knew enough to steer a middle course and keep his teeth together, or is he, as we begin to suspect, the ultimate extension of Yankee hoss-trading sagacity, the apotheosis of non-committal prudence and straw-colored good sense?”

Thus, here at its close was to be found the grand, climactic paradox of Calvin Coolidge’s career. Notwithstanding his height of popularity, he left the Presidency as he had entered upon it, an inscrutable enigma, unfathomed and seemingly unfathomable, still no better understood by his admiring countrymen than on the sultry summer night in 1923 when he had been roused from bed in the little Vermont homestead at Plymouth Notch to learn that Warren Harding was dead and that he was now President of the United States.
Across the years, in retrospect, it becomes increasingly plain that any real understanding of Calvin Coolidge by most of his contemporaries was largely prevented by the myth that early grew up around him. The myth was, to be sure, based upon the reality of the man, but it presented him in caricature rather than in realistic form—a verbal caricature that portrayed its subject by selective concentration on only certain of the more prominent features of his character, his personality, and manner—a representation achieved through simplification and subordination, through magnification and distortion. The result, like all successful products of the art whether written or drawn, was a vivid, immediately recognizable picture, but a delineation not to be accepted as a close and faithful likeness or anything other than a clever exaggeration, an amusing travesty.

This mythical misrepresentation, which in all its parts came to be so rapturously applauded by the American public, may have had its beginnings in the period of Mr. Coolidge's rise in municipal and state politics back home in Massachusetts, but it was given its real substance, form, and color by the members of Washington's press corps when he emerged upon the national scene as Vice-President. Part, perhaps, of the reason that the Capital newsmen set down such a fanciful record of the man was that they really viewed him as but a quaint figure who failed to fit any of the usual Washington stereotypes and who somehow couldn't be adequately defined in terms of realistic expression. Moreover, the new occupant of the Vice-Presidency so scrupulously avoided making headlines of any sort for himself that the reporters expected to provide Vice-Presidential "coverage" were hard pressed to produce column inches for public consumption save by concentrating on the personality and character of their subject. With bold strokes and exercising ample artistic license, they thus "created" their stories and along with them the montage that became the myth.

The elements of this "Coolidge myth" were many: dramatic overstatements of fundamental truths. Chief among them, for example, was that based upon Mr. Coolidge's retiring nature and fundamental taciturnity. This was the reality, the genuine condition; but as an ingredient of the myth these qualities were transformed into something a good deal more than shyness and "adequate brevity." The Coolidge silence became a conspicuous ingredient of the nation's social environment, and thousands of inches of newspaper space were devoted to describing it. It was reported that he could be silent in five different languages, that he used words only as a last resort, that when on rare occasion he did open his mouth moths flew out. The fact that if he wished to do so, Mr. Coolidge could talk as freely as the next fellow, that at times he was in actuality nearly as garrulous as a magpie, had no effect whatever on the public's fondly held, romantically cherished notion of their Chief Executive as "Calvin the Silent."

He practiced the virtues of New England frugality. In the mythical reflection he became a dour, tight-fisted "national pinch-penny," the subject of a vast repertory of jokes on Coolidge "tightness." That he splendidly declared he favored economy not to save money but to save people was, by and large, considered prosaically irrelevant.

He was a man of serious disposition and impassive façade, but the myth made him stolid and morose, and it was jokingly reported that when he did smile, "the effect was like ice breaking in a New England river."

He might with careful logic comment on a proposal for war debts cancellation, "The money we furnished we had to borrow. Someone must pay it. It cannot be cancelled. If we do not collect it from Europe, we must collect it from our own taxpayers." Such economic reasoning was considered admirable, but really the people much preferred the laconic response, "Well, they hired the money, didn't they?"

The homely maxim was more in keeping with the mythical character they so much enjoyed. And so it was with other matters. Truly the public fancy was enthralled. The people rejoiced in this enchanting work of fantasy that had been made for their delectation and were completely disinclined to give up the luxury of something they relished so hugely as they did the "Coolidge myth."

It must not, of course, be supposed that they did not also have a clear awareness of, and regard for, Mr. Coolidge's impressive record of public service, his steady ascent of the political ladder, as rung-by-rung he climbed to the very height of public responsibility: Councilman, City Solicitor, state Representative, Mayor, member and then President of the state Senate, Lieutenant-Governor, Governor, Vice-President, and, finally, President of the United States. They were conscious, too, that his principal attention throughout had seemed to be intently fixed upon performing the duties of his incumbency and not on anxiously scanning the horizon to discover what might be ahead in the way of personal advantage and advancement. Let the office seek the...
man had been his precept, and he had lived by his own pronouncement that "we need more of the office desk and less of the show window in politics." All in all it was a record that inspired quiet confidence in the quiet man who had created it.

Moreover, the country discovered in Mr. Coolidge many other qualities which for varying reasons proved particularly appealing to the America of the 1920s: an impeccable honesty, a refreshing serenity, a remarkable simplicity and humility, an incisive and homely wisdom. At one and the same time, he was thought of as being both a strangely wonderful "green apple genius" and the incarnation of "the average man." Perhaps, in sum, he could accurately be styled an "extraordinary ordinary man."

And how did Mr. Coolidge himself regard the aura of make-believe that surrounded him? Ample evidence exists to reveal that at times he actually took a perverse pleasure in some of the features of the myth and to a degree enjoyed, on occasion, assuming the pose of its character.

In an unpublished, off-the-record address made four months after his accession to the Presidency, he once, in whimsical vein, gave voice to his own awareness of both the fantasy and its source: "I suppose that I am not very good 'copy,' " he remarked at a Gridiron Club Dinner in December, 1923, addressing members of the White House Correspondents Association and their guests. "You know it is the unusual and the extraordinary event that is really a news item. The usual and ordinary man is not the source of very much news. But the boys have been very kind and considerate to me," he chided satirically, "and where there has been any discrepancy, they have filled it in and glossed it over, and they have manufactured some.

"They have undertaken to endow me with some characteristics and traits that I didn't altogether know I had. But I have done the best I could to be perfectly fair with them and, in public, to live up to those traits. I have sometimes found it a little difficult, especially under the provocation that arises out of some of the things that I read in the newspapers, but I have been able to contain myself on those occasions." Nonetheless, he puckishly confided, "My fellow countrymen have put me in situations where I have found I could not refrain from speaking."

It is of the order of a myth to enlarge with the years, and in such fashion the "Coolidge myth" grew as his era rushed precipitously to its close. Then, with the passage of additional time, its outlines and features were somehow to soften, to mellow, to develop into what has at last become a substantial American legend—a legend that today reveals a man part sphinx, part Yankee wizard, and a unique, vastly over-sized third part that is just plain "Cal."

What is to be said by way of a final appraisal of Calvin Coolidge? Is he to be ranked among America's top political leaders—"the Palmerston of our political history," as one of his prominent contemporaries prophesied he would come to be regarded? Or, in the negative extreme, must he be written off as merely a drab, odd, inarticulate "darling of the gods" who was "pitchforked into the Presidency" and had neither the ability nor the courage to do more than silently and listlessly drift with the tide of affairs?

To resolve any such questions at all adequately would require agreement on the proper criteria for evaluating greatness, success, and failure. There are those who will urge that few men have more completely measured up to the Emersonian definition that, "He is great who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others." Some, too, will maintain that he admirably fulfilled, also, the concept of human greatness which emphasizes the happy coincidence of "the man" and "the moment." Others, however, will be less convinced that one can reasonably talk of him and greatness in any context.

Be that as it may, clearly only two kinds of Presidents are remembered in after years as anything more than names: those who have held office in stirring times and whose administrations have been associated with important events, and those who endure because of the definite impact of their personalities.

Calvin Coolidge was decidedly of the latter class. His was not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a striking personality. It had little of forcefulness and vigor, and its qualities were, perhaps, generally more negative than positive. It contained more firmness than buoyancy, more durability than effervescence, more depth than height. But a vivid personality it was, no less distinct for its special character nor, for its singular nature, less enduring. It is a fact that Mr. Coolidge was not a dynamic, indomitable President who led or drove the country into taking courses of action or assuming positions in which he resolutely believed. Had he been, he probably could have attained neither the office nor the popularity that were his in that particular age, for it is doubtful that the decade of the '20s wanted or would have sanctioned such a man in the White House.

"Surely no one will write of these years since August, 1923," declared Walter Lippmann editorially on the day Mr. Coolidge left office, "that an aggressive President altered the destiny of the Republic. Yet it is an important fact that no one will write of these same years that the Republic wished its destiny to be altered."

Whatever evaluations historians may place upon the political events and activities of Mr. Coolidge's public life, the real and lasting importance of his career lies, in point of fact, in the quiet impress of the man himself upon his countrymen and on the American scene. Through the uniqueness of his character, his personality and manner, and through the elements of the living myth and legend that grew up around him, he has become more than a chapter in the nation's history; he has become, as is a greater immortality, a racy, giddy, pleasing part of America's folklore and heritage. He was, and he continues to be, "Silent Cal," "The Man from Vermont," "Concentrated New England," "A Puritan in Babylon," the cautious, thrifty, reserved Yankee who presided over a reckless, extravagant, blustering age, who achieved a zenith of popularity and yet who—ironically and paradoxically—was really so little understood.

"He is," it was once remarked in apt and striking metaphor, "a sort of old-fashioned russet apple of the kind that used to grow on all farms: small, dull-colored, harsh-surfaced, but aromatic and savorsome." And the russet, the writer might well have added, was especially prized for its qualities as a particularly "good keeper."

So it has been with Calvin Coolidge. The unusual, tangy flavor of the man has pleased the American palate, and the memory of him continues to be both pungent and unforgettable.
 THERE'S Drama IN THEM HILLS
A RURAL AREA SWARMS WITH ABLE, EAGER THESPIANS

Photographs by David Nichols

Up among the far north mountains, in the area centering around Stowe, a large group of theater-minded people conduct one of the most vigorous theatrical operations to be found anywhere off Broadway. Their program is continuous and far-reaching.

They run ten weeks of professional summer stock at the Stowe Playhouse and, simultaneously, in the quaint old Hyde Park Opera House ten miles north, they produce full-scale musicals like Iolanthe and Kiss Me Kate with casts of fifty actors, singers and dancers. They

Above—a tense moment in the musical “Fanny,” on the big stage of the Hyde Park Opera House. At right—Dorothy Perry, a Stowe Playhouse leading lady, reads while a small dormouse and a pompous physician perform in Milne’s “Geraniums Red and Delphiniums Blue.”
transport one-act plays to theater festivals and competitions, sweat over first try-outs for original plays, and whip up a musical version of *The Importance of Being Ernest* at the flick of an eyebrow pencil.

Professionals for the ten summer stock plays are brought in from New York, Hollywood, Montreal and London. Non-professional performers range from an amazing ten-year-old schoolgirl to a distinguished, balding author of Edwardian appearance. And between these working-pro and amateur classifications are the well-known artists, retired actors, university drama professors who now live in view of Vermont's tallest mountain and who can design sets, coach, and act with experienced competence.

Summer and winter the shows go on here against the country's north border. Visitors tend to feel surprise at this variety of theatrical fare 'way off in the sticks. And of course the area residents feel considerable pride and pleasure in their opportunity to watch and work in theater, with professionals and at a knowledgeable level.
Playhouse chorines get their suntan out of bottles.

Sliding screens, invented by Eli Hall, are sized for following spotlights, give complete masking and smooth flow to rapidly changing scenes.
Border Valley

*The Connecticut River cradles a distinctive life of its own*

The Great River pours its flood from New Hampshire southward to the sea, but for all that is very much a part of Vermont. This was a valley of early travel and settlement, when life was turbulent as was the river. The long river now is a succession of big and little dams, each leveling the once-wild flood; a valley now of long, quiet lakes. Valley life, like the waters, today is quiet and steady, flowing smoothly on.
Northward near Maidstone the mountain-girt, verdant valley opens southward, leading finally to the man-made lake near Brattleboro.
Northward the Comerford Dam pushes back its lake eight miles along Vermont's eastward promontory. Further, toward Canada, a youthful angler tries the trout waters below the Fourth Connecticut Lake. His elders fish leisurely the broad expanses to the south near Vernon.
Developing Change... Half-a-Billion Years

THE CONNECTICUT was determined in dim antiquity, more ancienly so than most of the world's physical features. It goes back half a billion years to the existence in the earth of a pronounced north-south trough. Here the river lies today. The trough, then, was bordered by a row of low mountains which protruded from the ancient ocean.

A fault, a break in the earth, developed in this trough and extended it farther to the south. The valley floor, over many years, filled with sediments. In places lava seeped through this crack and formed valley-floor rocks, to be seen today. By this time the nearby mountains had worn away, save for a few monadnocks. An upthrusting of the land began beside the valley, and when the streams had sharply etched the new mountains, the listing of the land resumed. But, before the newest mountains could be cut into deeply, the world began to cool. A great ice sheet began to creep southward, in time burying all of New England in a massive weight of ice thousands of feet thick. In its path, plant and animal life retreated southward.

Much later, perhaps 15,000 years ago, the world began to warm slightly, and soon the ice sheet started to melt and recede. It had pushed its great bulk, at its height, even beyond the mouth of the Connecticut, as it is today.

It took 4,000 years for the ice cap to recede as far as Barnet, Vermont. At Middle- town, Conn., a great dam had formed from the rubble deposited by the ice sheet. The long lake which grew behind it, now termed Lake Hitchcock, extended 150 miles northward to Norwich, Vermont.

Then, about 9,000 B.C., the great dam broke and, perhaps in a year's time, the lake level dropped 90 feet. And here is striking proof of the land's recovery from the depressing weight of ice. Lake Hitchcock's shoreline at Hanover, near the lake's top, now stands 522 feet higher than the shoreline found in Connecticut.

As Lake Hitchcock was destroyed a new dam formed near the mouth of the Black River east of Springfield. The new Lake Upham ran arms up the White River valley as far as Randolph and eastward to Littleton, N. H.

As time went on the rate of the ice sheet's melting accelerated. For the whole length of the Connecticut it moved back one mile in about twenty-five years. As it retreated spruces came back to the bare hills and valleys, then plants and animals; finally men. The ice cap drew steadily northward and Lake Upham, too, ultimately was destroyed, the rising land finally canting the whole valley southward.

To the north the valley (and Vermont) takes a pronounced easterly jog, which the ice
A sheet, moving south, had not been able to follow. The valley in this area, as a result, from Barne to Guildhall, was plugged with rubble and boulders dropped by the passing ice. When the ice departed the freed river cut a new, precipitous course, now largely hidden by power dam reservoirs, which drops the water 320 feet in twenty miles.

It starts a step from Canada, in New Hampshire’s boggy little Fourth Connecticut Lake. The Great River flows as a long, winding groove in the valley floor’s fluctuating flood plain, falling 1,600 feet in the first 45 miles. In its 360-mile course to Long Island Sound it drains 11,300 square miles of New England.

When the aborigine made his way into this newly-living land the Great River was pouring its restless waters through miles of boiling rapids, quietly around ox-bows in the fertile Coos, through gorges of the valley’s narrowing.

Giant white pines, towering 200 feet, grew thick along the banks to the water’s edge. The dense, primeval forests abounded with game; were broken by natural meadows. The clear waters teemed with shad, trout and Atlantic salmon.

So it was in the mid-1700s when the white man reached the upper Connecticut. Though lacking Champlain’s natural water link to the north, this was a highway, a main route and method of travel. It was a perilous highway, used by Indians, by raiders, soldiers and daring hunters. Settlement attempts were meager until the French Wars ended. But then from the south they came, making their pitches along the river’s banks, to use the water power and till the rich bottom land. Navigation was a major concern—the means for travel and shipment to the world downstream. The river was their sustenance and lifeline.

After the Revolution, as men came in numbers, the great log drives began, the first floating the giant pines once marked for His Majesty’s Navy. At the narrowings towns sprang up.

The first bridge was arched across the river at Bellows Falls, and here the nation’s first canal was cut in 1802 to let the river boats ply northward as far as Barne. But the river never really was tamed for shipping. Long before the log drives became a memory in this century the railroads, using the valley’s convenient course, had laid their rails. Now highways, too, ran beside the river to the world beyond.

Today the steady flood of tumbling water turns the turbines of many dams, man-made now, to light the land and run the mills. For here, with the River for transport and power, the industrial surge of America began.
People of the Valley: John Irwin's family relaxes at their Guildhall home, while at the Canaan postoffice Beatrice Holmes sorts the afternoon mail. A man tries Brunswick Spring's mineral waters as a holiday comes to a store at Ascutney.

24 VERMONT Life
The River winds southward from Barnet; Tickle-naked Pond and Hall's Lake shimmering in the distance to the west. At right a pleasure party at Bradford explores the Waits River above its mouth.
Small farms edge into the wilderness of the Connecticut's upper reaches. This is still forest country and giant pines stand as occasional sentinels, sometimes overlooking placid coves filled with disporting ducks.
FORTY CONNECTICUT CROSSINGS

THE CONNECTICUT is a river of bridges, and their interstate status gives extra interest to the spans which connect Vermont with New Hampshire. Over the years, highway and railroad bridges have occupied fifty different sites to serve all but three of Vermont's valley towns. There are forty in service today.

Usually one bridge was sufficient to communicate with New Hampshire neighbors, but sometimes there was a second to serve outlying sections. Newbury has had four and Rockingham five different bridge sites. Vernon, Putney and Concord's bridges were primitive affairs, long gone, and Brattleboro just had a railroad crossing. Only Ryegate and Dummerston never were linked with the granite state.

Bridges, or the lack of them, made or broke many a Connecticut valley settlement. Take Lower Waterford for instance. Here was a stopping place for more than one hundred teams a day, bound down the Littleton turnpike. The village grew rich and aristocratic, but when in 1890 a log jam took out half its bridge the region went into a gradual decline. It is reborn today as the sightly "White Village," which greets the traveler from the modern spans, built upstream after forty bridgeless years.

It was no accident that this 168-mile stretch of the Connecticut was well bridged. The hard work of private enterprise, striving to connect Vermont settlements to the market cities of southern New England brought the structures into being.

The very first bridge across the Connecticut was built before Vermont became a state. A rock outcropping in the river below the Great (Bellows) Falls offered a tempting support for a center pier. Col. Enoch Hale erected a primitive, open wooden bridge, which was daring in its length and ingenious truss supports. Hale's toll-gathering bridge was a lucrative venture. Individuals and companies soon followed his lead to bridge the river at Norwich, Fairlee and Brattleboro. Newly-formed turnpike companies used them and built their own. The early, often makeshift crossings were apt to drift southward on the crest of freshets. But the prospects of great profit on investments sent owners down to the river banks to rebuild quickly.

The Connecticut's first free bridge did not come until 1859, when a covered structure was built to connect Norwich and Hanover, N. H. With a bridge in public hands, thought had to be given as to which state it belonged. The boundary location (low water line on the west bank) was not finally settled until 1934, but it was generally conceded that the better share of each bridge was in New Hampshire. But technicalities did not stop Vermonters from having their say about the bridges.

As turnpike travel declined, one by one the bridges became free. Today the last of thirty-three toll bridges stands between Springfield and Charlestown, N. H.

Covered bridges once were the standard structure for Connecticut crossings, and stood at thirty-three sites along the river. Examples still may be seen at Lenington, Lunenburg, Newbury and Windsor. The last, with a 460-foot, two-span stretch, is New England's longest covered bridge. It is also the oldest bridge across the Connecticut, completed in 1866, only a few months before Bedell's bridge upstream at South Newbury.

Railroads leaped the river barrier with thirteen bridges, eleven of them still being in use. A unique railroad bridge stands at Bellows Falls, a 280-foot two-span stone arch built in 1899 by A. S. Cheever.

Modern construction came to the area in 1905 when Joseph R. Worcester designed and erected the 540-foot steel arch bridge at Bellows Falls (shown opposite), still one of the longest of its type in America. Other impressive Connecticut crossings are the soaring, massive steel Samuel Morey Memorial bridge at Fairlee-Orford, and a similar one on the Keene road out of Brattleboro. The northernmost interstate span, at Beecher Falls, in 1931 won a merit award for beauty in its class.

In this same year the rocks where Enoch Hale first built became the site of a fourth bridge, a reinforced concrete structure. State officials fully expected to foot the bills, but to their surprise the entire $70,000 cost was donated by an individual, Charles N. Vilas of Alstead, N. H.

From toll bridges to outright gifts, from wooden trusses to steel girders and concrete arches, the bridges of the Connecticut have served the valley well. END

Richard Sanders Allen

CONNECTICUT WATERSHED COUNCIL

IN two centuries of settlement the Connecticut progressed from a pure, mighty river to one badly polluted much of its length, where flood damage yearly averaged $6 million, where four and a half million acres of forest and farm land were ravaged.

A main effort to turn this tide came in 1952 when, with Congress approving, four New England states formed the Connecticut River Watershed Council. The first work was to implement the U.S. building of flood control dams on the river's upper tributaries. By agreement Massachusetts and Connecticut, worst hurt by floods, reimburse Vermont and New Hampshire for 90 percent of taxes lost in the land taken for dams.

Great strides have come in eight years, especially in new flood dams and lessened pollution. The Council goes further—seeking to improve soil resources, helping forest and wildlife growth and recreation. A major goal is one day to see the Connecticut's water as pure at its mouth as when it first emerges from its northern lakes.
Power generation, farming and forests are the keys to the Valley's economic life. Here at twilight is the Wilder Dam near Hanover, fine beef cattle on the Peaslee Farm at Guildhall, and the vanishing breed of rivermen loggers at Groveton.
This is the Ox-Bow Country near Newbury (left) and the fertile bottom land, the Coos, where Indians lived before the whites.

The Valley is a travel route of many kinds. Men and mail sacks await the down train at Wells River and at White River Junction.
Bow and arrow fishing is practiced near Brattleboro.

Route 5 near Windsor provides pleasant views for cyclists.

Steam navigation, now for fun, on the setback from Vernon Dam.
Down the scenic, tree-bordered river near Wells River comes a party of canoers. They are from one of the many boys' and girls' camps in the Valley.

Small town life, reflected everywhere, flows on steadily.
Boaters and fishermen above Bradford, hidden behind trees to the south, float in one of the Connecticut's more familiar and ingratiating settings. Distantly, where the canoe is seen, the river turns left and swings in a loop toward Bradford.
URING the last few years a quiet migration of first-rate craftsmen and women has been flowing into Vermont, looking for pleasant homes and peaceful studios away from metropolitan pressures. Frequently they bring with them notable reputations in the larger world, and much experience in showing their work as well as in creating it.

Because these artists have come from away they have tended to work in isolation, maintaining their previous marketing and exhibition contacts. This past year, however, a movement has been growing which involves them more deeply with the indigenous craftsmen of the state, many of whom are already active in the Society of Vermont Craftsmen and the Vermont Handicrafters, Inc. These organizations put on the craft fairs at Shelburne and St. Johnsbury each year. They are both a sales outlet, and the sponsors of several craft fairs and of the interesting program of summer courses at Fletcher Farm in Proctorsville.

In November 1959 the Allied Craftsmen of Vermont made its appearance with a well-attended conference at Rutland. This new organization is allied with the American Craft Council, the leading craft group in the country, whose sales outlet is America House in New York City and whose fine products are also shown at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York. This move will bring Vermont workers in every field into the main stream of craft activity and should do much to raise standards of design and to expand markets.

Plans made at Rutland for 1960 included a media conference in March, an exhibit on woodworking at the Fleming Museum in Burlington and a design conference later in the spring with awards for good craft design. In late July—24th to 31st—Vermont’s first juried craft show will be held, open to all the state’s craftsmen. This show will be sponsored jointly by the Stowe Area Association and the Stowe Artists-Craftsmen, and will be held, naturally enough, in Stowe, which is fast becoming a year-round recreation center and the home of many fine craftsmen as well as an internationally known ski resort.

Some of those who have been involved in planning and stirring up interest in this new group are Helen Bekscherhoff, Stowe silversmith, Nancy Wickham Boyd, Woodstock potter, J. Lynwood Smith of Shelburne, one of the pioneers in Vermont’s craft movement, and Ruth Coburn of the Division of Arts and Crafts of the State Department of Education. Also Louella C. Schroeder of East Montpelier, who has exhibited her jewelry at several museums and who, with Martha R. Price, opened The Craft Shop at Molly’s Pond this summer, and Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb of Shelburne, an active long-time member of the American Craft Council.

Vermont’s many excellent workers in varied craft fields should all find something to their benefit and interest in closer alliance with the high standards in arts and crafts that newcomers to our state represent, and through them with the national craft movement.

Cooking, except for the making of unusual preserves, pickles, jellies, fruit cakes and the inevitable and delicious maple sugar, does not come precisely under the heading of arts and crafts, yet to my mind it is a skill requiring as much, at least, of imagination and creativity as all the rest. That the results are so ephemeral is not to the craft’s discredit. In fact, it is only a truly dedicated craftswoman who can cheerfully create each day what is to be immediately consumed, who is, indeed, downcast if consumption is not swift and fervent.

A cookbook, then is as valuable a guide to an art as a treatise on woodworking or ceramics. For the young bride about to unpack her Revere ware and tremblingly turn out the first of several thousand meals, the choice of cookbooks is bewildering. There are those written chiefly to be read, that give the jaundiced housekeeper’s spirit the same sort of lift as a new hat, but one can hardly start one’s cooking career with such heady fare, long on charm but short on practicality.

Nor does one wish to cook perpetually with a southern or an Italian accent, so regional and national works are for later, more experienced use. Even those massive volumes covering all possible emergencies, from feeding an invalid to an ambassador, are more intimidating than helpful. What is most needful is a good neighbor to guide, stimulate and encourage one, standing by one’s elbow at the stove to say “don’t boil the chicken for chicken pic, simmer it—keep your pancake batter overnight and it will be much better the second morning” and other useful hints.

Such a neighbor is Elsie Masterton, whose Blueberry Hill Cookbook is the fruit of her recent years as cook and hostess at Blueberry Hill Farm. Elsie learned to cook because she had to, as many of us do. She is temperamentally prompted by curiosity and daring to try new combinations; she respects good workmanship and practices it. Elsie has certain prejudices that not all of her read-

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ers might share. She is daft about sour cream and pours lashings of it into everything, from soup to dessert. (Try her sour cream sauce on sponge cake with hot blueberry jam, for a taste treat.) She is perhaps overfond of cornstarch, which makes sauces stand up but tastes, alas, like cornstarch. But she has a lively feeling for the natural goodness of vegetables, cooked and in salads. Her soups and main dishes are inventive and challenging, yet never sound too complicated. She knows that one of the secrets of good cooking is constant attention to detail, precision and making up small batches at a time.

Let someone like Elsie guide your first faltering steps around your kitchen and you will soon be turning out spectacular desserts and feather-light baking powder biscuits. Or will you? Elsie reserves no tricks of ingredient, technique or utensil. Yet you must match her light touch and solicitous skill, qualities which do not come ready packaged. You must care for what you are doing and for the people you are feeding.

Blueberry Hill cookery is not, and is not claimed to be, Vermont style. Rather it is ladies-magazine-gourmet-international. To find old-style traditional Vermont dishes when one eats out these days is not easy. Most travelers know such elegant hostleries as Woodstock's White Cupboard Inn, Middlebury's Dog Team Tavern and Stowe's Smuggler's Notch Inn. But have you tasted maple pecan pie at the Windridge Bakery in Jeffersonville, where the delirious odor of freshly-baked bread sharpens the appetite, the ovens operating right in the restaurant?

The Little House in Northfield serves New England specialties prepared with imagination and care. Anadama bread is always available, to eat on the spot or to take home. The Nelson House in Newport provides excellent uncomplicated meals with tasty home-made pickles and relishes.

There is a durable American legend that truck-drivers have superior palates and truck-stops superior food. It is true just often enough to be worth a try. The Wayside Restaurant between Barre and Montpelier has a classical menu which features such hard-to-find dishes as creamed chipped beef and creamed codfish, and a wealth of pies, uniformly delicious. Bill's Restaurant, south of Bradford on Route 5 is laboratory-clean, its helpings lavish, its service solicitous. There must be many other small unnoticed enterprises that provide equally good food at modest prices. I should like to hear about those in other areas that readers have found trustworthy.

End

Mystery Picture

NUMBER 14

The first correct location of this pastoral scene, postmarked after midnight, May 23d, will receive one of Vermont Life's special awards. Please use postal cards.

Winner of our Spring issue contest, which pictured a derrick at the Roxbury marble quarry (as seen from Rte 12A until removed recently) was Marjorie Parsons, Winsted, Conn.
OF ALL modern conveniences the telephone is my favorite. I would rather carry water from a well and heat it for my bath than do without a telephone. I could give up aeroplanes, automobiles, dishwashers, cake mixers, frozen foods; I could live without electricity and light my evenings by lamp and candleglow, but I cannot live without a telephone. I bless the day Alexander Graham Bell was born and believe his birthday should be celebrated as an international holiday.

Therefore, the one thing I objected to about the house I bought in Vermont was the telephone system.

In the directory, below the town’s name, one line read, “Mrs. Lansing, Proprietor.”

I had never heard of a telephone company being owned by a single person. I assumed all belonged to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

When I asked about Mrs. Lansing I found the townspeople were not particularly interested in her. All I learned was that she was a widow, slightly cracked, and old, very old. Her voice, abrupt, querulous, with the creak of a long idle hinge, had already told me that. As no one seemed to know much about her I concluded she was one of those people in my new village whose contemporaries long since slumbered in the churchyard under glistening birch trees and sighing pines, and about whom the younger generation knew nothing at all. She had become a nebulous figure, neither alive nor dead, simply part of a machine that came to life when a crank was turned.

“How does a woman happen to own a telephone company?” I asked Roy, the handyman.

“Inherited it from her husband.” He was momentarily distracted from the subject by alternately petting Rosie, my black dachshund, and Patsy, a poodle groomed in the latest New York fashion. Eventually he got back to Mrs. Lansing.

“Her old man put up the poles and wires more than fifty years ago. Then he wanted to sell out, but the New England Telephone Company wouldn’t take over.”

“Why not?”

“Figured there ain’t enough people livin’ here to make it worth while. Wires stretched all over the countryside. Now Mrs. Lansing can do anything she pleases with the telephone, because if it wasn’t for her there wouldn’t be any phone here at all.”

My telephone, of a type used at the turn of the century, with a bell loud as a burglar alarm, golden oak with a pad and elbow shelf, jutted from the kitchen wall. The mouthpiece seemed to extend itself, whenever it saw me coming, to take a swipe at my head. I thought with nostalgia of the quiet, trim dial set I had left behind in New York. Yet, I
did not mind the bumps I received, nor the neighborliness of twelve fellow members on the party line. By picking up the receiver at wrong signals, until I learned my own ring, and not returning it immediately to the hook upon the command, “Get off the line, it’s busy,” I sometimes heard astonishing gossip.

But the choice morsels of Vermont morals spread over the wires did not compensate for having the phone shut off punctually at nine every evening. There was no question about the interpretation of the word “punctual.” Not a minute was given or taken. Service did not resume until the following morning at six, when the bell sounded like an impatient carillon.

“Don’t you hate to have your phones shut off at nine o’clock?” I asked Roy.

“We don’t mind. Otherwise the women would be talkin’ all night. We’re kind of glad there ain’t no ringin’ when we want to sleep.”

In addition to the nightly shut down, silence fell during the hours from twelve to two on Sundays and holidays. During these forbidden hours neither outgoing nor incoming calls were accepted. The bells could ring without cease throughout the night and Sunday dinner. Mrs. Lansing was not moved. I was told she would answer during those times only in case of fire or emergency.

“Who determines the emergency?” I asked Roy, town crier as well as handyman.

“Oh she’s smaht, she can tell. It’s a feelin’ or somethin’ I guess. Or maybe just the habit of listenin’ in at the right times.”

I wondered whether I belonged in a community so simple that people retired at nine and rose at six, and left emergencies to the instinct of an ancient switchboard operator. I also wondered why a Vermont township, which, I had been told, would sooner obey a local than a state or federal law, put up with such a dictatorship. Who was this woman that held such extraordinary power?

Having been accepted as much as any summer resident can expect to be accepted in an unfashionable New England town, I was piqued that Mrs. Lansing held out against me. But I was increasingly curious about her.

On a day when the sweet scent of lilacs, the splendor of shining new leaves on maple trees, and the candles of young growth on pines in the pasture gave me confidence to face whatever life would bring, even Mrs. Lansing, I cranked the handle of the telephone. After a time the curt voice answered.

“I’m going to drive past your house, Mrs. Lansing. May I call?”

“No. I’m sorting out dahlias.”

“Oh. Your bulbs aren’t in?”

“Ain’t time for them. Besides they’re corms, not bulbs.”

The beautiful day, so benign to my feelings had not had a like effect on Mrs. Lansing.

Several years passed in which I learned to mend my telephone manners. I resorted to counting ten, as I had been taught as a child, whenever I felt the need to control my temper. In the meantime I never saw Mrs. Lansing, and for me too she became part of the instrument which connected our town with the outside world. I still wondered about her. For it was not only my personal aggravation of the inability to phone after 9 P.M. but also the frustration of friends calling me, who were politely told at the main office in White River Junction that the local switchboard was closed for the night, which ground away my patience. “I must get through!” a friend might say.

“Do you mean a case of life or death?”

“No, it isn’t. But it is important.”

The answer was always, “Sorry, sir,” or madam, as the case might be.

Friends’ train reservations were given to other passengers because they could not be confirmed from my home. Appointments could not be kept or cancelled for lack of verification. Often the ancient wall instrument was out of order. Once when I asked the repairman what I could do to get better service, he advised me to do nothing.

“Why not?”

“Because she’s been known to remove a telephone when a client annoys her.”

After that I decided to placate Mrs. Lansing. Perhaps a visit would help. Perhaps my voice was not one that appealed to her. Seeing me might improve our relations. This time I did not ask for permission, but at the last minute a small part of my courage ebbed, and I took Rosie and Patsy along. If I can’t win Mrs. Lansing perhaps you can, I thought, fastening their leads,

I stopped at the old house with the slanting roof, which I had passed so many times. The lawn was tidy and anyone could see the owner loved flowers, for pink hollyhocks leaned against worn clapboards, and marigolds, small suns of yellow, dotted the side of a path, a lone madonna lily towered elegantly over humbler blossoms.

I knocked at the door. Again and again. No one answered. I peered through the bare window. Lights flashed on the switchboard, a sustained buzz of ringing came through the screen. The operator’s chair was empty. Turning to leave I glanced toward the garden. A bramble of rose vines climbed in disorderly fashion over a wooden
fence. Behind it a farmer’s straw hat bobbed up, bobbed
down. Presently its wearer appeared through the gate and
approached me slowly.

I was asked, “Who are you?”

There was no mistaking the voice. It was Mrs. Lan­
sing’s. Sweater and skirt hung from her shoulders like a
dress on a cleaner’s hanger. There was no apparent body
between front and back folds. And yet a neck, long and
shrivelled, rising from a ravelled collar supported a face,
shrunk as a head-hunter’s trophy. Below the hemline
two formless sticks, legs, in twisted black stockings
pocked with holes as if shrapnel had struck them, met a
pair of Victorian high-laced shoes.

I introduced myself. Mrs. Lansing’s expression became
one of recognition if not of welcome. My eyes brushed
away the wrinkles of her skin, and the features I found
were a turned-up nose, and eyes so deepset and dark I
could not tell their color, a smile as firmly graven as on
archaic Greek statues. The human being’s gentle appear­
ance seemed unrelated to the irritable voice I heard daily.
It must have been a lovely young face, I thought as she
moved away from me, the features though warped by time
are still good, the jaw-line is firm, not indistinct with
wattles. Yes, I thought, that set jaw-line is what continues
to give us our special brand of obsolete telephone service.

While I sentimentalized over Mrs. Lansing’s youth and
bone structure, she turned her back on me and shut the
door in my face. I was left, standing like a fool, holding
the leads of two dogs who would probably rather have
stayed at home and slept in the shade. As I began to count
ten Mrs. Lansing called through the screen door: “Ain’t
you coming in?”

I was as pleased as if the doors to the White House had
been opened to me.

“Don’t bring the dogs in. My cat wouldn’t like them.”

I put them in the car, while Mrs. Lansing watched
gravely.

“Funny looking, ain’t they?” she remarked.

It did not seem the time for me to say I did not think so.

“I don’t like that flat black one,” she continued. “The
fluffy one with the grey pants is quite cute. What’s her
name, or his? I can’t see the sex from here.”

“Her name is Patsy.”

I was glad Rosie could not hear the slur upon her looks.
Yet thanks to Patsy’s full feathered legs and shining paws,
hers sleek grey back, her tail held straight as a periscope,
the pompon on her head set smartly as a grenadier’s
helmet, we seemed to be making headway.

In a minute I was in the house and the layout of the
Telephone Company, and the local dictator’s home, was
spread before me. On a table in a low ceiled room,
bulbs, corms, stockings, laundry, apples, mail order cata-
logues, yellowing newspapers, perched like acrobats upon
each other. On the peak of the intricate pyramid a tabby
slept, limp paws hanging over the edge of a National
Geographic Magazine of ripe vintage, the tip of her tail
quivering happily in sleep. Though the window was open
and the air beyond was fresh with summer, the age of the
house, the years of captive cooking odors, hung heavily
over all.

My visit was over before it began. Mrs. Lansing went
into an anteroom, seated herself at a rolltop golden oak
desk, oblivious of me and the sound of the switchboard’s
ringing. She did not ask me to sit down, for the only other
seating arrangement in the room was an open toilet, con-
veniently placed beside her desk.

“Goodbye,” she said, as if I had announced my de­
parture. Automatically I repeated “goodbye” and left.

After that visit the service grew appreciably worse.
Seeing me personally was the final blow to our relation.
More silent hours seemed to be added to the schedule, and
the sound of my ring grew angrier and more impatient.

On a Saturday, soon after the end of the war, I received
a cable from Paris, asking me to be home on Sunday in
order to receive a telephone call. Sunday came. Eleven
o’clock. Eleven thirty. No call. Shortly before twelve I
became alarmed. The phone was due to shut off in a few
minutes. I hastily cranked the handle.

“Mrs. Lansing, I am expecting a call from Paris . . .”

“I know.”

“That’s right, you read the cable to me. You will break
the rules this one time, won’t you, and let the call come
through in spite of the Sunday noon shut-off?”

“No.”

“Please, please! People don’t spend money on trans-
Atlantic telephone calls just to gossip. This must be urgent.

"If I did it for you, I'd have to for others."

"Please, Mrs. . . ."

The clocks chimed noon, and she hung up. The call did not come that day. Monday she laconically, and I thought with malice, read me another cable: "Tried to phone yesterday but couldn't get through at noon."

"You see! That was your fault!"

I was torn between tears and applying physical violence to Mrs. Lansing's person. In the end I wrote what I considered a masterpiece in the cause of freedom of communication. I berated the United States government for allowing so important a utility as a telephone to be privately owned. I posted the letter to the Federal Board of Communication in Washington.

Eventually the Board got to my letter, and the reply I received politely referred me to the Department of Communications of Vermont. I rewrote my letter and posted it to Montpelier. This time the answer came so quickly that if I had not seen the stamp on the envelope I would have thought a messenger had brought it personally. The official reply was that Vermont had no right or desire to interfere with the regulations of the local Telephone Company. The inference in the succeeding paragraph was that I had tried to undermine the Federal Constitution by proposing socialization for the State of Vermont.

I had to comfort myself with the hope that lightning would strike Mrs. Lansing's house, or that she would soon rest with her husband in the quiet village cemetery. When I learned that she had fallen very ill I remained unmoved, and regretted the next health bulletin which announced her splendid recovery. I dreaded the time when the special assistant, who had taken over during the emergency, would be removed.

But then the time came for Patsy to whelp, and I temporarily forgot my feud with Mrs. Lansing.

Medical care for animals has reached so high a point of efficiency that it seems a vet is apt to come quicker to a dog patient than a doctor to a human being. In New York I was accustomed to immediate house-care for my dogs. Now in the country often a first aid course taken in high school, plus the dependable cure of whiskey and aspirin for every dog illness, had to suffice until the local veterinarian arrived. He attended more important animals in the scheme of Vermont's economy—cows, pigs and horses—than chic city poodles and spoiled dachshunds.

A birch's first whelping can be difficult and as I counted off the days to Patsy's confinement I thought I had better alert Dr. Johnson. I stopped at his home and he promised to be available both day and night.

"Watch her. Walk with her," he said. "Be calm."

Instructions no different from those given a pregnant woman. His attitude was one of serenity in the face of a quite ordinary event. I went back to checking the days.

On the sixty-first Patsy grew restless. Though I had once before attended a whelping dog I was not calm. Patsy's agitated search for the proper place to have her puppies took on an alarming form of desperation and bewilderment. Her groans of pain, as faint as she could politely make them, accompanied by an apologetic look in her eyes as if she hated to bother me, were heartrending.

Watch her, walk with her. But she did not want to walk. She who had sprinted across the meadows as agile as a deer pursued, could not drag her cumbersome body without pain. In the house she hid in a closet, rose, crept under a bed. Out of doors she sought the protection of my shadow, any shadow, shunned the brilliant sunshine, until she found sanctuary beneath the lowest bough of a pine tree. All day long from one place to another. Dr. Johnson came in the afternoon, said it would be a while before actual whelping began. Patsy's frantic search continued.

The peepers on the still pond below the house sent their melancholy song upward, a May breeze lightly stirred the maple leaves. In the waning light Patsy's extended shape merged with the darkness as I guided her, now walking with effort, to the safety of the house. There her restless wandering ceased. She lay against the corner of the living room wall, and closed her eyes wearily. She no longer looked to me for help. She needed someone, something, far beyond my love and capabilities. She lay so still, her breathing so quiet, that I thought she was dying. I ran to the kitchen phone. As I cranked the handle I saw the clock on the electric stove. Ten P.M. One hour after closing time. What if Mrs. Lansing did not answer? I would have to drive for the doctor. If I did, the small dog, so urgently in need of help, would be alone for an hour.

But Mrs. Lansing did reply. When I gasped: "Please get me Dr. Johnson's number . . ."

"He isn't home now," she said quickly. "I know where I can get him. Go back to your dog." If I had tried to thank her, only a sob would have come from my throat.

Soon Dr. Johnson was at the door. When I saw his work-roughened hands, accustomed to the feel of big
bones and masses of animal flesh, tenderly examine Patsy, not the smart poodle Mrs. Lansing had admired a year ago, but a mass of tangled grey fur, confidence returned to me. Patsy would not die after all.

And then the telephone bell rang. In the six years I had lived in that house it had only rung after nine o’clock to give a fire alarm. Yet this ring was not a fire alarm. It was my ring.

“How’s it going?” Mrs. Lansing asked.

I said Patsy was whelping and that she was in good hands now. Mrs. Lansing ignored my words of gratitude to her.

“Tell the doc I’ll call him at your number if anyone else wants him.”

When I returned to the living room I asked Dr. Johnson: “How do you suppose she knew this was an emergency? I’ve tried to call you before in the night without receiving any answer from her switchboard.”

“I guess she just knows.”

The next morning Mrs. Lansing phoned again. “How is she now?”

“Terribly tired. She had a hard time.”

“How many puppies?”

“Three lived, one died.”

The line seemed to go dead, so I repeated the number of puppies.

“I heard you the first time. Dogs or bitches?”

I told her one bitch and two dogs. Again there was silence, but I did not dare hang up. Eventually Mrs. Lansing said, “I’d like to see that little dog’s puppies. What do they look like?”

“Shiny ripples of black fur without beginning or end. Shall I come for you today or tomorrow?”

“Wait until I call you.”

The puppies’ tails were cropped, their eyes opened, they looked like miniature black bears, as they hastened about tasting the first pleasure of movement on legs, before Mrs. Lansing again asked to see them. She had been ill. This time I was glad when she recovered and resumed her work at the switchboard. I even looked forward to seeing her again.

As on my previous visit there was no reply when I knocked at her door. The switchboard was unattended. I went into the garden to look for Mrs. Lansing.

“You’re early,” she snapped. “I was going to pick some flowers for you. Now I won’t.”

She had changed much in appearance, was more blanched than before. She seemed taller because she was thinner, and she looked light as a milkweed seed in flight. It was hard for her to get into my car, yet she pushed me away when I tried to help her.

“I don’t need help.”

In the car she sat straight, as if leaning back would be painful.

“I’d forgotten how far away your house is,” she remarked as we drove along. Yet it was less than a mile from her home to mine.

I let the puppies out on the lawn. Straight and white as a birch tree Mrs. Lansing towered above them. They tugged so hard at the laces of her shoes that I stood ready to catch her if she should lose her balance.

“Damn cute,” she said at last. “Let me have one.” She held it to her cheek. “Soft as a kitten.” A pink tongue shot out and washed her face. “Tongue’s softer than a kitten’s, not like sandpaper.”

“Come into the house for tea.”

“After I’ve looked at the garden.”

It was a slow inspection, each foot set forward was put down with an effort. When she came to the roses I volunteered a few names.

“I don’t care what they’re called.”

In the house she drank tea but she would not eat. All the while she sipped her eyes strayed about the room. Now and again she nodded, not to me, but as if agreeing with some thought she had. After she set the cup on the table her gnarled fingers, twisted with arthritis, ironed the folds of her faded cotton dress in accompaniment to her nodding.

“Now when I lie awake at night,” she said at last, “I won’t have to imagine where things are in your house and garden. I know where you eat and read, and where your flowers grow. I didn’t think the roses would be so beautiful.”

Until that moment I did not know she had the slightest curiosity about me.

The last time I saw her she was in the hospital. The red roses I brought seemed blatant in their bright color as they lay on the white counterpane held by her hands, so transparent of skin and patterned with blue veins.

Again my visit was over before it began.

“Thank you for the flowers. You can go now. I want to be fresh for my next guests.”

The nurse told me there were always people waiting to see her.

The Telephone Company has passed out of the hands of Mrs. Lansing’s distant relatives who inherited it. It belongs to another private owner. He threatens to put in a dial system. So far we have held out against it. I still have my wall telephone. An antique dealer asked me to sell it to him should I get a new one. I have a number all my own and if I had a mind to I could talk twenty-four hours a day. I don’t want to. I rarely use the telephone after nine o’clock.

END
SKIN DIVING

TIME was when all it took to go swimming was a bathing suit and the desire. Now, thousands throughout the country are donning masks, flippers, snorkles and underwater breathing gear (known as Scubas). Equipped so, and with a little know-how and practice, anyone can join the schools of swimmers who are active in one of the fastest growing sports, skin diving.

Vermont’s main nucleus of skin diving enthusiasts is in the Lake Champlain area, where a group of about twenty has been sounding the depths for the past five years. They are the Lake Champlain Reef Runners.

Text and Photographs by HANSON CARROLL
Ancient cannon balls brought from the bottom of Lake Champlain, and now in the Shelburne Museum. The small ones, weighing about 15 pounds, are most common. The large ones are about 75 pounds.

Since spear fishing is not allowed in the lake, the Reef Runners spend much of their time searching for historical relics. Champlain is excellent for this type of diving. Old bottles, cannon balls, anchors and ship timbers are popular items sought.

The group also has formed a rescue squad for recovering drowning victims and valuable items lost in the lake. In their five-year history they have come up with every-

Turtle Mayhood finds an ancient bottle.
A group heads for a small rowboat which will take them out to a larger inboard motor boat. The equipment carried by each man weighs about 75 pounds. The tank and weight belt are the heaviest pieces.

Chico Kanis and Bill Donenges play with a curious catfish.
Just off Valcour Island an old bottle is brought to Turtle Mayhood for inspection. Really old bottles are determined by: round bottoms (lying sideways keeps the cork wet), seam marks along sides, small air bubbles throughout the glass.

Club president Jerry Donovan excitedly pulls up a find... "historical"? No... an old plank! Divers have discovered old timbers which have been confirmed as being beams from the first steamer, the "Vermont," built in 1808, and a beam believed to be from Benedict Arnold's fleet. These are now in the Shelburne Museum.

The price of the Scuba equipment has come down considerably in the past few years. Today a diver can be fully equipped with an hour's air supply for about $200. This includes a good mask, flippers, weight belt, tank and a good, heavy wet suit. With such a suit it is possible to dive the year around.

But you don't need a tank to enjoy yourself diving. Simply by using a mask, flippers and snorkle (and a suit if the water is cold), you can enjoy diving in shallow water. Only a few of Champlain's underwater discoveries are limited to Scuba divers.

Much of a lake's history lies on its bottom, and finding it is one of the many rewards for the diver, who silently explores the past in a weightless and quiet world.
Ancient Vermont home remedies and nutritional lore have been sweeping the nation the last 27 months. Much of it is based upon the old hayfield refresher, switchel. Unlikely as this fact is, more so is the man who is behind it.

DeForest Jarvis is a long-time country doctor, coming from a fifth-generation Vermont family, a general practitioner of sound professional standing, and a man whose quiet manner is unruffled by the furore his writing success has produced.

In his forty-odd years of practice in the hill country around Barre, Dr. Jarvis became increasingly intrigued by the many folk remedies he happened upon. He began jotting down notes on the things his older patients told him—their beliefs about health and diet.

Then, a few years ago, New York publisher Henry Holt asked if the doctor would be interested in writing a book on Vermont folk medicine. This offered him a chance, Dr. Jarvis says, to see that this lore “would not
be lost, but would be available to succeeding generations of Vermonters.” But it has gone a lot farther than that.

*Folk Medicine* appeared modestly in early 1958, but it grew steadily, to the surprise of Dr. Jarvis and everyone else. It became a persistent best-seller. More than a quarter-million copies had been sold by the first of this year, and the end was nowhere in sight.

*Folk Medicine* outlines factually the methods which back-country Vermonters had tried, over several generations, in the fields of nutrition and home remedies. The lore is based upon the use of natural and unprocessed foods, with special emphasis upon the therapeutic values of honey and apple cider vinegar. *Switchel*, as old-time Vermonters know, was for 200 years a standard hayfield

Opposite—Dr. Jarvis chats with Raymond Bisson about the effects of vinegar on cattle. Generally the cows were healthier in every way.

Dr. Jarvis gives Mrs. Bertha O'Keefe an eye test in his office. He specializes in eyes, ears, nose and throat.
thirst-quencher and pick-me-up. It was made from vinegar and water with honey, or sometimes with maple syrup or molasses, and a little ginger for flavoring.

Being a best-selling author hasn’t changed Dr. Jarvis’s quiet friendliness, nor materially his daily life. He is now nearing eighty, and the new volume of correspondence and the increasing number of visitors has forced him to curtail his office hours somewhat. But he is still to be found fitting glasses (a specialty), attending to his practice and finding time for his hobbies, among these the fashioning of intricate jewelry. He plays the ‘cello and, for 22 years, managed a local children’s orchestra.

“The Green Mountains teach one of the permanence of nature,” Dr. Jarvis says. This, he feels, is a strong part of Vermonters’ inheritance. Bound in with this heritage, he says, is “a folk medicine that has been developed during the past 200 years.

“It consists of a collection of remedies that have come into use by the trial and error method of research. Vermonters with inquiring and analytical minds, who also have curiosity, imagination and inventiveness, have worked out this collection of folk remedies. If a new remedy continued to produce successful results it was added to the collection. If it did not it was soon forgotten.

“These Vermont folk remedies represent our medical inheritance,” Dr. Jarvis asserts. He presents them not as a handbook of cure-alls. “They are safe remedies,” he says, “for if they do not do any good, they will not do any harm.”
The foods most recommended by Dr. Jarvis, in this arrangement, are: apple cider vinegar, seaweed (kelp), fish, honey, corn and apples.

Working with small pieces of polished granite, Dr. Jarvis experiments with two units to see what new item he might make.
ON A HILLSIDE in Monkton, Vermont, storm-battered and neglected but still bearing fruit, stands what may be the world's largest living apple tree. General opinion indicates it is a "Ben Davis." The Vermont Kaolin Corporation has been exploring the Monkton hills in search of kaolin (porcelain clay) of a quantity and quality to merit commercial development. In the course of these explorations, their General Manager, Willis P. Mould, discovered a king-sized apple tree—the largest he had ever seen. To his amazement, this was dwarfed by an even larger one nearby.

With an engineer's curiosity he measured the tree to see just how large it really was. The oval-shaped trunk turned out to be 42 inches in diameter through the narrow part and an even four feet the long way. It is 11' 2" in circumference. With the dimensions recorded and his curiosity satisfied—for the time being—he turned his energies to the more pressing problems of completing the survey and getting the kaolin processing plant built and into operation.

The site selected for the plant turned out to be near where the tree was growing. Consequently, it was impossible to ignore its being there. Mr. Mould decided it might be interesting to see what would happen if he started claiming that the tree really was the largest in the world. After all, it did stand on the lands of Urana and Leighton Barnum and the Barnum family had not only given its name to nearby Barnumtown but also, back in Connecticut, had given the world a pretty fair showman by the name of Phineas T. Barnum.

It seemed only fitting to proceed in the tradition of the mighty "P. T." so cautiously at first and then with increasing enthusiasm, Mr. Mould began to spread the word that this was indeed the world's largest apple tree. He admits that his original plan was intended to stir up some controversy and to provide fun in the process. The plan back-fired. Instead of counter-claims he finds people are agreeing with him. Now he is about convinced that it really is the largest apple tree. At least it is until someone comes up with a bigger one.
SUMMER EVENTS

NOTE: All dates are inclusive. This data was compiled last winter, so is subject to change, and not complete. Write us for a supplementary free list.

CONTINUING EVENTS

May 31-Sept. 5: Barre—Granite quarry tours
May 31-Sept. 5: Green Mt. Nat. forest areas
May 31-Sept. 5: Vt. State Park Areas
June-August: Burton—Fleming Mus.
June 15-Aug. 31: Putney—Daylily Show
June 20—July 23: Northfield—Norwich School
June 20—Aug. 16: Burlington—U.V.M. School
June 25-Sept. 5: Manchester—So. Vt. Art Ctr.
June 28-Aug. 20: Plainfield—Camp Winooksi
June 29-Aug. 13: Middlebury—Breadloaf
July 4-Aug. 26: Ludlow—Craft School
July 1-Aug. 31: Calais—Kent Tavern Museum
July 1-Aug. 18: Middlebury—Lang School
Aug. 1-Sept. 3: Northfield—Summer School
Aug. 1-28: Burlington—Shakespearean Festival
Aug. 17-Aug. 31: Middlebury—Breadloaf Writers Conference

RECURRING EVENTS

May 31-Sept. 5: Newfane—Museum (Sundays and Holidays) 5:30-5:50
une-Sept.: So. Woodstock—Photog. Schools
une 30-Sept. 4: Weston—Weston Playhouse (Thurs.—Sun. 8:30, Sat. Mat. 3)
une-Aug.: Lake Bomoseen—Sailing (Sundays)
une 23-Sept. 5: Dorset—Caravan Theatre (Thurs.—Sun.)
une 29—Aug. 31: Brattleboro—Band Concerts, Block Dances (Wednesdays)
July 1-early Aug.: Burlington—Lane Concerts Series
July 4—Sept. 5: Woodstock—Theater (Mondays, 8:30)
July-Aug.: Lake Dunmore—Lightning Races (Saturdays) Lake Dunmore—Handicap Races (Sundays)
July-Aug.: Stowe—Craft Demons. (Saturdays)
July 2—Aug. 7: Mariboro—Concerts (Saturdays, Sundays), Pablo Casals, guest artist
July 3—Aug. 28: Plainfield—Music and Art Center (Sundays)
July—3—Sept. 4: Manchester—Arts festival, Sundays

SPECIAL EVENTS

July 25—27: Hardwick—Tulip Festival
une 3: Ryegate Corner—Concert, 8:30
une 11-12: Northfield—Norwich Comm.
une 18: Burlington—Circus
une 20-22: Burlington—4-H Club Conf.
une 21: Arlington—Flower Benefit
une 21-29: Burlington—Trinity workshop
une 23, 24, 25: Weathersfield—Antique show, Lunch, Turkey Dinner (Thurs., Fri.), 6
une 25-26: Burlington—Air show. Manchester—Sports Car races
une 25: Springfield—Alumni day
une 25: West Brattleboro—Village bazaar
une 30: St. Johnsbury—Socialist, 7
uly 1-4: Bristol—County fair
uly 2, 3, 4: Dorset—Tennis tournament
uly 2-9: So. Woodstock—Horsemanship clinic
uly 2-7: Sherburne—Grange celebration. Windham—Grange supper, 5:30-7:30
uly 3: Middlebury—Chamber Orch., 8:15
uly 4: Brattleboro—Community fireworks.
July 6: Georgia Ctr.—Bar-B-Que, auction, 5
uly 8: St. Johnsbury—Athenaeum day
uly 8, 9, 10: Brattleboro—Tennis champs
uly 9: Newfane—Horsemanship clinic.
uly 10: Springfield—Tennis tournament.
uly 10: Springfield—Golf champs.
Pomfret—Fair day. Danby—Tennis champs.
Brattleboro—Horsemanship clinic.
July 12: E.Craftsbury—Bazaar and Barn dance.
July 13: Morgan—Sugarcane on Snow supper.
Middlebury—Historic Houses Tour, 2-5
July 14: Manchester—Flower benefit. Danville—Bazaar and supper.
Cavendish—Chicken barbeque.
July 16: Burlington—Oakledge—Dog show
Theftord Ctr.—Old Home day
July 16-24: Londonderry—Art show. Westminister—Art show
July 16-17: Burlington—Horserace. Stowe—Sports car rally
July 17: Woodstock—State Pistol champs. Stowe—Dog show
July 19: Pittsford—Bazaar Supper
July 19-22: Manchester Ctr.—Antique show
July 20: Castleton—Colonial day. Irasburg—Community fair
July 21: Addison—Benefit auction
July 21-23: Barre—Sidewalk Art show
July 23: Brattleboro—Sidewalk Art show. Woodboro—A.Z. supper, 5:30-7:30
July 23-30: Stowe—Craft show
July 24: Prosper—Small bore match. Addison—D.A.R. So. Woodboro—Home day
July 26: Middlebury—Flower benefit
July 28: E. Corinth—Bazaar, Supper
July 29-30: Wallingford—Summer festival.
July 29, 30, 31: So. Woodstock—Horsemanship clinic.
Chelsea—Old Home days.
July 30: W. Woodboro—Lord’s auction.
Woodstock—Flora Market (Antiques)
Aug. 3-6: Woodstock—Antique show
Aug. 3-5: Newbury—Cracker Barrel bazaar
Aug. 4: Craftsbury Common—Easthills Players
Aug. 5: Greensboro—Easthills Players
Aug. 6: Essex—Historical Soc. meeting.
Aug. 6-7: Londonderry—Antique Car rally
Aug. 7: Gallup Mills—Old Home day, Rockingham—Meetinghouse pilgrimage, Irasburg—Old Home Sunday, Richmond—Round Church pilgrimage, Plymouth—Calvin Coolidge pilgrimage, Stannard—Home day.

Aug. 9: Randolph Ctr.—Yankeetown Music Festival
Aug. 10-20: So. Woodstock—Pony Club clinic
Aug. 11: Randolph Ctr.—Industries Field day
Aug. 11-12: Burlington—Street fair
Aug. 12-13: Lake Dunmore—Lumberjack Roundup, Stowe—Chamber orch., 8:30
Aug. 12, 13, 14: Bradford—Con. Valley expos.
Aug. 13: West—Art show (rain, Aug. 20)
E. Poultney—E. Poultney day, Marshfield—Festival day, Grafton—Male chorus.
Aug. 13, 14, 15: Grafton—Old Home Weekend
Aug. 13-20: St. Albans—Craft guild
Aug. 15-21: Wilmingston—Old Home week
Aug. 16: Craftsbury Common—Old Home day, Thetford Ctr.—Old Home day
Aug. 16-20: Stowe—Tennis tournament
Aug. 17-20: Randolph Ctr.—State 4-H day
Aug. 17-20: St. Johnsbury—Kiwani Carnival
Aug. 17-21: Orleans—Orleans County fair
Aug. 18-19: Cavendish—Sugar-on-Snow, 5:30
Aug. 19-21: Hartland—Hartland fair
Aug. 19: Woodstock—Church fair, supper
Aug. 20-Sept. 5: Manchester—SVA show
Aug. 21: Stratton—Old Home day
Aug. 24: Woodboro—Silver Tea, sale
Aug. 25-27: Lyndonville—Cal. County fair
Aug. 25-26: Springfield—Mikado, 8:30
Aug. 27-28: Lake Bomoseen—Sail Champs.
Aug. 31-Sept. 3: So. Woodstock—Trail rides
Sept. 1: E. Corinth—Chicken Pie Supper
Sept. 3-5: Dorset—Tennis tournament
Sept. 4: Warren—Old Home Day, dinner
Sept. 5: Rutland—Rutland fair. Sheffield—Field day