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Editor: Walter R. Hard, Jr.; Senior Editors: Ralph Nading Hill, Stephen Greene, Murray Hoyt; Contributing Editors: Janet Greene, Samuel R. Ogden; Design: Frank Lieberman; Circulation Manager: Peter W. Sykas; Office Manager: Douglas Bernardini; Photographic Consultant: Norman MacIver

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THE ABIDING PLEASURES OF

the September stream

by GEORGE B. GORDON

Photograph by HANSON CARROLL

IN SPRING, the Salmon Hole in the West River at Jamaica is full of the roar of rushing water, a dangerous place for a wading angler. In September it is a place of still water, equally beautiful and much safer. In May 1748, when Sergeant Heywood and his five fellow scouts stopped to shoot fish from the high east bank, the Hole must have rippled with Atlantic salmon. All we know is that short minutes later, six scalped bodies lay along the ledges at the water's edge, and a French and Indian raiding party went off into the pine woods, and into history. Another century, and the salmon, once found in every tributary of the Connecticut River, had disappeared into history too. Only the trout remained.

Today the brook trout of the upper West River are nearly gone, too, because of railroad and road construction, pollution, and the plow. But the brown trout of Europe stands "progress" better than our native fish. He came in with the hatchery trucks, to stay. The western rainbow, also stocked in this stream, was found unsuited to the river. But brook, brown or rainbow—all trout come well to the fly in September, and always will.

Early in September last year, “Big Wallace” Crowinshield came in his jeep to our mailbox, and I halted my wood splitting to talk with him. Big Wallace carries the news as well as the mail, but because we are both fly fishermen our talk that morning was concerned with brook trout in the Battenkill and rainbows in the gorge at Danby across the mountains. As the jeep began to roll again, Wallace stuck his head out for his usual last word. "Better try the Salmon Hole some afternoon," he said. "It's full of big browns. Nobody seems to be able to catch 'em." And so, later that day, I was on the high bank over the river looking down into the clear waters of the Salmon Hole.

As the afternoon went by, the sun dipped lower toward the crest of the mountain across the river. Blue shadows marched down the slope and began to fill the valley. Then a trout rose quietly in a spot of bright reflection on the still surface of the water, leaving a widening ring.

I rose from my boulder seat and waded out into the pool, straightening out 20 feet of fine leader with a series of false casts overhead. The tiny midge fly dropped softly near the center of the ring. My hand took in the slack ever so slowly as line, leader and floating fly went softly down the current. Then the fly was gone—and the rod in my other hand lifted and set the hook. The trout turned in a bulging wave and drove hard for the deep water down stream. The tight line cut like a knife edge across the quiet pool. The rod tip dipped to the water as the trout rolled among the rocks along the bottom. He came in against the bend of the rod, sending showers of red leaves in little waves that rolled and broke against my boot tops. He splashed once as the landing net went under him. Then I went back to wait for the next rise.

To be on lake or pond or river in bright morning or at sunset in September is to see and hear Vermont at her best. Blackflies and midges are gone with the first frost. Killdeer and sandpiper move along the water's edge. The thrushes are no longer singing, but there is still a sound of wings over the water as flocks of robins and flights of ducks gather to go South. Rounding a bend in the shoreline, one may see a great blue heron rising on ponderous wings, his long legs trailing against the sky.

As the afternoon went by, the sun dipped lower toward the crest of the mountain across the river. Blue shadows marched down the slope and began to fill the valley. Then a trout rose quietly in a spot of bright reflection on the still surface of the water, leaving a widening ring.

The fly fisherman wades quietly up the stream, watching the water for rising trout, caught in the rhythm of his own false casting as he dries his fly overhead. A dog barks and a door slams at a distant farmhouse. A truck rumbles along a far-away road. And at evening the lights come on, one by one, along the high valley slopes. All these are backdrops in an absorbing drama repeated day after day and season after season, in ever changing forms. The day ends in sunset. The season ends in the splendor of Autumn. Fall ends with white frost and whiter snow. But the angler, putting away his rods, looks ahead with never failing hope to a new Spring and another season, always waiting there in the wings.

AUTUMN 1964 • 3
Tunbridge's crowded little midway is a cross-section view of Vermonters having fun. Elsewhere carnival amusements vie with old-time square dancing and a farm people's interest in horses and young oxen.

the
VERMONTERS, a good many of them, still lead pretty quiet and hard-working lives from day to day. Tunbridge Fair, like the Mardi gras, is a real carnival holiday, an escape from convention and work for three days of eager and uninhibited fun and excitement.

Other people go to Tunbridge Fair, too, but it's mostly the real Vermonters, for this one time in the year out to have their own kind of fun.

The Union Agricultural Society has been running the Fair for many years now. Some decades past, it is reported, people found by mid-afternoon still sober were herded from the fairgrounds as undesirables. Times have changed, but the carnival spirit still runs rampant.
You'll notice the people at Tunbridge seem to be eating all the time. They are hungry, too, for the excitement and the color and the general relaxed enjoyment that the Fair provides. It's one of the few old-time fairs left in Vermont, or anywhere else for that matter.

While some like Bingo others would rather look at chickens or just sit awhile and visit.
To artist Tad Bailey the fascination of Tunbridge Fair is watching other people have fun. Visitors to the Fair are apt to wear outlandish get-ups, not at all like their workaday clothes, and the ladies aren’t excepted. But here at the Fair appearances don’t matter. Having a good time’s the thing—no matter how your feet hurt!
The kids! They’re all over the place, 
eyes full of wonder and their faces 
full of food. If it isn’t cotton candy 
it’s soda pop. 
Or a hot dog 
or pop corn, 
or a chocolate bar, 
or a hamburger—
anything to fill the aching void. 
Tunbridge belongs to the kids as 
much as it does to their elders. 
Most of them are sporting strange,
Fair-bought hats and caps, and 
always for the small ones there 
are balloons. 
With a small purse it’s hard to 
decide between all these treasures 
and some of the rides.
Tunbridge is a good place for a man to lean back and eye his fellow citizens. Sometimes it's hard to tell if he has his mind on a beer or a girl, but often enough he'll end up with both.

Representing the opposite pole—bored but aggressive—are the concessionaires and side-show barkers.
Games of chance flourish under the protecting canvas while other men, escaped from their consorts, eye a girlie show from a safe distance, or solemnly discuss the merits of tractors.
Fair-going can be dry work, and Tunbridge visitors attack the problem of dehydration in attitudes ranging from quiet euphoria (below) to free-ranging exuberance (above). Elsewhere, old skills, such as hand-shaving shingle "shakes," (below, left) hold viewers fascinated as the chips pile high.
There still are country people who like oxen enough to raise and train them just for the fun of it, and there are many more who like to watch them at the Fair testing their strength against other yokes in pulling weights.

A country fair isn't worth its salt, either, without harness racing, and the dirt oval at Tunbridge, even without pari-mutuel attractions, draws a full grandstand.

The World's Fair—Vermont's own—comes this year September 18, 19 and 20. Vermonters aren't too concerned with what new acts and shows will be on tap for them. Tunbridge is as reliable as the Fourth of July, stretched out for three days, and better too.

Visitors not well acquainted with the fact that Vermonters sometimes let their hair down, find Tunbridge quite a surprise—but fun for them too.
JUST AS SURE AS the sun rises or rain falls, many Vermonters will be out deer hunting come November. These hunters may be roughly divided into two categories for convenient analysis. The first group originate their expeditions from home, and this is of no interest here, although their harassed wives might have a tale to tell.

It is the second group that we intend to look at rather carefully. These hunters are the proud owners of some disreputable shack deep in the forest far from the main travelled road. Likely as not these gentlemen built the camp with their own hands and thus satisfied, in part at least, the urge to creativity.

The construction of a suitable deer camp is truly a work of original art. Native stone, old railroad ties, hand-hewn beams, seedy two-by-fours, barn doors, rusty hinges, all these things and many more are assembled on the care-
fully chosen site some warm summer day. The higher order of carpenter's tools, such as the square and level, are carefully laid out of sight before work begins. Perhaps a jug of well-aged cider will serve in the place of these instruments of precision. Joyous laughter and raucous shouts echo through the forest glade punctuated by the clatter of hammers and the screech of saws. Woodland creatures shrink in dismay. Then, after the jug has been emptied and filled a suitable number of times, the ridgepole will make its appearance and the motley crew of builders will drink a hearty toast from its dizzy heights.

By early autumn the roof will have been shingled, the walls sheathed in tarpaper, and the camp will stand proudly defiant of all known laws of physics and engineering. Within the camp are placed numerous relics and museum pieces which will serve as furniture. A rusty stove may be dragged out of its final resting place to keep the inside warm. During the interval between completion of the structure and the advent of deer season, porcupines will make nocturnal visits to give the furniture an authentic, rough-hewn look.

In middle or late October comes the time for the annual 'sighting-in party,' to which women and children are invited. It is sort of early Thanksgiving, where thanks may be offered up that the breadwinners did not fall off the roof during the tempestuous days of construction. Women are invited because of their known cooking talents and because they have been curious to see this marvelous and wonderful institution that their husbands have been wasting their time on instead of mowing the lawn or fixing the fence. Children are invited because they too want to be let in on some of the fun, and because they should see how the other half lives during part of the year.

This party derives its name from the need to be sure that the rifle will shoot where it is aimed, or, as a matter of fact, that it will shoot at all. Old tin cans are hung about on the limbs of trees in front of a knoll near camp. Dogs and children are herded out of the line of fire, and presently a miniature version of the landing at Anzio, in sound effect at least, takes place. The hollow roar of a forty-five-seventy contrasts with the sophisticated crack of the thirty-ought-six and the dependable bark of the thirty-thirty. Eventually, after sights have been wound up, down and sidewise, the various target articles will have been suitably perforated. A small fortune has been spent on ammunition, shoulders are sore, and the time has come to adjourn to the groaning board.

Long-suffering wives have nightmares about the days just preceding deer season. Husbands wander aimlessly around the house muttering about the Cobble, Lost Nation, Pecor Hollow or Jonesville. It is known for a fact that one normally brown-haired wife put on a blonde wig to see if her husband would notice the difference. He didn’t.

Tension gives way to pandemonium on the Friday before the first Saturday in November. Food, sleeping bags, rifles, boxes of ammunition and other impedimenta clutter up every room of the house while the distraught wives hasten to get those last loaves of bread out of the oven. Finally, jeeps, trucks and other vehicles pull out of yards all across the state to rendezvous some few hours later in the camp of heart’s desire. Wives over the state breathe great sights of relief, put the children to bed, and get on the phone to congratulate each other on having gotten their husbands off to deer camp again without a nervous collapse.

The normally black windows of camp are ablaze this evening. One by one and two by two the various members of the Venison Eating and Ridge Running Society assemble for the annual meeting. It is a long evening, since many stories need retelling; many decisions have to be made as to whether beech nuts are plentiful or scarce. Alternative courses of action must be considered and carefully weighed until finally there evolves a master plan which will, no doubt, be scrapped by sunrise. The last to retire stokes up the fire, blows out the lamps, winds the clock and sets the alarm for an ungodly hour. And the camp settles down for a short sleep amidst a horrid arrangement of high-pitched snores.

Near dawn the camp awakens to the beating of a stick of hardwood on the old dishpan and: "Up snakes and shake your tails, it's daylight in the swamp!"

Breakfast is assembled with little regard for modern nutrition. Baked beans, fried sausage, pork chops, corn meal mush and eggs, are combined with great steaming mugs of strong coffee to provide a meal that will stick to the hunters’ ribs through the long day.

Just after sun-up the camp is emptied of its occupants, some to travel in one direction and others to go in another as their instincts lead them—probably wrongly—to the haunts of the great, black mountain buck. As the day wanes the hunters drift back to camp, until at dusk the last of the Daniel Boones has returned with wild tales of the sights they have seen, the monstrous tracks they have followed, and, sadly, the shots they have missed.

In the evening another hearty meal is in order, preceded by generous recourse to a bottle of spirits, and this usually results in a pretty quiet group by eight-thirty. One by one the weary hunters drop into a sound sleep which contrasts markedly with the night before.

As the season progresses, stories begin to come in about the notorious Phantom Buck; a tremendous animal whose head is crowned by a rack of horns marvelous and awful to behold. Even as the men are grouped around the table in camp on a warm evening with the door open, his bulk has glided noiselessly and insolently through the moonlight in the clearing.

So, in time, deer season comes to an end and the hunters return to their normal ways. Perhaps one or more in the group has been lucky enough to get a deer. In some ways that isn’t too important when balanced off against the roaring good times, the wild tales and the fellowship. Deer camp is left to the chickadees and blue jays for the winter, pretty much buried in the deep Vermont snows.

Occasionally a few of the hunters will hike in to camp to shovel the snow off the roof. That’s known as Architect’s Discretion.

**Camps.**

*THOSE LAST RETREATS OF MALE INDEPENDENCE.*

_by WILLIAM OSGOOD_

*Drawing by GEORGE DALY*
If you travel through Royalton on busy Route 14 you see on all sides a valley that is impressively peaceful. The traffic hurries, but the old days linger at Royalton Common where the ancient white town house, the Congregational Church and the Academy mellow in the shaded sunlight.

As you make your trip you may notice a heavy, plain block of granite with a pot of bright geraniums at its base, close by the highway. You might stop and read the inscription chiseled into the face of the stone: “COMMEMORATING THE BURNING OF ROYALTON BY INDIANS, OCTOBER 16, 1780.”

Indians? In this peaceful valley? It does seem a bit incredible. You might ask the old man mowing the nearby common with a scythe about it.

“Yes,” he would tell you, “It happened all right. That was when Vermont was an independent republic. We were just a tiny country, still practically at war with all-powerful England, with no United States to protect us. Every settler had to try to protect his own here in the valley. And that time we were taken by surprise.”

The picture of such a thing actually happening, here in this valley would refuse to come clear in your mind and you’d investigate.

You’d find, to start at the beginning, that Vermont’s role in the American Revolution had been a colorful, and valuable one. But practically, it had ended in 1777 with the crucial Battle of Bennington and the resultant defeat dealt Burgoyne at Saratoga. At that time the famed Green Mountain Boys disbanded, never to see service as a unit again. And all regular troops of the Continental Army were withdrawn from Vermont soil and sent south to new action.

But the Republic of Vermont, while not actually engaged in combat with Great Britain, was by no means at peace with that great country. For the next five years, Vermonters along the northern frontier lived close to their muskets.

Much of the state—at least half of it—was still a vast wilderness. Along the separation a series of forts in such outpost places as Newbury, Peacham, Corinth, Bethel, Barnard, Rutland, Pittsford and Castleton, was constructed and garrisoned. Scouts operated out of these bases, keeping a watchful eye on the lands to the north, ready to report any danger that threatened the settlers.

This action arose not so much from any great fear of the British Army in Canada, which stood to gain little by attacking the sparsely settled region, but to guard against forays by hostile Indians. This was an enemy far more dreaded than any redcoats.

On several occasions bands of savages from Canada, numbering from a handful to a few hundred, and incited by Tories and by the British, invaded Vermont to plunder and destroy property and kill and capture settlers. In each case the settlers defended themselves as best they could.

The climax of these damaging incursions came in 1780 with the raid on Royalton.

Royalton at that time was a thriving settlement with a population of nearly 300. Its pioneers, mostly Connecticut people, had first come in 1771. They were later joined by others from Massachusetts, including several Revolutionary veterans. These were able, energetic men who had seen action at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga and elsewhere, who had completed their enlistments and embarked upon the raising of families. They were attracted to the rich agricultural lands and beautiful mountains surrounding the White River.

The tumult of war was apparently quite removed from Royalton. There had been a fort, but this had been moved to the northeast, to Bethel, only shortly
before, as the likelihood of trouble locally seemed remote. The fall harvest had been bountiful. Barns and storehouses bulged with the abundance, herds of fat cattle grazed along the river’s edge, and an air of contentment and serenity prevailed. And save for Fate, which placed one Jacob Fowler, a Tory from Newbury, in the woods near present-day Montpelier on the morning of October 14, 1780, the calm of Royalton might never have been disturbed.

A force of 300 men, all but seven of whom were Indians—largely Caughnawagas—shortly before had left Montpelier bound for Newbury. They sought to avenge the death four years earlier of British Brigadier General Patrick Gordon. (See Vermont Life, Spring 1959) It had been reported to them that Major Benjamin Whitcomb, who while scouting near Three Rivers in Canada in 1776 had killed Gordon from ambush, lived in the settlement on the Connecticut River. Lieutenant Richard Houghton, who commanded the party, proposed to capture Whitcomb alive and put the torch to Newbury. Whitcomb’s head carried a rich reward of 2000 crowns alive or 1000 crowns dead. This was the highest bounty offered for any one man during the Revolution.

Word that the Indians were on the march reached Newbury, however, when Captain Nehemiah Lovewell hurried back from a prowl up the Lamoille River and told of having spied the band. Women and children were quickly evacuated to safety on the New Hampshire side of the river, and militia companies from Bath to Charlestown arrived to meet the invaders on the assumption Newbury was the redskin’s probable target.

When the raider force came down the Winooski River from Lake Champlain and arrived at the mouth of the Dog River, they chanced upon the aforementioned Tory, Fowler, and his companions who were hunting. Fowler told Houghton that Newbury had been alarmed. The British commander realized he had lost the value of surprise and decided to call off the Newbury adventure. He was afraid to face a force that might be superior.

But he was equally unwilling that the expedition should prove a complete failure. He therefore set a course towards Royalton, perhaps on the advice of his guide, a man named Hamilton. Hamilton, a British soldier captured at the defeat of Burgoyne, had been paroled to work in Newbury and Royalton the preceding summer, and he knew the lay of the land well in both places. At an opportune time he had fled his parole and rejoined the English in Canada.

On a hill above South Tunbridge, not far from the Royalton line, the raiding party pitched camp on Saturday evening. The Indians and their white partners remained in camp on the Sabbath. This was to rest and to map strategy, rather than for religious reasons.

While it was still dark on the morning of Monday, October 16, 1780, the Indians in war paint and feathers left their hilltop camp and moved into the quiet valley below. The surprise of their attack was complete.

They attacked first the house of John Hutchinson. They quickly took the sleeping settler captive, and within minutes John’s neighbor and brother, Abijah, was also caught. Both Hutchinson houses, located in Tunbridge, were ransacked and set afire.

Robert Havens, who lived near the Hutchisons just over the line in Royalton, had gone onto a hill east of his farm before dawn to look after his sheep. He heard a noise below like a herd of cattle rushing through the river. He turned and in the dim light of early morning saw the savages on the run towards his house.
He realized that his own danger was extreme and that he would be unable to protect his family against the wild horde. He hid in the root hole of a fallen tree and watched a terrifying spectacle.

As the Indians neared the Havens house, Daniel Havens, a son, and Thomas Pember of Randolph, suitor of Lorenza, a Havens daughter, ran toward the river. The Indians saw them and pursued.

Young Havens hid himself beneath a log in a clump of bushes at the stream’s edge. He evaded the Indians. But they drove a spear deep into Pember’s back.

Pember managed to cross the river. Then he fell in an uphill gully and was scalped.

Although he was mortally wounded Pember managed to cross the river. Then he fell in an uphill gully and was scalped. His scalp was later swung before the eyes of his fiancee.

Mrs. Havens, who suffered with consumption, was carried out of doors dressed in her husband’s coat and boots, and was left unharmed on a feather bed. Her son Joseph was taken prisoner. Mrs. Havens, who had earlier eluded the savages, had made his way down the branch along the hills, and only minutes before had dashed in and out of the Stevens home to give the alarm. Stevens was at work in his field two miles below, on the other side of the river. David Waller, a teenage youth who lived with the family, set out to notify the General, but ran headlong into the approaching Indians and was taken captive.

Mrs. Stevens, just arising and only partially clothed, was hurried from the house with her two babies, and stood helplessly by as the raiders plundered her home and set it aflame.

They captured Adan, Andrew and Sheldon Durkee, three young brothers. A new, small barn at the Durkee farm, built with green lumber, refused to burn. Part of this structure with its charred timbers stood into the 1940s when it was taken down.

By the time the Indians who crossed to the west side of the river began their running attack in that direction, word of their approach had spread and the citizens were in full flight. General Stevens, after being blocked by the raiders in two attempts to reach home, raced up and down the highway on horseback imploping people to take to the woods. But their fears dulled their power to reason, and many kept to the road hoping to reach Sharon. The fast-moving savages now set the hills to echoing with horrible war whoops. And these only added to the wails of anguish and distress from panic-stricken women and children.

The Indians soon fell behind as they halted to plunder and burn. The exhausted refugees stopped to take breath at the house of Ebenezer Parkhurst, hoping the pursuers would come no further. This hope was soon dashed, however, as the screaming pack came into sight in full cry. The terror-filled flight was resumed.

The homes and outbuildings of Elisha Kent, Daniel Rix, Medad Benton, Tilly Parkhurst, Ebenezer Parkhurst, Samuel Benedict and George Avery fell prey to the pillagers as they moved down the river and two parties down the river, one on either side.

The Indians who went up the stream came first to the house of General Elias Stevens, one of the young settlement’s leading citizens. Daniel Havens, who

![Route of the Royalton Raiders 1780](image)

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The marauders made the Havens place their base of operations and left a squad to guard the prisoners and the booty. Then they began a deadly foray down the branch. Peter Button, a young farmer who had come down a hill road carrying a sack of grain to the mill, soon crossed their path. Button dropped the sack and ran, but agile Indian runners were soon upon him. They killed him with their spears. His lifeless, scalped body was found where it fell in a ravine.

The raiders next attacked the house occupied by the Kneeland family, about a half mile below the Havens homestead. Here they captured Simeon Belknap and Samuel Pember from Randolph, Giles Gibbs, Jonathan Brown and three Kneelands, Edward, Sr., Edward, Jr., and Joseph. The house was rifled and burned.

As smoke from burning buildings drifted down the valley, the Ordways, who lived on a hill above, soon realized they were in desperate danger. The family, which included a three-weeks-old infant, hastily gathered up some provisions and ran into the deep woods. First, though, they killed their pet dog for fear it would bark and give them away.

When the Indians burst into the house of Elias Curtis, the Royalton blacksmith, Mrs. Curtis was just getting out of bed. The astonished wife looked up to see a wild-eyed warrior suddenly upon her, bringing his knife to her throat. In that moment her terror must have been excruciating.

But in the next moment her relief must have been just as great, because instead of her throat he deftly cut the string that held some gold-colored beads about her neck. As he started to take them from her, the Royalton pioneer women yanked the beads from the Indians grasp and scattered them across the room. This act of defiance and courage pleased the surprised savage and he released her, grunting, “Good squaw, good squaw.”

At the Curtis forge the line of captives was increased by the capture of Curtis, Peter Mason and John Kent. The latter was a customer who had just arrived to make an outcry, in their effort to keep their deprivations from being heard as they advanced toward the more populated part of the community.

When they arrived at the point where the First Branch empties into the White River, on the opposite bank from South Royalton village of today, Houghton set up a post. From this point he dispatched one party of raiders up the river and two parties down the river, one on either side.

The Indians who went up the stream came first to the house of General Elias Stevens, one of the young settlement’s leading citizens. Daniel Havens, who
the river. The last three places were over
the town line in Sharon.

Ebenezer Parkhurst was away from
home attending the General Assembly in
Bennington as Sharon representative.
Mrs. Parkhurst, an expectant mother
with the couple’s six children, ages 1, 3,
4, 6, 8 and 10 holding to her in fear and
desperation, helplessly awaited the In­
dian’s arrival. They took her eldest son,
Roswell, 6, prisoner and ordered the
mother and other children into the field
while they looted and burned the house.

Some idea of the horror and be­
wilderment on the west side of the river
that terrible October 16th was related
to later-year audiences by Garner Rix,
who, as a boy of 11, had it indelibly im­
printed on his mind. Rix, who lived to
be 85, gathered his children and grand­
children about him once every winter
and retold the happenings of that terror­
filled day.

Mrs. Rebecca Rix, mother of Garner,
was astride an old horse with four
smaller children, one of whom was a
two-month-old baby. She had no saddle
and only a pocket handkerchief for a
bridle. The agonized mother urged the
horse on as the Indians snatched Joseph,
10, from her side, and set upon Garner,
who was running at the horse’s heels.

The raiders who went down the river
on the east side spread havoc as far as
the Sharon line. They set fire to a
house being built by Joseph Havens.
They had captured him earlier. Then
they raced along, sacking and burning
the homes of Nathaniel Morse, Jeremiah
Trescott and Capt. Daniel Gilbert. At
one farm they killed 14 oxen and took
Nathaniel Gilbert, 15, captive.

Surprised, outnumbered and dis­
persed, the men of Royalton were unable
to put up any defense against the in­
vaders. The only gun fired by an in­
habitant that day was set off accidentally.
As the Indians retraced their steps past
the flaming house of Jeremiah Trescott,
the outraged settler watched from a
nearby thicket. When a lone Indian,
heavily laden with plunder, came into
sight, Trescott, who had been a rifle­
man in the Revolution, raised his musket
and took aim.

But the piece failed to fire. Disgustedly
Trescott lowered the gun to see what was
wrong and it suddenly discharged into
the ground! The Indian dropped his
load and ran on to join his group.
Royalton's infamous Monday was not without its deeds of bravery, and Phineas Parkhurst's ride was noteworthy among them. The 20 year-old Parkhurst attempted to cross on horseback from the east to the west side of the river to spread the alarm and he was shot by the Indians. The ball struck him in the abdomen between the muscles and lodged beneath the skin. Parkhurst grasped the bullet between his fingers and, bleeding and in great pain, turned and rode on down the valley. He aroused the countryside and finally arrived faint and exhausted at the door of a physician in West Lebanon, N. H., 18 miles distant. He later became a doctor himself, and a leading citizen of Lebanon.

Hannah Handy, a young wife and mother, was determined that her son, Michael, 7, seized by the Indians, should not go into Canada. She insisted upon being taken to the raid commander and one Indian, more kindly disposed than the others, carried her across the river on his back to Lieut. Houghton's post. Houghton maintained that the lad would be well treated and trained to become a soldier. He hesitated to set the boy free for fear such action would arouse resentment among the Indians. But Mrs. Handy persisted. Finally, perhaps out of pity, perhaps from a sense of shame, but more likely influenced by the young matron's attractive looks and personality, the leader ordered the boy released. Mrs. Handy continued imploring Houghton until she had obtained freedom for eight other boys, including Andrew and Sheldon Durkee, Roswell Parkhurst and Joseph Rix. Then, with the youngsters in tow, she forded the stream again and went to a place of safety.

The exact spot where Hannah Handy crossed the river is now in doubt, but the story is engraved on a granite memorial arch dedicated to her, and you see it there in South Royalton.

A pall of smoke clouded the valley as the Indians regrouped and returned up the First Branch to their headquarters at the Havens place. At two o'clock in the afternoon they burned the buildings and, loaded down with tools, clothing and housewares, set out with their prisoners over the hills into Randolph.

When they came down into the valley of the Second Branch of the White River, the Indians caught several settlers off guard. Experience Davis, Randolph's first pioneer, was mending a basket as they approached. He gave up without a struggle. Timothy Miles, John Parks and Moses Pearson were taken nearby.

A half mile above the Davis place, the raiders broke into the cabin of William Evans. Evans attempted to hide in the woods, but his wife, a "great, fat, blowzy creature, but a most disagreeable slattern," to quote an early historian, remained behind in their untidy, dirty surroundings. After one look at the female the Indians seized her, carried her screaming hulk to the stream and laughingly dunked her for a much-needed bath.

The Indians continued their northward journey to a place about a half
Army engagements, was elected com­

Twenty-seven prisoners and 30 horses

set out in pursuit of the enemy.

As news of the invasion reached sur­

rounding communities, militiamen and

volunteers from Hanover, Lebanon, Cornish, Hartford, Sharon, Barnard, Woodstock, Pomfret, Bethel and other
towns, shouldered their guns and headed for Royalton. Col. John House of Han­

over, a veteran of several Continental

Army engagements, was elected com­

mander of the company. With a trail of

blazing ruins to guide them through the
darkness the company, some 400 strong,

set out in pursuit of the enemy.

A tally of the day’s destruction showed

that 28 dwellings, 32 barns, one sawmill and one grist mill had been burned. Twenty-seven prisoners and 30 horses

had been taken. One hundred fifty cattle

and oxen, and as many sheep and swine,
had been killed. Feeling ran high and the
troop was intent on full revenge.

About midnight House’s advance de­
tail exchanged fire with the enemy out­

post and preparations were made to

attack.

The Indians, who had enjoyed no

opposition up to this point, were now in

nervous confusion. But their leaders held

a trump card in the men and boy cap­
tives, and they knew the time had come to

play it. They released Edward Kneel­

land, the elder. Houghton sent him to

House with the message that an assault

would mean instant death for every cap­
tive.

While House deliberated, the Indians

hastily broke camp. Snow, the first storm

of the season, began to fall as the Indians

started their withdrawal. Joseph Knee­

land and Giles Gibbs, two of the cap­
tives who thought rescue was near, re­

fused to march. They were tomahawked

and scalped.

When House and his force finally did

attack the camp at dawn, the Indians

were gone. Great piles of plunder and all

the horses had been left behind; also the

mutilated bodies of Kneeland and Gibbs.

From East Randolph the retreating

raiders pushed into the hills in a north­

direction. They stopped long enough
to capture Zadock Steele and fire his log

hut before they crossed Brookfield to the

Dog River at Northfield.

Steele later wrote a narrative of the

raid and his captivity and subsequent

escape which, although embellished with

strange imaginings and scriptural refer­
ces, is valued as the only complete

record of the episode that exists.

“One of them (the Indians) took a bag

of my grass seed on his back,” Steele

said. “He cut a hole in the bag and he

scattered the seed as he marched. It

took root and stocked the ground. And

for many years could be seen as a path

of green.”

House’s pursuit of the Indians con­

tinued in a half-hearted way about five

miles into Brookfield before he dis­
banded his men. The action—or in­

action—of the commander which let the

Indians get away, was a matter of fire­
side discussion and debate for years

afterward. The Indians’ position was

not an easy one to defend, and Col.

House might have surrounded them, cut

off their retreat, and achieved a signal

victory. But the fate of the hostages was

something to be taken into account, too.

Jonathan Carpenter, who came from

Pomfret to join the chase, writing in his
diary, commented on the conclusion of
the misadventure.

“We set home in peace, some moving

off over the Connecticut River, and our

savage enemy gone with flying colors into
Canada, which is a poor story for a
Whig to tell.”

The Indians camped the second night

after the raid on the Dog River in Berlin,
south of Montpelier. The third night

they stayed near Bolton and dined on
provisions they had hidden there on the
trip down. The fourth day they ar­

rived at Lake Champlain, where bateaus
for the trip up the lake waited. The cap­
tives spent their last night on Vermont
soil on Grand Isle.

When the raiders reached Montreal

the prisoners were sold, according to
Zadock Steele, for “half a Joe, or eight
dollars a head,” to become household
servants for wealthy French families.
Most of them were exchanged the fol­

lowing summer and returned home, al­
though Steele and a few others did not
achieve freedom for two years. The

captured Downers, Ephraim and Eph­
raim, Jr., according to family records,
were never heard of again. Adan Durkee,
one of the boy captives, became ill and
died in a Canadian prison.

What of Royalton? The story of that
winter was of extreme hardship and
deprivation. A majority of the settlers
remained, and with indomitable spirit
swept aside the ashes and began life
anew as best they could. Daniel Havens
lumbered his head, built a house, and was married Novem­

ber 30. Benjamin Parkhurst, whose farm

was among the very few untouched,
shared his 3000-bushel harvest of wheat
and corn with his fellow townsmen.
Memories of the calamitous day re­
mained vivid for many, many years.

When at last you yourself, delving
into this, have the whole picture, you
shudder a little perhaps and look around
you again. Well-tended homes and farms

don the narrow valley. The White River,
here wide and shallow, sparkles in the
sun. On both sides maple-blanketed hills

surround you, green, friendly. It all

seems so peaceful. Now.
ON THESE AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHERS EMPLOY ALL THE INSTRUMENTS AT THEIR COMMAND TO RE-CREATE

A Fall Symphony

Fields were as green as when the summer birds caroled above them, woods more gorgeous with innumerable hues and tints of ripening leaves than a blooming perterre, are spread beneath the azure sky, whose deepest color is reflected with intenser blue in lake and stream. In them against this color are set the scarlet and gold of every tree upon their brinks, the painted hills, the clear-cut mountain peaks, all downward pointing to the depths of this nether sky. Overhead, thistledown and the silken balloon of the milkweed float on their zephyr-wafted course, silver motes against the blue; and above them are the black cohorts of crows in their straggling retreat.
ABOVE: Arlington
H. S. Johnson

RIGHT: Bridgewater
Jack Breed

FAR RIGHT: Worcester
John F. Smith

NEXT TWO PAGES:
West Barnet
Winston Pote
The jays are for the most part silently industrious among the gold and bronze of the beeches, flitting to and fro with flashes of blue as they gather mast, but now and then finding time to scold an intruder with an endless variety of discordant outcry.

How sharp the dark shadows are cut against the sunlit fields, and in their gloom how brightly shine the first fallen leaves and the starry bloom of the asters. In cloudy days and even when rain is falling the depths of the woods are not dark, for the bright foliage seems to give forth light.
The scarlet maples burn, the golden leaves of poplar and birch shine through the misty veil, and the deep purple of the ash glows as if it held a smouldering fire that the first breeze might fan into a flame, and through all this luminous leafage one may trace branch and twig as a wick in a candle flame. Only the evergreens are dark as when they bear their steadfast green in the desolation of winter and only they brood shadows.
The woodland air is laden with the light burden of odor, the faintly pungent aroma of the ripened leaves, more subtle than the scent of pine or fir, yet as apparent to the nostrils, as delightful and more rare, for in the round of the year its days are few, while in summer sunshine and winter wind, in springtime shower and autumnal frost, pine, spruce, balsam, hemlock and cedar distill their perfume and lavish it on the breeze or gale of every season. Unwise are the tent-dwellers who have folded their canvas and are departed to the shelter of more stable roof-trees, for these are days that should be made the most of, days that have brought the perfected ripeness of the year and display it in the fullness of its glory.

In New England Fields and Woods by Rowland E. Robinson, 1896
VERMONT LIFE'S CALENDAR OF AUTUMN EVENTS

CONTINUING EVENTS


To Sept. 1: Orwell-Indian Museum (exc. Mon.)

To Sept. 5: East Middlebury-Shakespeare (Fri. & Sat.) Reserv.

To Sept. 6: Rockingham-Old Meeting House. Dorset-Caravan Theatre (Thurs.-Sun.), 8-4. Weston-Playhouse (Thurs.-Sun. 8:30; Sat., 3)


To Sept. 13: North Troy-Jay Peak Chair Lift (exc. Tues.)

To Sept. 15: Ferry-Chipman Pt.-Wright, N. Y. Fifteen-Church Supper, 5. Craftsbiiry Common-Sale (Brookline School), 7:30-5:30 (weekends)

To Sept. 16: Rutland-Chaffee Art Gallery

To Sept. 17: Chester-Art Guild


To Oct. 5: Bennington Museum-Norm Rockwell paintings


To Oct. 31: Granville-Craftsmen Ctr. Tours Mon.-Fri.) Quarry Tours, 8:30-5. Manchester-Skyline Drive

To Nov. 20: Reading-Historic Houses (Thurs.)

To Nov. 22: Ferry-Larabee's Pt.-Ticonderoga

To Dec. 1: Bennington-Battle Monument


Aug. 29-Sept. 10: Roxbury-Riding Camp Aug. 30 & Sept. 6-7: L. Bomoseen-Sail Races, 2 Sept. 14-Nov. 11: Pownal-Thoroughbred Racing, 8:10

Sept. 26-Oct. 15: Weston-Art Exhibits, Sale

NOTE: All dates are inclusive. This data was compiled last spring, so is subject to change, and not complete. Write Publicity Director, Vermont Development Department, for detailed information, supplementary free list and highway map.

SEPTEMBER

2 Bristol-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30

3 Waterbury Ctr.-Church Supper, 5:30 & 6:30

5 Newfane-Clam Bake, 1. Walden-Beef Barbeque, 5

6 E. Barnard-Chicken Barbeque

10 Marshall-Chicken Pie Supper, Sale

15 Riverton-Chicken Pie, Noon, 5-6:30 (Reserv. 223-5731 for evening)

17 Fletcher-Binghamville Chicken Pie Supper, Sale. 5, So. Ryegate-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30

19 Waisfield-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30

20 Montgomery Ctr.-Turkey Dinner, 12

23 East Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper, 6 & 6:30. Bristol-Chicken Pie Supper, Sale

24 Sheldon-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30. Sheffield-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30

26 Newbury-Auction & Supper, 1-6

30 East Arlington-Chicken Pie Supper, 5

OCTOBER

1 Waterbury Ctr.-Church Supper, 5:30 & 6:30. New Haven-Chicken Pie Sup., Bazaar, 5/6,7

2 Adamant-Harvest Supper, 5 & 6. Dartmouth-Lumberjack Breakfast, 7

7 Barnet-Chicken Pie Sup. Sale, 5. Richmond-Bazaar, 3, Chicken Pie Supper, 5

8 Tunbridge-Chicken Pie Sup., 5,6,7,8. Manchester-Chicken Pie Sup., 5:30. Benningbury-Chicken Pie Sup. 5:30. Greensboro-Bax-Game & Chicken Pie Sup., 5. Windsor-Turkey Supper, 5-7:30

12 Montpelier-Chicken Pie Sup. (St. Michael's H. S.), 6:30

15 Georgia Plain-Chicken Turkey Supper, 4:30

17 North Pownal-Turkey Supper, 6. E. Barnard-Oyster Supper, 5:30

18 Montgomery Ctr.-Dine-a-Dip Dinner, 12

18 Riverton-Turkey Supper, 6 (Reserv. 223-5731) Montgomery-Silver Tea, Sale, 22 Wells River-Turkey Supper, 5:30-7

22 Berlin Corners-Bazaar, 10-5:30

25 Montpelier-Fair (Baptist Church) 6-10

30 Reading-Turkey Supper, Old Time Ball

NOVEMBER

5 Marshall-Harvest Supper, 5. Peacham-Church Supper, 6

12 Barre-Fair, Lunch, Smorgasbord (Univ. Ch.)

13 Springfield-Bazaar, Lunch, 10-4 (Univ.-Unitarian Ch.)

14 Cavendish-Bazaar, 3, Chicken Pie Sup. 5:30-7. Stowe-VPW Hunters’ Breakfast, 5-7

Montgomery Ctr.-Baked Bean Supper, Sale, 6

19-24 Newfane-Coffee & Donuts for Hunters (Brookline School), 7:30-5:30 (weekends)

19 Springtime-Bazaar, Lunch, 10-4 (Congr. Ch.)

Danville-Game Supper, 5:30. Montpelier-Lunch, Bazaar (Pavilion Hotel)

21 Lincoln-Venison Supper, Newfane-Hunters Supper, Dance. Plymouth-Game Supper, 5-8

SPECIAL EVENTS

AUGUST

26 Addison-D.A.R. Pilgrimage

26-29 Bennington-Concerts, 8:15. Hyde Park-Lamoreille Cup, Players, So. Woodstock-GMHA Rides

27-30 Stowe-Summer Playhouse, 8:30. Lyndonville-Caledonia Cty. Fair

28 Montpelier-Els Club, Square Dance, 8:15

28-29 St. Albans & Sheldon-St. Albans Raid Commemoration

29 W. Charleston-Band Concert, 8:30. Ludlow-4H Horse Show. Charlotte-Pony Club Show

30 Montgomery-Old Home Day. Manchester-Ballet, 2:30 & 8:30

31-Sept. 5 Essex Jct.-Champlain V. Exposition

SEPTEMBER

1-25 So. Woodstock-GMHA Rides

1 Windsor-Horse Show, 10. Barre-Stock Car Races, 2:15

6-12 Rutland Fair

7 Newfane-Auction, Guilford-Fair & Old Home Day. Sheffield Field Day

12-13 St. Johnsbury Ctr.-Festival of the Seasons 18-20 Tunbridge-Fair

19 Wilmington-Deerfield Valley Farmers’ Fair

25 Brandon-Vt. Ayrshire Club Sale, 12:30

25-27 Stowe-Folk Music & Dance Festival

26 Newbury-Auction

26-27 Montgomery-Foliage Festival. Victory-Granny-Holiday in the Hills

30-Oct. 3 Northeast Kingdom Foliage Festival

OCTOBER

1-10 Bennington-Fall Foliage Festival

2-3 Montpelier-Foliage Square Dance Festival (National Life Bldg.)

2-4 Calais-Foliage Festival

3 Johnson-Festival Day, Groton-Lumberjack Ball, 9. Ascutney Mt.-Conserv. Meeting, 2-6

3-4 Stowe-Foliage Fly-in (airplanes)

8-10 Bennington Antiques Show, Sale

10 Canaan-Folklore Society Meeting, 10-3 (Dinner by Reserv.)

10-12 Westminster-Outdoor Art Exhibit

11 Rutland-House & Foliage Tour (apply Information Booth)

16 Shoreham-St. Genevieve’s Apple Frolic

19 Montpelier-Capitol-Cedar Creek Centennial

21 Randolph Ctr.-Vermont Technical College Visitor’s Day
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BITS AND PIECES,
A METAL DRUM,
AND A GREAT DEAL OF TECHNICAL KNOW-HOW
GO TO MAKE

Vermont Research
AN EXPANDING YOUNG CORPORATION
by FAIRE R. EDWARDS
Photographed by SHERMAN HOWE

Memories take different shapes, even among computers. Some put their facts onto tiny, doughnut-shaped cores, some string their magnetized knowledge on long plastic tapes. In Springfield, at Vermont Research Corporation, memory is a drum of metal—to be specific, a non-magnetic cylinder coated with magnetic film. On its surface will be stored minute magnetic spots of information called binary digits and known to computer aficionados as “Bits.”

Hugh Taft explained it. He’s president of Vermont Research Corporation, a firm young in every way, located on the uphill edge of Springfield near the turnoff for Woodstock.

Although a computer is electronic in its action, much of its success or efficiency depends on the mechanical engineering that goes into it. For example, its cost to operate must be figured as the cost of storing each information Bit. If those Bits can be put onto drums in strips of information twenty to thirty thousandths of an inch wide, with thousands of Bits per linear inch in each strip, that compresses an incredible quantity of information onto the drum. It also means, incidentally, that the drum better not jump a track, or even swerve a little now and then! Here is the place that mechanical engineering know-how and precision workmanship are of critical importance.

In 1960, Hugh Taft, Richard Stover and Prentiss Smith were all working for Bryant Chucking Grinder Company, a long-standing Precision Valley manufacturer, which had recently been purchased by the Ex-Cell-O Corporation of Detroit. At the time it appeared that Bryant’s computer division would be transferred from Vermont. Unhappy over the prospect of moving their families anywhere else, the three men decided to form their own small company. They agreed that the Springfield area held
available resources in machines and skills that could provide the necessary parts for memory drums. Hence, they planned to set up a corporation that would design and assemble the drums from parts sub-contracted to nearby machine shops.

It so happened that Ex-Cell-O did not move the Bryant computer operation away permanently. It returned just down the road—healthy, clean and tough competition. “And we’re glad they’re there,” Taft says.

Financing came almost entirely from within the state. The first (and only) issue of stock, in 1960, offered $100,000 in shares and was sold out. Buyers, obviously, had confidence in the three incorporators, who sold the stock themselves. “We discovered we could be securities salesmen if we had to.” Hugh Taft was born in Vermont, grew up in Wallingford, attended Middlebury College and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Prentiss Smith, vice-president in charge of sales, grew up in Putney, attended Norwich University. The vice-president in charge of engineering and development, outlander Richard Stover, strayed in from Maine. He grew up in Bar Harbor and studied mechanical engineering at the University of Maine. But you can’t drag him away from Vermont, either. The three could give any Boosters’ Club lessons in local pride. Stover and Smith are hunters, Taft skis. All bask in the rapport between theoretical learning and practical shop skills which characterizes the Precision Valley area.

“We’re shirtsleeves officers here,” Hugh Taft says. “We like to be able to run into the shop and try something out.” Only an open door separates the testing room from the drafting tables. “And no matter how big we grow, we’d never have a separate dining room for officers!”

Present plans call for a canteen-serviced cafeteria. “We sometimes have our squabbles, but I think you could call us a big, happy family,” he concludes.

A statement in Vermont Research’s stock prospectus now seems prophetic: “It is the firm conviction of the participants in this venture that the market is and will be so large as to insure the success of a new qualified supplier of the precision magnetic drums and allied products; that close association with the machine tool center of Springfield will be of continued advantage; that the electronics specialties can be added to the local mechanical skills and that the East Coast market will be served efficiently from the Vermont location.”

They started off in an old building with a rather out-of-the-way location. Last February Vermont Research moved...
into its own building—a handsome structure set up on a little plateau overlooking the valley. The officers point obtrusively to the Vermont products in the building—pre-stressed arched concrete roof and the slate floor in the working foyer. Peter Gratiot of Woodstock was their design engineer, working with architect Preston Cole. Completely air-conditioned, the building provides adequate space to take care of any production orders that might come. “We regard the building as a sales tool. It reassures customers who might wonder whether we have a physical plant adequate to handle their orders. We believe it has already helped us to get contracts.” In such developmental work, an initial order may be the forerunner of a far larger production contract. Vermont Research owns its land, but was assisted in building financing by the Vermont Development Credit Corporation.

The firm’s customers are builders of computers and, of course, can be reckoned only by the dozens. They include both manufacturers of computers and some of the one-time builders like the University of Illinois which is constructing a more powerful successor to its Illiac, and the University of Pennsylvania which needed a memory drum to hold information obtained when another machine scans the human body after treatment with radioactive material.

Minneapolis-Honeywell’s new “200” computer is listed with Vermont Research drums as a standard available option. It has been very well received.

The new firm’s first contract came from the Office of Naval Research. It fitted nicely into engineer Stover’s development plans. He has put many new ideas into the “heads” that both feed and recover information on the magnetic covering of the drums. That first Navy assignment required great density of storage of information, necessitating the improvement in efficiency which was, naturally, Stover’s original objective. He developed a method of floating the heads on a cushion of air two or three 10,000ths of an inch thick. You could almost call it “air lubrication.” A tiny bi-metallic cousin of a thermostat bounces the heads safely away from the drum if motion stops. Strips of heads are mounted at intervals around the drums, each offset enough to enable every one of the tiny contacts to make its own track without crossing any other. The result: drums from 5 to 20 inches in diameter each holding up to 50 million information bits, thus dropping the cost of storage per bit down to a fraction of a penny. No wonder the U.S. Weather Bureau uses a substantial number of drums to store its voluminous automatically recorded data!

Convinced that they can find anything they want in Vermont, the three engineers are completely matter-of-fact about having a highly qualified consultant in magnetics just over the hills in Marlboro. John MacArthur, PhD in physics, heads the science department at Marlboro College, is a competent electronics engineer, and provides theoretical knowledge as needed. He, too, happens to want to live in You-know-where!

From twelve employees, Vermont Research has now gone to eighteen and further conservative expansion is expected. Operating only part of 1960, it delivered $94,000 worth of products in 1961. 1962 saw delivery of $242,000, but deliveries dropped in 1963. It was a period of evaluation within the computer industry when manufacturers studied their operations. In 1964, it appears that drum memories were given the nod. This promises to be the best year to date.

Ready to fill demands as they arise, critical materials are kept in stock against need, available to go out to nearby subcontractors. Out in the shop, standing near materials waiting to become sophisticated machines, is a wonderful do-it-yourself creation—the oven that bakes finishes on metals. It is a sandwich of two pieces of culvert (Vermont culvert, naturally!) filled with insulation material. The heating element, control, and even the switches came from Mrs. Stover’s old electric range. Yes, they got her a brand new stove.
Old Will was a resident and staunch supporter of our little town of Lincoln. When asked if he’d traveled much beyond the confines of his beloved home place, he’d say: “No, I haven’t. And I don’t aim to, neither. Couldn’t see much anywhere else that ain’t right here already.”

Finally, however, some friends persuaded Will to go for a drive with them to Albany. As the car left the friendly little roads and buried itself in the mainstream of traffic, Will sat silent for a while. Then, pointing at the passing line of cars going in the other direction, he said, “See? What’d I tell you? Everybody’s going to Lincoln!”

In a way, Will was right. For many of the plants and animals—just like the people—of neighboring areas have moved into the Vermont countryside. There they are absorbed into daily life until they become, in effect, Vermonters themselves.

Take, for instance, an early-autumn scene in the Green Mountain State. Cattle and horses graze deep in timothy or clover. Honeybees hum over the blue chickory and a few lateblooming dandelions. Corn grows golden in the sun, and pumpkins ripen on the vine.

A typical Vermont scene? Yes—and no. For, although you could duplicate this picture in many sections of the state, not one of this assortment could be called a true Vermonter. They’re all newcomers. Corn and pumpkins originally came from South America. The pasture plants were introduced from Europe, as were the domestic animals which graze among them, and the honeybees that pollinate them. In fact, the Indians had never even seen honeybees before and called them “White man’s flies.”

Even the famous Vermont rocks are largely newcomers. That is, if by “new” you mean a mere million or so years ago. This was roughly the time they invaded the land, pushed and hauled by a great ice sheet which crept down from the north. Since then, the ice has advanced and retreated three more times, wrenching great chunks from rock outcrops to the north and abandoning them here as what a geologist friend unkindly terms “glacial garbage”.

Just as the rocks are now part of the Green Mountain scene, many other visitors have made Vermont their home. It was just seventy years ago—November 9, 1894, to be exact—that Vermont’s state flower was chosen. After due consideration, the official choice was made. And so it is today that our state flower—the red clover—is itself a visitor, brought over by colonists and adopted by Vermont as her own.

Intrigued by the thought of Vermonters-that-aren’t, I presented the idea to the Vermont Fish and Game Department. “Most of our game animals are true natives,” they told me, “with the exception of the pheasant, which is imported from the Orient. Oddly enough, the whitetail deer almost didn’t remain in this category. Back at the beginning of the last century the deer was listed as practically extinct in the southern half of the state. The situation to the north wasn’t a great deal better, either, for the deer does not do well in heavily forested areas. In fact, in 1878, the state actually imported seventeen deer and liberated them in Rutland County. This was an effort to save the dwindling deer population.

“However, with the abandonment of farms and their growth to underbrush, good deer territory became available. Today there are well over a hundred thousand deer in Vermont. So we’ve been spared the embarrassment of having to import any more of an animal that was native in the first place.”

The fisher, or fisher-cat, is another native that’s had to be bolstered by re-introduction. Originally the fisher was a not uncommon Vermonter, and a sworn enemy of the porcupine. When fisher-fur prices skyrocketed, however, fishers got swift attention from trappers. This, plus other changes in living conditions, helped to lift the lid off the porcupine. Now, during the past decade, Vermont has found itself importing fishers from Maine to help bring the tree-chewing porky under control.

Beavers, too, have been moved into the state on occasion. Originally native here, they were scarce in many areas a generation ago, due to the effects of the fur market and man’s tinkering with their habitat. In other places, their dam-building feats have made them a local nuisance. So they’ve been moved around by man, sometimes across town lines and sometimes across state lines, as lively pawns in a sort of giant chess game with nature. Wherever they’ve become re-established on land which was often rightfully theirs in the first place, they’ve been greeted with approval or anguish, depending on just what they’ve accomplished with their engineering feats.

Nuisance Newcomers

Many of Vermont’s birds and animals, of course, are in the non-game category. That noisy nuisance, the English sparrow, is a visitor who has come to stay.Introduced to our country in 1852, it was actually welcomed at first for “its cheerful chirrup” as one book put it. Finding many a meal in the undigested oats in horse droppings, it retreated before the advent of the automobile. “Sparrow killer!” the early bird-lovers used to shout at drivers of the horseless carriages.

Then, too, there’s the European starling. It’s hard to believe that the first individuals were brought deliberately to this country in 1890; even harder to believe that they died out and were as deliberately re-introduced. Unfortunately they made it the second time—to the detriment of many less aggressive species such as the tree swallow and bluebird.
whose nesting holes they often occupy.

There are other visitors to our Green Mountain State that are far more welcome. "Ron," said Clifford Harris on the telephone one day, "there's a red bird with a pointed crest on my friend's feeding tray. It's the first one I've positively identified around Ferrisburg. I figured you might like to see it the next time you're out this way."

It was a cardinal—just like the dozens I'd seen outside my window during an extended stay in Maryland. And since then, I've been told that cardinals have been known to nest as far north as Burlington.

Others who, like many human visitors, find that Vermont grows on them, include the turkey vulture and the whistling swan—both reported from the Champlain Valley and southern Vermont. Even an occasional opossum, originally a migrant from Dixie, has come north for a Vermont visit. So have a few mockingbirds. And on a recent trip to Virginia I saw an insect which many Vermonters would recognize at once. This was a praying mantis, which is still another summer visitor who's taken up a permanent Green Mountain residence.

Why do these creatures from "down-country" (general term for nearly any place outside of Vermont) become so successful away from home? Many scientists say that a warming trend in our hemisphere is helping creatures to extend their northern limits. Then, too, a bird or animal which moves to a new location may leave its natural enemies and diseases behind. Many of the starlings I've seen in Europe are quiet, well-behaved birds, as if they knew their place. They're quite a contrast to their raucous cousins in a land which has little defense against their pokesiness.

New Animals

In the past 20 years there have been increasing reports of another visitor—this time a westerner come east. This is the coyote, of a strain apparently originating in the northern peninsula of Michigan and adjacent Canada. It's been seen on occasion in most every part of Vermont by hunters, farmers, vacationists.

"These coyotes," a Fish and Game Department spokesman said, "will ordinarily breed with their own kind. However, in extending their range like this, they find a scarcity of suitable mates. So they breed with local dogs. Then you have an odd critter known as a coy-dog."

"How can you tell a coy-dog from a true coyote?" I asked.

"Well, true coyotes are usually white underneath, with buffy-gray sides and back. Their ears are big and alert, and they have what I call a 'keen look.' Coy-dogs, on the other hand, often show their mixed blood. They may be any color. Their coats may be shaggy, their ears floppy, their tails curly. They're often somewhat bigger than coyotes, too—sometimes they'll weigh fifty pounds or more to the coyote's thirty."

"Do you think they'll become a threat to our wildlife?" I asked.

"Well, that's the big question. But so far, they've posed no great problem. They do chase deer. And they've been known to take grouse and rabbit. After all, they're predators. They'll eat mice, too. And berries and insects. The best we can say is that so far they've failed to live up to the dire predictions that have been made about them ever since the first one was killed in 1942."

Foreign Fish

Our waters, too, have their share of visitors. Fishermen angle for German brown trout and western rainbow trout in Vermont streams. They troll her cool waters for lake trout and landlocked salmon—which may have been introduced from the Great Lakes and the Maine area, respectively. They prize highly the silvery little smelt in Champlain and other lakes—actually a landlocked visitor from the ocean. It is alleged a lucky few in the past have caught the handsome golden trout in the extreme northeastern part of our state—an import from Sunapee Lake in New Hampshire. Even the carp, esteemed as a food fish in Asia, has found Vermont waters to its liking.

There's another group that's on the other side of the picture. These are the creatures, once native to our state, which have now moved out. Some of them are known from old town reports; others go back to early records and stories told to the settlers by the Indians. They tell of animals we now associate with the far west; creatures which were once Vermonters before there was a Vermont.

The American elk or wapiti was apparently once such a resident. It's quite possible that the American bison or buffalo also extended its range into what is now Vermont. Certainly it lived in the adjoining state of New York. Town records tell of wolves along the road in Lincoln not much more than a century ago. The legendary panther or cougar has gone to wilder parts, though reports still persist of his shadowy form in the Green Mountain woodlands. And the moose still occasionally wanders back to Vermont from Maine and Canada, like the old graduate who returns to his school for a reunion even though he's the last of his class.

Perhaps some of the most loyal Vermonters of all, the year-around birds, are mistaken for summer visitors. There also are the hosts of birds who visit our state each year to raise their babies. When fall arrives, they go south with their families. In the spring they return, faithful to their homeland.

"Authorities are still not sure as to why birds migrate," one specialist told me, "but there's a strong feeling that their ancestors may have been living here when the glaciers came. They retreated to the south before the advancing ice, and their descendents followed it north again when they finally got the chance. If this is the case, then the annual tide of birds in its ebb and flow is perhaps a sort of racial 'memory.' It becomes active as the days get short in Autumn, reverses itself with lengthening daylight in the spring."

And thus, if this theory does turn out to be true, the spring-and-autumn migration of the birds may be an indication of a family history which goes back even farther than the familiar Green Mountain rocks.

And that's old, even for a Vermonter.
Soon after the first Yankee settlers had pushed northward up the broad Connecticut River to establish communities in the fertile valleys and green rolling hills of Vermont, the artisans came. Among the blacksmiths, carpenters, and cabinetmakers journeyed a few tireless stonemasons who created one of this nation’s earliest and most fascinating art forms. These were the men who were called upon to carve the first gravestones for Vermont’s thriving frontier settlements. Following a tradition which observed commemorating the dead with stone-graven images, they used the materials at hand—most often slate and marble from local quarries—to inscribe those vital statistics attending their friends and neighbors.

Cut off from customary sources of lettering and design these artists were forced to contrive their own. They used the simple imagery and symbolism of their day to ornament the crowns of the gravestones they cut and to make the message of death more visual to those too unschooled to read the epitaphs. Because these designs were not strictly utilitarian the gravestone artists could give their imaginations free rein. As a result their graphic interpretations of death’s familiar symbols were at once strikingly original and individualistic. Where the mode in former times and in more sophisticated areas had been a succession of fearsome death’s heads and haunting angels the early Vermont carvers took a milder turn and endowed their figures with more human characteristics.
Along the Connecticut River Valley in southern Vermont one comes across countless gray slate markers with curiously stylized, circular heads and pinpoint eyes staring from beneath furrowed brows. Among these one also finds the work of another cutter, distinctly different, typified by squat faces with square jowls and badger-like eyes, all framed by leafy floral arrangements. In the southwestern part of the state, however, white marble was more common and its very nature dictated an entirely different kind of cutting. In this short distance style changes radically and stones become larger and very ornate. In form and content they were probably as baroque as anything ever to appear in this whole phase of early New England gravestone carving. Angels developed fancy wings and faces tended toward the round. The elaborate, free-flowing shapes of the crowns were filled in with lush fruits and flowers symbolizing the Kingdom of Heaven. The carving was intricate, perfectly designed, and struck with a sure hand. It is evident in both areas that these stonecutters were highly competent craftsmen who often transcended the limits of craftsmanship to become artists in their own right. Their ideas were direct and to the point, their designs superbly executed to reflect not only the attitudes of their time but to reach beyond them in vision and originality.

This art flourished in Vermont during the latter part of the 1700’s and stopped almost abruptly at the turn of the 19th century when the urn and willow tree motif became popular. Beyond that date there are few instances of truly creative or exciting carving, although such stones do occur, especially where outside influences remained at a minimum. As the decades unfolded foreign labor was introduced, mechanical methods came into use, and designs became standardized. Young men, among them perhaps restless sons and apprentices of stonecutters, were lured west to open their own frontiers. Consequently, as their elders died off the old style of stonecutting slipped into a sharp decline.

Today, examples of the gravestone artist’s work can be seen in almost any early Vermont burying ground. An excellent place to begin is historic old Rockingham Meetinghouse which stands in stately splendor on the crest of a knoll overlooking a broad expanse of hillside farms and forest. In the autumn, this imposing structure is serene and white in a sea of flaming colors. Soft breezes play over its rooftop and in late afternoon the sun’s last rays strike irregular window panes to reflect a glory of their own. In the shadows behind the meetinghouse neat rows of slate and marble slabs march shoulder to shoulder down a gentle slope of hill. At this hour the fading light works a subtle magic. Carved images seem to peer from every stone. Crude and curious lettering deepens until whole epitaphs become softly visible. One recalls local legends in half-forgotten names, and traces genealogical data until entire family histories fit together. At each recorded date and cause of death one senses the precarious existence of those emerging Vermont settlements. Here, on sculpted slates, are preserved the historic reminders of early Rockingham and Bellows Falls.
HOW TO MAKE A RUBBING

A RUBBING is simply a means of taking an impression from a low-relief carving. The principle is like that of a schoolboy's making a tracing of a coin. A sheet of tough but sensitive paper is stretched over the surface to be recorded and color is applied directly to the paper. This can best be done by using crayon or a soft-leaded pencil. There are various ink techniques but they are difficult to control, requiring, besides a great deal of skill and practice, special equipment such as silk pads and heavy-bodied inks or dyes.

A good quality Oriental rice paper which can be obtained in many art stores will give the best results. The paper must be held securely to produce a clear impression. The simplest way of solving this problem is to use an adhesive; masking tape sticks to almost any dry surface and, if carefully used, does not tear the paper.

The crayon or pencil should be held aslant and rubbed lightly back and forth over the paper until an image appears. The raised surfaces are those which record; the parts which are cut away do not take the color. Wherever the image begins to appear more clearly it is an easy matter to concentrate the rubbing in that area, avoiding the incised parts. This should be kept up until a satisfactory, overall effect is achieved. If pencil has been used it is advisable to spray the rubbing with a fixative so the graphite will not smudge. Rubbings made in this manner can be treated as prints and framed, or conveniently filed away for future use. They can be of value to students, artists, and historians. The technique itself provides a simple method of recording and of preserving lettering and designs from surfaces which are in danger of being lost forever.

A. P./A. N.
Sally Morrison and her two Children, Rockingham, 1799. Staring out from under furrowed brows are these stylized portraits, perfect down to the mark of the compass point on their noses. This stone is a fine example of the strong individualism which is so often seen among Vermont cutters.

The Bellows Infants, Rockingham, 1799. Two children, members of the family who settled Bellows Falls, are depicted in lacy nightcaps under mounds of checkered quilts, as though they'd just gone to bed. The image on the stone is barely visible to the eye but comes through very well in an ink rubbing.

Lucinda Day, Chester, 1800. This design was probably derived from an early inn or tavern sign, with a heart replacing the usual stars and stripes of the national emblem. The design, though lightly incised in the slate, is one of the most interesting in Vermont.
Top: Rebecca Park and Children, Grafton, 1803. This is one of the most unusual stones in the whole of New England. Cut by the "Rockingham cutter" thirteen infants are placed on the family tree. The remaining child, named after the father, and therefore more important, is placed in the center of the stone, next to the mother. This stone, cut on a high quality slate is in perfect condition.

Above, left: Anne Phelps, Windsor, 1797. This three-toed angel clothed in what appears to be a shepherd's robe, is cut with great originality and strength by an artist who worked in many towns along the Vermont and New Hampshire sides of the Connecticut River.

Above, right: Mrs. Sarah Hubbel, Bennington, 1797. Grapes are symbolic of the life beyond the grave and this stone, probably cut by Zerrubabel Collins, is a veritable vineyard. This type of border is unusual for Vermont although it appears in other parts of New England, notably in Connecticut.
Above, left: Abner Hill, Sunderland, 1801. A powerful and vigorous stone by an unknown stonecutter, it is notable for its strength and delightful use of traditional motifs. The hand, so often used in the nineteenth century in conjunction with the phrase “Gone Home,” here points towards heaven, guiding the way for Abner Hill.

Above, right: Ira Hawley, Arlington, 1784. This queer little figure is incised in white marble, with wings so highly stylized that they appear to meet at the neck to form what looks like a fantastically large bow tie. Many examples of this cutter’s work have weathered almost beyond recognition.

Left: Atherton Chaffe, Westminster, 1776. The grapes and flowers growing from the ornate pots on either side of this oddly compressed head symbolize the promises of heaven. The artist carved curious eyes and subtle lines into the face to indicate age, an unusual attempt at portraiture.
Above: Laura and Marianne Swift, Bennington, 1790.
Double stones are often found in New England and this one depicts two young sisters transformed into slightly worried looking angels. Although the feeling for overall pattern is quite typical of Vermont work, the abstract treatment of the arms and the cross within an upside-down heart make this marble stone singular.

Right: Sibbel Parsons, Bennington, 1787. This spidery angel decorates an elaborately shaped white marble stone. The uprooted flowers and dangling heart were probably symbolic. The misspelling of “Mori” in the Latin inscription “Remember Death” lends an unintended but humorous twist.

Below: Col. Joseph Safford, Woodstock, 1798. The profile is rarely found on Vermont stones but several by the same cutter can be seen in Woodstock.
imaginative carver, perhaps an apprentice, more probably a brother, if one can account for the initials, 'E.C.', discovered on a stone in East Poultney. Some of the best examples are located beside the church in Arlington. Here another dimension is added by lichen which covers the crumbling marble. Weathering has all but obliterated some of the designs, giving them a ghostly appearance. These incised or raised figures possess an earnest charm and the allure of primitive spontaneity. Tiny hands are abstracted beneath monkey-like faces with walnut-sized eyes which stand out in bold relief. Flowing wings are joined across the neck suggesting gigantic bow-ties; wings curl upwards and the crossed feathers of their tips clutch dainty flowers.

It is not unlikely that the deceased was a friend or neighbor to the stonecutter who sculpted his gravestone. In such cases portraits were sometimes attempted or at least a graphic portrayal of some feature relevant to that person's days on earth. With but a small stretch of the imagination one can picture a stonecutter picking up his mallet and chisel to carve a stone for a neighbor's child. In that instant he may have been inspired to substitute calligraphic birds for feathery angel's wings, placing them on the figure's shoulders in much the same manner as wings. Such stones exist and one may be found near Grafton.

One thing is certain, the early Vermont stonecutters were hardy artisans who worked prodigiously if one may judge by the great number of stones attributed to each man. The style a gravestone cutter developed was his own; it was relatively uninfluenced and, once perfected, did not change basically. His designs became his trademark; the rugged individualism that made him a pioneer refused to allow his carving to be influenced by what the man in the next village might be doing. Whole areas of work with completely different styles are found within a few miles of one another. In later years an apprentice or a son following in his father's footsteps would often carve in a similar manner, but eventually those tentative efforts crystallized into a personal style and in time he created his own designs.

Now, through weathering and neglect, these fine examples of early American art are fast disappearing. Nearly two centuries of constant exposure to the elements has begun to take its toll. Marble, under such conditions, has a tendency to granulate until the sugary surface crumbles and erases the carving. Slate, especially the poor quality so often used, is more apt to fracture and separate in layers; moisture seeps into the lateral crevices, freezes, and expands until segments flake off. Lichen attacks and erodes some stones. Vandalism has added to this destruction and well-intentioned power mowers continue to chip and score the stones at every passing.

One satisfactory way of preserving these images is through application of the ancient technique of 'rubbing.' (See plates) This process consists of placing a tough pliable paper over the surface and brushing a wax or ink color gently onto the paper until the image comes through. In this manner the artist or archivist is able to preserve an exact reading of the carved design.

So little significance was attached to the gravestone maker's craft that it was rarely mentioned in contemporary journals and almost never considered as an art form. Nonetheless, Vermont's early burying grounds bear mute testimony to the gravestone cutter's skill. These carved stones provide an important footnote to history. They have been much neglected in the past and only recently have they begun to assume a prominent place in the annals of early American art. Unquestionably, this collective body of work remains today as one of our richest sources of symbolism and design, a tribute to this country's artistic heritage and a credit to the men who produced it.
When I was about fourteen years of age my father came home one evening and told me that I was going to learn to play the flute. Mr. A. H. Bull, an older man than my father, and a fellow deacon in the church, (and the grandfather of a friend of mine), was the sponsor of the Sunday School orchestra, and he wanted someone to sit by him in the one-man flute section. So, between them they picked me, and over a period extending for nearly a year, I suppose, I reported to Mr. Bull's house on Saturday mornings, and took my flute lesson. Well, I never learned much, certainly nothing about music, not even how to read, though for a while I tooted away at the religious pieces and marches that Conductor Anton Gloeckner, a nice fellow who played the violin, put on the stands before Mr. Bull and me on those Sunday mornings so long ago.

But nothing came of it, and the taper-bored wooden flute was put away and completely forgotten after a very short period as second flute in the Third Presbyterian Church Sunday School Orchestra in Elizabeth, N. J. Though I loved music, there were no more abortive attempts to make it, until one day, twenty-five years or so later, I listened to some music which really made a big change in my life. It was the Third Sonata in G for Flute and Harpsichord by Handel, recorded by the French master Marcel Moyse, and it sounded so exquisitely beautiful to me that I resolved on the spot that someday I would make that music. Well, that was the beginning of a long road. I did learn to play the Handel Sonata, but that is another story. The connecting link between those ancient Saturday mornings and the Brattleboro Music Center is Marcel Moyse, the same great master who became leader of the world famous Moyse Trio. This Trio was made up of Marcel Moyse, his daughter-in-law, Blanche Honegger Moyse, and his son Louis Moyse; and these are the people responsible for the Brattleboro Music Center.

Blanche and Louis Moyse founded the Brattleboro Music Center in 1952, the purpose of which was “to promote the love and understanding of music in this area and to make it an important part of the cultural life of the community. The emphasis is on providing live music and in giving both children and adults a chance to participate in making music and to listen to concerts of the highest level.” The idea for such an organization grew out of the fact that the Music School only occupied their energies in the summer time. And because of Marcel Moyse’s wish to retire, there was to be no more traveling about giving concerts.

In 1951–52 these two, Louis, flutist, pianist and composer, and Blanche, violinist, violist and conductor, agreed to give classes in music at Brattleboro for an adult education series which was locally sponsored and headed by Paul Olson, an attorney and Marlboro College trustee. In these classes chamber music was played for a group of some fifty persons. As a sonata, for example, was played, the players would interrupt their playing and Mrs. Moyse would analyze the passage.
and explain the development. The classes were a great success, and it occurred to the performers that here was a solid and dependable audience for a concert series. And so, after consultation with interested people such as Henry Z. Persons, treasurer of both the College and the Music School, it was decided to organize the “Center.” Blanche and Louis Moyse have been the artistic directors from the very beginning.

Another factor contributing to the start was an Easter concert given by the combined choral groups of the Brattleboro churches. Mrs. Moyse was asked to rehearse these people and to conduct the concert. It was such a success, and so much enthusiasm was generated among the participants, that it was decided to make a chorus an integral part of the Center. In addition to concert and choral functions they started free school concerts, which are perhaps the most significant of all of the activities of the Center.

The chorus has become, in a way, the heart of the organization, for through these Brattleboro singers there evolved a real and exciting participation in music on the part of the community. No one was refused—if the aspirant could barely carry a tune he was accepted. Nor did the quality of the voice offer cause for rejection. In this connection Mrs. Moyse told a story which is too charming to omit. Some time ago, in one of the groups there was one voice which was not pleasing, and so Mrs. Moyse took each other member of that group aside, and said, “Now, when I say ‘sing softly,’ pay no attention, for I do not mean you.” So when the admonition to “sing softly” came, it was heeded by only that one voice, and everyone was happy.

I can not but add my bit at this point: the greatness of the performance, the beauty of the sound, and insight into the music which this varied group of citizens, male and female displays, is truly miraculous. They sing with the Marlboro College chorus, each group being rehearsed separately by Mrs. Moyse. The greatness of the performance of such masterworks as the Schubert Mass in E flat major, or Arthur Honegger’s symphonic psalm King David, or the Faure Requiem, simply must be heard to be believed. Besides these, the chorus, together with the symphonic orchestra which the Moyses assemble for the occasion, have performed Handel’s Messiah, the Cherubini Requiem, the Brahms German Requiem, several of the Bach Cantatas, and other tremendous works.

Some of the most rewarding comments and returns come as the result of the Children’s Concerts. Ten such concerts per year are given, making a total to date of more than a hundred and twenty. These are given during morning assembly periods at the grade schools, and they have covered an astounding range of all types of chamber music and all varieties of instruments. The power the Moyses have to attract great professional talent to their doings is nothing less than fabulous. Perhaps the greatest treat of all for the children was when, after a careful study of recordings so as to develop familiarity with the piece, the symphony orchestra which had been assembled for a spring concert, gave Prokofiev’s Peter and the Wolf, for an audience composed exclusively of 700 kids. They were enthralled.

One wrote in to Mrs. Moyse and said, “Oh I loved the concert last night because you moved your hands so much!” Another, speaking of Peter and the Wolf, said, “It was marvelous, even better than the record!” Yes, the kids’ part of it is important. Now-a-days they are being importuned from all sides by the cheap and the mediocre, and these great moments that the Music Center has given them they will never forget.

As for their elders, here too deeper insights are revealed, and a new understanding of beauty developed. One of Mrs. Moyse’s singers, a lady with some professional experience, came to the preparation of King David with complete lack of enthusiasm. It was ugly, she thought, and she did not like it nor see why the chorus should be bothered with such stuff. But when it was all over she came to Mrs. Moyse and said; “I didn’t like it, right up to the last minute. Then when we stood on the stage and I heard the speaker, and I heard the orchestra, all of this fell into one single work that had meaning and beauty, and this was the greatest experience of my life.”

Mrs. Moyse made this penetrating comment; “Children love whatever you give them. If it is bad they love it, if it is good they love it. So it is extremely important that you give them what is good. In this respect the Center is really great, for it gives adults a memorable experience in music-making and it gives children the love for the best in music.”

It is impossible to give adequate credit to the people responsible for what has happened here, but it is the enormous talent of Blanche Moyse which has been able to evoke music of the highest order from people and in places where one would least expect to find it.
ONE OF THE MOST CHEERING SIGHTS IN VERMONT IS PROVIDED EACH FALL BY THE
Emperor of the Garden
by LOUISE ANDREWS KENT
Photograph by HANSON CARROLL

That’s what the Chinese used to call pumpkins—when they had Emperors. Whether it is still a Chinese symbol of health and prosperity, Mrs. Appleyard does not know. Pumpkins are certainly a cheering sight in Vermont gardens after the early frost has turned corn stalks from green to straw color. She likes to see the globes of orange-gold among the corn and she always has a few seeds planted, partly for looks, partly for jack o’lanterns at Halloween. The big pumpkins are less good in flavor and texture than the less decorative small ones known as “pie pumpkins.”

Mrs. Appleyard sometimes uses these for cooking—but this is a local scandal—it is known in Appleyard Center that at about Thanksgiving time she has sometimes been seen buying a can of Libby’s pumpkin. When questioned about this practice—she was standing right beside a generous heap of pumpkins and squashes—she alleged that unless your own pumpkin is at exactly the right point of ripeness pumpkin is better out of a can and much less trouble.

In any event when you have acquired some stewed and strained pumpkin, no matter how you got it, your work has just begun. Mrs. Appleyard learned from her husband’s mother that to make the best pumpkin pie the pumpkin should be slightly dried and caramelized. To do this she butters a big iron frying pan lightly, puts in two cups of stewed pumpkin and cooks it down to a cup and a half. She does it over medium heat on top of the stove, stirring it often and turning over the whole mass occasionally so that it all comes in contact with the pan. This browns the pumpkin slightly and brings out its natural sweetness. Drying it out in the oven does not give the same effect; it simply makes it crusty out­side and leaves it still moist inside.

When your pumpkin is golden brown, thick and smooth, it is ready to use in various ways. Of course the first is

PUMPKIN PIE (For Eight)

For two 8-inch pies or one 12-inch one

| 1 1/2 cups cooked and browned pumpkin | 2 T. flour |
| 2 eggs | 1 cup sugar |
| 3 cups rich milk | 1 cup cream |
| 2 T. of sugar | 1 t. cinnamon |
| 1 T. of flour | 1/2 t. nutmeg |
| 1/2 t. nutmeg | 1/2 t. ginger |

Put the pumpkin in a large bowl, sprinkle it with 2 T. of flour, stir thoroughly, stir in the sugar. Your pie shells should be ready, built up well around the edge and nicely fluted. Butter the bottom of a sauce pan. Scald the milk in it, add cream and seasonings. Pour it over the pumpkin mixture. Stir. Add well beaten eggs. Stir all together until mixture is well blended. Mix the extra flour and sugar, add a pinch of spice to it. Scatter it over the bottom crust of the pie shells. Fill shells with the mixture about 3/4 inches deep. Moisten strips of gauze and put them around the edges of the pies to keep them from browning too fast. Bake 15 minutes at 450°, then reduce heat to 325° and bake about half an hour longer. Pies are done when they just shake in the middle or when a silver knife slipped into the middle comes out clean.

One of Mrs. Appleyard’s grandsons is such a favorite of hers that she allows him to put whipped cream on his pie. She prefers hers plain with a piece of Vermont cheese alongside.

Perhaps you have some filling left. This is lucky because when your grandson says, “Is the pie all gone?” in a tone of despair, you say, “Yes, but I made you a pudding.”

PUMPKIN PUDDING (For Four)

| 1 cup of pie filling | 1 cup milk |
| 2 eggs, well beaten | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 1 T. spices (mixed) | |

Bake a small casserole. Mix the above ingredients with a wire whisk until they are well blended and pour the mixture into the casserole. Roll 2 Montpelier crackers into fine crumbs and mix them with 1 T. of brown sugar. Scatter over pumpkin mixture. Dot with butter. Bake at 350° for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 325°. Bake about 20 minutes longer until a silver knife comes out clean from the center and crumbs are golden brown. Serve hot if you like. Mrs. Appleyard prefers it cold, offers whipped cream or thick sour cream with it, eats hers plain.

PUMPKIN SOUP (For Six)

At Christmas time Mrs. Appleyard’s descendants asked for cranberry pie and mince pie so she preceded the turkey with this soup, which is a beautiful color as well as good to eat.

| 1 cup pumpkin, browned as for pie | 2 cups chicken stock |
| 2 cups milk | 1 cup cream |
| 1 egg yolk | 1 slice of onion, minced |
| 2 T. butter | 2 T. flour |
| 1/4 t. nutmeg | 1/2 t. garlic powder |
| 1/2 t. paprika | 2 T. sherry (optional) |

Melt the butter. Cook the onion in it until onion is straw color. Remove pan from heat. Shove onion aside and blend flour, mixed with spices, with the butter. Return to heat. Work in first the chicken stock then the milk. Cook until it bubbles around the edge, about three minutes. Stir in the pumpkin. Pour mixture into the top of a double boiler and cook it uncovered for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. At serving time, beat the egg yolk and cream lightly together in a small bowl. Stir hot soup, a tablespoon at a time, into the mixture, about 4 tablespoons, then stir this mixture into the soup. Cover and let it cook until the soup is well heated. It should be the consistency of thick cream. If you use sherry, add it at the last minute. Serve the soup in bowls with paprika sprinkled over it. It will be the color of a frosted sugar-maple leaf. Toasted Montpelier crackers go well with it.

Mrs. Appleyard has just thought what the Chinese probably call pumpkins now. Since “garden” is a sentimental word, she thinks they are probably known as Commissars of the Tractor Patch. Their cultivators have probably conveniently forgotten that pumpkin seeds were first brought to China by Yankee sea captains, whose ancestors got them from Huron Indians, whose ancestors got them over a path through the wilderness that began in South America.

Small world, commissars!
Green Mountain

POST BOY

Safely ensconced earlier this year at the Smithsonian Institution was the Revolutionary War gundolo Philadelphia, which was raised from Lake Champlain in 1935 by the late Commander L. F. Hagglund. The 54-foot warship was sunk off Valcour Island during Benedict Arnold's 1776 battle with the British fleet.

George Gordon, author of (and model for) our autumn fishing article, settled here, in Jamaica, four years ago upon his retirement from a federal career. He has written for national sporting magazines the past 25 years.

A herd of Vermont bovines has been congregated at Boston by Vermont farm and church groups. Thence they were dispatched by plane to Ecuador, where the stock will be used to improve blood lines in native cattle. There were 18 Jersey cattle in the shipment and, perhaps to maintain racial equality, a lone Hereford bull.

The Postboy would like to draw readers' attention to the Rural Vermonter, a bi-monthly magazine published in East Thetford by Miss Charlotte McCartney. Subscriptions are $2 a year.

For parts of our articles on Tunbridge Fair and Carvers in Stone we have been fortunate to have a special paper, conceived by V. L.'s designer Frank Lieberman, made by Monadnock Mills, of Bennington, N. H., the John Carter Company collaborating.

Proving that the moose isn't entirely gone from Vermont is this shot taken last fall on the outskirts of Hardwick by Raymond Gant of Neptune, N. J., who approached the huge beast closer than most would care to.

Robert Hagerman adds a postscript on the hard-dying Mt. Mansfield Electric Railroad (see Vermont Life, Spring 1964). True, the company ceased operations on the 10 1/2 miles of track in 1932. But it kept on for 27 more years doing a freighting business with trucks, and billing customers railroad freight rates rather than truck charges.

Albert Spaulding's Trolley article (see above) reminds Stephen Greene of Rudyard Kipling's strong opposition to "the cars" in Brattleboro.

"No man who has had experience of trollies and their workings would willingly risk the lives of his family or his horses by exposing them to the daily chance of accident from direct collision with the cars, from fallen wires or from runaways." So wrote the noted British author from neighboring Dummerston.

To allow the line, he went on, would be an action which "permanently disfigures streets already proven inadequate to any extra strain of traffic; which totally destroys the beauty for which Brattleboro is so justly famous . . . and which in every city of the Union has inevitably been followed by the violent death or mutilation of human beings."

This was in 1895, and it may be just as well that Mr. Kipling didn't live to see Brattleboro today, now wreathed by Interstate Route 91.

This handsome Robert Frost Medal, designed by Ralph J. Menconi, is now available from the Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier ($2.50 in bronze). Adaptation (the date added) of the Vermont State Seal, was by special authorization.

Ann Parker and husband Avon Neal, whose miraculous gravestone rubbings appear starting page 40, have studied stone relief sculpture in seven European, African and Central American countries. The past four years, in part aided by Ford Foundation grants, they have concentrated on New England gravestone carvings. Exhibits of their rubbings have been held at more than a dozen museums and galleries, while new ones are planned for London, Paris and Rome. The Neals now are working on a book and are assembling a limited edition of original rubbings.

Ann Parker is an accomplished photographer and Mr. Neal a writer with interests in history and archeology.

Until a sound new method can be compounded to ascertain the winner, the Mystery Picture Contest is being discontinued. Winner of the Summer issue contest, which pictured the original Harmon mint building in Rupert, was Edgar W. Heiberg, Springfield, Massachusetts.
IT'S PHOTOGRAPHICALLY YOURS—ALL OF IT!

All of Vermont’s colorful beauty is waiting on camera for you in this, the most spectacular time of the year. So many are the maple-lined hill roads, so numerous the white, clustered villages, one hardly knows where to go for the best pictures. Let us help you out with a copy of A Photo Guide to the Beauty State of New England. In it top-flight photographers of the Vermont scene list their own favorite sites, places to go for the best views, best times of day, what to look for and special camera tips. The photo notes are arranged to cover the state by areas. Stock up on color film and write today for your copy of VERMONT PHOTO GUIDE. It’s free. Write to:

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HANS ZINSSER