with a man’s chest. The variety of the tree is not known.

An Apology for raising false, or at least premature, hope is due to those hundreds who wrote they very much do want to migrate to Vermont, and need help in finding suitable employment.

Although at this writing, January, we have found no group or agency willing and able to take on such work actively, hope has not been abandoned.

It cannot be denied that there is unemployment here, that young Vermonters still must leave for want of jobs, that openings not yet bloom on every Vermont bush.

We feel, however, that there are real possibilities here for those with fitting, persistent talents, particularly now for those who are able, albeit with scant help, to find and develop their own opportunities.
O THE annihilation of space there seems to be no limit. Yet the farther we go per hour, and the faster, the more we forget the true pleasures of travel.

The inland water steamboat is outmoded in every respect except that it was the best way to go—the most natural, the most comfortable, the most enchanting. There was the attraction of water, but not so much of it that it engulfed the horizons. With its spacious halls and rooms, its paneling, plate glass and gold leaf, its carpets and upholstered chairs, its sunny, spacious and well-painted decks, its huge, gleaming and noiseless engine, the paddle steamer was a delight to look and live upon.

There was a majestic but easy rhythm to its arriving and departing: the drawing up of village roofs and piers, the frothing of the backward-turning paddlewheels, the
Superstructure of the 220-foot Ticonderoga, like that of her predecessors, was built at Shelburne Harbor shipyard, which decorated the stateroom hall with fluted stanchions, banisters and newel posts of cherry, paneled stateroom doors of butternut, and gracefully arched timbers supporting stenciled ceiling of the trunk deck. Eastern paddleboats always were shaped in an ellipse around the engine enclosure, with cabins opening on outboard sides and stairs aft leading to a recess on the main deck. Circular settee came from Steamer Vermont II (1871-1903); large steering wheel is relic of U.S.S. Battleship Vermont, once Navy flagship. Decorated brass double beds reflected in ornate mirror were placed in stateroom by the late Mrs. J. Watson Webb as mementos of the Gilded Age. Ti's much-traveled eagle still perches on the pilot house forward of the 40-foot smoke stack, now capped to prevent rain and snow from falling into the coal-fired boilers.
creaking of the guard against the piling, the merry trooping on and off the gangplank, the departing clang of bells and the onward voyage down blue aisles flanked by fields and mountains.

The shores of Champlain knew the steamboat earlier than those of any lake in the world. Shelburne, where the much admired Ticonderoga went overland in 1955, will know her long after her hundreds of sister ships elsewhere have become but myths and memories. The Ti is the world’s only remaining specimen of her type. For that reason and because she is, as architecture, distinctly American and Vermont she has become the foremost attraction at the Shelburne Museum. Indeed, more people each summer now throng her companionways, stateroom hall and dining room, her bridge, engine and boiler room than in any of the 47 busy years she knew the ports of Burlington, St. Albans, Plattsburgh, Port Kent, Essex, Westport, Port Henry, Ticonderoga and whistle stops from Crown Point to Isle La Motte.

Here we recall to lake-dwellers who saluted the Ti with fireworks and cowbells as she swept past, and whom she answered with her deep-throated whistle, and to the other thousands who know her by sight and reputation, a portfolio of intimate portraits.

A surer, more silent means of locomotion than the vertical beam engine has never been devised, nor examples more perfect than Andrew Fletcher’s ever built. Dial at right showed engineer exact position of crank, which might get stuck dead center, at 12 and 6 o’clock positions. At top speed, about 18 miles-an-hour, the immense side-wheels (paddlebuckets 2 x 10 feet) revolved 28 times a minute; reversed they could stop the boat in a fraction of time required by propeller vessels. They also allowed large ships to serve shallow-water ports.
One of maritime history’s strangest odysseys was Ticonderoga’s last cruise, in winter of 1955, over nearly two miles of pasture and wood to the Shelburne Museum. She is shown (from top) first at her shipyard pier before final journey to the LaPlatte river mouth at the foot of Shelburne Bay. Here a huge earthen lock was built in two sections, each as long as the boat—one at lake level, another 16 feet higher at terrain level. The latter contained a large, two-section cradle mounted on train wheels, astride two sets of railroad tracks. As soon as Ti entered the lower basin a 24-foot retaining wall was filled around her stern. Then huge pumps filled the yawning basin, floating the boat to pasture level, so she could be drawn forward and, as the water was drained, lowered onto her now-submerged cradle. Land journey to the Museum began January 31 in 20-below-zero cold. It was accomplished in gradual stages over a graded, frozen roadbed on short sections of track, which, as soon as the boat was winched over them, were picked up and laid down in front. She arrived at the Museum April 6th, having traversed two highways, a thawing swamp and tracks of the Rutland Railroad (air photo). As a prime specimen of fresh water architecture Ticonderoga with Colchester Lighthouse (see page 2), provides Shelburne Museum with a maritime flavor characteristic of western Vermont.
Entirely surrounded by Bomoseen’s waters and wary Vermonters, the shenanigans on Aleck Woollcott’s island are hilariously recalled by

HARPO MARX

NESHOBE ISLAND was in the middle of Lake Bomoseen, in west-central Vermont, not many hills away from the southern arm of Lake Champlain. Although Champlain was a couple of hundred times bigger than Bomoseen, Aleck regarded it as a minor body of water, simply a convenience for his friend Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. to land his sea-plane on when he flew up from New York for a visit.

Aleck’s island was only seven acres in size, but it held a wonderful variety of terrain and vegetation—miniature meadows, hills and cliffs, quarries and beaches, wild flowers, flowering vines and bushes, maples and evergreens. The water surrounding the island was forever changing. It could be smooth as glass one minute, then suddenly churning with whitecaps, from updrafts and downdrafts of mountain winds.

Neshobe was to Aleck the most beautiful spot on earth. It was the only place where he ever lived happily alone, without an audience. Here he was the audience. Neshobe Island was in fact a kind of theatre to Aleck with a continuous show. Each dawn raised the curtain on a new scene, each season was a new act, and each year a new drama. The last act was Autumn and its climax was October, when the turning maples ringed the lake with red and orange fire, unbroken except for the white stems of the birches and the blue-green spires of the pines.

When Aleck bought the island it was with the idea of making it a personal, solitary retreat. But he found himself loving it so much that he had to have somebody to share it with, so he turned the island into a private club for his innermost circle of friends.

For an outsider, an invitation to Bomoseen was more than a feather in the social cap. It meant you had been

Photographs by Richard Carver Wood

HARPO SPEAKS is the new autobiography of the famous long silent Marx Brother, the gay harpist. This chapter is from the book, just published by Bernard Geis Associates, New York. ($5.95)
proposed for the Alexander Woollcott Roster of Who’s Who. If you were invited a second time, it meant you had been elected. There was only one honor higher than this, and that was being asked to join the island club as a full-fledged member.

I was invited up for a weekend. I was invited again, which put me in a class with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, S. N. Behrman, Charles Brackett, Ruth Gordon, Irene Castle, Ethel Barrymore, Katherine Cornell, Noel Coward and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Then I was awarded the final honor. I became a member. The only other guy who made it in my time was Charles Lederer, the present-screenwriter and producer, who was then a literary protégé of Aleck’s. Damned if I know why I qualified. Maybe Aleck considered me his cribbage protégé.

The thing we cherished most about the island, along with its natural beauty, was its isolation. Whenever we stepped onto Neshobe, we left Western Civilization behind and entered our own primitive society. Aleck would have been content to keep the island in the Stone Age. The most modern appliances he would tolerate, at first, were kerosene lamps, a hand pump for water, and an outboard motor for the launch. Bit by bit, for the sake of his guests’ comfort, he softened. He had a new clubhouse built, with plumbing and electricity. But he still kept the ancient, original farmhouse for his personal quarters. (Eventually Aleck built a rambling stone house on a ridge overlooking the lake on all sides, and this became his permanent home for the last seven years of his life.)

Our privacy we fought for and protected at all costs. The mainland was only a quarter of a mile away, and near the dock was a large resort hotel which we could see from the island. The natives, in true Vermont fashion, didn’t bother anybody who didn’t bother them, but the tourists were a pretty nosey bunch.

The rumor got around that there were “famous people living on that dinky island,” and that there were “a lot of crazy goings-on out there.” One day while I was waiting on the mainland for the launch to pick me up, two dames were sitting on the dock gazing at the island. One of them was looking through a pair of binoculars. I sidled over behind them, and heard the dame with the binoculars say, “Will you look who’s there, in a bathing suit! It’s Marie Dressier!”

“Marie Dressier” was of course Alexander Woollcott, taking his daily dip.

Once I spotted a rowboat full of rubbernecks headed our way, towards the island. I stripped off all my clothes, smeared myself with mud, and went whooping and war-dancing down to the shore, making Goojies and brandishing a club. The tourists rowed away fast enough to have won the Poughkeepsie Regatta. That put an end to the snooping that season. It also, I’m sure, started some juicy new rumors about our crazy goings-on.

Three natives were allowed on Neshobe: the guy who brought over mail and supplies, and the couple who worked as cook and handyman. I remember the handyman because he had made himself a clamp for his hernia out of a length of wire and a wooden peg. Whenever his rupture gave him trouble, he just gave the peg a few turns and tightened ‘er up. He didn’t set much store by such foolishness as doctorin’.

Joe Hennessey actually ran the club. Joe, besides being Woollcott’s private secretary, did the ordering, kept the books, kept the handyman busy on the grounds, saw that guests were met on the mainland and were assigned places to sleep, and made sure that Aleck’s steaks were properly broiled. Beefsteak was Aleck’s staple food. When he ordered dinner in a restaurant he put on quite a scene.

Dinner, on the island, was only part of the evening ritual. The first ceremony at day’s end, for which everybody gathered in the clubhouse, was Cocktails. From Cocktails until the last goodnight, Woollcott presided over the evening like a combination Social Director, Schoolmaster and Queen Mother. He called the turns in the conversation, snuffed out arguments that didn’t involve him and decided which games should be played.

If Aleck felt ornery, he’d challenge somebody to cribbage or anagrams, and the rest of us could fend for ourselves. If he felt mellow, he’d propose we play a “family” game—poker, Murder, a guessing game, or some game he’d just invented.

It seemed to me that Aleck invented games as a way of probing deeper into the character of people he loved. His curiosity about his friends was endless. He asked me so many questions about details in my life that I thought he must be writing a book about me. He once spent the better part of a week tracking down a newspaper report of the Schang trial and presented me, as a birthday present, a photostat copy of the story in the Times. He spent years hunting for Miss Flatto, my old nemesis from P.S. 86, and by God he finally located her.
That’s how intensely he would poke into our lives—not out of any hidden, abnormal motives, but out of genuine curiosity. Aleck was impressed that a human being could be put together in the first place. He was absolutely astonished that one could be put together in such a way as to give Alexander Woollcott pleasure.

His people-probing quizzes went like this: “Which person—aside from a friend or a relative—would you bring back to life, if you had the power?” Or, “Name the greatest single song ever written.” I remember that the person most frequently named in the first was Abraham Lincoln. In the second (and this was by secret ballot, after long thought), the replies were unanimous: “Silent Night.”

We played “Categories” and “Ghosts” and our own variation of an old guessing game, “Famous Persons.” In this, you gave the famous person’s last initial and stated what he was famous for, and the others had to guess the person. I stumped the club once (but only once, I must add), when I announced I was thinking of a person beginning with a “C” who was famous for making people fall on their fannies. Nobody got it.

I was thinking of Chippendale, the guy who designed the chairs with the spindly legs.

That was when I learned I was not supposed to win at such games. Aleck got huffy and said my statement of Chippendale’s claim to fame was farfetched and not in the spirit of the game. Then he changed the subject, to put himself back in the limelight.

“Do you want to hear me give a sentence using the word ‘Demosthenes’? he asked. Of course we all said yes, and Aleck said, “Demosthenes can do is bend, and hold the legs together.”

Another time I got my ears pinned back was when success at poker went to my head, and I challenged Woollcott to a game of anagrams. He snorted, saying I would be a lamb leading myself to slaughter. Well then, I said, give me odds of a hundred to one. “My dear Harpo,” he said, “I shall bet a hundred dollars to your one that you don’t make a single word you can keep.” We played. I wound up without a single word in front of me.

Alice Miller was the only club member who did any serious work on the island. She kept a daily schedule at her desk, turning out the poetry and fiction so much admired by millions of readers. Aleck worked with Joe Hennessey on his correspondence an hour or so each morning, but did no other writing. Neysa did a little sketching now and then, but no commercial painting.

Otherwise nobody worked at all. Daylight hours were for us hours of pure relaxation—except for the Morning Dip. The Morning Dip was one of Aleck’s rules: Everybody in the water before breakfast, no matter how freezing cold the lake might be. Aleck, with all his rolls and layers of protective suet, was impervious to cold water. While the rest of us shook and turned blue, he would float around serene as an empty scow, wearing his glasses and reading a book propped on the dome of his belly, and wondering why the rest of us were such sissies. Woollcott was the only guy I ever knew who could float vertically as well as he could horizontally. From a distance, you could never tell whether his top or front was up.

After the swim, Aleck and Alice always retreated to their studies, and the rest of us were free to read, snooze, talk, play, ramble or gamble.

For a guy whose life had been confined to tenements, trains, hotel room and dressing rooms, there was always something new and exciting to do at Neshobe. I used to spend hours tooling around the lake in a sailing canoe.
Sometimes I got stuck in the middle of the lake in a flat calm and had to paddle home. Other times I'd be out when a sudden storm swooped down off the mountains, and I'd wind up pinned to the rocks on the mainland shores.

Fishing was fine in Lake Bomoseen. My luck was fine too, but I had to give up fishing for sentimental reasons. One day I caught a nice, big bass. For the hell of it I marked him with a clip and threw him back in. Next time I fished, I caught the same big bass. Again I threw him back in. A week later I caught the guy a third time. By now we had become good friends. He never bothered me, being a good Vermonter, so why should I bother him? I stopped fishing.

Besides swimming, sailing and fishing, the club offered badminton, and the island itself offered Indian relics, to be had for the digging up. But the greatest sport of all was the game of croquet.

For five years of my life croquet was my hobby, avocation, recreation and dedication. I lavished more time, dough and passion on the game of croquet than the average sugar-daddy did on his babydoll. The whole madness began on Neshobe Island.

On the first day of my first visit up there, Aleck asked me if I'd like him to teach me The Game. "Teach me?" I said. "Just tell me the rules and I'll take you on, any price you want to name." He gave me a funny look and said all right, if I insisted on learning the hard way, we'd play for ten bucks a game, loser's option to double the bet for the next game.

Croquet I knew vaguely as a pastime for kids and elderly couples, something to do with tapping balls along the grass with long wooden hammers. Hardly anything for a virtuoso of the pool cue or the golf club to take seriously. I began to wonder about Aleck. He was a rough-and-ready gambler, indoors. But outdoors—croquet?

I didn't wonder very long. The croquet that Aleck played was no pastime for kids or elderly couples. He played for keeps. He was a crack, accurate shot and he was a cunning strategist.

I didn't know the game had a strategy. I soon learned. You had to know when to go for position and when to go for the wicket, when to go for the stake instead of turning Rover, where to send your opponent's ball when you hit him, and which of a dozen different ways to send it. If you were playing partners, you had to remember at all times who was dead on who, and you had to know how to use your partner's ball without leaving him out of position or vulnerable to an opponent.

The course on the island was rugged and tricky. The wickets were laid out on a hard, fast surface, on what was once a badminton court. Beyond this there were no bounds or limits. A ball had to be played from wherever it lay. On one side, the court was bordered by a stand of tall maples, thick with underbrush. Beyond the trees a cliff dropped sharply to the narrow beach at the edge of the lake. The only ground-rule was that if your ball landed in the water, you had the choice of playing it out or placing it on the beach and losing a turn.

Before very long I had played enough and practiced enough to hold my own on the court. By the end of summer, we were all pretty much on a par—Aleck, Neysa, Beatrice, Fleischmann, Dietz, Lederer, Alice and myself. Croquet became a hopeless addiction. It combined the best elements of golf, billiards and poker. Fresh air and sunshine were added benefits—except that we also played through rains and fogs, aiming by ear, and in wild storms where we argued almost to the point of fist-fights over whether knocking a hailstone out of the way counted as a turn.

Nobody ever "choked up," or went off his game under
pressure. We were always on our game and we always had supreme confidence. Some of the damndest shots were made on Neshobe Island. Balls were sent sailing down through the trees to the lake like they had wings. The same balls came sailing back up the cliff, over the brush and through the tree trunks and onto the court like they had eyes as well.

When I got the feel of the game, I began to fool around with innovations. Drawing on my vast experience in pool-rooms, from Lexington Avenue to San Francisco, I was the first to introduce the three-shot, or double carom, to croquet, and I also invented a new way of getting a Rover out of the game.

Unless you've played the game as we did, you've never known the thrill that erupts inside you when you hit an opponent's ball from twenty yards out, when you skim through a wicket from a difficult angle, or when you hit two balls so they neatly spread-eagle a wicket.

I knew Alexander Woollcott for eighteen years and eight months. I shared with him many moments of jubilation. I was beside him when he received awards and commendations, and when he got letters of tribute that brought warm tears to his eyes. Nothing, however, ever gave Woollcott a greater joy of pride and fulfillment than a good shot in croquet.

When Aleck sent an opponent's ball crashing down through the maples of Neshobe Island, he would swing his mallet around his head like David's slingshot and whoop, "Buckety-buckety! Buckety-buckety! Buck-ket-ty Buck-ket-ty into-the-lake!"

The next morning Aleck was gone from the island when the rest of us got up, and so was Joe Hennessey. Most likely he'd gone on a cemetery hunt, in which case he'd be back at the end of the week to recite through cock­tails and dinner and half the rest of the night all the "sweet, fantastic names" he'd copied off old tombstones—like "Felicity Calm DeWitt," "Happy Ivy Wentworth," "Deuteronomy Newton," "Lucy Fur Thomas," "Honesty Policy Dredge," "Onward Christian Purdy," or his favorite four sisters, "First Cora Hooker," "Second Cora Hooker," "Last Cora Hooker" and "Immaculate C. Hooker."

Later, I made some of these trips with Aleck. He couldn't pass a cemetery without having Joe stop the car so he could explore the boneyard—grave by grave, stooping to read out loud the inscription on each and every one. What started out to be a viewing of the autumn colors or a back-road tour of the mountains invariably wound up as an excursion to a graveyard.

In the fall of 1934 he took me along on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Calvin Coolidge in Plymouth, Vermont. Aleck inspected the monument in silence, from every aspect. I can think of nobody who ever lived who was more unlike Woollcott than Calvin Coolidge, politically, physically, and emotionally. Yet Aleck had a half-secret, pervasive fondness for the tight-lipped Yankee President.

Lest I should think he was being a mushy old fool, when he finished his study of the tombstone he did a little tiptoe jig, then ordered Joe to drive us straight back to Bomoseen for a game of Murder.

On the train back to New York, I dozed among my memories of the island summer: Alice Duer Miller standing stately and alone among the pines when she should have been at work inside, waiting for the sound of the launch from the mainland, waiting for news of how the New York Giants had made out the day before. . . . Charlie Lederer calling her "Butch," which pleased her more than if she'd been knighted and addressed as Lady Alice. . . . The sound of Neysa McMein's laughter, as carefree as any little girl's on a holiday from school, or as any song of a meadow lark. . . . The bewitchery of Beatrice Kaufman, Aleck's "Lamb Girl," lighting up a dark room with her presence, igniting a dying conversation with the spark of her wit. . . . The sound of music coming across the water on Saturday nights from the open-air dance on the mainland, tinny and gay, like a crazy, woodland honkey-tonk (the only times we ever felt tolerant toward the tourists) . . .

The reading of plays around the fireplace, the wonderful voices of the Lunts, Ethel Barrymore, Ruth Gordon and her husband Gregory Kelly, the familiar voices of the islanders reading the minor parts, and the audience of one: me. . . . Aleck, during his last two days on Neshobe, sailing around and around the island in a dinghy, going buckety-buckety over the chopping waves for hours on end, savoring the scenery of his personal paradise like it was vintage champagne. . . . The first signs of autumn, when you could almost see the maples turning, leaf by leaf, from green to gold and orange. . . . The sad look of the closed-up clubhouse, the nakedness of the court with the wickets and stakes taken up and put away, and the weird silence, with no whack or tonk of mallet on ball or ball on ball. . . . And the last boat ride to the mainland dock, with Aleck playing cribbage all the way and never once glancing up from the cards or the pegboard for a last look at the lake and the island; he'd said his good-bye from the dinghy the day before and, being a critic, he hated anticlimaxes and never had to stick around for encores or curtain calls.
NO MATTER where you go in Vermont in the summer, you’re not far from the nearest woodland. Whether you work in the towns and cities, spend your days in the fields, or dream over a fishing rod, it’s only a few minutes to one of the 1½ million acres of forests of the Green Mountain state. And, in the cool part of the day at the edge of these woods, you can enjoy a privilege that comes to few Americans in a lifetime. You can hear one of the most haunting sounds in the wild—the bell-like note of the hermit thrush, Vermont’s state bird.

The photographs by Allan D. Cruickshank were taken for the National Audubon Society.

This talented songster is common to all of Vermont’s fourteen counties. Less frequent in southern New England, it nests in the northernmost states from Maine to Minnesota, as well as in southern Canada, and along mountains to Virginia. In our Green Mountain state, where it is particularly well-known, farmers sometimes give it the unromantic name of “cow bird” or “chore bird” because it begins calling at chore-time in the afternoon. Of course, the real cowbird is an entirely different creature, unable to sing an acceptable note and shunned by other birds for its habit of laying eggs in their nests.

Although you can hear the hermit thrush in almost any woodland—a long clear introductory note followed by four or five different-pitched phrases—it takes patience to find it. Not only does it fall silent as you approach, but its brown coat blends with the leaves and underbrush. Even its white breast is dotted with brown, so it is easily mistaken for a patch of mottled sunlight under a spruce.

Once you see it, however, there’s one identifying mark which sets it apart from other woodland birds—a rust-colored tail which it lifts sharply and then lets fall slowly—sometimes until it’s almost vertical, as the picture shows. As far as I can recall, there’s no other New England bird with this trait.

The suggestion to adopt the hermit thrush as Vermont’s official bird was made in the 1941 legislature. For a long time it had been informally so designated by the Vermont Federation of Women’s Clubs. But when the bill was presented to make it legal, the legislators began to hedge on the question. Some wanted the robin, but it was already the state bird elsewhere and had been proposed for another New England state (Connecticut, adopted 1943). Others suggested the well-known chickadee, as it didn’t leave with the coming of cold weather like the thrush and robin, but stayed in Vermont the year round. However, Maine had adopted the chickadee back in 1927. Pennsylvania had spoken for the ruffed grouse, or partridge. Someone else suggested the Blue Jay, one of the most rugged and down-to-earth birds, which could be seen all year and which brought the color of the blue sky to the wintry landscape. Besides, no nearby state had claimed it for its own.

This triggered still another suggestion. “If you’ve got to have a bird that’s a rugged individualist,” it was argued, “one that’s around all the time, and one that nobody else has—then, how about the crow?”

Now this threw attention back to the original bill. It was brought to a vote. The retiring little thrush, unaware of all the stir, prevailed by a narrow margin. As one member of that 1941 legislature told me when I asked him what he could recall about it, “as I remember, the aye’s were just a little above the no’s.”

Actually, the hermit thrush blends the qualities of the two main groups of residents who make up Vermont today. It is both a native Vermonter and a summer visitor. Although it leaves for the southern half of the United States with the approach of cold weather, it was hatched and raised in Vermont. And, like so many other Vermonters, it can never break the ties with its native land. It comes back in April of each succeeding year.

Although the hermit thrush is as solitary as its name implies, you may think you’re looking at a robin out of place when you finally get a glimpse of it. It hops along the ground like a robin looking for worms, though it prefers the lower branches of trees. It builds a bowl-shaped nest of twigs and moss like a robin, but without mud as a cement. Its 3 to 5 eggs are almost robins-egg blue in color. In fact, the two birds are closely related, as the speckled breast of a fledgling robin plainly shows. The thrush, however, is only ¾ the size of its larger cousin.

It has several other Vermont relatives. All of them are gifted singers. You may have heard the wood thrush, whose song...
has been likened to a rising succession of bells. It's a bird with large spots and a reddish cast about the head. The veery, or Wilson's thrush, sings in a breezy whistle of several descending notes. It has small indistinct spots on the breast, and is a general tawny color. The olive-backed and the similar gray-cheeked thrush are less common; their color is indicated by their name. But the hermit thrush is the only thrush with a solid reddish tail which is distinctly different in color from its back.

One more member completes the family as it is seen in Vermont. This is the bluebird—the welcome visitor whose liquid warble is heard from a fence post or tree stub as early as April. It, too, is a thrush. So is the world's most celebrated singer, the nightingale. Thus Vermont's state bird is in royal company.

One June day I was walking through the sugar woods behind my home in Lincoln. A pair of hermit thrushes flew around me in distress. I knew by the short low "chuck" note that their nest was close by.

I picked my way carefully over the ground lest I step on the nest. Suddenly, less than a foot away from my shoe four heads snapped up as if on springs. Four red mouths opened wide in a request for food. The parents became frantic and flew within a few feet of me, making a commotion in an attempt to lure me away from their blind, naked young.

I noted the spot—next to the base of an old beech stump. Then I continued on my way. But a few days later the babies were gone. Perhaps a fox, following my footprints, had discovered them. But all through July the male continued to sing, so I knew that the undaunted parents had built another nest nearby. I hoped that the approximate month from egg-laying to first solo flight had been more successful this time.

The Indians appreciated the clear tones of the hermit thrush. There's a legend as to how it got its song. The Great Spirit put all the birds and animals on the earth to make their way as best they could. Soon many of them began to complain and squabble with their neighbors. But the hermit thrush stole into the solitude of the forest and set about the task which it continues today—the eating of tremendous quantities of harmful insects.

The Great Spirit, tired of listening to the arguments of the other creatures, went into the forest to rest. Not a bug or a beetle was to be seen. Instead, the somber-colored thrush was quietly searching the undergrowth for insects.

In gratitude for this service and for its contentment with its lot, the Great Spirit reached forth his hand. Immediately the woods rang with music as the voiceless thrush burst into its exquisite song.

Sometimes that song continues all day during rainy weather. And the thrush may be heard long after the sun has set and every other bird has been stilled. Campers sometimes hear it in the middle of the night like its European cousin, the nightingale.

No sound in the woods is more emblematic of the peace and serenity of the Vermont forests in summer than that of Hylocichla guttata: the "spotted spirit of the woodland."
DISCOVERING

The

North Country

WITH

★ BORDER PROFILE
★ LIFE ON THE LINE
★ THE FENIAN RAID
★ NORTHERN SAMPLER
★ MEMPHREMAGOG
★ SMUGGLERS' PARADISE
Vermont's northern border country is changing, is being forced to change, faster and more thoroughly than any other part of Vermont. It must change because the railroads that helped make it the kind of community it is are languishing, losing importance. Its youth departs, following its industries into the cities, and it must look for new means of livelihood if it is to survive. A Newport man said to me, "Seems like there's nobody left in Vermont between fifteen and forty." But there are, and they are girding themselves to meet the challenge before them. Harsh decisions have to be made. Shall they go all out to attract big industries, branches of corporations over which they can have no control? Shall they develop the resources at hand, in particular their unmatched recreation facilities? Shall they finance research for new small industries, perhaps anti-biotics from their soil or fancy preserves from their fruits? Shall they plump for all possible power from their ponds and rivers, or fight to save their landlocked salmon?

Obviously they must look to their roads, and most of all to the Interstate now ripping toward the border on both east and west of the state. Vermont pays some hundred thousand hard-earned dollars a mile. What can people expect of it? Tourists who dash through on their way to Canada, trucks to carry off Vermont products? No one is quite sure how best to utilize it. Rheumatic municipal
joints creak and groan, but along the border the town
fathers do move, and hope shines in unlikely places. The
desperate need is for capital to provide a new base for
development, to build motels and dams and ski towns and
sewage plants. Each region has its own problems, its own
promises, and this border country is made up of half a
dozzen very different regions. It runs from the dark forests
and swamps of Essex County across the mountains to
Franklin’s farming lands and on to the Missisquoi marshes
and the orchards of Grand Isle. People even talk variously
—western Vermont says bar-ren like New York State, eastern
says bahm like Boston.

Yet there is one factor common to all, absent or little
noticed in the rest of the state. Canada is imminent here.
This is distinctly border country, and border country is
apt to be uneasy country. It is the edge where men and
women of different languages and different ways of think-
ing eye each other distrustfully and are influenced by each
other without always realizing it. Sometimes, as between
Germany and France, Ulster and Eire, there is hostility
and rigid separation. Vermont and Quebec, on the con-
trary, have made a notably good adjustment, even though
they too differ in language and religion as well as political
allegiance. They set speed traps for each other’s drivers
and grumble about each other’s manners, but they adopt
each other’s speech—Quebec French is full of English
words, and cabot for a bump in the road is now a Vermont
term. At times they have pushed detachments of their
populations over the line. Now it is French Canadians who
come south, but it was not always thus.

However there is definitely a border. One feels the
change when one steps over in either direction—in the
absence of libraries in the Quebec towns and their pres-
ence in Vermont ones, in the way fields are laid out, and

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houses strung along the road, or clustered around a store. The very look of the country alters as one goes north, except around Lake Memphremagog. There the Appalachian chain, in Vermont the Green Mountains, runs into Quebec’s Eastern Townships, which it calls L’Estrie. Owl’s Head, towering over the lake, looks like Pico Peak. Elsewhere one comes almost at once on flat or slightly rolling land, fertile farms. This is the bed of the ancient Champlain Sea, scooped out by the glaciers. The land rose slowly as the weight of ice left, and tipped the water out, leaving the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. The river reclaims its old domain in the floods of spring. Vermont has no part in this great alluvial plain, but like Quebec it is part of the St. Lawrence drainage basin, and what happens to the river matters to it, though it has no power over it. The west side as far south as Dorset drains through Lake Champlain down to the St. Lawrence through the Richelieu, the north does too by way of the Lamoille and the Missisquoi, and the northeast reaches the great river by way of Lake Memphremagog. Only a few short rivers up here run to the Connecticut. From some clusters of mountains in little-known Essex County streams that rise within a few miles of each other find their way out north, south, and east.

Quebec and Vermont are inextricably linked in more ways than by geography. Customs and Immigration preside over the region’s whole way of life, though their officials may not be truly part of any community, since they are forbidden any political activity, even on a school board. When unemployment is high in Quebec, as it has been the past three years, French Canadians cross the border. They may come in under bond for six months, in gangs to dig potatoes or pick apples or cut pulpwood, in which case Immigration must see that they leave when their time is up. Or they may settle on farms, or in towns where they find work. No one knows exactly how many stay because American Immigration does not record language of newcomers. Jean-Baptiste Gagnon goes on the books simply as “Canadian, white,” just as would Hamish Macpherson. No one asks if he is Canadien or Anglais. He finds himself in an environment where that eventually makes less difference than in his former home. In Norton, when the French Catholic church has a tombola, the English-speaking Protestants all go, and when they have a church social, the French come to that. Danville, Vermont and Danville, Quebec meet each fall at each other’s fairs to celebrate the 18th century trek north that founded the second Danville, now largely French. Richford has a naturalization committee, which sponsors classes in English, and shepherds new residents toward the citizenship courts. Items in local papers read, “Mr. Joseph Greening of West Street is visiting his father, M. Antoine Grignon of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec.”

The rules enforced by the Canadian customs make a big difference to the shops in Newport and St. Albans and Derby Line. When inspectors have orders to apply the law with diligence, to scout through glove compartments and poke behind seat cushions, sales drop sharply. The $10 exemption every four months leaves little leeway for weekend shopping. Lower American prices are tempting, so if the climate is lenient all sort of canned goods, clothing, kitchen gadgets go into Quebec cars. One
hears that along such routes as those from Swanton to Phillipsburg or Newport to Rock Island, ditches are clogged with wrapping paper and bushes draped with discarded shirts, nylon, underwear, ragged things worn on the trip down to be replaced by newly bought goods.

Smuggling is a familiar feature of borders everywhere. Earlier on, it had its picturesque characteristics in Vermont when local inhabitants took an earnest interest in its techniques. During the War of 1812, a war of which Vermont did not approve, potash and lumber, cattle and wool, cloth and sugar, brought good prices in Montreal. They traveled north by boat, or woodland paths; it was possible to stack barrels on a slope above the line, where somehow during the night the wedges holding them might become dislodged. Since the law of gravity was part of the order of nature, no one could be blamed for utilizing this providential circumstance. Blood was shed in fights between guards and smugglers, and men were hanged for murders done.

During Volstead days the tide ran the other way, and tide it was indeed. It flowed up the lakes and rivers, over the back roads by night, corrupting many and enriching a few. But for years now there has been little of what might be called commercial smuggling; what there is consists of American cigarettes going into Canada. The petty personal kind goes on both ways and probably always will.

As to immigration, it used to be fairly easy for a white man or woman to cross either way, Canadian nurses were in demand in the States, and so were mechanics. Not all bothered with formalities. Chinese contract labor was harder to bring in, but it was done. Twenty years ago friends of mine showed me an old barn where thirty frightened men had hidden, waiting for a boat down the lake. Alas, they were shipped back to Canton. There is little of that kind of thing now. While the border roads are watched, they cannot be patrolled all the time. Officials rely more on information received after a man enters. If he is hired somewhere for less than the going wage, somebody will likely let Immigration hear of it. Derby Line is considered the worst headache. “Makes you dizzy,” the inspectors say. The traffic flows thickly through this very mixed Canadian-American town. People show off their store which straddles the line, accepting Canadian money at one end and American at the other, their opera house with its stage in one country and the audience in the other. Officials confront the problem of the man who wants to bring his mother-in-law in from Coaticook. If she stays in her bedroom, she lives in Canada: if she goes to watch TV in the parlor, she enters the United States. Norton, a tiny town, also boasts a hotel and store on the line. This kind of thing is federal business, over which Vermont has no control whatever, but such action and reaction make the communities the way they are.

No great ceremony attends passing into Canada along most of the border, from North Troy to Richford the road runs north of the border a few miles. One merely says, “Going to Richford,” and accepts a slip of paper to be surrendered on leaving Canada. No inspection at either end, unless some suspicion is aroused. With better roads and faster cars since 1950, a good many Montrealers commute from below the line. Families may live in trailers, which cost $1000 or so less in the States than in Canada.
They can bring their locomotory homes into Canada for a month at a time if they like. Others buy houses, as far from Montreal as Montgomery, and drive to a Montreal office each day.

Canada has a pervasive effect through its railway ownership. The Canadian National is government-owned. It runs two crack passenger trains a day through Swanton and St. Albans to maintain its service to New York and Washington. But when it automated its accounting system and centered it in Montreal, some forty families in St. Albans had to choose between giving up their jobs and moving to Montreal. The CNR also includes the line to Portland through Island Pond. Its passenger service there is now one summer train. The Canadian Pacific, privately owned with a big infusion of American capital, treats Newport the same way. However, the formerly decrepit St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain, now the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain, now the St. Albans and Lamoille County, has acquired new life. Vermont envies Quebec.

The border country has not always been as placid as it is in our day, as much at ease with its neighbor. Its first glimpse of the white man was in preparation for battle, when in 1609 Samuel de Champlain came up the Richelieu to set his Hurons against the Iroquois. For 150 years after that, they called it the Rivière des Iroquois, and dreaded the raids on the French settlements. Indians from Canada would go up the river and take the Lamoille or the Winooski across to the Connecticut, or follow up the Clyde from Memphremagog until they could cross to the Nulhegan and go down the Connecticut. The bands were not always bent on war; they went to fish in the Atlantic by these routes. There were French forts and French seigneuries on the Missisquoi and Lamoille, as well as on the islands. Rogers' Rangers, on their way back from the St. Francisville massacre, floundered through the swamps east and south of Memphremagog until they found the Passumpsic and went down it to the Connecticut. Later fighting flickered along Champlain and the Richelieu, between British and French and later between the newly-grown Americans and the British troops still holding Canada. Ruined forts, traces of military roads, mark the pattern of history.

The fate of the border hung in balance during the curious dickering which Ethan Allen and his brother carried on with the British while Vermont was independent. They held big land grants through here— Ira Allen gave Irasburg to his wife for her wedding portion. They feared they might lose their holdings to Canada, or that New York might wrest them from Congress. Congress did not want to drive Vermont into the arms of Britain, but it didn't want to anger New York or New Hampshire either. Ethan could threaten to take his little republic into Canada, if he could not join the Union on his own terms. In 1781 Ira was perched on Île aux Noix in the Richelieu, considering or pretending to consider an offer to make Vermont a Crown Colony. As late as 1788, Ethan was writing to the Governor-general of Canada, keeping up the finagling. Not only the Allen lands were at stake, but the profits of the Montreal market, of the trade with England by the St. Lawrence. Montreal merchants still fought for free trade after Vermont became a state. The Embargo Act of 1807 ended that, but no law ever entirely stopped the exchange.

Other forces took hold. By 1792 more than 2000 English-speaking settlers, mostly from Vermont, had gone north into the Eastern Townships. By 1812, 9000 lived there. Displaced persons we would call them, people who did not want rule by Congress. For a time Derby Line was their post-office. They lived as the Vermonters did, at first in log cabins with holes in the roof for the smoke from the stone hearth and skins to cover the windows. Gradually they acquired chimneys and window-glass and churches and schools. The museum in Knowlton, Quebec has a collection of their artifacts. They burned their clearings and made potash, took eighteen days by boat or sled to carry it to Montreal. Surplus grain made whiskey.

After the 1837 flare-up against British rule in Quebec, many of the rebels took refuge in Vermont. They got sympathy and help. The Hunters' Lodges, secret
oath-bound groups working for a free Canada, were formed in Vermont as elsewhere. Their efforts came to naught, as Canada pursued its course to independence in its own pacific manner. Most of the Patriote leaders went back, some to serve in Parliament. One odd document remains from those trying years, the 1837 petition from the town of Knowlton, Quebec to the Queen: they asked, "A friendly and peaceful separation from British connection and union upon equitable terms with the great North American Confederacy of sovereign states."

The border country was a land of hope in the years before the Civil War, because of the excitement generated by the railroads. It is hard now to recapture that mood, when John Ford would travel from Portland to Montreal by sleigh in midwinter, going through Dixville Notch in a blizzard, with frozen legs that put him on crutches for months after, in order to get the signatures of Canadian railway managers ahead of a Boston group. Yet that is how it came about that the Atlantic and St. Lawrence—in Canada the St. Lawrence and Atlantic—passed through Island Pond to a terminus in Portland. The Bostoners had to content themselves with the route through Newport to Wells River. In those days it seemed that the dark spruce forests were inexhaustible, that the salmon and deer would always be plentiful, that Vermonters would forever be clothed by their sheep and fed from their soil.

Then came the War, and the northern towns did their full share. The gray statues of the Union soldier on so many village greens, now merely quaint antiques for strangers to see, meant to families a son lost at Antietam, a husband crippled, a brother dead in Andersonville. Even this distant border saw armed conflict in the St. Albans bank raid of 1864, and the Fenian raids when Irishmen from Boston tried to attack Canada. That was the last, unless you count the skirmishes of rum-running times. In the World Wars Canadians and Vermonters fought for the same causes.

The southern boundary of Quebec was defined as the 45th parallel, so far as Vermont was concerned, when France and England made peace in 1763. In most places nobody was very sure where it ran. After the War of 1812 it was agreed that it should be negotiated, but not until 1842 did Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton settle it, as part of the whole national boundary. Between Vermont and Quebec it does not lie straight along the 45th, as some of the travel maps have it. It follows the 45th from New Hampshire almost to Richford, then curves north to the 47th and sticks to that to New York State. Vermont gained nearly 70,000 acres and a few villages because the diplomats found that a fort in New York and a village in Vermont which the United States claimed lay above the 45th. Even in our day doubts can arise. Two years ago a French Canadian in Sutton, Quebec became annoyed because people coming from Vermont used a road on his land which he said was in Canada. He built barricades and stood guard with a shotgun. The Quebec courts ruled he was right. They said, in due neighborliness, that Sutton must keep the road open to all, but Vermont built a new one all its own.

Besides the circumstances which affect all the northern counties, each has its own troubles and its own advantages. Essex County was devastated many years ago, when the first growth pine and spruce was skinned off the hills. Oldtimers will tell you how even the biggest spruce might be cut up for pulp, of how Dan Jones knew the company was going to run the river that week, so he got some fellows together at the pool and they hauled out logs sixteen foot long and five thick at the top, used 'em for lumber and paid the company for pulp. Anyone can read on the old topographical maps the story of the plundering, by counting the numbers of the camps long since chewed up by the porcupines. Fishermen look curiously at old trestles in the depths of the swamps, where private railways once carried out the logs the teams brought down. The companies have learned better now, and there is much talk of selective cutting, of seed clumps left, of guarding the woods. But they are all second growth now, the
giant trees will never come back. The soil that nourished them has washed down the hills.

Pulpwood is shipped as it long has been, to the big mill at Berlin, New Hampshire. Much of the lumber goes to Strafford, New Hampshire. The one sizable industry thriving here is the furniture factory at Beecher Falls, an unexpected blossom in the wilderness. It uses yellow birch, and gets less each year in its own neighborhood. More than half its supply comes from the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Quebec will not let logs be exported unworked, but there is no duty on raw lumber entering the United States, so the sawn logs come in. Nobody plants birch in Vermont woods, because it takes a hundred years to grow a tree fit for lumber, whereas spruce can be harvested every fifty years or so. Besides, the yellow birch is dying out because of a fungus fostered by the slowly warming climate—it might as well be cut. A survey by Dartmouth College of tracts it owns hereabout affirms that spruce and pine are better fitted to soil and climate in this northeast corner than the hard woods.

The furniture plant burns sawdust and buys power too, but sawdust is becoming too valuable to burn, since it can be ground up, mixed with glue and molded. Plastics too cut into the wood market, but the factory, owned in New York where designing and selling is done, still employs three hundred men. About half are French-speaking, half English. Most live in the villages near. Recreation is left to the churches to provide; there is no union. Medical care is a problem in all these remote towns. Here the company helps support a clinic to which doctors from Colebrook, New Hampshire come over. Beecher Falls is the only place in Vermont where you can enter New Hampshire without crossing the Connecticut. The line was drawn to give Vermont a corner on the east side of the river. From this tract you can touch Quebec, while keeping one foot in each state.

Down the river a few miles is a relic of the days when people came by train to spend a vacation “taking the waters.” At Brunswick the once famed mineral springs flow down the cliff, and the smell of sulfur fills the air. The last hotel, never opened, burned in 1935. It is a lovely spot. Given a golf course, a few tennis courts, a beach on the pond where I saw a lone fisherman languidly dangling a perch, a little inn and some guides to lead sportsmen into the wilderness to the west, you might have a resort again, in spite of the fabled Indian curse. As everywhere for such enterprises, money, lots of money, is needed, and no gambler appears, to take a chance on this. Island Pond has to gamble or die. It is still a railroad town, with a roundhouse and shops, but for how long? Traffic dwindles like an unsanforized skirt in the ads. Once the town had five hotels, lecture series each winter, minstrel shows, half a dozen factories. Now it has one hotel. In 1952 it celebrated its railway centennial, and remembered its past glories. It is plunked down in one of the most beautiful spots on this green earth, whose beauty some may take for granted. Under pressure of necessity, it looks over its assets. It has solved its doctor problem—obviously people with children don’t want to move far from medical care—by buying a $16,000 house and enticing a young doctor to come live in it, rent free at first. It has plans for a sewage disposal plant so that it can have a public beach near the village. Federal and state authorities make up half the cost of such projects; the town must raise the rest.
A short time ago the state took over a magnificent natural beach at the upper end of the lake and built a bath house, but it charges for each swim, and people grumble. Some want a privately run motel within reach of a beach, or a much bigger affair, a state or federal camping park like that which brings thousands each summer to Hapgood Pond in Peru. They observe that for scenic beauty, Island Pond is to Hapgood as the Venus de Milo is to a calendar beauty. People want a landing field for private planes, a year-round inn on the lake that can provide guides to hunters and fishermen, and can put up skiers who frequent Burke Mountain a few miles away. They want better schools and a better library and more industry and more people, and by golly they mean to have them. When these few matters are attended to, they will have next a shopping center that will look out on beauty, in place of the straggling main street that hides the lake, one that will draw some of the trade that now goes to Newport and St. Johnsbury. Already swarms of visitors come from Montreal on summer weekends. Some buy farms in the neighborhood.

Island Pond, in the midst of all these preoccupations, is concerned with the prospect of power dams on the Clyde. Certainly it wants power, but it doesn’t want the dams to ruin the salmon fishing by killing the fish that go up the river to spawn. After arguments in which the Vermont sportsmen’s clubs took part, the courts have declared the Clyde a navigable river, over which the federal authorities hold jurisdiction. The local gibe is, “They used to throw in oranges and if they came out at the mouth it was navigable. Now they use pingpong balls.”

From Island Pond a state official administers five of the unorganized towns, expanses of woods and swamps in which so few live that they have no local government. He must see to it that if there are any children they go to school somewhere, that taxes are paid and any necessary roads kept up. He looks after places like Warner’s Grant, where nobody lives at all, that wedge of mountain land bestowed on Seth Warner’s widow by a rather penurious legislature in recognition of his services in the Revolution.

Hortense Quimby has brilliantly demonstrated how a resort business can be built up in Essex County, and demonstrated that it is a specialized profession. She inherited the nucleus of lakes and forest from her father who ran a fishing camp in Averill, and she has put in forty years of hard work acquiring a clientele that returns year after year. Her inn and lodge are centers of summer amusement, of fishing, hiking, all outdoor life. Near her place is Wallace Lake, partly in Canada, where more Canadians arrive each summer. East of the lake the forty-foot-wide slash through woodland that marks the boundary shows up plainly.

Newport is half French-speaking. One hears as much French as English in the streets, but the Catholic schools and the cathedral that looms over the town use English. The French, so eagerly political in Quebec, tend to be rather inert in Vermont. They have been voting Democratic since Al Smith, but they are not fully at ease in the English-speaking political field.

Newport is set above a lake as beautiful as any in Switzerland. One forgets in absence how spectacular it is, and on each visit is struck anew. But it makes little use of its advantages. There is no public beach at all, only a privately owned one which people use by paying a small fee. Here again crops up the sewage disposal problem. The old families, who are said to “run the town,” support the remarkably fine library, but there is no recreation center, no public tennis court, no public transportation on the lake since the last steamer gave up the ghost. Newport worries over its railroad situation, and waits to see what the Interstate Highway will do, but highways can take visitors past a town as well as bring them to it. Meanwhile youth departs to city jobs.

Yet it was in Newport that a big share of the financing was found for the most vigorous and promising new enterprise in the border country, the Jay Peak Ski Area. Once the local men were persuaded that this was a workable scheme, they chipped in. The development was started in 1955, after years of propaganda by State Forester Perry Merrill. The board set up to run it hired an Austrian ski instructor, who turned out to be not only a good teacher, but a dynamo of energy. He chose the ski bowl, laid out trails, located the lifts, and plans for more. He has the rare faculty of keeping others working with enthusiasm too. The state and towns, perceiving that things were stirring here, came through with a black-top road across the saddle of the mountain, from Montgomery on the west to the road leading into Newport on the east. Last winter skiers were coming from New York and Boston, and as many more from Montreal. Skiing lasts a month longer here than in the Laurentians or southern Vermont, because the area is so high. The lift begins at 2000 feet. Here again what is needed is more money, money for accommodations that will keep people staying over, inns, motels, skillfully run tourist homes, ski cabins for rent.

One of the most capable boosters of the ski development has been that remarkable promoter priest, Father St. Onge of Richmond: Born in Rhode Island, he is a bilingual Franco-American, who sees no incongruity at all between saying mass in the morning and immediately thereafter exchanging his clerical garb for overalls and a mason’s cap, suited for his work on a new parish hall which will serve old and young for drama and folk dances. While he himself does not ski, he likes to furnish opportunities for others to enjoy themselves, and he chivvies his
neighbors into helping. Richford is another half-French town; the Catholic services are in French once a month. Originally a dairying center, it has some small industry, and as tourist attractions, Jay Peak to the East and Lake Carmi to the west. It would like both industry and tourists.

The road from Richford to Enosburg Falls, over an infinity of railroad crossings with no sign of a train, takes the traveler into very different country from that around Newport. This is gentle scenery, with the mountains only in the background. In the rich fields Holsteins and Jerseys (never in the same pasture, for these are pure-bred cattle) look exceedingly contented and well cared for. Franklin County leads Vermont in maple and dairy production. Enosburg Falls stays pretty much a Yankee town, perhaps because the farms around it pay so well they are never abandoned and seldom for sale. French-speaking children go to the public schools, French Catholics serve on the school board, French and English Vermonters work together with a minimum of friction.

The town used to live in part off its famous spavin cure, but tractors don't get spavins, and business is thin, though South America still sends orders. The village is one of the pleasantest in the state, but it has no special recreation attraction and seems content with its own quiet ways.

West from Enosburg the land flattens out toward Lake Champlain and becomes more sandy. St. Albans and Swanton are railroad and industrial towns, St. Albans the biggest near the border. They have various factories and look for more, but they also want recreation business. Both have their Quebec colonies on the lake. St. Albans wants state aid to make one of its offshore islands a camping ground and park. It doesn't have to worry about sewage disposal, for it had the first plant in the state years ago, and is now rebuilding it. Swanton does worry, not so much about sewage—though it ought to—as about the dye and pulp slush that gets dumped in the Missisquoi, and what it might do to the pike run.

The unique feature of this region is the National Wildlife Refuge. For thousands of years the Missisquoi has pushed its delta out into the bay. In a few thousand more it will have filled it in—6000 acres of marshland, the biggest of the slangs that edge the lake! Near shore it becomes solid land, growing bushes and trees, while farther out it is swamp, riddled by winding channels. The Federal Government has made half of it a resting place for the ducks on their migrations, a nesting place for some kinds. Teal and mallard, black and wood ducks, herons, bitterns, owls, ospreys, once in a while an eagle, come here. Visitors are guided through some of the ways the caretakers keep open. Outside the refuge but still on the marsh, men shoot and fish. It is a strange world that shuts around those who venture in, where it is easy to get lost, a world that has hardly changed since the Indians made this their favorite hunting ground.

Swanton and Alburg have leaped far from this world. They are excited over their new status as missile bases. The million dollar job at Alburg goes forward night and day, and people wonder if it will make them a special target in case of war, or whether that would matter in universal destruction. For the time being the work gives a fillip to employment, though once the weapons are in their silos in the ground, they will require only guards and technicians. The villages consider what they must do to provide for larger populations—they think of federal aid for their schools and the like.

The islands and the promontory down from Canada which make up Vermont's western county lie along the main channel of the lake. Surrounded by water, their climate is tempered, and the big apple orchards flourish. They expect no industrial boom, but they are content with their boys' and girls' summer camps, their motels. They need to take care lest their lake frontage be so rapidly taken up for private camps that they have no place for their own youth to swim.

This border country in its infinite variety wants other Vermonters as well as visitors from the cities to come look at it, see how it differs from the rest of the state, how much it has to offer, how valuable it is. It should be better known and more appreciated. It faces a somewhat uncertain future with spunk and determination, a future that may be brighter than it promises itself.
Burnished by friendship and honed by acceptance of regulations, the technique of borderline living is as perfect as generations of Vermonters and Quebeckers can make it.

LIFE ON THE LINE

The boundary between two great nations is marked clearly enough, whether by stop signs or markers, by a difference in uniform or a swath kept mowed through the north-country wilderness: the line rules the daily affairs of thousands of neighbors along its eighty-odd miles. Yet years of community interests have muted the line's injunctions, and what would be harsh commands in less peaceful regions have become merely an ordered background to schooling and business and growing crops.

Derby Line is the largest town spanning Vermont's length of the Canadian border. With nearby Rock Island, Beebe and Stanstead, it is a showcase for international living.

A casual driver sees nothing strange about Canusa Avenue, the main street of Beebe, because the double line notes a no-passing zone and not the fact that the right side of the street is in the United States and the left is in Canada. Even the importation of livestock, subject as it is to strict regulation, is a folksy procedure in Derby Line, where red tape seems not to exist either for an American sheep traveling to a Canadian farm, for a Shetland pony, or for the customs officers themselves.

A STORY IN PICTURES BY CLEMENS KALISCHER

Aerial views by Warren Case
How clear must a border be? Appearing only on real estate records, a line separates America on the left from the Dominion on the right. It comes between the librarian and a young reader, makes a national division between the Bouffard brothers in the family's barnyard and puts the Roger Gosselin family in two different countries.

No longer invisible, the border is marked by a forty-foot swath hacked through a near-wilderness of forest looking eastward near East Richford. The cut is maintained jointly by Canadian and American crews, and is interrupted when village streets or farm fences take over the job of delineation.
Schools on the line draw an international mixture of youngsters, but signs halting travelers have little to do with friendships and the routines of study. Derby Line children ignore immigration several times a day on the way to their classrooms and playgrounds, and nationalities are unimportant at a high school dance in Rock Island, Province of Quebec.
An instance of bilateral formality in private enterprise occurs in the layout of the Butterfield Division of Union Twist Drill Company in Derby Line. The plant is divided in half by the border, with separate offices, salesrooms and parking lots; the worker is in the American section. In contrast, members of the Stanstead Historical Society hike over into the United States to take tea at the home of a Vermonter who shares an interest in records of their town and nation.

The Vermont-Quebec line ends near Beecher Falls, another town enjoying international exchange as a matter of course. Looking westward, the boundary skirts Canaan, making a thin scar across woodlots, and sinks into Wallis Pond on its way to the misty Green Mountains.
Late in the morning of May 25, 1870, a blue-gold spring day in northern Vermont, a small troop of soldiers left their bivouac near the village of Franklin and set out resolutely to conquer Canada. In columns of four they marched at quick time toward the border. All of them were carrying muskets or carbines, and a few wore distinctive uniforms—green coats faced richly with gold. Most were dressed in ordinary clothes, here and there supplemented with blue trousers and black boots left over from duty with the Union Armies five years before. Perhaps this heritage showed in more than bits of old uniforms; some of the sergeants, at least, marched with the easy slouch of old campaigners.

Their immediate plan was to slash 22 miles into Quebec to the railroad junction of St. Jean and there sever the Grand Trunk Railroad. Their larger goal was incomparably more ambitious. With Canada captured and pacified, they would convert it to a base for raids against British shipping and then for an invasion of England herself—all preliminaries to that delirious ultimate, freedom for Ireland.

At the head of his troops, by a bright green flag embroidered with a golden harp and sunburst, rode General John O'Neill. A man with a flaming red beard and the resonant voice of command, O'Neill was no barroom warrior. He was instead at 36 an experienced soldier, an ex-regimental officer in the Union Army, twice wounded in battle, respected for military ability and bravery as well as for profanity that could blister an artilleryman's ears.

Riding beside this formidable figure was a young writer and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, acting this day as a war correspondent for The Pilot, an Irish newspaper in Boston. He noted that the general's face was stony and almost despairing. The reason was clear: behind them, quick-marching to conquer Canada, was a force of less than 200 men.

A second group, of similar size but less martial enthusiasm, had been designated as the reserve and ordered to bring up the rear. This total of some 400 men, most of them untrained lads too young to have been seasoned in the Civil War, was all that O'Neill could muster of the 4,000 or more that he had expected. For propaganda purposes he had originally timed the attack for the day before, Queen Victoria's birthday, but that day had been spent in furious telegraphing from St. Albans for reinforcements. O'Neill knew that to delay more than one day would be risky, for these were soldiers with a way of melting away unless wielded vigorously.

What particularly exasperated the general was the thought that great additions to his strength were on the way. The New England leaders alone of O'Neill's organization had pledged him more than 3,000 trained troops; and the New York Times was reporting no less than 30,000 Irishmen absent from that city and bound for the border. During the night at his headquarters in the Franklin Hotel, O'Neill decided to take his handful and attack, with the hope that fighting Irishmen by the thousands would quickly rally to his green flag. Early on the morning of the battle the general despatched General Henri LeCaron, his aide, friend, and good right hand, to St. Albans to round up every latecomer that could be found at that railhead. LeCaron came back with good news: he'd found 500 more men and one piece of artillery. Encouraged by this bright note, O'Neill sent LeCaron...
TO UNDERSTAND how O’Neill found himself in this nightmarish fix, it is necessary to plunge briefly into the thickets of the Irish revolutionary movement, and into earlier tragi-comic assaults on Canada.

After the potato famine of 1846–7 and the harshly suppressed uprising of 1848, Irish immigration to the United States swelled to a torrent. Many of the dispersed Irish revolutionary leaders settled in New York City and fanned each other’s burning hatred of the “bloody Sassenach.” In 1859 a semi-secret organization called the Fenian Brotherhood was formed in Manhattan. (The word traces back to Fion McCul, a shadowy hero in the remote mists of pre-Christian Ireland and founder of a militia force named Feonin Erin.)

Though deftly infiltrated by British informers, the Fenian movement grew rapidly in size and wealth. It soon had more than 250,000 members throughout the country, organized in local “circles,” and willing, after the proper oratory, to contribute thousands of dollars to the revolutionary cause. (The New York Times, lofty even then, described such activities as “servant-girl warfare, financed by dollars cajoled from Bridget and Patrick.”) At first the Fenian Brotherhood restricted itself to supplying arms and money to the Irish underground. Thanks to expert British espionage, this aid almost always seemed to go astray. After the mid-Sixties, when the Fenians formed a
Old film shows curious Vermonters jamming Fenian invasion road.

paper Irish Republic in New York—complete with president, senate, and well-subscribed bond issues—the daring idea of attacking England via Canada began to capture the Fenian imagination.

This was perhaps not quite as hare-brained a scheme in 1866, as it seems today. Canada had not won dominion status; it was lightly populated and split into Upper and Lower Canada; and many of its people themselves had grievances against England. Thousands of Fenians, moreover, were battle-toughened veterans of the Union Armies, now idle and restless. It was argued that if daring strikes by Sheridan's troopers or Sherman's army had been able to slice up the Confederacy, the war-hardened Fenian heroes could surely disperse Canadian militia.

The political omens, too, were felt to be very propitious in 1866. The United States was still smarting over British partiality toward the Confederacy. Fenian leaders felt they would be welcomed in northern Vermont because of resentment there against Canadian acquiescence in the Confederate raid across the border on St. Albans in 1864. A delicate Fenian overture to the administration in Washington produced no commitment from President Johnson and Secretary of State Seward; but Fenian leaders came away feeling that they had had a sympathetic hearing and, perhaps, some tacit hint of support. It was noted that U.S. arsenals were delighted to sell thousands of surplus guns to Fenian agents, who stored them in caches along the Vermont and New York borders.

So began the Fenian raids of 1866, with the rallying cry of “On to Canada!” The nearest approach to success came in the Niagara peninsula where O'Neill, then a colonel, took 600 men on a foray into Ontario. He fought three skirmishes with Canadian militia before his communications were cut by U.S. revenue cutters, sent up the Niagara River by President Johnson in response to indignant British protest. After 36 hours of marching and fighting, the invaders retreated over the river, being disarmed by U.S. troops as they came.

In Vermont the 1866 raids brought no glory to the Fenians. For days beforehand trains arriving in St. Albans had delivered astonishing numbers of strangers. By June 1 the town was so crowded that hundreds of Irishmen were sleeping on the Common and others had taken over unoccupied buildings. Their commander, General Spear, did not find it easy to manage his unruly men.

Five days too late, when the Niagara venture had collapsed and the U.S. had been prodded into acting against the invaders, Spear ordered his troops over the border toward St. Armand. This belated foray had little point beyond face-saving; it would at least keep the right, or Vermont, wing of the grand Fenian advance from being disarmed without having done anything.

About 1,000 strong, the Fenians trudged six miles into Canada, planted a bright green flag on Pigeon Hill, and camped while Spear called a council of war. The only opposition was a handful of Canadian militiamen who retreated discreetly. [The sole casualty was a deaf Canadian woman, Margaret Vincent, who lived about a half mile north of the border.] In the tense hours just before the attack, the Canadian militia spotted her going out to a spring to get water. Concluding fancifully that she might be a Fenian in disguise, they called a challenge that she couldn't hear, and shot her dead.

While General Spear was pondering on Pigeon Hill, the Fenian rank and file foraged in the Quebec countryside, searching for chickens, pigs, liquor, and easily portable loot. In the words of an outraged Canadian reporter, they were “nothing more nor less than an armed mob, roving about wherever they pleased, robbing the houses and insulting and abusing women and children.” On June 9 Spear decided to retreat; Canadian militia was thought...
to be massing nearby, and U.S. troops had moved up to
cut off any reinforcement from the south. That afternoon
a fatigued and depressed band of warriors straggled back
over the border, into the hands of the U.S. troops waiting
to disarm them. (These were several companies of regu-
lars, under General Meade, the Northern commander at
Gettysburg.) So disheartened was General Spear at the
disreputable appearance of his command that he wept.

Late on the night of June 9th a special train loaded
with hundreds of exhausted Fenians pulled out of St.
Albans, and other special trains moved out the following
days. (From New York City Boss Tweed hastily tele-
graphed that he would be delighted to pay the fares of any
Fenians returning to his precincts.) General Meade's
regulars had no difficulty in escorting the disconsolate
Fenians to their trains. Indeed, the U.S. troops also gave
band concerts on the St. Albans Common that were long
remembered as part of those exciting June nights.

* * *

THIS, then, was the background when General O'Neill
rode off at the head of his little troop that beautiful May
morning in 1870. He had been busy in the four years inter-
vening since the last campaign in Vermont. As the chief
military hero of the Fenians, he had risen high in that or-
ganization. "A firm believer in steel as the cure for Irish
grievances," as he later wrote from jail, he had worked
caselessly to mount an attack that would avoid the
blunders of 1866. For months he had ranged along the
border and into Canada, travelling in disguise, establish-
ing arms depots, buying ammunition and food. He planned
to avert the danger of Federal intervention in the crucial
first days of the new attack by making it a real surprise.
He bought and hid a few artillery pieces, and recruited a
group of ex-artillerymen. He worked up a small fifth
column in Montreal, to disrupt telegraph and railroad
services at the moment that he burst into Quebec with
his 4,000 picked men.

But for all his energy and imagination, O'Neill made
two gigantic blunders. Either would have been fatal. The
first was to quarrel with his own Fenian Senate, a body
of wily regional politicians within the Brotherhood. These
men came to distrust O'Neill's always egotistic and
sometimes alcoholic ways. He in turn grew irritated with
their caution. A series of complex maneuvers between
O'Neill and the Fenian senators, in the months just be-
fore the 1870 attack, seemed to be a stand-off. Actually,
the Fenian senators won hands down: they simply
neglected to support their general with the troops they
promised him.

The other blunder was quite as disastrous. O'Neill ap-
pointed his friend Henri LeCaron first a major, then a
brigadier general, and finally "Inspector General of the
Fenian Armies."

LeCaron was an extraordinary person, described by one
Fenian when the truth came out nearly twenty years later
as "a disgusting moral monster." O'Neill had first met
LeCaron in Tennessee in 1863, when both men were serv-
ing in the Union Army; he thought him a brainy young
French émigré with a passionate dislike of England.
Actually LeCaron was a footloose Englishman named
Thomas Miller Beach, six years younger than O'Neill
and a consummately gifted and nervy liar. Much about
Beach-LeCaron remains obscure to this day, but he could
hardly have been a planted secret agent at the beginning.
He seems rather to have been a person who was endlessly
pleased by his own cleverness at deception, as well as by
the substantial income he could earn as an informer. (It
must also be considered that he may have found patriotic
reward in his behavior.) For more than twenty years he
was on various British and Canadian payrolls at the same
time that he was in the thick of Irish revolutionary con-
spiracies. A graduate of Rush Medical College, he also
found time to practice surgery when not conspiring or
spying.

Unlike most professional spies, LeCaron was often in-

Missisquoi Red Sashes, the Canadian militia who repulsed the invasion without losses, form in ranks for the photographer.
cautious. He could become so elated by his deftness in double-dealing that he would confide in strangers just to get admiration. He liked to play a risky game. Just before the 1870 attack, he slipped away from the Fenians, crossed the border, was arrested in Montreal as a Fenian agent, managed to identify himself as a British agent, hastened to Ottawa to report details of the attack, and then hurried back to rejoin the Fenian councils before he was missed—serenely confident that the Fenians wouldn't notice the references to an informer published in Canadian newspapers. (They didn't.) Once a minor Fenian officer had accused LeCaron of being a British spy; he so successfully demolished his accuser that the poor fellow never amounted to anything in Fenian circles again. LeCaron was tickled whenever he was trailed by Canadian detectives; it was, he felt, a testimonial to his position in the Fenian high command, as well as to the comforting fact that lesser Canadian security officials had no inkling that he regularly reported to their government.

This was the man that John O'Neill put in charge of last-minute dispositions along the border.

The accounts of what happened that fine spring day are conflicting. O'Neill wrote about it at length and so did LeCaron; several Canadian historians chronicled the events; and numerous newspaper reporters were on the scene. (Any reportorial uncertainty was not caused solely by the fog of war; a correspondent for the New York Herald lurched onto the battlefield "so gloriously drunk" that two amiable Fenians had to take him by his elbows to the sidelines.) But piecing together various eye-witness accounts provides this sequence:

A general O'Neill, still glowing over the delay of his reinforcements, mounted his horse to move out at eleven that morning, a distinguished-looking civilian galloped up the road from St. Albans. He identified himself as George F. Foster, U.S. Marshal for Vermont, and he was a commandingly bearded presence in his own right. It was his solemn duty, he intoned, to inform O'Neill that President Grant in Washington had just issued a proclamation absolutely forbidding any violation of the neutrality laws. Furthermore, O'Neill was still legally bound to keep the peace by reason of the parole he had given after the raid four years before.

O'Neill's reply has not been preserved, although a Canadian historian, who wasn't there, described it as "expressing contempt more profane than polite." Since the marshal, surrounded by armed Fenians, had no handy means of enforcing the peace, he rode grimly off to the north to warn the Canadians. O'Neill stopped him and gave him this message to carry over the border: "Those under my command will not make war upon women or children, nor be permitted to plunder peaceable inhabitants. They will conduct their war in the manner approved among civilized nations!" His purpose, it can be inferred, was to assure the Canadians that his men were nothing like the lawless crew that had foraged out from Pigeon Hill four years before, and that, accordingly, no excessive prodigies of defense were called for.

It was a moment for oratory. O'Neill formed up his men, 176 by his count, and boomed out:

"Soldiers, this is the advance guard of the Irish-American Army for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of the oppressor. For your own country you enter that of the enemy. The eyes of your countrymen are upon you. Forward ARRCH!!"

Just short of the border, at the red brick farmhouse of Alva Richard, O'Neill dismounted to set up his advance headquarters. In the foreground, beyond some sheds and farm buildings, was a gentle valley through which meandered Chickabiddy Creek. The dirt road bridged the creek and curved away under the high ground of a wooded, rocky ridge, Eccles Hill. Men on both sides that day knew that the international boundary didn't precisely follow the Chickabiddy, but no one bothered with technicalities—the brook and its bridge made a convenient symbol.

Lying in ambush on Eccles Hill, directly across the small valley, were the Canadian defense forces: 30 farmers under Asa Westover, a retired officer, and a detachment of militia under Lieut. Col. Chamberlain of the 60th Missisquoi Red Sashes, in all two officers and 71 men. Later in the battle Lieut. Col. Osborne Smith's 3d Bn. of Victoria Rifles and Capt. Muir's Cavalry troop from Montreal arrived as reinforcements. Well sited on the steep, boulder-strewn slope, they were comforted by the knowledge that a larger group of the Red Sashes—a militia outfit much esteemed in Quebec—were coming on the double. U.S. Marshal Foster was still conferring with Col. Chamberlain when the green flag came flapping into view across the valley. "I thought they intended to attack you soon," the marshal observed, "but not so soon as this!" He departed by a circuitous route for his own country.

O'Neill, a professional, wasted no time. He ordered out his skirmishers and they went splashing across the creek. At this instant the Canadians opened aimed fire from their hidden positions. Pvt. John Rowe of the Burlington Circle of Fenians fell dead and Lieut. John Hallihan was severely wounded. The leading company wavered and, receiving no support from the company behind, fell back, taking to the ditches, diving behind the farm sheds along the road, and racing back to the more solid protection of Alva Richard's brick farmhouse. A confused and smoky fire fight crackled across the little valley. The Fenians could find no targets. The Canadians, after driving all invaders to cover, concentrated their fire on the farmhouse, in the lee of which the bulk of Fenians were sheltering. Inside, O'Neill raced to an upstairs window, trying to assess the best way to flank Eccles...
NEW INVASION

Franklin youngsters re-enact the Fenian Raid, at right dashing across Chickaluddy Brook, toward Eccles Hill. The real Canadian border is fifty yards behind them. Below, Almon Richard, on Richard Hill, surveys his home, in the trees at right, which was the Fenian command post. Eccles Hill is behind house in left distance.

The Fenians never advanced this far, to boulder-strewn Eccles Hill. Here the Red Sashes found perfect cover to repulse the one Fenian charge. Later, reinforced, they sallied forth and captured the Fenian cannon pictured on page 34. The cannon now is mounted on the hill near the monument shown on the next page.

Photographed by
ROBERT HAGERMAN
Hill. There was one incredible moment when Alva Richard appeared and indignantly ordered the general and his staff out of the house; they were attracting gunfire and it was damaging to the property.

Outside, O'Neill saw that the situation was worsening. A young Fenian named James Keenan incautiously exposed himself and received a ball in the leg. This demoralized the huddling youngsters still more, and a movement to the rear threatened. O'Neill was despairing; these few untrained lads were plainly incapable of the flanking pressure that could neutralize Eccles Hill. But perhaps the 500 reinforcements that LeCaron was bringing up could do it. His voice boomed out:

"Men of Ireland, I am ashamed of you! You have acted disgracefully today; but you will have another chance of showing whether you are craven or not. Comrades, we must not, we dare not, go back with the stain of cowardice on us. Comrades, I will lead you again, and if you will not follow me, I will go with my officers and die in your front! I now leave you under charge of Boyle O'Reilly, and will go after reinforcements, and bring them up at once."

Hastening to the rear to find men to flank Eccles Hill, O'Neill had passed Vincent's farmhouse, the next one south, when he came upon a crowd of civilians clustered around a wounded Fenian by the roadside. (Contemporary accounts agree on the congestion caused by people who had come by buggy and farm wagon from miles around; it wasn't every day, after all, that a person could watch a pitched battle in northern Vermont.) As O'Neill was striding past, a large man detached himself from the crowd and pressed a cocked revolver against the general's head. "I arrest you," said U. S. Marshal Foster resoundingly, "in the name of the Government of the United States!"

O'Neill was thunderstruck. His own revolvers were in his saddle holsters, a quarter of a mile away. The nearest armed Fenian was no closer. His saber was at his side undrawn; as he thought of it, a Mr. Failey, the marshal's deputy, drew it and tossed it aside. Wild and profane protest burst from the nearly apoplectic general. But Foster, too, was a professional. In seconds he hurried O'Neill into a carriage and, with Failey whipping the two horses, was off with his prisoner.

A final humiliation awaited O'Neill. Only a short distance down the road, the speeding carriage met the 500 Fenian reinforcements being led to battle with artful belatedness by LeCaron. "Clear the road! Clear the road!" bellowed the marshal and the galloping team passed the open-mouthed soldiers. Some Fenians had a flashing glimpse of their general, a cocked Colt held against his temple, as the carriage careened past to the south. "I could easily have given the order to shoot the horses," LeCaron gloated in his memoirs. "Easily."

SO ENDED, to all intents, the Battle of Eccles Hill, although some action continued until dusk. At a council of war John Boyle O'Reilly expostulated that he was a correspondent, not a commanding officer. The Fenian cannon was wheeled up, its missing breechblock hunted down, and it was trained on Eccles Hill. At this the reinforced Canadians charged, dispersed the Fenians before them, and captured the gun. (Today it is a trophy of the Canadian Home Guard.) By the time that evening had brought quiet to the border, the casualties were these: for the Canadians, no one killed nor injured; for the Fenians, two dead and nine injured. The next morning General Spear arrived on the scene and attempted to rekindle the attack. But without resolution, for the Canadians had been reinforced again, and the U.S. regulars were hastening up to disarm the Fenians once more and escort them to the trains.

And afterward:

O'Neill was imprisoned in Windsor until October, when he was pardoned by President Grant. Discredited among the Fenian leaders, he led a tiny and abortive raid into Manitoba the following year. Then until his death in 1878 he lived in Nebraska, drinking heavily and dreaming of the past. He never knew of his friend LeCaron's perfidy.

The Fenian Brotherhood, weakened by schism and supplanted by other societies, faltered along for seven or eight years before expiring.

LeCaron was paid $2,000—a bonus above his regular retainer—for his services in disrupting the 1870 attack. He continued as an informer until 1889, when testimony by him before a British commission brought out part of his past. He survived until 1894 but never set foot outside England again, living, perhaps, in mortal fear of the retribution that befell so many other informers. END
NORTHERN SAMPLER In no comparable expanse does Vermont possess such varied grandure. Between calm Champlain and the surging Connecticut lie sandy pine-dotted lowlands; rolling, maple-covered foothills; intersecting high mountains; the center diadem of Memphremagog; the fertile plateau country; deep spruce forests with wilderness lakes and swamplands. Within these uncrowded miles live people of varied origins, now inseparably Canadian and American neighbors.

In fine weather last summer Pennsylvania photographer Grant Heilman filmed the color and variety of this northern land. Some of these scenes are presented here and throughout this issue.
Right: St. Mary's Church, Newport; below: At Nulhegan Pond, east of Island Pond.
Memphremagog stretches its "Beautiful Waters" as the St. Francis Indians called them, some thirty miles from Canadian tip to Vermont toe. Coves and fiord-like estuaries bring its shoreline to eighty-eight miles. About a fifth of this seventy-five square miles of water lies in Vermont, the border line cutting across Province Island.

The Black, Clyde and Barton rivers empty into the lake at the bottom, and the John from the east, just short of the border. At the north end the Magog River drains the lake's waters finally to the St. Lawrence.

Like most northern Vermont lakes Memphremagog had glacial origins, although a rock depression, the Magog Trough, lay there many million years earlier. At one point in the dim past the ancient sea flooded into this lake area, which now stands 682 feet above sea level.

The great ice sheet which covered all of New England a million years ago dug Memphremagog's basin even deeper than before. At one period in the great glacier's recession the lake stood for many years perhaps 400 feet deeper than now. Then for another interval it dropped to some fifty feet above the present level. Terraces left from these ancient shores may still be seen on the lake's east side between Newport and Derby.

It is thought in this period Memphremagog drained southward along the Black River's course, through Eligo Pond and into the Lamoille. One theory has it the Lamoille at that time flowed into the upper Winooski, (the present mouths of these rivers then blocked by Lake Champlain's ice), and then ran eastward into the Connecticut.

A peculiarity of Memphremagog is its depth. The southerly, broad lake is comparatively shallow—averaging about thirty feet. But when one reaches the narrows at Long Island and at the foot of 2484-foot Owl's Head the bottom drops away abruptly to the north. The water reaches its deepest point, 348 feet, opposite Macpherson Bay. The lake, as the map shading indicates, remains so farther on, and is comparatively deep right to its northern end.

Memphremagog, of course, was a great highway for Indian travel from the earliest times. This was the best canoe route from the St. Lawrence to the Connecticut, by way of the St. Francis and
Many were the furies and the white prisoners who traveled this route northward in the 1700s. This way, southward, fled Robert Rogers in 1757 from the sack of the St. Francis Indian village.

Memphremagog still abounds with fish, in part due to the fine spawning grounds of its southerly rivers, which themselves mainly feed from other lakes. Memphremagog provides prime fishing for perch, smelt, and small-mouth bass, and especially for brown and rainbow trout. There also are landlocked salmon, wall-eyed pike, pickerel and bullheads.

*From above Newport the big lake curves northeasterward past Owl’s Head on the west shore and Fitch Bay opposite. Between Newport’s 5,200 citizens and Magog’s 13,000 in the far distance, lies a region of almost uninhabited beauty.*
The Connecticut River at Lempington
(view downstream; farm is in Vermont)
SMUGGLERS' PARADISE

REDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Illustrations by Hamilton Greene

FROM Newport's Prospect Hill where the granite Catholic church stands, the eye can follow the blue water of island-studded Lake Memphremagog, reaching away into Canada. Rogers—Rogers of theingers—fled southward along the lakeshore in 1759, for abolishing the Indian village of St. Francis, and here the bright, brisk little city now stands, a portion this command was overtaken and slaughtered.

From Rogers' time on, conditions in the upper reaches Vermont grew livelier and worse. The area was shaken the Revolutionary struggle, reeling up and down the Champlain Valley, and, not long after the war's end, it embarked on a criminal career, thanks to Thomas Jefferson.

President Jefferson in late 1807, published an embargo faree, forbidding Americans to have commercial traffic in any form with any portion of the British Empire, and us became the inadvertent but actual sponsor of the smuggling racket that, for more than a decade, was northern Vermont's principal industry.

Adjacent Canada was the sole available trading center where the border could exchange its principal products—amber, potash and cattle—for finished goods from England. Lake Champlain and its outlet, the Richelieu River, supplied a level highway for long rafts and potash-laden scows. The frontier's hidden valleys and devious byways expedited the delivery of cattle across the line.

The northern counties ignored Mr. Jefferson's embargo and the efforts of customs officers to enforce it. Since obedience to the law meant bankruptcy, it became immediately clear to the prudential Vermont mind that the statute, itself, should be ruptured.

The border was in a state of chronic upheaval, filled with acrimony and spiced by a series of assaults and battles, but the smuggling continued.

Georgia, a village in Franklin County, wears today so prim and proper an aspect that it is hard to believe in the community's disorderly youth.

During the attempted enforcement of Mr. Jefferson's embargo, the village was an assembly point for the herds of cattle that illegally were driven thence to Canada. The village became so notorious, it was the site of so many pitched battles between smugglers and customs men, that it became widely known throughout the north country, not as Georgia but as "Hellgate."

Swanton, a nearby village, deserved an opprobrious
iickiwme, roo, th()ugh in that sober community one can
find today only a single memento of its disreputable past.
The stone walls of a barracks, built during the second war
with Britain, now have been incorporated into a business
block.

Swanton and nearby St. Albans were the principal
centers of the lake-borne smuggling trade. Both towns
face lower Champlain’s lovely association of islands,
coves, straits and channels. In this watery maze, row-
galleys, illegally bound for Canada, played at hide-and-
seek with unhappy revenue agents.

Jabez Penniman, collector of customs for the region,
did his utmost to halt the illicit traffic and was rewarded
for his efforts by repeated humiliations. He bought and
armed a cutter which he stationed at Windmill Point to
block the lake’s outlet. Smugglers captured the craft and
added it to their fleet.

The collector did catch a Canada-bound scow and
stored its cargo of sixty barrels of potash in the Wind-
mill Point customs house, but smugglers promptly stole
his trove. The distracted Penniman called out the Franklin
County militia regiment in the hope of quelling the epide-
mic lawlessness but soon discovered that the citizen-
soldiery were aiding their friends and relatives in the
smuggling trade.

The outbreak of war in 1812 did nothing to abate the
traffic. British forces in Canada desperately needed the
beef and timber that northern Vermont could supply and
most of the smugglers were entirely willing to trade with
the enemy. The federal government attempted to impede
the treasnable traffic by building the Swanton barracks
and quartering a garrison there. The British abolished
this obstruction by landing a task force, chasing away the
soldiers and setting fire to the barracks. It was an appar-
tently bloodless engagement.

Black Snake, a row-galley, owned by a merchant of St.
Albans and commanded by one William Mudgett, was the
most profitably and daringly operated of all Champlain’s
law-defying flotilla. The craft had evaded what had seemed
to be inevitable capture a half dozen times, but, at last,
it was trapped at Joy’s Landing in the Winooski River
by a revenue cutter manned by Rutland County militia
under Lieutenant David L. Farrington.

The lieutenant was severely wounded and three of his
men were killed before Black Snake’s crew surrendered.
One of its members was tried and hanged, but the north
country’s tolerant attitude toward smugglers is exempli-
fied by the fact that Mudgett was released when the jury
who tried him disagreed and three more of his men who
were sentenced to ten years imprisonment were almost
immediately pardoned. No penalty was imposed upon the
St. Albans merchant who was Black Snake’s owner.

The end of the War of 1812 and the consequent lifting
of Jefferson’s embargo should have brought peace to the
border but dwellers near the boundary line soon found
excuse for further uproar and the line itself supplied it.

Vermont’s northern boundary was supposed by charter
and treaty to follow the 45th parallel, north latitude, but
the colonial surveyors who had run the line in 1766 were
something less than accurate. In 1818, it was discovered
that they had set the boundary considerably north of the
parallel and that a strip of territory, three-fourths of a
mile wide, that had been considered the property of Ver-
mont actually belonged to Canada. A turbulent populace,
lacking any other immediate quarrel to distract it, laid
eager hold upon this error and greeted every effort to
amend it with cries of outrage and violent threats. The
tumult did not entirely subside until the Webster-Ashbur-
ton Treaty of 1842 established the line, as run in 1766, as
Vermont’s northern boundary. By then, the north country
had found a new provocation to angry outcry and reckless
defiance.
Immured in the feathery leaflage of lordly elms, St. Albans from its semi-circle of hills, looks westward over farmland to the islands of Champlain. The shire town of Franklin County is a peaceful and law-abiding community today. It was neither, in bye-gone years. Its truculent misconduct was a repeated embarrassment to Vermont authorities and even to the federal government.

In 1837 St. Albans seized upon another excuse for misbehavior. French-Canadian discontent with the then government of the Dominion boiled up into ineptly managed rebellion. St. Albans and Swanton immediately began to simmer, too.

Louis Joseph Papineau, a rabble rouser who engineered the revolt, skipped over the line when the shooting began and sought refuge in Vermont. The effervescent citizenry of Franklin County not only welcomed him but also offered to supply him with arms and ammunition for whatever force he could assemble.

As temperatures rose, the St. Albans-Swanton area showed every indication of going still farther and declaring its own private war on Canada. Inflammatory meetings were held in both towns. Volunteers flocked to Papineau's standard. All Franklin County turned out to cheer his command as it marched out, December 6, to meet the Canadian loyalists, assembled at the head of Missisquoi Bay.

The battle was brief. After losing two men killed and two wounded, Papineau scuttled south across the line again. He had had his fill of martial endeavor, but St. Albans and Swanton hadn't. Just one inadvertent move by Canada and Vermonters would teach the Dominion a lesson.

There were more mass meetings. The northern counties, on their own responsibility enlisted and armed volunteers "to protect the frontier." President Van Buren, alarmed by these reckless goings-on, sent Generals Winfield Scott and James E. Wool hurrying to St. Albans where, with some difficulty, they restrained the martial spirit and disarmed the volunteers.

The furor subsided, but St. Albans later was to suffer for its emotional debauch. Memory of that partisanship stuck in the minds of Canadians. It in part was responsible for the tolerant attitude of the Dominion government toward the handful of Confederates who, infiltrating across the border, prosecuted in the fall of 1864 the St. Albans Raid.

When, in 1866 and again in 1870, Irish zealots attempted Fenian invasions of Canada, via Franklin County, St. Albanians welcomed and encouraged them. Finally the echoes of brief gunfire faded into silence. After centuries of bitterness and tumult, peace that has endured for ninety years descended upon the border.

It is true that the irascible area's reform was not immediately complete. Smuggling had a revival during prohibition. Convoys of laden trucks rolled down from the north over the same roads that, a century earlier, had carried droves of cattle, equally illegally, into Canada. Champlain acquired a fleet of high-powered rum-runners.

Three men of the United States Custom Patrol and at least one smuggler lost their lives during these lawless years, but the liquor traffic largely was gang-handled, and the sympathies of the border population on either side of the line were not involved. With the advent of the automobile, traffic from and to Canada increasingly consisted of tourists. Slowly yet certainly their comings and goings bound together in friendship two formerly antagonistic nations and brought a happy stability to a region that once had seemed irrevocably dedicated to uproar and breaches of the peace.

It is difficult for foreigners who cross the border to believe that they are leaving one nation and entering another. But no portion of the boundary line, reaching unarmed, unfortified, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has had a gaudier history than the segment that divides the State of Vermont from the Province of Quebec; none, today, is more tranquil.
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS I've been raising and training bloodhounds as man-trailers and I want to say that all this Uncle Tom's Cabin stuff is junk. It's a wonderful, decent breed. The blood part of its name comes from being the oldest known breed of working dog with the purest strain.

Bloodthirsty? Nuts.

That got around because in the South they often trail escaped criminals with a pack of cross-bred hounds that will attack, but they head the pack with bloodhounds to keep the track straight. The bloodhound runs free and may run open—that means he yelps on the track—if he's with a noisy bunch of cross-breeds. Down there they seldom run the pack on leash. They blow a whistle and turn the dogs loose and the hounds have the right of way over everything.

I train mine to run quiet and to run on a leash. Sure it's a workout. But I'm a widow running my kennels on my own, I was born in Putney, I'm only fifty-seven years old, I'm a registered practical nurse and my hobby is coon hunting, so I'm not made of glass. My dogs don't yank on the leash, because I train them not to. If they tug around they wear themselves out, and me too. They're a hundred pounds in running condition and I'm no heavyweight.

Sure my dogs trail on empty stomachs, but not so they'll jump some poor devil and take a chunk out of him. If they've just been fed they're logy and their noses aren't so keen.

There's no nose like theirs. It's their high breeding; it makes them stubborn, too—but who wants a bloodhound who quits? It makes them mighty set, so you can't always guarantee they'll follow voice commands or hand signals when they run free. Their high breeding makes bloodhounds hard to raise. It's hard to get them through the first week. They're born great lusty things and in three days they can just pine away and die, like from an RH factor in their bloodstream. Five out of a litter of eight or ten is pretty good.

The little one up there is husky enough. He's by Henry of Cheshire out of my AKC Champion Bugle Ann. He's going to be a good one—look at him, nose to the ground already. That's Ann with me. And over there with my grandson Raymond, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wood, is Henry. Does he look like a man-killer? I shouldn't let
When Eliza crossed the ice a whoop and a holler ahead of Simon Legree she slandered the name of a noble dog, and one of America's foremost professional trainers of bloodhounds can prove it.

Here is Fannie Doyle of West Brattleboro speaking in their defense...

...it get my goat. Henry was bred by Sheriff Arthur Jennison of Keene, but I've trained him since he was a baby. Raymond's thirteen, and he's been helping train Henry for seven years. Henry belongs to me now.

Henry's famous. When Blair and Demag escaped from Windsor in 1952 and killed that farm wife it was Henry who tracked them down. He was only a year old with a few months' training. There was a big write-up about him and Jennison in True Detective. Last Summer I took Henry to identify that poor crackpot who was spooking people around Lake Spofford. Six hundred cars full of characters wanting to watch the savage bloodhound, see, and Henry took it gentle, never wavered, just trailed the guy to his house so the authorities could pick him up quietly and not scare him or hurt his folks.

That's the way it should be done, especially with lost kids or mental cases. Even with prisoners, you track to their hideout, or move them toward a stake-out. That's what we did when I took Henry and another dog owned by Jennison on the largest manhunt ever put on in Maine. We were twelve hours steady on that one, a kidnapper wanted by the feds.

Usually the dog sniffs a garment; otherwise he casts around till he gets the scent. A bloodhound can pick up a trail three days old if the weather conditions are right. But the dogs don't get called in soon enough. What I mean is, somebody lost can circle around in the woods for a day or night, getting more and more scared, before some people will call in a bloodhound. All those lousy stories about set-the-bloodhounds-on-'em... I've sold bloodhounds all over the U.S.A. and into South America. I'm always getting mail to Mr. Doyle. I guess they don't realize that F. Doyle is a lady. Most of the hounds I train go to law enforcement agencies. Watson—that's the dog I used for the picture story on the next page—has been sold to a sheriff's outfit in Maine. Last year I sold a pair to that big prison in Rochester in York State. George Brooks in Wisconsin, everybody in the business knows George Brooks, has made some wonderful finds, and he uses a dog started at Doyle's Kennels. And of course there's Arthur Jennison over in New Hampshire.

They sell for—I'd rather not say; but you can call it plenty. It's a lot of dog there, an expert dog with a great heart.

I'm down to only a few right now. The rest of them out there are beagles I raise for pets, some Bassettts, some German shepherds, some coon hounds—maybe around sixty all told. They're all AKC except the coon hounds. I don't care if old Pepper isn't registered. She's ten and a half and she put up forty coon last Fall. She's a wonder. I slowed up for a while when I ruptured a disc in my back, but I still took out coon-hunting parties. There's no sport like it for me. Coon dogs are the greatest sporting dogs.

They're just a hobby, though. Bloodhounds are the greatest working breed, and I'll work them against any other for performance and disposition. You can put that down, too, just the way I said it.
The Case of the Wandering Girl

Undaunted by Brattleboro’s sights and scents, Watson holds the trail of a pretty shopper out on the town.

I start him back in the parking lot with a sniff of Phoebe’s sweater.

She wavers at the hardware store.
and Watson knows it

he tugs more than Henry, but he knows his job
She gets to that book store and look how they snatch up their kids when that man-killing bloodhound goes by.
he moves well on smooth footing, doesn't spraddle a bit on slick floors like this.

end of the trail—and where's the blood, where's the tears?

Narrator: Fannie Doyle
Photographer: Neil Priessman, Jr.
Bloodhound: Watson
Quarry: Phoebe Chamberlin of West Brattleboro
Transcriber: Jan Greene
This is an age when man is preoccupied with scientific research, looking for ways to supply the production demands of ever-expanding populations. Yet in the very areas of greatest industrial and commercial development, a practical and vital Craft Movement is not only surviving but growing stronger—coexisting with industry but not absorbed by it. Today's professional craftsman has regained the respect enjoyed by craftsmen before the Industrial Revolution.

To understand the movement in its present form one must review the past. Fortunately, our museums testify that the early settlers in America have left us a heritage of good taste and fine craftsmanship. Pride in workmanship was of course partly an inheritance from the guild apprenticeship systems in Europe, where the silversmith, the cabinet maker, the blacksmith, and so forth, set high standards for the future.

But in time the almost universal knowledge of the arts and crafts, which characterized Colonial times, gave way to an age of reproduction, with cheap multiplicity of objects, and little concern for esthetic quality.

It was a reaction to this that brought the Arts & Crafts Movement (William Morris and his associates) over from England, to New England in particular. The Morris movement failed because although the objects made during this period were technically good, they were also expensive and called heavily on the past for inspiration.

It was a movement of a different kind, one with a wider participation, that finally, following World War I, turned many people to adult education for an understanding of the rapid changes that were taking place. Among these, many visited museums and arts schools, taking courses in painting and the handcrafts. It was through such adult education that amateurs learned to appreciate the perfection of professionals, even though themselves denied real creative ability. These avocational artists today provide an appreciative audience for the craftsman, one without which he would find it difficult to survive.

For many reasons a part of the present movement is rural in character: in the country people are often compelled by economic motives to use their hands and to create things for everyday use. The country also provides an economic shelter to the craftsman: low cost space for his workshop and home. Nowhere is this more true than in New England, where early training and marketing programs showed the way to craft groups in other rural areas.

Recently museums and private and state groups have helped spotlight the work of craftsmen, and have succeeded in breaking down the barriers separating the fine and useful arts. They have helped the public to discover that the humblest article of daily use may rank high esthetically if its creator ranks high as an artist. The American Craftsmen's Council, a privately supported group formed in 1939 by Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb of Shelburne, is identified with every forward-looking movement connected with the field. Mrs. Webb was responsible for the founding of the School of American Craftsmen at Rochester Institute of Technology, the Museum of Contemporary Crafts and America House in New York City—organizations dedicated to fostering quality in the crafts.

As one might expect, the crafts that have most advanced over the past decade have been those in which creative experimentation has played the largest part.

This is particularly true of pottery. In Vermont, Nancy Wickham of Woodstock has for many years been considered one of the outstanding potters in the country, winning many national awards. In Shelburne, Frank Mann, a graduate of the School of American Craftsmen, is known for the fine quality of his ware. And in Bennington, David Gil, graduate of the Ceramic School at Alfred University, has operated a successful high quality pottery.

The field of jewelry, which has reflected man's social and economic life for thousands of years, still attracts designer craftsmen who work best in the freedom that this craft allows. Frances Boothby, Luella Schroeder of East Montpelier, and Helen Beckerhoff of Stowe, as well as Peg Armitage and Ed Levin of North Bennington, have all produced excellent jewelry.

Vermont has contributed many outstanding weavers. First to mind comes Betty Atwood of Shelburne, whose work I had the privilege of judging in a recent show at Stowe. Another is Arthur Sprague of Barre. The Weavers' Guild has certainly contributed much to the enrichment of the craft program in the state.

Paul Aschenbach, of Charlotte, is well known for outstanding work in forging wrought iron. Space does not permit the inclusion of many others who deserve mention for their contribution to a fine state craft program.

I would like to quote from a paper given at a Council conference by one craftsman to his fellows: "May I say that I think our job is to continue to dream dreams of beauty and to execute these with a passion for perfection. Then we will have an example of what an extraordinary tool the hand is when it is guided with knowledge, discipline, and reverence."

David R. Campbell

Mr. Campbell, one of the outstanding leaders of the contemporary crafts movement in the United States, is President of the American Craftsmen's Council and Director of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts.
These fine representatives of Vermont craft work, pictured by Robert Hagerman, were among the award winners at the 1960 Stowe Craft Show. The wall hanging above was done by Betty Arwood of Shelburne. The mahogany bowl was made by Truman Way of Barre, and the stoneware bowl by Nancy Wickham of Woodstock. The silver and amethyst pendant was made by Frances Boothby of Weston.
Return of Jesse Boom  Students of the celebrated Boorn Murder Trial of 1820 (VL, Autumn, 1959) may be interested in this new-found but century old ending to the yarn, ferreted out by Floyd Butler of Poulney.

The Boorn brothers were freed from conviction of murdering Russell Colvin, readers will remember, when Colvin himself returned to Manchester in the nick of time. The brothers soon drifted west into seeming oblivion.

Now let's examine the records at Columbus, Ohio Penitentiary. On August 6, 1860 a 75-year old man was committed there. Convict #4913 was confined for Making and Passing Counterfeit Coins, and he served to the end of his sentence Nov. 23, 1864. The prison ledger shows this man, who could read but not write, who said he was Vermont born, was Jesse M. Boorn (alias Bowen).

The second part of the yarn is found in an 1866 volume: Narrative of Spies, Scouts and Detectives. One chapter tells the adventures of Harry Newcomer, a detective employed by the U. S. Marshall at Cleveland in 1857.

"Newcomer was instructed to make the acquaintance of an old blacksmith named Jesse Bowen, who cultivated a small farm near Burton Square. Bowen was notoriously a lawless bad man, and had for many years been engaged in all manner of frauds and crimes, but had managed to escape detection and punishment.

"Newcomer introduced himself as . . an extensive manufacturer and dealer in counterfeit money . . After two or three interviews . . he succeeded in winning completely the old man's confidence, and learned from him the names of all those who were connected with the gang of counterfeitors . . . In an excess of communicativeness, Bowen one day called young Newcomer into an orchard and revealed to him, in confidence, that he and his brother had, in early life, murdered their brother-in-law, in Vermont, and that they had been saved from the gallows by a man being found who bore a remarkably strong resemblance to the murdered man, and who was induced to swear that he was the man supposed to be killed . . ."

It may be that old Jesse was trying to impress his young confidant with a dramatic past. Maybe his never-agile mind really believed this was so. But remember when "Colvin" returned to Manchester he never did go to see his own family. Maybe it really was true after all.

At any rate Jesse Boorn served his time in the Civil War quite different from most Vermonters.

Drones & Chanters  An unusual Vermont trade is plied by Scott Hastings, Jr. of Taftsville, a native of the Scottish country upriver. Hastings is one of two in this country making bagpipes. Considered one of the best pipers in the world, incidentally, is another Vermonter, Fordyce Ritchie of Springfield. Our informant is Harvey Dodd of the Valley News.

Salute  The Postboy's toast goes to The Owls (Lambda Iota) fraternity at University of Vermont, celebrating its 125th anniversary. Among its distinguished members was Paul Harris, founder of Rotary International, who unfortunately was expelled from UVM for rolling a 50-pound cannon ball down Church street and breaking a horse's leg.

Mystery Picture  NUMBER 18

The first correct location of this Vermont summer scene filmed by John Vondell, postmarked after midnight May 22nd will receive one of our special prizes.

Our Spring Mystery Picture, a Civil War statue in Tribou Park, Woodstock, filmed by Ken Miner, was first identified by Eric E. Paige, Woodstock fire chief.
CONTINUING EVENTS


well-Daniels Mus., exc. Mon., 9-5.


ontpelier-State Mus., wkdays. New-

Cicere-Histor Mus., 2:30-5:30. Morris-

Mus., 2-5. Weathersfield Ctr.-

or, Exh. 23:00-5:30. So. Royalton-

ith Mem. Barre-Granite Tours, 8:30-

Green Mt. Nat. forest areas. Vt. State

- Winder Dam Exh.

SUMMER EVENTS

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

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Green Mt. Nat. forest areas. Vt. State

- Winder Dam Exh.

RECURRING EVENTS

- Sept. 4: Barre-Granite Craftsman- 

Tours (Mon.-Fri.) 8:30-4

Aug. 31: Barre-Hist. Ex. (Thur.) 3-5

Sept. 4: Reading-Mus. (Thurs.) 2-5

Sept. 2: Brownsville-Church Supp. (Sat.) 5:30

Aug. 29: Barre-Baseball Supp. (Tues.)

Sept. 3: Weston-Playhouse (Thurs.-

6:30, Sat. 3)

SPECIAL EVENTS

- Grafton-Memorial Day Observance, 50.

Irahsburg-Memorial Day Dinner, 50.

Woodstock-Trail Ride, Barbecue, 50.

Ryegate Cor.-Well. Lee V.C, 8:30

Enos Falls-Races-Diary Festival


Middlebury-Commencement

- Windsor-Flower Show

- 23: Westminster-Art Show

- *Windsor-Historic Homes Tour

- 18: Woodstock-Pistol Tournament

- Underhill-State. 30 Caliber Champ.

- Windsor-Reded. Old Const. House

- Arlington-Spring Concert, 8:30.


- Morrisville-Summer Sing. 7:30.


- Londonbury-Straut. Sup., 5.

- *Weathersfield Ctr.-Antique

ow, Turkey Suppers.

- July 4: Bristol-Country A-Fair

- Manchester-Bazaar, Chicken Barbecue.

- Shrewsbury Ctr.-Ham Supper, 6.

- Enfield Ctr.-Strawberry Supper, 5:30


- 4: Vermont-4th Celeb. Springfield-4th

- *Norwich-Charter Day, 10. Peach-


- 5: Woodstock-Horse Pulling Contest

- *Norwich-Old House Tour

- Pittsford-Straub. Fest, Craft Fair

- *Woodstock-Antique Displays

- Georgia Ctr.-Barbecue, 5.

- *Norwich-Fair. *Woodstock-Flats

- Graffon-Straub. Supp., Sale. *Har-

- Town-Celeb. Hubbardton-Battle

- Commendation, Luncheon.


- Brattleboro-Horse Show, 8 a.m.

- Woodstock-Bi-Centennial Meeting, 8

- *Woodstock-Old House Tour

- Middlebury-Historic House Tour.

- June 1-June 30: Morrisville-Costume Exhibit

- June 1-June 4: Middlebury-Sheridon Mus., 10.


- June 16-23: South Hero-Canoe, Camp School

- June 18: Manchester-Classes, Art & Music

- June 26-Aug. 18: Winoski Park-St. Michael’s Summer Session

- June 26-Aug. 21: Burlington-Summer Sch.

- June 28-Aug. 12: Middlebury-Eng. School

- June 30-Aug. 17: Middlebury-Lang. School

- June 30-Aug. 21: Marlboro-Music School

- July 1-23: Manchester-Painting Exhibit,

- Morgan-Maple Sugar Supper, 5 Caven-

-dish-Chicken Barbecue

- July 13: *Woodstock-Street Fair, Hymn Fest.

- July 13-14: Burlington-Vt. Writers League


- Brandon-Flower Show


- July 15: *Newfane-Horse Show, Field Day, 10.

- *Shelburne-Diary Barbecue, Auction, 5.

- July 15-16: Essex Jet.-Horse Show, Stowe-

Sports Car Rally

- July 15-23: Westminster-Art Show

- July 16: Stowe-Dog Sh. Putney-Home Day

- July 19: Irasburg-Church Fair, Ryegate Cor.

- *Woodstock-Craft Show

- July 15-21: *Woodstock-Craft Show

- July 20: *St. Johnsbury-Church Art, Flower Sh.

- July 21: Townshend-Sale, Supper

- July 22-23: Montpelier-Horse Show


- Winoski Park-Pergolisi Opera

- July 26: Castleton-Colonial Day, 10-5.

- Morrisville-Craft Dem., 2-5 & 7-9

- July 27: E. Corinth: Bazaar, Supper

- July 27-29: Stowe-Craft Show

- July 28: Manchester-Square Dance, 8


- Woodstock-Horse Trials

- July 29: *Newfane-Susanne Bloch Recital, 8.

- Peru-Old Home Day, Supper. Manchester-

Artists Exhibit, 5

- July 30: Richmond-Round Ch. Pilg., 2:30

- July 31: Woodstock-Women’s Golf Tour.


- Aug. 1-4: Manchester-Antiques Show, 1-10

- Aug. 2-4: *Newbury-Cracker Barrel Bazaar

- Aug. 3: Manchester-Ctr.-Lawn Sale, 2.


- *Townshend-Hospital Day Fair

- Aug. 5-6: So. Woodstock-Horse Show


- Aug. 6-12: *Manchester-Historical Pag.

- Aug. 8: Thetford-Town Fair

Water Color Society

- July 1-Aug. 31: Calais-Kent Tavern Museum

- July 1-27: *Addison-Strong Mansion Mu-

- seum, 10-5

- July 5-23: Burlington-Econ. Workshop

- July 5-Aug. 16: Burlington-Summer School

- July 9-July 27: So. Woodstock-Horse Train-

ing Center

- July 10: Manchester-Begin: Dance classes

- July 10-Aug. 31: Cuttingville-Daylilies


- Aug. 1-31: Burlington-Shakespearean Festival

- Aug. 16-30: Middlebury-Breadloaf Writers

Conference