Official Telephone Directory

Area Code 802

June 1992

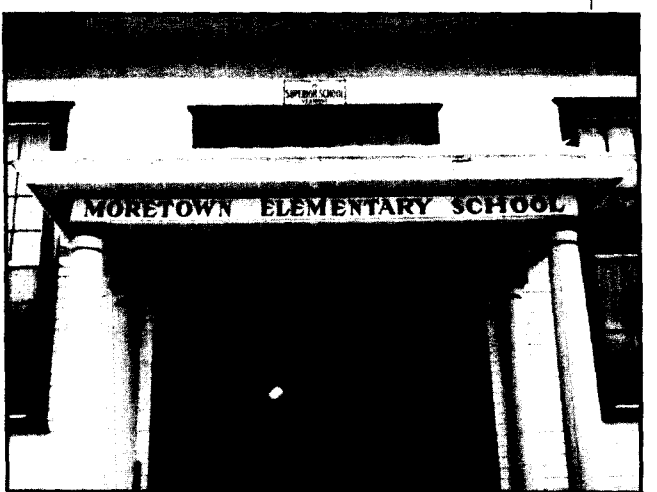
Serving The Valley

Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Co., Inc. • Waitsfield, Vermont 05673-0009

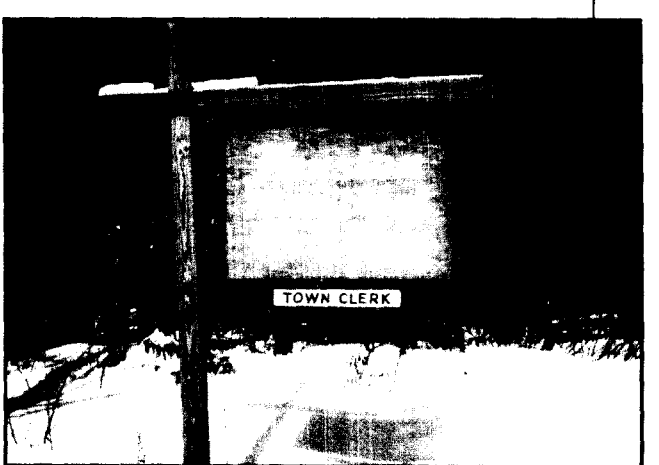
Valley Neighbors

* Introduction *

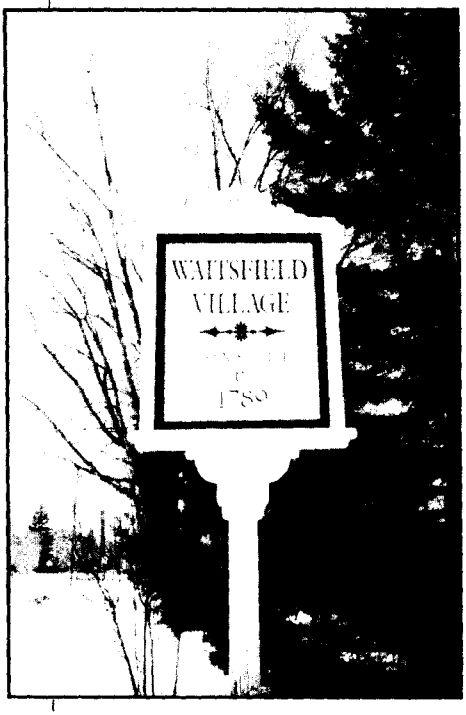
Last year we included in this section of our directory a special tribute to the Vermont State Bicentennial Celebration. Our commemorative explored the early years of the Valley and presented a history of each of the towns we serve, including a listing of Vermont's commendations and honors during its 200 years. These stories received enthusiastic responses from so many people that we decided to continue the tradition for this 1992 edition.

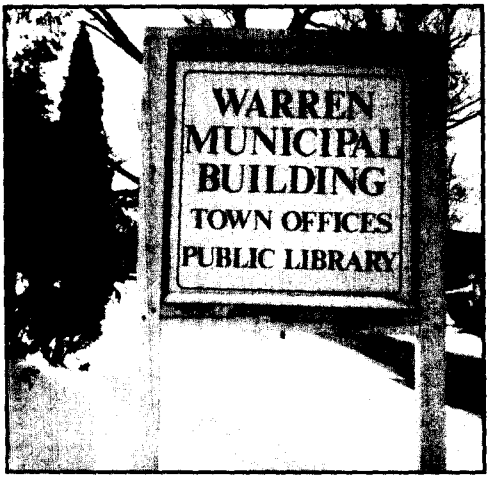


This year we have chosen to introduce you to some of your neighbors. Because the Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Company serves the four towns of Waitsfield, Moretown, Fayston, and Warren, we found ourselves with a long list of interesting people and stories. The following portraits and stories are just a beginning. We hope to continue this tradition each year and we welcome any names or story suggestions.



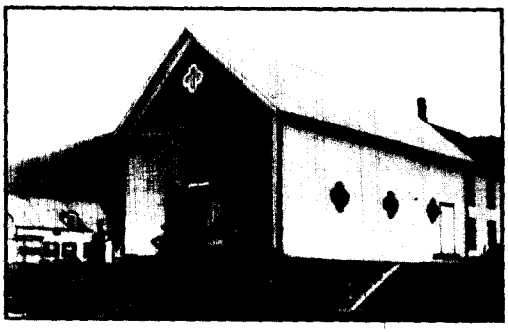
The community we serve is known as the Mad River Valley. The region encompasses four towns beginning in the south with Warren, then Waitsfield and Fayston, and on to Moretown in the north. The communities are diverse in their histories and geography. However, the one common bond is the river from which comes the name. The Mad River originates in the Granville Woods (south of Warren) and flows north through the valley. No one to date has





found any documentation, but there are two theories as to where the Mad River got its name. One theory is that it flows out of Granville north, or "upstream," while the White River flows south from Granville. The other theory is that the river routinely flooded "madly," with great furor, and the water level fluctuated suddenly, particularly in the spring of the year. Whatever the reason, we are proud to serve this community we call the Mad River Valley.

Severe flooding reshaped many structures along the Mad River, including this barn which fell victim to the 1927 flood. While the barn is now gone, the house is still located along Rt. 100, in Waitsfield Village and is the home of Curtis Wright's Valley Communications office.



* Waitsfield *

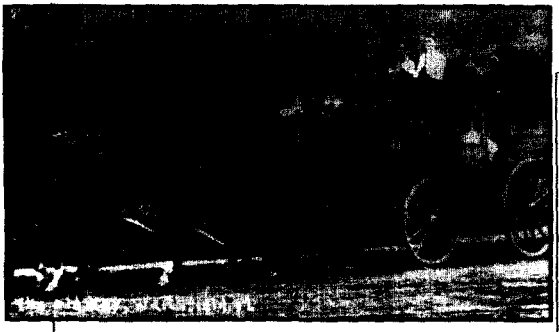
The town of Waitsfield was chartered in 1782, and by the first United States census in 1791 "there were sixty-one persons living in thirteen families." By the mid 1880's there were almost 1,000 residents.

Waitsfield is distinguished by being the largest of the four towns in population with 1,422 residents listed in the 1990 census. But with only 16,963 acres, it is the smallest town in the Valley by area.

The town is bordered to the south by Warren. Its eastern border is defined by the ridge of the Northfield Mountains and the western border lies parallel to the Mad River and Route 100. Moretown is Waitsfield's northern neighbor. The high point of land in town is the summit of Scragg Mountain (elevation 2,911 feet), from which there is a commanding view of the Mad River Valley from north to south. The low point of land is at the Moretown town line (620 feet). Waitsfield was at one time accessed from the east by a pass over the Northfield Mountains. That road has long since been abandoned but is travelled by snowmobiles in the winter months.

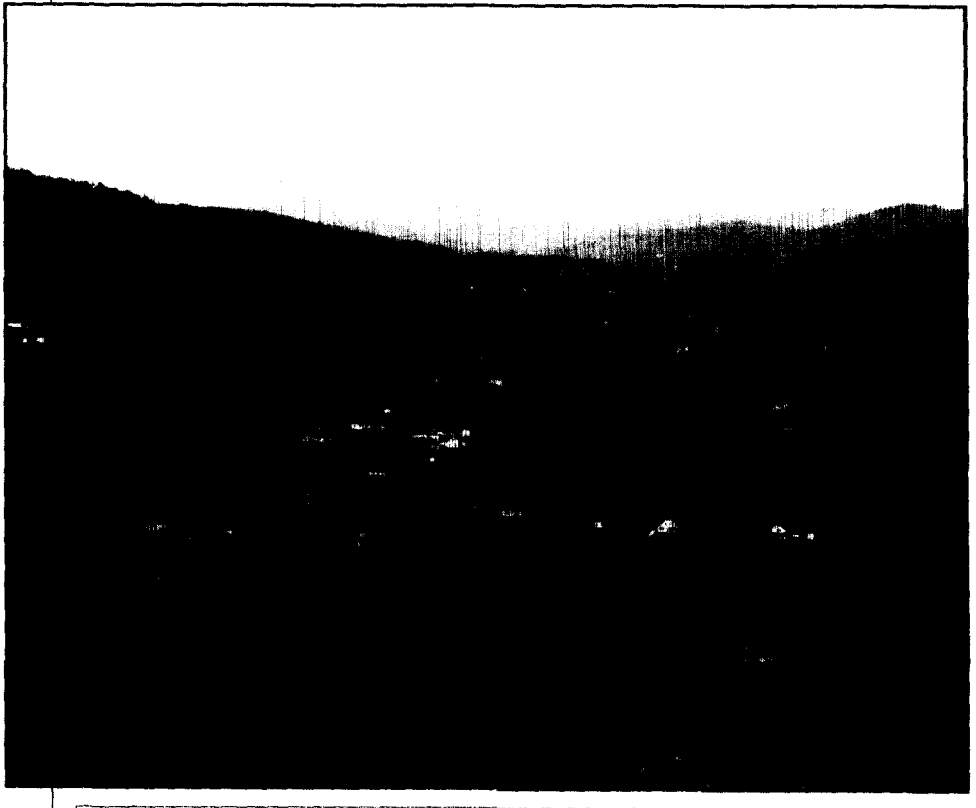
An early shot of Waitsfield Village shows the J. Boyce store in the foreground, with the steeples of the Methodist Church and the Union Meetinghouse to the north. These locations now serve as the Masonic Hall, the Old Church Shops and the Valley Players Theatre. Notice the different steeple on the Methodist church; it shows the structure prior to the rebuilt present day church.

From the Common Road, Waitsfield enjoys a panorama similar to that of Warren from the East Warren Road. Agriculture and open land account for 17% of the total land area in town. It is important to note that the Waitsfield Town Plan establishes a high priority for the preservation of open and agricultural land. It also seeks to maintain and improve the high quality of the Mad River Valley watershed and the Mad River.



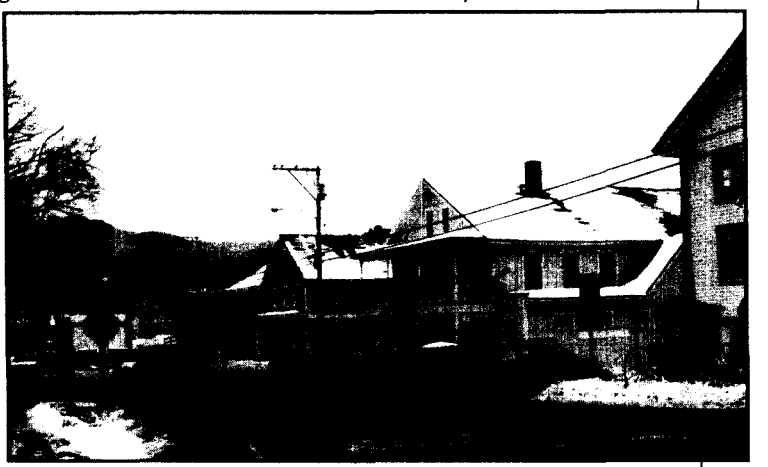
J. J. Kelty operated the Mad River Stage Line, offering a crucial link with the outside world during a time of early business growth. The story was once told of a particularly treacherous stretch of road, nearing Middlesex, where the stage became mired in the mud. A worried passenger asked Mr. Kelty where they would go should they tip over. He is said to have responded, "My dear lady, that all depends on what kind of life you have led!"

Waitsfield is the center of commerce for the Valley and it is home to a variety of businesses including Mad River Canoe, whose canoes are manufactured at the factory located in Waitsfield. There are several computer companies, the home office for the Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Company, as well as a major construction company. There are two banks, two supermarkets, two hardware stores as well as specialty stores for just



During the years of extensive logging and farming, vistas such as this, taken on Dana Hill, allowed for panoramic outlooks not possible with today's reforestation. Along the valley floor, the foreground shows the junction of Route 17 and Route 100, looking north across Irasville.

about any service or product. But there are also at least four dairy farms still active as well as three sheep farms. The town has a wide variety of gift and antique shops through which visitors can browse. It is safe to say that Waitsfield is a diverse economic community and has something for just about everyone.



The buildings along Bridge Street have served various functions over the years. Today, consumers can browse for antiques at Hooter's Hollow, dine in the 1950's decor of R.S.V.P., and shop for hardware and software from Maya Computer. Other businesses, not shown in this picture, offer stuffed animals, Christmas decorations and portraiture.

When visitors and skiers come to the Valley, they perceive that they are in the center of Waitsfield when they shop at the supermarkets or go to the Mad River Green or Village Square Shopping centers. That area on Route 100 is actually known as Irasville and it was all farm- land and farms until the early 60s.

The "real" Waitsfield is about half a mile north, further up the road. There you will find the Bridge Street Marketplace as well as a host of beautiful old homes.

As you turn onto Bridge Street you find more lovely homes and shops. Until the late 1950's and early 1960's, Bridge Street was the primary shopping center. It was the location of Mehurons' Market, Bisbee's Hardware, the Drug Store, the Howard Bank, and Frank Lovett's Barber Shop.

The covered bridge located on Bridge Street is one of Waitsfields' most photographed sites. As you pass through the covered bridge, the second house on your

Bridge Street, circa late 1800's, was the center of commerce for Waitsfield.

Spectators watch the river rise next to the covered bridge at the "Great Eddy." Note that this photograph pre-dates the addition of a footbridge on the downriver side.

The Smith farmhouse is a stunning example of restoration carried out with an eye for classic lines.

right is soon to be another of Vermont's favorite photographic subjects. It is the home of Jack and Judy Smith.

❋ JACK AND JUDY SMITH ❋

Sometimes referred to as the Lovett house, this beautifully classic Vermont farmhouse has actually been in the Smith family since it was bought by Josiah Smith around 1885. Built in 1848, the house has been recently restored by Jack and Judy. During the extensive restoration, the contractor found a dog license wedged behind the wainscotting which had been issued to Jack's grandfather, Josiah, in 1895.

The Josiah Smith house as it looked in 1895.

The Cutler house, located just northeast of the Waitsfield covered bridge, was home to Herb and Irene Smith throughout the years of their marriage. After a fire destroyed the center kitchen section, Myndy Woodruff remodeled the house and the barn into four spacious apartments.

The lower left photograph on page 6 shows the house with Josiah's wife, Harriet, on the left, and Jack's father sitting with the puppy. Although Jack isn't certain, he believes that the dog license they found could have belonged to that puppy.

Jack's father, Herbert Smith, was born and raised in the farmhouse, and when he married, he moved across the street. Jack grew up in that house, which was known as the Cutler house. His grandmother lived in the farmhouse until 1948. Josiah and son Herbert farmed and ran a trucking business, although "trucking" was actually a four-horse team. Herbert Smith brought the first truck into the Valley in 1914.

In an area still referred to as Mill Hill, the grist and sawmil operations along the mill canal formed a busy economic center in early Waitsfield. The grist mill on the left is used today as the Miramar Ski Club, and Betty Hyde's home and the Kew place can be seen on the hill.

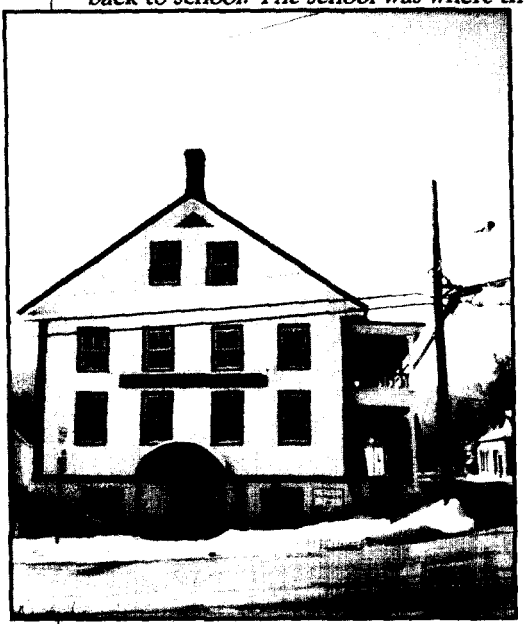
Today the Smith house is listed as being on the East Warren Road, but Jack remembers, as a child, the area being called the "Island." Their farm and that neighborhood was surrounded by water from the covered bridge to the Grist Mill (Currently, the Mirimar Ski Club).

A dam upstream of the covered bridge diverted water via a mill canal to the Gristmill and then back to the river. There was also an active sawmill on the Island. Jack's childhood memories are filled with endless hours spent at John Kingsbury's blacksmith shop in what is now the red garage attached to the Woodruff's house on the river. The fun part was watching the blacksmith at his work; the unfun part was listening to him sing hour upon hour of an off-key version of "Rock of Ages!"

The Waitsfield Common childhood home of Judy Tucker Smith is now owned by the Von Trapp family.

Jack was the youngest of four

children, and he remembers walking home for lunch every day and then walking back to school. The school was where the Old High School condominiums are now on Route 100. That building served as both the elementary school and the high school. His mother, Irene, was the Post Master for Waitsfield so there was a "hired" woman who did the domestic chores and cooked the children's lunch.



The basement of the "Old Hotel" is remembered by many as the location of Seivwright's Pharmacy in the 1960's and the Mad River Diner, owned by Ruth Moriarty, in the 1950's.

Jack and Judy knew each other during their grammar school days. Judy Smith's maiden name is Tucker. Her brother, Jerry, owns Tucker's Plants and Produce on Route 100 in Waitsfield. Judy's family owned the brick farmhouse on the Common Road in Waitsfield which is currently the Von Trapp's farm. The third of six children, Judy remembers her father working hard as a dairy farmer. Judy has fond memories of her mother baking bread and sewing and cooking for the large family. Whereas Jack lived "in town," Judy's family and siblings were her primary source of entertainment on the farm. She laughs when she recalls that Jack was allowed to go to the two pool halls in town! One pool hall was in Henry Bettis' barber shop in the basement (today the Hooter's Hollow Antique shop) of the old hotel. A second barber shop, located in the old telephone office building, also had a pool hall which Jack was known to have frequented (imagine having two barber shops in Waitsfield Village?).

Refuse marks the highwater mark on Bridge Street, in the aftermath of the 1927 flood. This photograph was taken from the Waitsfield covered bridge, looking towards Route 100.

The Island flooded routinely in the spring, but two years stand out as extraordinary. In the flood of 1927, Jack's mother was very pregnant with Jack and had to be taken from her home across the street to the farmhouse by canoe! (Thanks to her

neighbor, Alton Farr.) Jack was ten years old at the time of the 1938 hurricane. He can remember that it was around 7 o'clock in the evening when he looked out the window and saw water rushing down the driveway. His father managed to get the truck out of the garage and get the family to safety "on the hill" at the Pestles' home.

Judy and Jack, like many young people at the time, couldn't wait to get out of Waitsfield to seek new opportunities. Judy went off to Johnson State and Jack went to Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute. Only then did they actually start to "court." They were married after college and, after a brief period in Texas, they settled in Bedford, Massachusetts, where they raised their four children. Trained in aeronautical engineering, Jack worked for Sanders Associates in Nashua, New Hampshire. His area of expertise was what he called defensive electronics, or ECM(electronic counter measures), which enabled aircraft to detect and foil enemy surveillance and missile attacks. Although Jack will not discuss it, he was a highly respected expert in his field.

During their years in Massachusetts, they came to Vermont not only to see family, both his and hers, but also because their children loved the outdoors and loved to ski. They realized early on that they wanted to get back to their roots and their "real" home, but they could not figure out how an aeronautical engineer could make a living in Waitsfield, a valid point to say the least! Instead, they made the decision to come back here to live as soon as was financially possible and to do so when they were still young enough to enjoy living here. Jack wanted to drive his tractor through his fields (which he does) and Judy wanted to look out the window and see him driving that tractor.

Grandfather Josiah Smith would be pleased to know that Jack and Judy are continuing the 107 year family ownership of this house.

Although they have owned the farmhouse since 1976, it was not until 1991 that their dream to live here became a reality. They began renovating the house in late spring. Their renovation was a carefully thought-out plan which relied heavily on restoring the house rather than redoing it. They began the process two years before by

interviewing architects. They focused on architects whose work was primarily historic preservation. Their choice of architect turned out to be a perfect match for them. The house is a stunning success story both inside and out. They kept as much of the detail of the house as possible, adding two fireplaces with lovely mantels. The wideboard floors, the exquisitely painted doors, the moldings, the staircase all reflect the days of grandfather Josiah Smith. Yet they were able to incorporate twentieth century conveniences, as well as a beautiful kitchen with French doors looking out over the Mad River and beyond to their meadow.

They moved into the farmhouse two days before Thanksgiving last year and are just delighted with their efforts. Do they have any regrets? Not really except they admit to missing their friends from Massachusetts. They also find that there are lots of people here they do not know. Their collective memories recall this community when you knew EVERYONE, but they realized that it would be that way. Jack and Judy are very proud of their new home. They love every minute of their life here now. When asked where they would go on vacation, they just laughed. Why go anywhere?....they are living in their "most favorite" place in the world!!

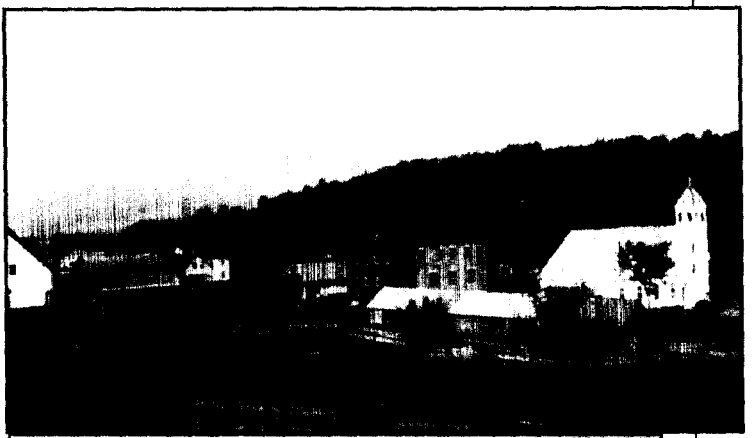
* CABIN FEVER QUILTS *

Waitsfield is home to many businesses but CABIN FEVER QUILTS is one entrepreneurial story that deserves particular attention. Owner and quilter, Vee Lynch has been in business here in the Valley for over fifteen years. Her quilts are artistically beautiful, with wonderful details, but she admits that when she started her business, quiltmaking was the only thing she knew about the world of business.

After graduating from Goddard College in Plainfield, she returned to her home outside of Boston for a brief time but soon realized that she wanted to return to Vermont. She visited with friends in Moretown and happened to browse through the Stowe newspaper where she saw an ad for quilters. Knowing nothing about quilting but confident that at least she could sew, she applied for and landed the job. The job turned out to be a training program for CETA (Community Education and Training Act) in Stowe and it was there that she learned her craft and realized that she loved quilting.

In 1976, she and Marsha Ente, her boss at the time, decided to set up a business together and went looking for a space to rent. They came upon The Old Church on Route 100 in Waitsfield and CABIN FEVER became a reality.

Marsha lived in the back room and they quilted and pieced together fabrics in the front. She is not certain, but she believes that it was the light coming through the stained glass windows that sold her on the place. Whatever the reason, with her partner long gone, Vee never tires of her store and finds it a welcoming sight each morning when she opens the door.

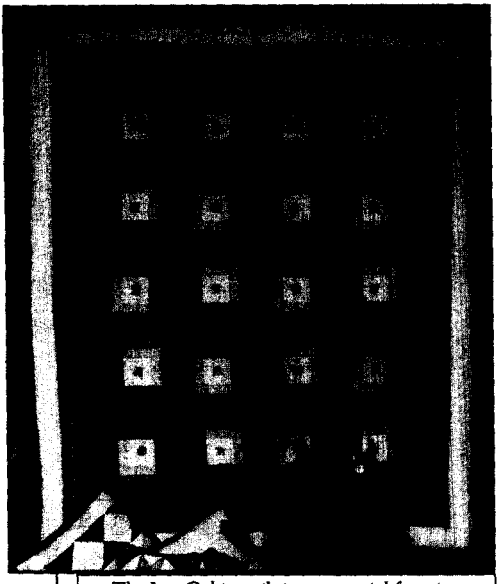


The second Methodist church on this site, the current day structure was built in 1894, following a fire. Note the horse shed which stood at the rear. Prior to the construction of the Waitsfield Elementary School, Waitsfield High School basketball games and dances were held in the one-time sanctuary.

She laughs when she recalls the early days of their business. The two of them would drive to Cambridge to buy fabics—two yards of this, and three yards of that—and then come back to Waitsfield and sew and piece together their quilts and pillows. Vee was the organized one and Marsha was the zany creative one and together they managed to sell their quilts. There was no such thing as a business or marketing plan. They literally went door—to—door to shops and retailers with their quilts in hand. It was only then that they were able to actually open a business account.

Vee Lynch's shop has been home to Cabin Fever Quilts for seventeen years.

After two years, Marsha went on to another venture in Barre, and Vee made the decision to sell fabrics for quilting as well as do custom quilting. She recognized that her market included people who wanted to make their own quilts, and she added pattern books and even began teaching classes in quilting.



The Log Cabin quilt is a perennial favorite among quilters.

In the days when there were many skiers and lots of snow ('77, '78, '79), winter was her best season. The skiers came in and they bought and bought. She believes that the skiers who came in then were more able to afford the prices of their handcrafted quilts. Quilt prices average around $300. In those days, summer tended to be a slow time with customers who bought fabrics and made their own quilts.

She has kept her business small and never wholesales her products. In order to spend time with her husband, John, and their two children, Vee hires people on a contract basis to do piece work at home. When she hires people, she teaches them her techniques, her approach to selling, and a very key point: she teaches how to use color. One of her best skills is her ability to mix and use color. It is an artistic skill that helps differentiate her quilts from any others on the market. Five years ago, 50% of her work was custom order. Today she finds people buying what she has in the store. She feels that this may mean that she is using colors that people like. Her big business season today has shifted to summer and fall. That is when she gets 80% of her business. That shift in the seasons required her to adjust her inventory and her fabric buying.

Besides the pride she feels in her craft, Vee also admits that she really does enjoy working with the public. She loves the stories she hears from her customers and even the casual browsers. People share their family quilt stories, which often tell of grandmothers and great-grandmothers who passed on their family quilts and traditions. She likes the collaboration when designing a quilt with a customer, working through the colors and the choice of pattern. Although all of her quilts are destined to be family heirlooms, it is her baby quilts that are just spectacular. When they are on display, it is next to impossible to make a choice!

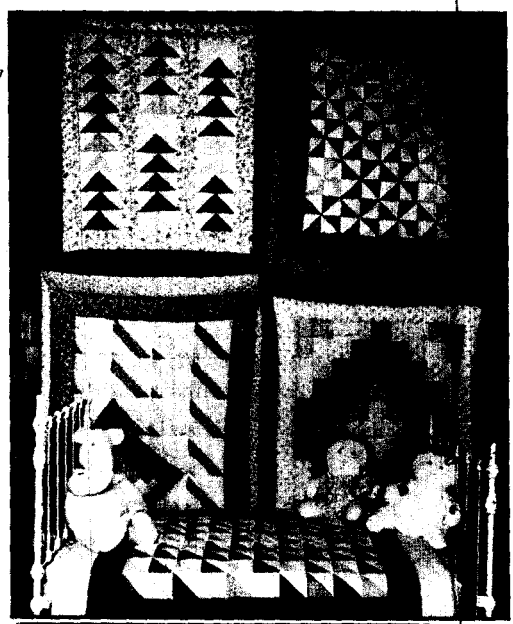
Vee has begun making quilt kits which she feels will sell well. She also has added an antique quilts section and she has Mennonite quilts on consignment.

Vee recognizes that her weak link is marketing. She does not advertise and has relied on word of mouth. Twelve years ago there was an article about her quilts in "Yankee Magazine" and she received over a thousand responses. The unfortunate part of the story is that she had no brochure or information to send out to people

at that time! It was a lost opportunity to promote her business. And yet she will not sell her quilts through the stream of trendy mail order catalogues. Her work and her product is of the highest quality and she is not willing to sacrifice that for volume. One can find quilts with pretty colors and designs in fancy shops on Madison Avenue in New York. But these quilts are typically made in China, India or Guatemala, and in these quilts the fabrics and threads tend to fall apart. Vee uses only American-made fabrics and threads.

How has Vermont made a difference to Vee's business? The most important factor is the inspiration she feels from living in this rural Valley. She loves the beauty of Vermont and the open farmland and mountains and it seems to foster her creative energies. Every once in a while, she thinks about how much more money she could be making in a more urban environment. But she feels that even the people who live here provide creative incentive. As an example she mentions Barry Freidman, who owns Luminosity, the stained glass studio next to her shop. There is also something to the aura of a "Vermont Made" quilt. People believe that a product "Made In Vermont" is a better made product, and that helps her business.

When customers come into CABIN FEVER, they are often taken aback at how friendly the staff is. Vee tells the story of a woman who came in looking for a sewing needle, and the girl working at the shop handed her one. The woman could not believe that the girl just gave it to her! The other fact that continually astounds visitors is that she leaves quilts on display on a line out in front of the store. She said they cannot believe that this kind of honesty still exists. (Can you imagine leaving a beautiful handmade quilt hanging unsecured outside a shop on, say, Fifth Avenue in New York?)

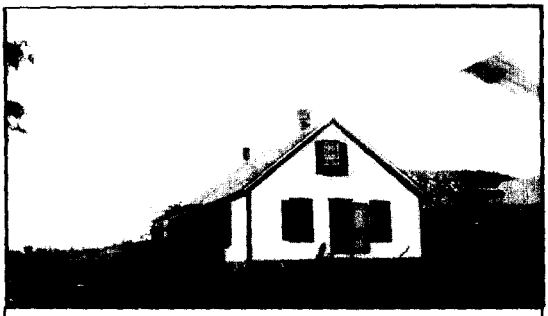


Vee's baby quilts offer miniature versions of her favorite full-size designs and are popular heirloom gifts for new arrivals.

CABIN FEVER is not a traditional entrepreneuer story, and yet it is a success story in the best sense of the phrase. Vee Lynch found a way to live where she wants and create a business that she loves doing. After over fifteen years, she still takes pride in her work; she has not sacrificed product quality just to make more money. She is a shining example to all the "city folk" who want to live in the country but cannot figure out how!!

* FAYSTON *

The Town of Fayston was chartered on February 27, 1782, just two days after the Town of Waitsfield. Today, Fayston has a population of 840, making it the least populated town in the Valley. According to its original charter, new landowners in the town had to "clear five acres, build a house not less than eighteen feet square and have a settled family within the time determined by law." The first house in Fayston was a log cabin on the site of the Vasseur farm. The photograph to the right is what the second home on that site looked like.



The second homestead located at the corner of the Bragg Hill Rd. and the Kew-Vasseur Rd., this photograph is believed to have been taken on the occasion of Fayston's centennial celebration in 1882.

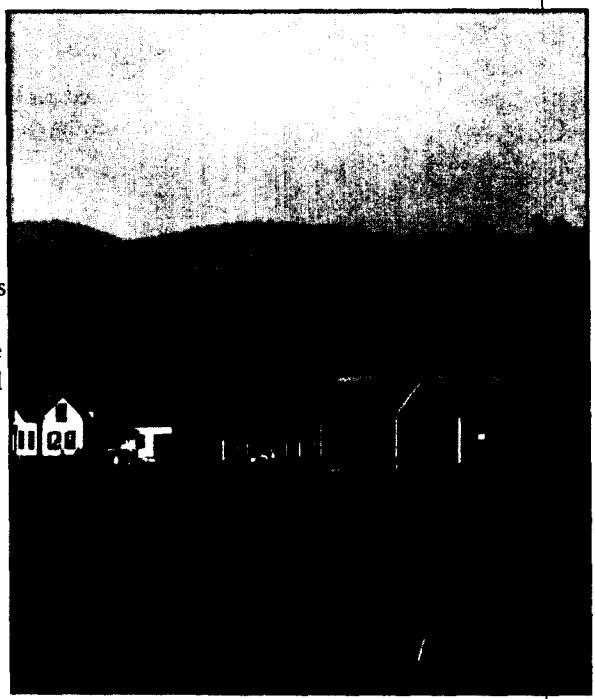
Fayston is defined by its rugged geography. Its western border runs parallel to the eastern side of the Green Mountain Range with Warren to the south, Duxbury to the north, and Waitsfield to the east. The town is accessed from the west by the Appalachian Gap, which crosses the spine of

Today, the Vasseur farmhouse occupies the same corner and still offers the same spectacular views enjoyed by generations of prior Fayston residents.

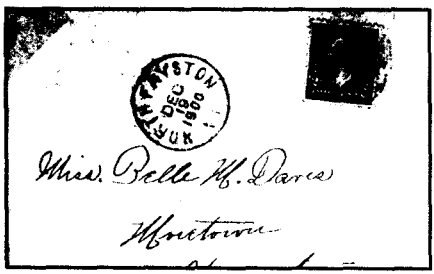
Young and old alike gathered from all corners of town to celebrate 100 years of farming and logging along the implausible hillside terrain of Fayston.

the Green Mountains at an elevation of 2,377 feet. Known as the McCullough Turnpike (Route 17), this road is open and maintained year round. At one point, a road crossed the Green Mountains at the Huntington Gap, (elevation 2,200 feet) approximately two and a half miles to the north of the Appalachian Gap. Today that road is part of the Catamount Trail, which is enjoyed by cross-country skiers and hikers.

Less than 3% of Fayston's land area is classified as agricultural, most of which is located on Bragg Hill. The high point of land in town is on the slopes of Mount Ellen(Sugarbush North) with an elevation of 3,700 feet while the low point of land is at 700 feet where the Shepard Brook crosses the Town line.



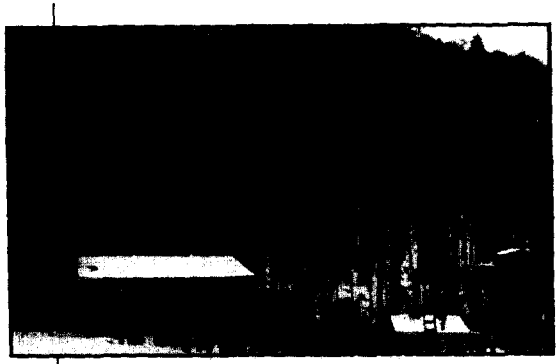
This early shot of Mill Brook and today's Route 17 is barely recognizable as a current landmark. The farmhouse in this picture was owned in later years by Herb Elmer, who sold the property to Sewall Williams at the time that he opened Ulla Lodge. Today, the home is part of the Hyde Away complex owned by Bruce Hyde.



Unbeknownst to many, the town of Fayston had its own post office during the period 1870–1905. The post office was in the residence of Katherine Pever Pasnett from 1888–1900, located in the North Fayston Road home, directly across from the bottom of the Dunbar Hill Rd. Once R.F.D. came into existence, the North Fayston post office was discontinued. In later years, the wood partitioned postal boxes were purchased by Ginny Perkins and were recently given to the town of Fayston, as a gift, from Henry Perkins.

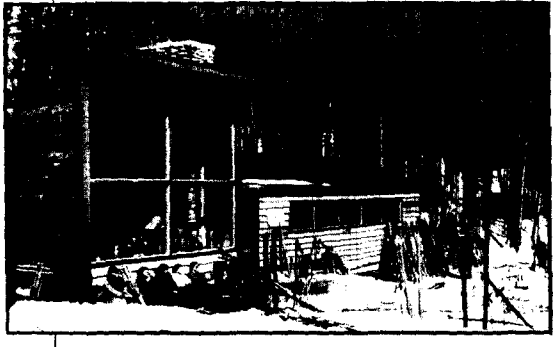
There are spectacular views from Bragg Hill and the Vasseur Road, and the Center Fayston Road commands a dramatic view south down the Valley towards Killington.

The town's original development was focused between Shepard Brook Valley in North Fayston and Mill Brook in South Fayston. Because of the topography which divides the town, a village center was never settled. In 1800, the



Skiers and well-wishers shared in the excitement of opening day at Mad River Glen in 1948.

The single chairlift served an impressive six trails in Mad River Glen's early days. Skiers could choose from the Porcupine, the Grand Canyon, the Catamount, the Fall-line, the Chute and the Long Trail.



The Base Box was small by today's standards but offered skiers a cozy gathering place to relax and soak up the sun. Prior to construction of Our Lady of the Snows Catholic Church, Father Michael Logue, of Waterbury, would conduct early Mass in the Base Box. On nights that were snowy, he would arrive the evening before and sleep on the wooden bench by the fireplace.

population was 18, but grew to 800 by the year 1860 when lumbering was a productive business and Fayston had seven mills as well as an active farming community.

With diminished timberland and mechanized farming, Fayston began to lose its population. However, a new vitality and resurrection occurred when the "Ski It If You Can" ski area, better known as Mad River Glen, was developed on Stark Mountain in 1948. That brought jobs, people, interest, and a new tax base to the town of Fayston. Glen Ellen, known today as Sugarbush North, is another Fayston ski resort that was developed and opened in the early 1960's.

Perhaps because Fayston has no town center, as such, the people of Fayston are especially proud to be Faystonites. There are many interesting people who live and work in this community, but one family that deserves special attention is the Bragg family. The Green Mountain Valley School is on Bragg Hill, as is the Knoll Farm and the Vasseur Farm. The hill gets its name from the Bragg farm which is located on the hill and is still home to the Bragg family today.

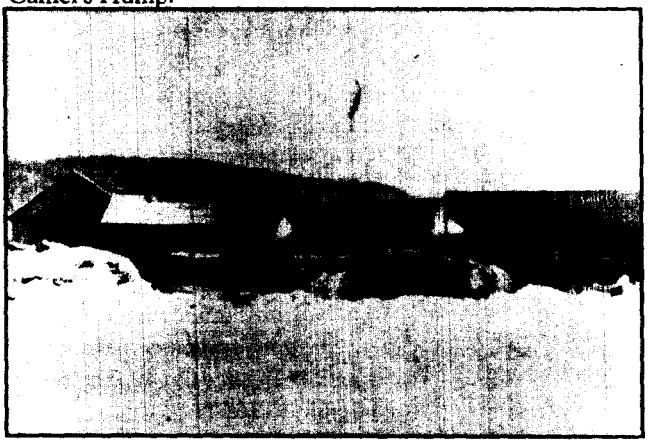
In celebration of the town of Fayston's Centennial in 1898, Anna Bixby Bragg compiled the historical address, including biographies of its townspeople. That booklet is available today at the town hall in Fayston. It is beautifully written and

gives the reader a picture of life in Fayston during the early nineteenth century. Thanks to the Bragg family, we have reprinted the following segment:

"Children were sometimes lost in the woods where roads were obscure or perhaps only bridle-paths. In 1830 a little daughter of William Marston, four years old, living in the north part of the town wandered on and on; she came out at one Carpenter's in Huntington, having spent a day and a night in the woods.

Jonathan Nelson had a boy and a girl lost in the woods in 1842. The boy was 12 years of age, the girl younger. They were found on the second day unharmed, near Camel's Hump.

Willis (Willie) and Erlene Bragg dreamt of owning a farm, and for the past forty years they have lived on Bragg Hill. When they purchased the property, which had originally belonged to Willie's great-grandfather, Azro Bragg, there was no house remaining on the property. Using spruce cut from Palmer Hill, Willie built his home over the old cellar hole and began farming, learning his new "career" as he went. The barn, one of the largest in the valley, was built in 1909.



Emily Eaton, one-time eldest resident of Waitsfield, identified this picture before her death. Taken at her grandparent's farm, she wrote on the back of the picture, "Sawing wood at Azro and Anna Bragg's farm—We always had plenty of wood; it was a cold house—6 stoves." The series of barns preceded the 1909 barn and were identified as the "upper barn, ox barn, heifer barn, lower barn, short stable and long stable."

In 1847 an alarm was sent through the town and adjoining towns that Ira Wheeler, four years old, did not return from school the day before. The neighbors searched all day without finding the little fellow and many more joined them the second day with no better success. On the third day men for miles around, with provisions to last for a time, collected to

work until he was found if possible. In the afternoon he was indeed found, alive and not much alarmed apparently, though he said, 'he wanted to go to Mr. Porter's and get some bread and milk.'"*

Henry Perkins at home in 1992.

*excerpt from *"The Early Years Fayston, Vermont 1798-1898"*

* HENRY PERKINS *

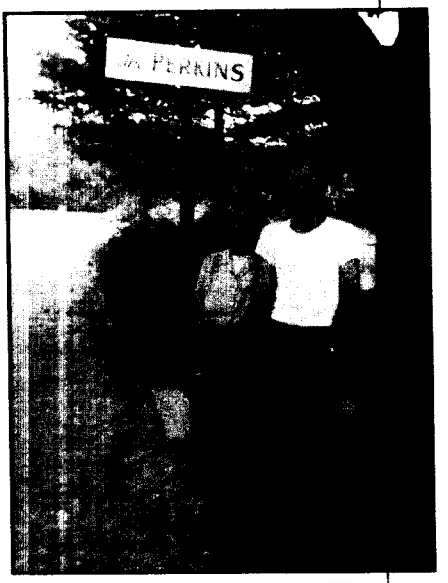
If ever there were an "implant" who deserves to be called a true Faystonite, it would have to be HENRY PERKINS. At the young age of 92, Henry is certainly one of the eldest in town, but to hear him talk you'd never know it. Born and raised in Salem, Massachusetts, Henry was a member of the Class of 1923 at Dartmouth College. He attended Dartmouth because his younger brother went there before him. (When asked to explain that, he laughs and says that he missed a year of school because he was ill with a virus called Bovine Tuberculosis.) It was through the Dartmouth Outing Club that Henry began his lifelong passion for skiing.

After college Henry returned to Salem and worked in a sheets and linen mill in Peabody, Massachusetts. But he continued to take weekend trips to New Hampshire to ski, mostly alone since it was hard to find fellow enthusiasts. He finally found those enthusiasts when he joined the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1930. (He said the Appalachian Mountain Club in those years was nicknamed the Appalachian Matrimonial Club!) He became a hutmaster for the club, which meant that he kept the fires burning in the club huts that were used by skiers and hikers in the White Mountains.

Camp Hale, located in the Tennessee Pass area of Colorado, was the training ground for the 10th Mountain Division and home to Henry Perkins during his tenure with the division.

In 1942, at the age of 42, Henry enlisted in the army.

(Henry had also registered for the draft for World War I prior to entering Dartmouth). He chose to enlist because he wanted to be in the Tenth Mountain Division, the elite skiing and mountaineering regiment of the United States Army. Henry recalls his arrival at Camp Hale in Colorado for training and remembers that the group included cowboys, Indians, and lumberjacks as well as others whose primary passion was the outdoors.



Ginny and Henry Perkins in front of their Route 17 ski lodge.

In order to qualify for this Division, it was necessary to verify through letters of recommendation that the potential enlistee had experience and competence in the outdoors. Of the 9000 men in the three Divisions, 3000 to 4000 were volunteer skiers. Henry finished his training but was never sent to Europe. He was assigned to the infantry replacement program in Louisiana but was discharged shortly thereafter because an officer discovered his age. He volunteered for the American Red Cross as a Field Director. Thus, Henry, who had enlisted in the army in order to be a part of the skiing division of the army, spent the remaining war years in Guam and the South Pacific!

After the war ended, Henry knew the one thing he did not want to do was to return to work in the mills. Because he knew skiers and those involved in skiing at Stowe, he went to Stowe to see what opportunities were available. There his fellow skiers advised him to look at a new ski area which was being planned about an hour south of Stowe. This was in 1947 and the ski area was Mad River Glen. Henry and his bride bought an old farmhouse on Route 17 and opened a ski lodge called "The Perkins." (Today it is the Millbrook Lodge.)

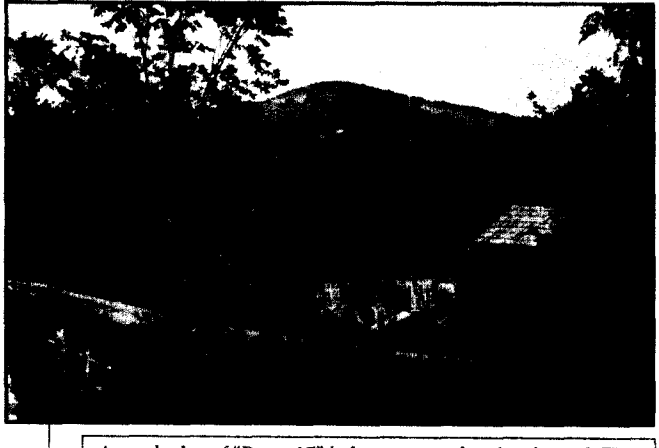
Bud Phillips' love of skiing brought him to Mad River Glen as the ski school director and he was once again among 10th Mountain Division friends who were also gravitating to this area.

It is ironic that Henry

Perkins opened a ski lodge just a mile from another Tenth Mountain Division veteran, Sewall Williams. Sewall and his wife Ann opened Ulla Lodge (the present day Hyde Away Inn).

Another Tenth Mountain man, Bud Phillips, was the director of the Ski School at Mad River. The Tenth Mountain men gravitated to ski areas after the war both here and in the West. They not only found careers but lifetime friendships through their association with skiing.

Mad River opened for its first season in 1948 but it did not snow until the middle of February. Henry still remembers that his lodge got its first paying guest on February 22, 1949. After four poor snow seasons, he realized he was never going to make any money in the lodge business and so "The Perkins" became his secondary business and Henry sought work elsewhere. When the snow and people finally came to the Valley, Henry's standard line was that "on a busy night, his was the only place in town with fourteen empty beds!"



An early shot of "Route 17" before it was widened and paved. The Richardson Mill operated on Mill Brook, just upstream from the current day location of Andy Baird's Mill and Mill Brook Imports. The house in the background is on Bragg Hill and is believed to be the present home of Dick and Connie Jamieson.

Henry can regale anyone with funny stories of things that happened in those early years. Remembering that Route 17 was a dirt road to Mad River, he recalls the long wet mud seasons when car after car would get mired in the mud trying to get up the mountain. Route 17 was nicknamed "Perkins Partial Parkway" for awhile. It seemed that the Town of Fayston paved Route 17 at about the rate of one mile a year and Henry got teased because the road got paved to his house and then turned into mud which would be two feet deep in places.

During the early fifties the telephones were party lines. Henry remembers his line being 6 ring 5 which meant that his calls were five rings on line 6. He laughs about what he calls "breathers," those folks who used to listen on the line when people called to make phone reservations. Another common phenomenon during

those years were power failures and he recalls spending many an evening by the fireplace with meals cooked on the gas stove and kerosene lights to read by.

Henry worked at Mad River for a time but moved to Sugarbush, when he was offered a full–time year–round job. He managed the food service at Sugarbush which included the Valley House, the Gate House, the Summit, Castlerock, and the Hot Dog Wagon (which was mounted on skis and used to serve people waiting in the lift lines!).

Among the reliable expectations of the Warren 4th of July Parade is the knowledge that Henry will be marching in his uniform, which still fits perfectly!

To this day, Henry takes pride in being from Fayston. He still pays attention to the activities and issues that concern Fayston. He was active in town politics for over twenty-five years. He served as a Justice of the Peace, a Lister, and as Town Moderator. For anyone who has not experienced Town Meeting Day in Vermont, let us suggest that it is something to experience at least once in your life. Henry has hilarious stories of Town Meeting Days when he, as Town Moderator, took charge of the gathering of the townfolk. He recalls one Town Meeting day in particular when a man he knew got up and questioned the legality of a particular moment in the meeting. Henry slammed his gavel and shouted "It's legal because I say it's legal!!" And that was that!!

For twenty years Henry was paid $5/month to be a "Weather Observer," which meant that he reported the weather conditions to the Federal Government

Weather Bureau from his back porch. He skied nearly every day during ski season and, until three years ago when he stopped skiing, Henry skied with his original leather boots with brass grommets. He is proud of his involvement in the Tenth Mountain Division and he is proud of the fraternity of those men who served their country in such a unique way. He has never had a desire to move to Florida and retire. He cares too much for this Valley and for Vermont. He laughs and says that most people even think he sounds like a "Vermonter," and that is an association of which he is proud. He is also quick to say that his family has longevity and that he has two sisters in their eighties still alive and well in Massachusetts. When asked if he ever thought he would live this long, he smiles and says, "I expect to live at least a few more years." By the way, if you are lucky, you can meet Henry or at least wave to him as he leads the Fourth of July parade in Warren. You can't miss him—he is the gentleman in the handsome uniform.

❋ DAMON GADD ❋

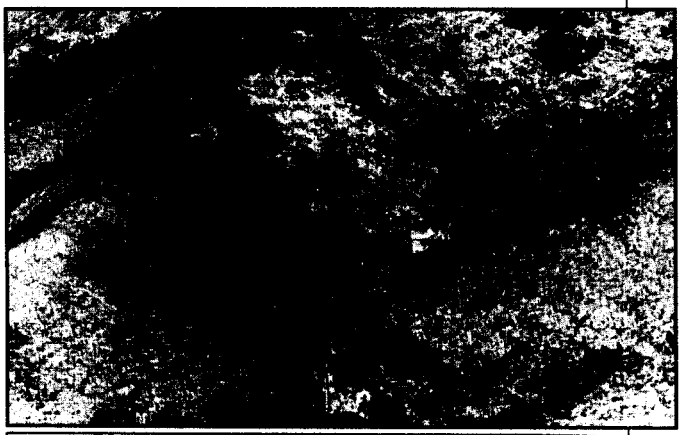
The Town of Fayston was home for over twenty-five years to SARAH AND DAMON GADD. Although they are no longer residents, for many people in the Valley, the Gadds will always be honorary citizens of Fayston. The story of the Gadds is really the story of Sugarbush.

Walter Blodgett, of Stowe, painted this watercolor of Ulla Lodge in 1948 for Sewall Williams.

A husband/wife team, the Gadds' early interest was photojournalism and they travelled far and wide in pursuit of their consuming vocation. But they wanted a home base for the winter months and thus ended up in Fayston as innkeepers. In the early 1950's they bought Ulla Lodge from Sewall and Ann Williams. Their lodge was a welcome site to the hardy Mad River Glen skiers who sought comfort after travelling miles of unpaved roads.

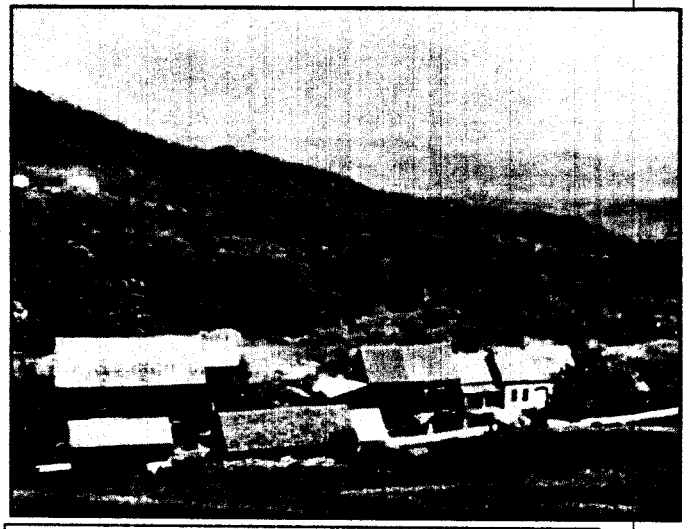
Avid skiers who had seen and experienced skiing in the West and in Europe, the Gadds enjoyed their skiing days at Mad River Glen. However, they recognized that nowhere in the skiing resorts of the United States was there a ski area that offered the amenities and sophistication of European ski resorts. And with that in mind, they put their ideas into action to develop what has become a premier ski resort.

In 1957 they began planning for the new ski area. With the support and help of Warren's former Town Clerk and realtor, Emma Ford, the current land of Sugarbush was assembled. That land included large tracts of acreage controlled by the United States Forest Service who gave them a 99 year lease. (The land where Castlerock is located on the mountain is in the National Forest as is the parking lot adjacent to the village.)



The only evidence of man in this pre-Sugarbush aerial photograph are logging trails, one of which became the ski trail named Jester.

Damon is quick to say that Sugarbush became a reality because of the community and its people. Without the support of the town of Warren and the people of this Valley, there could never have been a new ski resort. Beyond the issue of permits and access to the land, the men and women of the Valley contributed their expertise and their skills to every aspect of the mountain's development. People in the Valley believed in Damon and his vision and many became stockholders in the Sugarbush Corporation.



During the 60's, this one-time humble barn became the meeting place for the skiing elite, where elegant dining became possible at Orsini's Restaurant. In later years, La Pasta operated from 1967–1971, and this year marks the 20th anniversary of Michael Ware's Common Man Restaurant. While Sam Cameron's 1881 barn burned in 1987, and was replaced by an equally magnificent old barn, the legacy of the farm has lasted in a most unique way.

When Sugarbush was being developed, there were no buildings beyond what is now the Common Man on the German Flats

Road. Sugarbush bought the land around that farm (see early photo at right), and the farmhouse was moved. The original barn later became the site of Orsini's restaurant, where the New York jet set dined on gourmet meals.

Try to imagine what the area was like when Sugarbush was being built. All that was on the mountain were logging trails and a few abandoned foundations. The access road had to be built, the trails had to be laid out and cut, lifts had to be installed, and thousands of other details needed attention during the frantic summer of 1958 in order to welcome skiers for the winter.

One man who brought his expertise, his practical and "make do" attitude, and his soon–to–be long-time friendship was Jack Murphy. Former general manager of Mad River, Jack joined Damon and Sarah during that first year of planning and building. He and Damon together walked and laid out the trails. The first trails were Organgrinder, Jester (which was a logging trail), Downspout, and Moonshine. To this day those original trails offer some of the best skiing found anywhere.

Damon Gadd (left) and Jack Murphy (right) pose in front of Sig Buchmayr's Sport Shop, in the days of early Sugarbush.

Jack and Damon went to see Lixi Fortna at her farm where she was raising chickens and asked if she would run the Sugarbush office. Lixi told them she didn't think she wanted the job because she was too embarassed to answer phones (she had a Czechoslovakian accent) and furthermore she did not know anything about bookkeeping. They said "Fine, you're hired," and with that Lixi became another member of the team. She remembers travelling to work in the early mornings up the German Flats Road, which was then a narrow dirt road, and frequently having to stop to let bears and other animals cross the one lane road. During that first summer that one lane road was the only way to get to the mountain. She remembers that the first "office" at the mountain was the body of an old Army Telephone truck with no electricity and a manual typewriter and an adding machine that took two hands to operate! They started the day in the dark and ended after dark with only flashlights to work by.

An Italian company, Carlevaro and Savio, manufactured the gondola lift that was installed. Since no one spoke Italian, the task of communicating with the Italians by phone was left to Lixi. She recalls the frustration of trying to discuss

"bullwheels" and "stanchions" in part French, part German, and broken English. The drawings and plans came to Sugarbush in Italian and with measurements in the metric system. She recalls Murphy and Damon pouring over these drawings trying to make sense of them. When it was installed, the Gondola was the longest lift in the country and it became the symbol of Sugarbush. During the first season, the gondola and T-bar were the only lifts, and the Valley House was the first lodge.

For years, the Sugarbush gondolas were a trademark of Warren's state of the art ski area. One of the former gondolas has carved out its own place in history by being filled with 1976 memorabilia, sealed and buried as a time capsule next to the Warren Village bandstand.

The ski area opened on December 25, 1958, with many Warren residents as employees, including Butch Hartshorn, Ken Cota, Sam Drew, Milt Peatman, and Ray Gratton. According to Lixi, Henry Perkins was the first full time employee. Together this group and others from the community worked alongside Damon and Jack selling tickets, fixing the bathroom which routinely needed a plunger, and filling in wherever needed. Tickets that first year, at $5.50 a full day, were sold under the stairs in the Valley House and Lixi remembers getting dribbled on by wet ski boots passing overhead. Her office was the space that is now the men's room.

Because there was no bank in the Valley, Jack, Damon, and Lixi used to alternate taking home the cash, received for the week, on Sunday nights.

▲ *Club 10 was where the jet set gathered for lunch and apres-ski. Seated at the table: Armando Orsini (who has recently opened New York's most successful new restaurant), Contessa di Camerana and the late Peter Estin, who left proper Boston to become Sugarbush's ski school director.*

◀ *Models like Cindy Hollingsworth put skiing and Sugarbush on the covers of millions of copies of national magazines. It was hard to know which came first: skiing well or dressing well.*

Reprint from Snow Country magazine, courtesy of Ski Club 10.

Remember that these were the days before everyone had credit cards, and no checks were allowed on Sundays (an archaic Blue Law), so there was lots of cash. On Monday mornings, Henry Perkins would take the cash in a brown paper bag, stuff it under the seat of his truck and drive it to Montpelier.

In 1957-1958 there was no such thing as a media blitz or media campaign. Jack, Sarah and Damon created a brochure, got on the phones, called friends and

got the word out that there was a new ski area in Vermont. Because they wanted a "civilized" environment where skiers and guests could have a proper sit down meal, they created the "Wunderbar," which had great food, good wines, and an atmosphere that had previously only been found in Europe.

Peter Estin was selected to be the Director of the Ski School and he attracted a new group of young attractive skiers. During the second year of operation, Ski Club 10 opened. This luncheon club, situated on the mountain, was modeled after the Corviglia Club in St. Moritz, and its founding members were socially prominent men and women whose association with Sugarbush helped spread the word. Both the designer Oleg Cassini and his brother Igor were members. Cassini coined the term "jet set" for the New Yorkers who flew to Vermont and Sugarbush for the weekend. Orsini's of New York opened the first restaurant (today the Common Man) complete with crystal chandeliers and glamour.

Stein Eriksen, an Olympic gold medalist from Norway, brought his fame to Sugarbush's ski school.

After Peter Estin, Stein Erikson came to Sugarbush and he too added to the glamour and excitement of the place. In short, Sugarbush became the new "in" place to go. It did not have to look for publicity or articles to be written about it. Writers, magazine editors and newspapers came. It was a happening.

A cluster of houses along the Golf Course Road were built as second homes. The Madbush, the Alpen Inn, The Sugarbush Inn, the Golden Horse, and the Windbeam were built to accommodate skiers. Buses were chartered in New York where guests were picked up on Park Avenue and Wall Street and wined and dined on route to Sugarbush.

Damon, Sarah and Jack remained a team for over twenty years. Sugarbush was a place where everyone pitched in. Damon could be found just about anywhere on the mountain from selling tickets to helping with the installation of a lift. But that is just part of its story. His management style was born of fairness and equality. Each person felt valued and a part of the family of Sugarbush. There was no room for hierarchy (There is the story of Damon not being allowed on the lift by Ken Cota because Damon did not have a ticket and that was one of his rules!). Damon was above all else a gentleman in the best sense of the word and that quality was reflected in every aspect of the corporation.

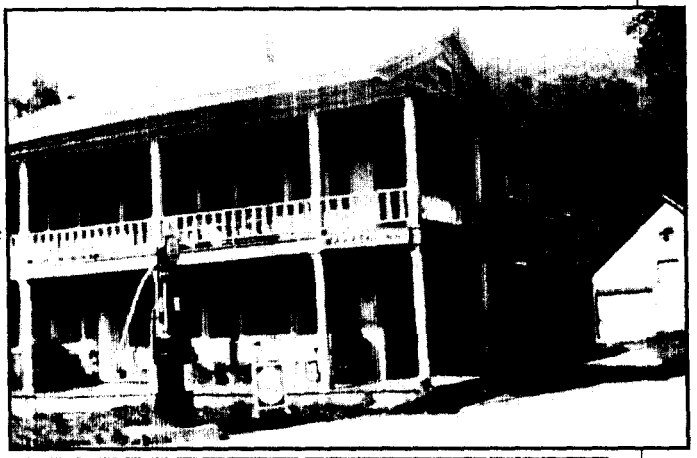
One of the first mountain accommodations, the Sugarbush Inn burned during the winter of 1965 on a bitterly cold night. While firemen responded from throughout the Valley, little could be done to save the structure, and the following spring the current Sugarbush Inn was built, offering even greater grandeur.

There is no doubt Sugarbush has stood the test of time. It is a great mountain with some of the best skiing terrain in America. It is truly a mountain that was developed and built by its community. Without that support it would never have happened, but the relationship was also symbiotic. The mountain was developed at a time when Warren had few economic opportunities and thus Sugarbush infused new jobs and new businesses. Without question it has been a two-way street.

After twenty years of running the corporation, Damon and Sarah Gadd sold Sugarbush in 1978. They left the Valley soon after and moved to Florida. The Sugarbush Ski Resort is their legacy.

* WARREN *

Although the early settlers of the town of Warren were granted the land in 1780, the town was not officially chartered until 1789. Travelers on their way north through the Granville Gulf on Route 100 passed through Warren, the southernmost town of the Mad River Valley. Until the by-pass was constructed in the mid 1950's, Route 100 passed directly through Warren Village.



The Warren Inn offered SOCONY gasoline and Real Ice Cream to motorists passing through Warren Village in the years before the bypass. Operated by Nellie and Henry Downer, the Inn was the social and political center of town, where town meetings and dances were held and the town office was located in the upstairs ell. In 1927, son-in-law Roy Long opened a store at this location and ran it with his family until 1971, when the Warren Store was sold to Carol Lippincott.

Warren is the largest in area of the four towns in the Mad River Valley with a total of 27,390 acres. Over 7,000 acres of the total land are owned by the U.S. National Forest Service. According to the 1990 census, Warren ranks third in population with 1,172 residents.

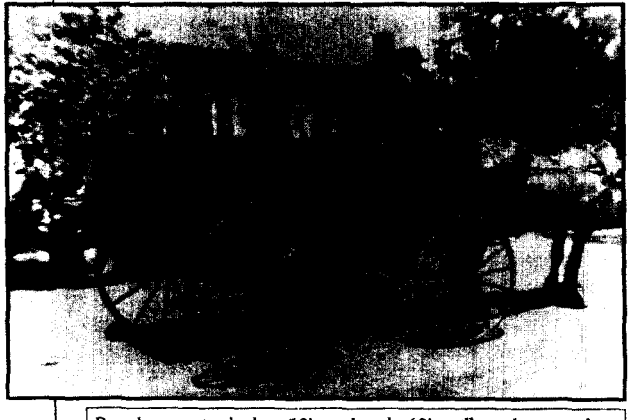
Logging camp #15 was actually located up beyond Austin Hollow, just over the town line in Granville, but was occupied by loggers from Warren, such as Leon Taylor (husband to Goldie and grandfather to Corinne Moulton), Frank Rich, Earl Hanks and cook, Jesse Hanks. This photograph was probably taken in the late 1800's when logging in the Granville Woods area was a booming industry.

The town is essentially defined by the southerly end of the watershed of the Mad River. The Green Mountains define the western boundary, the Northfield Range define its eastern boundary, Waitsfield lies to the north and

Granville to the south. The town is accessible from the west by the Lincoln Gap (elevation 2,430 feet) which is closed in the winter. The Roxbury Gap through the Northfield Mountains (elevation 2380 feet) is the eastern access to the town and is open all year round.

Famous for the 4th of July Parade, Warren has kept a beloved tradition alive through the originality and enthusiasm of the participants and the hard work of the organizers. This early shot was taken in 1958; note the sparse crowd gathered on the bank, compared with today's turnout.

The town's highest point is Mount Ellen(4,083 feet) at the top of Sugarbush North, and it ranks as the third highest summit in the state of Vermont. The lowest point of land in town is at 750 feet, at the Mad River just north of Kingsbury's General Store.



Parade goers in the late 50's and early 60's will surely remember Howard Thayer's horse-drawn hearse. To liven things up a bit, a "corpse" generally rode along and waved out the windows.

Warren is fortunate to have 16% of its area classified as prime agricultural land. This farm land is located on the Valley floor along Route 100 and the Mad River, and on the East Warren Plateau. This combination of mountain ridges and peaks, together with the open land created and preserved by farming, makes an exceptionally beautiful and dramatic landscape. The current Warren Town Plan specifically addresses the preservation of this asset. The founding settlers would surely be proud of the current town leaders' commitment to the preservation of the town's character and quality.

The original village of Warren was settled in East Warren at what is known as the Four Corners.

This area was the most fertile land for farming and grazing, and remained the area of growth for the first twenty years. The community included a round barn at the four corners, a church, and a school house. Only later, when the mills were built on the river, did the village as we know it today begin to prosper.

The Mad River brought people and business to the town of Warren. Flowing as it does through the village, dams were constructed for sawmills, gristmills, a clapboard mill, and a bobbin mill.

By the early 1860s, the town had a population of over 1100. Warren Village had a milliners shop, a hotel, an undertaker, as well as lumber dealers, blacksmiths, a sleigh manufacturer, a market and shoemaker. The productive mills were destroyed by the flood in 1927 and thus the town lost its economic lifeline.

The East Warren Methodist Church was the first one to be built in town, with grant money from the Vermont Legislature. Built in 1833-1834, the church held box pews to seat fifty parishioners and served the community for over one hundred years. The last service was held by Pastor Pearl Daniels in 1928, after which the structure fell victim to the elements. For those who find it difficult to identify the setting, the building to the right was the school house and is now the East Warren Grocery, owned by David Butler.

Today the town is home to the Sugarbush Ski Resort and its many lodges and restaurants. The ski area, developed in 1958, is the town's largest employer, and it revitalized the economy of the town of Warren.

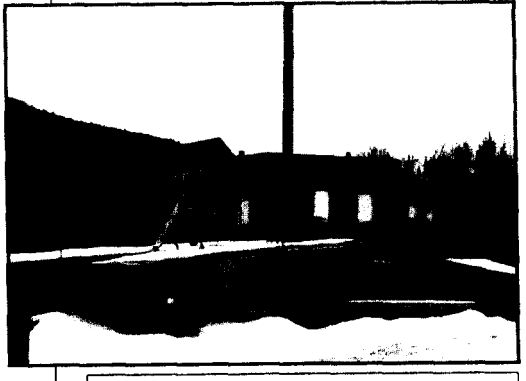
Built in 1885 by Walter Bagley, the old steam box mill was one of the numerous mills built along the Mad River in Warren Village. This mill is said to have been capable of turning out 500-600 tubs daily.

* BARRY SIMPSON *

If ever there were a person who could carry on the tradition of the forefathers of Warren, it would be BARRY SIMPSON. Trained as an architect at Yale University, Barry first came to this Valley as a skier in the early 1960's. He fell in love with the Valley, made a decision to stay, and then tried to figure out a way to make a living.

Barry Simpson and daughter Sarah with the inspirations for their Rocking Cows.

With partners, he helped build a design and construction company. His early projects focused on design for sites with remote locations and/or extreme conditions. (For example, a site where power and water were difficult to access or unusual locations, such as summer camps.) Because of the seasonal nature of construction, he sought other options to keep himself and his fellow workers busy in the off season. With that in mind, in 1970, the old Bobbin Mill, off Route 100 in Warren, became the home base for "The Dirt Road Company."



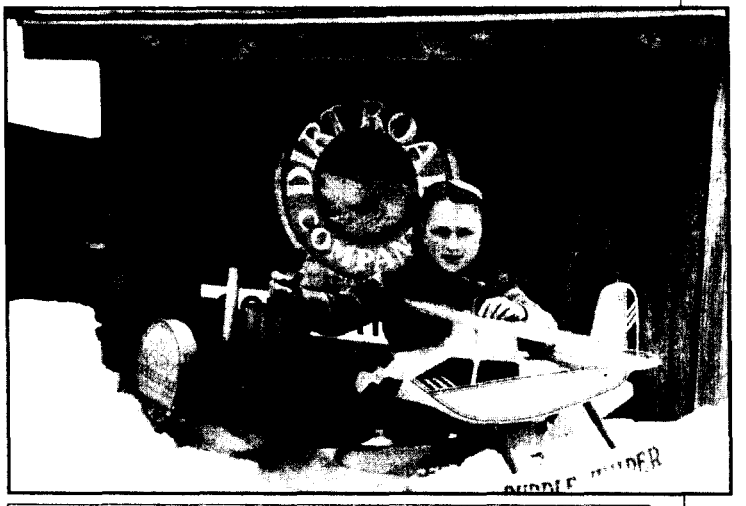
Since the 1880's, turning mills have been located where Dirt Road Company has called home since 1970. Three times there have been devastating fires over the years, including one in 1974 which hit Dirt Road. Former mill owners Parker & Ford and then Bowen & Hunter, turned such items as bowling pins, baseball bats and bobbins.

"The Dirt Road Company" gave Barry the opportunity to use his skills as a "conceiver of ideas." Put another way, Barry is a problem solver designer. He "perceives ambiguity, then looks for a design solution and puts that solution through a series of refining steps until he has a product that can be reproduced and sold." The company's first patented product was the folding "Rooster" stool. This unique collapsible stool brought the company into the world of selling, marketing, sales reps and distributors. (As Barry is quick to say, a part of business that is a necessity but in which he has

little interest.) Today his company employs six full time men and women.

During those early years in the 1970's another young company in the Valley became an account for "The Dirt Road Company." That company was "Mad River Canoe" for whom Barry builds canoe seats. He also designed a folding back portable canoe seat for them. This latter product is an excellent example of Barry's skills as a problem solver. He was given the parameters and went on to design a portable seat that can be used as a middle seat in a canoe or adapted for the canoe seat itself.

During the energy crisis of the 70's Barry helped design what he calls the "Comfort Shade." This insulated shade traps three layers of air and has a wooden framed edging that solves the problem of cold air leaking out around the shade. These sold quite well until Americans believed the energy crisis was over and stopped making an effort to conserve energy. (He suggests we are having a temporary respite.)

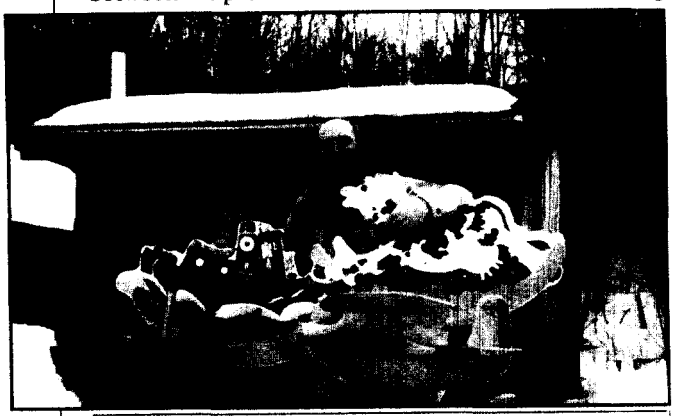


Sarah Simpson with the Puddle Jumper Airplane and Side-Wheeled Steamer, two of her favorite Dirt Road Toys.

The company has developed and built beautiful wooden toys for children. Beginning as a subcontractor for a "Rocking Dory," Barry went on to design a "Side-Wheeled Steamer" and a "Puddle Jumper Airplane," both of which are beautifully crafted sit-in rocking toys for children. His toys sell in catalogues such as Horchow and L.L. Bean, and he has recently developed a contractual relationship with Galt Toys, the large British-based toy company.

Has being a Vermont–based company been a factor in his business? Barry believes that it definitely has made a difference in the success of his products. Vermont has a tradition of wood products. Just look at the history of Warren and the Valley as an example. The very site of "The Dirt Road Company" was a bobbin mill where Vermont lumber was made into industrial bobbins for the

manufacturing mills in New England. His toys are quality wooden toys which encourage creative play and are built to last. He is proud of the connection between his products and the Vermont wood-working tradition.



Barry takes pride in his handcrafted toys, carrying on Warren's long tradition of milled wooden products.

Father, husband and entrepreneur, Barry is also a devoted member of the town's Planning Commission and has been for twenty-two years. He takes his role and that of the Commission seriously. He believes that his role is to act as an adviser for the town and its selectmen. During his tenure, he has worked to keep a sense of balance between that which is the natural environment, and that which gets developed and changed. He laughs about the early days of the Planning Commission, when the meetings were informal, often in the firehouse where the boys would shoot pool, and it was much more of a "Boys Club." Today there are more women than men on the Commission and the meetings are in full view of the public.

The Dirt Road Company is truly a family business. Young Sarah is right at home in the shop.

Barry believes that Warren has become a place where people choose to live permanently, as opposed to a second home. He defines Warren as a diverse community which is still closely knit. His vision for the future of Warren includes a look at the Mad River Valley as a whole. He believes that we should plan regionally for this Valley to play on its strengths. The Mad River Valley is a defined geographic unit and he feels that we should encourage noninvasive business to come here. We should capitalize on communication technology which would allow access to the Valley. Keeping the land as open as

possible allows this community to maintain its best asset: its beauty and its recreational activities.

Barry lives with his wife, Claire, and their daughter, Sarah, on Prickly Mountain along with various animals including cows, two horses, various chickens, and several pigs. He devotes his energy to his family, his work, and his town. His idea of perfection is to sit with friends and share an evening meal that everyone has helped prepare.

Barry admires people who are prosperous, but he is even more impressed by people who prevail, who endure in the face of adversity. In that regard, he admires and respects families like the Defreests, the Robinsons, the Blairs, and the Kathans. These are families who have managed to thrive in the face of hardships and he looks to them for inspiration. He aspires to be like them. Barry Simpson has a commitment to the future of the town of Warren that is in the finest tradition of its past.

* RUPERT BLAIR *

The Blair farm sits high on the Fuller Hill Road in Warren where it commands a spectacular view north, up the Valley. The farm has been in the family for almost a hundred years and as far as anyone knows, RUPERT BLAIR was the first owner to bring a bride home to the farm.

Rupert was born in 1919 and raised on the farm by his mother, Mary Blair, and his uncle, Herbert Blair. His great-grandfather, James, had farmed up on the Buzzell land near what is now a development known as Alpine Village. The current farm was purchased by Rupert's grandfather, James Blair, Jr. in 1896. Rupert believes the farmhouse was built

This early photograph of the Blair farm, in East Warren, was one of many taken by Rupert's mother, Mary.

around 1885, because when he reclapboarded the house in the 1950's he found newspapers in the walls dated 1885.

The farm has been in the Blair family for nearly a century. James Blair, Jr., Rupert's grandfather, purchased the house in 1896, approximately ten years after it was built.

The original farm included around one hundred and fifty acres, but Herbert bought another one hundred and sixty at auction in 1935. At that auction he outbid the previous bid by $1 and thus owned the land for $1,001! Included in that purchase was the beautiful house on the Plunkton Road which served as a tavern when that was the old county road. Today it is the home of Rupert's son, Tom. Rupert added what he thought was another one hundred and fifty acres in 1946, paying $3/acre. (He actually ended up with only 125 acres, but still not a bad price per acre!) He later sold a part of that land to Randy Taplin.

Bob Gove's father, Almon, owned a threshing machine and Rupert's Uncle Herbert furnished the seven horsepower Stover engine for the pair's threshing operation, serving Valley farmers from about 1912. Rupert recalls selling the engine for scrap iron to support the war effort, but wishes that he still had it today.

As far as Rupert can recall, his uncle never called him anything but "boy." Rupert worked as a dairyman along side his uncle from the time he could walk. When Rupert was eight, Uncle Herbert went blind, and Rupert had to shoulder much more of the responsibility for the farm. Although there was a hired man with Rupert, Uncle Herbert still continued to milk and work on the farm unimpeded by his blindness. From the time he lost his sight in 1927, he continued to work as a dairy farmer until his death in 1952.

Because Rupert stayed on the farm and devoted himself to it, his uncle, as he had promised, left the farm to Rupert.

Since there was no high school in Warren, and Waitsfield High School was so far away, Rupert was sent to boarding school at the Montpelier Seminary in Montpelier. It was there that he discovered another world outside of farming, and people who considered farm boys to be "hicks." Fortunately for Rupert, he was athletic and strong and handled his fellow classmates accordingly. He laughs when he remembers that during his high school years he wore blue jeans, played the guitar, liked country music, and had a motorcyle! He is quite sure that those young men who made fun of him soon had to deal with their own children who dressed and liked the very things that Rupert had as a "young buck!"

This portrait, taken by Mary Blair, was commissioned by the Brown family.

Rupert's mother, Mary, was a talented photographer. The photograph opposite is a portrait of Leon and Anna Brown with their daughter, Thelma, that Mary shot in the living room of the Blair farm.

The ladies' home demonstration club met regularly at various homes. This gathering was held at the Esty house, at the East Warren four corners, a home which fell into disrepair until recently when it was refurbished by Mike and Sheila Getzinger.

From 1905 to around 1920, she not only photographed extensively, but developed her own glass negatives and prints in her dark room upstairs at the farm. She had a kerosene red light in her dark room, and hung the prints to dry on a clothes rack. However, once WWI broke out, she was unable to continue her photography because the

chemicals used for developing came from Germany.

In the photograph on the previous page Rupert was able to name a majority of

This photograph was taken at the school house, which is now used as a vacation home, at the corner of Plunkton Rd. and the Fuller Hill Rd., in East Warren. Can anyone identify the students?

the women and children. The house belonged to the minister in East Warren at the Four Corners; today it has been restored and is home to Mike and Sheila Getzinger. The particularly beautiful young woman seated in the front row (who looks a bit like Margaux Hemingway) is Thelma Ricketts, who still lives on the East Warren Road where, for twenty plus years, she operated a bed and breakfast called "The Homestead."

In 1937, another attractive young woman came to East Warren to teach school. Melba Crowley from Rutland, Vermont, came here to teach but as Rupert says, she was a new girl in town, and the next thing she knew she became the bride of Rupert. Rupert said that it was not an uncommon happening. He cites the fact that George Elliott's mother came here as a teacher, as did Don Joslyn's mother, Rebecca Peatman's mother, and Rudolph Elliott's wife.

Rupert and Melba raised three children on the farm: Tom, Ken, and Patty. Tom and Ken still live in Warren while Patty lives in Lebanon, New Hamsphire. The operation of the farm was gradually shifted to Kenny's shoulders, and three years ago, Ken and Rupert made the decision to sell off the dairy cows. Ken has since established the Blair Deer Park at the farm. He raises venison for sale to restaurants here and in Burlington. He also continues to take timber off the forested acreage on the property.

Rupert served the town of Warren as a Lister from 1945 to 1965. He can remember that the Grand List for the town of Warren in 1956 was $4,194. Today the Grand List is $2,027,946, defined as one percent of the total appraised valuation of real and personal property. Rupert is currently a Selectman for the town of Warren. He has witnessed major changes in the lifestyle and use of land in the town. He applauded the development of a major ski resort in Warren. He saw Sugarbush as an economic opportunity for the people of his town.

The community of Warren has been good to Rupert and he appreciates that. Because of this, Rupert continues to be a caring citizen of the town, helping others and sharing in the activities of the town. He delivers meals for the Meals-on-Wheels program and makes an effort to drive older folks to the doctor when he can.

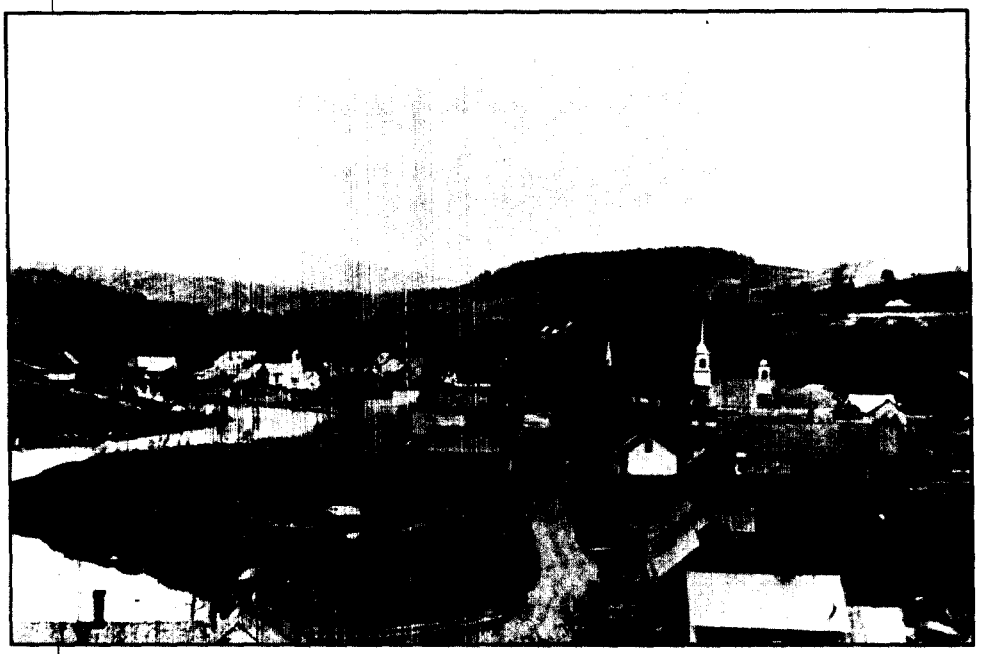
The Blair name has been associated with Warren for well over a hundred years. Rupert is a classic Vermonter—he has a quick wit, is a story teller of the first order, and he knows the true meaning of "making do." He comes from a long line of men and women who were able to make changes in their work and lifestyles to meet the challenges of the times. He notes, for example, that another uncle, Will Blair, was a photographer, fixed harnesses, repaired shoes and then watches, and was a dairy farmer as well!

When his years as a dairy farmer came to an end, he and his son, Ken, moved on, first to lumbering, and then to the current deer farm. And that is to say, if the dairy business began to look profitable to them, they would go right out and buy themselves a new herd of cows.

For the moment, Rupert enjoys his involvement with the town as Selectman and he enjoys his family and his friendships. He can't remember exactly when but there came a time, he says, when he realized that he had become the "elder generation." He laughs with his boyish grin and says that he likes finally being thought of as a philosopher! And if you want to know anything about the early days, stop by and visit. He has a memory that is as sharp as it ever was, and a sense of humor that just won't quit!

❋ MORETOWN ❋

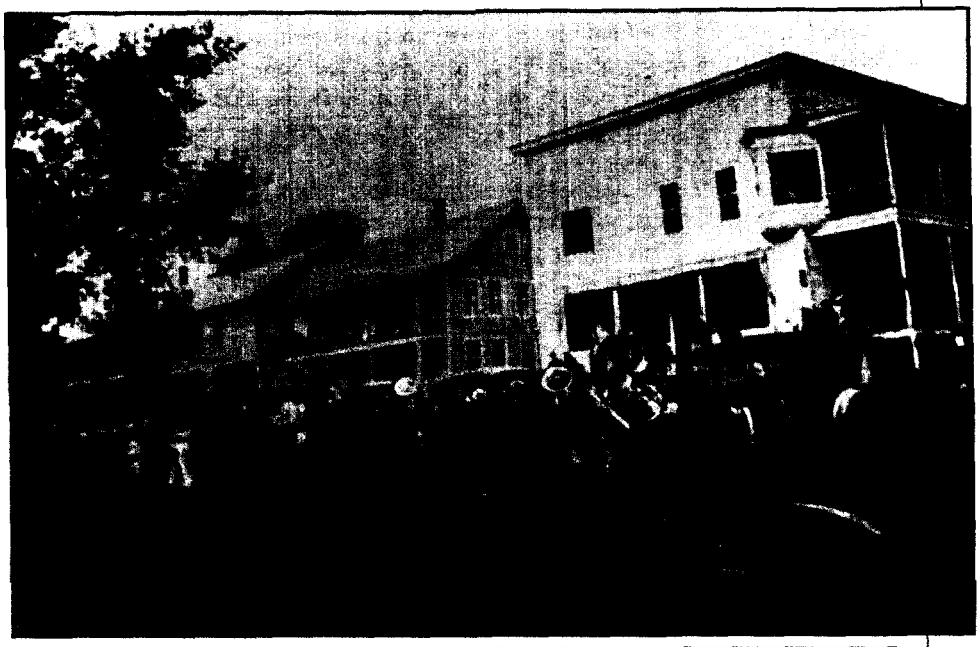
The town of Moretown was granted its charter by King George the third on June 7, 1763, through Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire. Rental was "imposed of one ear of Indian corn per year for ten years, payable on December 25." By 1791 the town had a population of 24, and by 1860 the population was 1,410, almost the same as the 1990 census.



This early photograph of Moretown village was taken from up on the ledges as you enter town from the south, and shows Moretown as it was in the late 1800's. Hiram Ward's office is the dark building on the left side of the street. It was taken out in the 1927 flood and never rebuilt. Immediately across the street from the office is the "big Ward house," as it is referred to. It was built in 1901–1903 and is absent from this picture.

Moretown is bounded to the south by Waitsfield and Northfield, to the west by Duxbury, and to the east by Berlin where the town line runs along the Jones Brook drainage. The northern town line with Waterbury and Middlesex is defined by the Winooski River.

The northern most town in the Valley, Moretown ranks second in land area with 26,496 acres and second in population with 1,415 residents. Moretown differs from the other Valley towns in that the town is bisected by the Northfield Range. Thus the town is approximately equally divided between the watersheds of



The Moretown Military Band played for an early Moretown celebration. The current day Moretown General Store has been significantly changed from the days when it was Ward's Store and apartments. The building in the middle offered upper and lower apartments and was removed many years ago, while the "Old Hotel," to the far left, burned in 1963.

the Mad River and the Dog River. The Dog River and its tributaries rise on the east side of the Northfield Range and run north to the Winooski River through Berlin.

The highest point of land is an unnamed peak (elevation 2,245 feet) at the southerly end of the Northfield Range, just north of Bald Mountain in Waitsfield. The lowest point of land is in the northwest corner of town on the Winooski River(elevation 480 feet).

The original town was centered on Moretown Common. The Common was the focal point of the early settlers with a church, a school and the community ovens. There the women met once a week to bake breads in these community ovens. The present Moretown Village was an area of town called the "Hollow," and in 1832 it was voted to move the town meetings to the Hollow, which shifted the town center to its present location.

According to the pamphlet, "A Brief History of Moretown Vermont 1982," compiled by Mary Reagan, Moretown has "the distinction of being the only town

in the United States by that name." Furthermore, she writes, " It is said that when Washington County was being formed and maps were being made of the townships, a large parcel of land was found to be left over, so it was called "Moretown."

The town of Moretown shares the Mad River's drainage basin and joins with its neighbors to the south–Waitsfield, Fayston, and Warren–in striving to maintain the rural character and natural beauty of the Mad River Valley.

❋ Bernadette Ferris ❋

The Ferris name has long been a part of Moretown's history. Although BERNADETTE FERRIS was born in Pennsylvania and married a Ferris, she is considered by all who know her as a "real Vermonter" and "Moretownite." From 1956 until 1990, Bernadette served the town of Moretown as its Town Clerk. But her love affair with Moretown began much earlier.

Bernadette's family, the McGowans, left Pennsylvania in 1913 and moved to Wilmington, Vermont. There, her father worked as a "sawyer" at the Mountain Mills. She attended school in Manchester and finished high school in Bennington. In the fall of 1935, her father, Thomas McGowan, was recruited to Moretown to work for the Ward Lumber Company. The Ward Lumber Company operated three mills on the Mad River in Moretown. Because of a fire at what was known as the Lower Mill, Bernadette's father's job was to convert the rebuilt mill

Bernadette and Adrian Ferris have lived in their Moretown home for nearly 45 years, raising their children and enjoying their grandchildren.

from a circular to a bandsaw operation. Thinking that the job was just temporary, her family rented a house in Moretown (she lives in that same house today).

Bernadette, shown above, and her friend Geneva Mandanici left the Valley during WWII to work together in an aircraft factory, forming a friendship that has lasted many years.

Bernadette has wonderful memories of the millyard piled high with huge logs. She can recall how the logs were washed in the mill pond, then loaded into the mill and conveyed by pulleys to the bandsaw where the sawyer graded the logs and decided the best cutting procedure to yield the highest grade lumber. The lumber was then stacked behind the mill to dry. She remembers the early years in Moretown being filled with a sense of real community and hard working people. During these years, there were really only two ways to make a living in Moretown: either in farming, as lumbermen working at the mill or in the woods logging.

As a young girl, Bernadette worked in odd jobs. One job she will never forget was working the switchboard at the phone company during the hurricane of 1938. She recalls that all the lines went out and the switchboard went dead. She was alone in the office and figured the best way to get through the storm was to go to sleep! Which she did–on the couch in the office where her father found her in the morning!

Bernadette was the "new girl" in town and so various suitors came calling. One was Albert Ferris, who always called with his identical twin brother, Adrian, in tow. She said she was attracted to Adrian but he just stayed in the background. Eventually, she did get Adrian's attention and they were married in 1944 after 8 years of courting. Adrian went into the army and Bernadette went to work in an aircraft factory in Connecticut to support the war effort.

Bernadette returned to Moretown where she and Adrian lived in the apartment above the Ward Lower Store. In 1948 they put $500 down and bought their current house (where Bernadette's family had lived) for the huge sum of $3500! She had three children, two daughters and a son. Nonetheless, she

Bernadette and her son, Adrian, Jr., share common career backgrounds. While Bernadette worked for a while as a switchboard girl, "Prut" is known to many as the Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Co. dispatcher.

continued to work at various jobs, including cooking school lunches at the school across the street from her house.

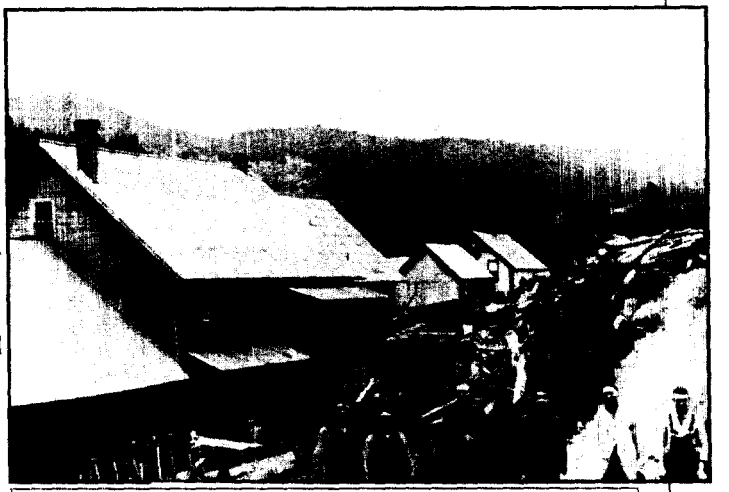
One day while she was working at the school, the town selectmen called her out to the front steps, and asked if she would consider being Town Clerk. She told them she would consider it but under no circumstances would she run the office out of her house (which had been the customary approach in the past).

The three selectmen bought the building next to the Catholic church and Bernadette began her tenure as Town Clerk. Her duties included keeping track of all town affairs and meetings, and recording of deeds. She also sold all licenses for hunting, fishing, and dogs, as well as marriages. At the time her salary was rather small, but she was able to complement it from the revenues of the licenses she sold. For years during hunting season, on the night before the season opened, she kept licenses at her house so hunters could pick them up at any time. She figures that more people have seen her in her bathrobe than anybody in town!

The Ferris clan gathered for a picnic in Moretown during the summer of 1991. (Missing: Adrian, Jr. and Sarah's daughters, Virginia and Pierce).

She was given the responsibility of Town Treasurer, again with a modest salary.

However, she was also given 1% of the revenues she was able to collect in taxes. As she says, "You could never tell what that would be!" Bernadette retired in 1990 after 34 years. Although she misses the contact with people, she is glad for the time she can now spend on her own affairs. This includes a family history she is preparing for her children and grandchildren. Having worked so long with town records, she recognizes the value of recording family history.



The Ward Upper Mill operated for many years just north of the narrow bridge on the south end of Moretown. As with many of the old structures which are now gone, this mill was ravaged by fire in 1955.

She is a little saddened by the fact that she doesn't know everyone in Moretown as she used to. She recalls the days when everyone not only knew each other but participated in church and community activities. She says that the people of Moretown used to be "cut of the same cloth." She realizes that you can't go back to the way things were. However, she hopes that the newcomers to Moretown will try to hold on to the rural values that were a vital part of the town fathers. She trusts the new generation will respect the land and be thoughtful in planning for the future. Her one last comment — remember to be careful what you say in Moretown — everyone is related somehow!!!

Prior to a 1964 fire, one could make telephone calls from the public phone, sit on the steps with a Real Ice Cream cone, fill up the car at the Gulf pumps, or shop for IGA groceries at the Ward's Upper Store.

* WARD LUMBER COMPANY *

From the middle of the nineteenth century, a name closely associated with Moretown was the family name Ward. Although there were other mills in town, WARD LUMBER COMPANY was by far

Logging was strenuous work, involving endurance and sturdy teams of horses.

largest employer. They not only owned thousands of acres of timber land, but ran three active mills on the Mad River in Moretown.

The Upper Mill was located just below the current bridge on Route 100 coming from Waitsfield. After a fire in 1955 the Upper Mill was rebuilt at a site across the street, which later was converted to the Mill Restaurant. Today it is a private residence. The Lower Mill was below where the Clapboard Mill is located today. If you look carefully, you can still seen the remains of the foundation of the Lower Mill on the river.

The Ward family has roots in America that date back to the early 1700's. Major General Artemis Ward, from Massachusetts, served General George Washington in defense of Boston Harbor during the American Revolution. Today, in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts there is an active museum at what was the home of Artemis Ward. The next two generations of the Ward family settled in various towns and communities around New England.

The member of the Ward family to forever change Moretown was Hiram O.

Ward, (often referred to as H.O.), who came to this area and built his first mill in Duxbury on the Dowsville Brook. Located on the hill in Duxbury across from what is now Harwood Union High School, Hiram built that mill and purchased the surrounding land for timber. An entrepreneur in the best sense of the word, Hiram continued to acquire land for timber and explore other areas for mill sites, and soon had a mill on the road to Camel's Hump.

In simple terms, mills were built at a point on a stream or river where the flow of water and the head (vertical drop) of that flow would create the most force to provide energy. It is the same principal used today to run water turbines. In the early days, once the dam was constructed, the head provided powerful forces to drive the waterwheel. And it was exactly this reason that brought Hiram to Moretown. For the Mad River, as it flowed through Moretown, had a significant drop in elevation. Therefore, it provided the head necessary to drive the mill wheels.

In the early 1870's Hiram purchased the gristmill, which was located on the site of the Clapboard Mill (which is still in operation in Moretown). He operated that and then built the Lower Mill. It was followed shortly thereafter by the Upper Mill. Although he continued to own and operate other mills, Moretown became the home base for Ward Lumber Company.

The Ward Lumber Company became the town's largest employer. The lumber business is a complex operation at the least. During the early years when everything was done by hand, the mills were extremely labor intensive. They required the skills and hard labor of strong men who worked in extreme conditions of weather to keep the mills operational.

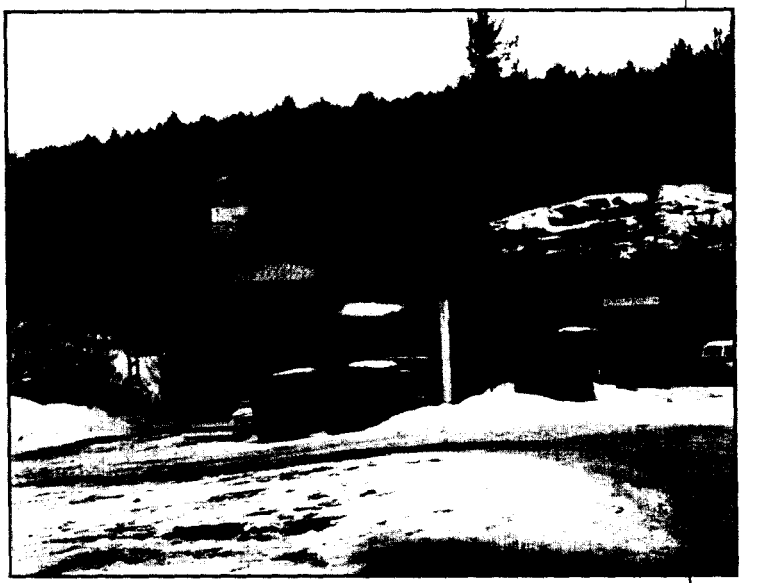
The operation of the mill was passed on to Hiram's son, Burton Ward who, with his bride, moved into the family home, the large Victorian house which still stands on the Main Street (Route 100) in Moretown. Behind the Ward house stood the horse barns which housed the horse teams for the logging wagons. Although all aspects of the lumber business were rigorous and demanding, no one was tougher than the loggers.

These men went up into the hills, cut the trails, spent days and weeks up at camp, and cut, limbed and loaded logs weighing thousands of pounds. Their only source of support were their teams of horses who were trained to take the logs down to the header and return by themselves to the logger in the woods. From the header, the horses were driven down from the mountains, loaded with logs and a man riding the logs trying to keep the horses ahead of the incredibly heavy load barreling down behind them.

The Ward Upper Mill processed softwood lumber.

Horses were kept in the mill yard until 1945, long after trucks became the mode of transport. One of the last of the great teamsters was Sam Farnsworth, who never did have much patience for modern truck transportation. He proved his point one day when a ten wheel truck loaded with 30,000 pounds of logs got stuck in the mud at the mill and could not get out. Sam hitched up his best team of horses, attached them to the front axle of the truck and helped pull the truck and its 30,000 pounds out of the muck!

Burton had three children: Marian, Kenneth, and Merlin. Kenneth and Merlin became the next generation of Wards to operate the Ward Lumber Company. These brothers had learned the lessons of their father and their grandfather, who were both thoughtful conservationists. Following their tradition, Kenneth and Merlin began an extensive reforestation program. As Burton had done before them, they bought up old farms and turned them into plantations, often planting pine and spruce in alternating rows. Even today people in Moretown can remember being part of the planting junkets that happened in the spring. Young seedlings, purchased from the State Forestry Service, were planted row after row by young and old alike. The mills closed down during the planting so that everyone could participate. This reforestation not only replenished the forest lands but it helped protect the water tables.



The Ward Clapboard Mill, run by Holly Ward, continues a four generation tradition in Moretown.

There are two kinds of woods — hardwoods and softwoods. Hardwoods found in New England are primarily maple, ash, oak, beech, and birch. These were sawn at the Lower Mill by bandsaw. Hardwoods were graded and were used for furniture and flooring. Softwoods are primarily spruce, pine, and hemlock, and these were sawn at the Upper Mill and sold to the contruction industry for home building. By far the largest market for Ward Lumber was the Boston market. Lumber was loaded on wagons, and then later on trucks, and driven to Middlesex where the lumber was loaded onto rail cars and taken by rail for distribution in Boston markets and elsewhere.

From the moment logs arrived in the millyard, they were handled by men skilled in a particular task. The logs were passed through a steam pond. Men with peaveys (a type of hook) manuevered the logs to the point where they were attached with chains and moved up the slip and into the mill. The sawyer was a key man on the team, as he had to decide the cut and the grade of the log. The filer was also a critical man, because he kept the blades sharpened and tensioned. His job was central to the functioning of the mill. The lumber then had to be stacked outside to dry. The Ward sons can remember to this day the proper way to stack the lumber in order for it to dry properly.

The Ward family was an active and respected family in Moretown. After Kenneth's death in 1940, Merlin continued to run the company. In later years he was assisted by his son, Holly, and his nephew, Owen Ward. Because of tax benefits and access to a factory on the railroad tracks, the Ward Lumber Company was moved in 1960 to Waterbury.

In 1969, after four generations, the Ward Lumber Company was sold to the

Laird Company. The Ward Clapboard Mill, however, is still owned by the family and run by Hiram's great-great grandson, Holly Ward. It continues to operate in Moretown. The clapboards that come from this mill are beautifully crafted and still sawn by the original machines. The mill concentrates on the quality of its clapboards and remains committed to Moretown.

Aline Ward, Merlin's wife and Holly's mother, still lives in Moretown and is doing well at age 93. She is a remarkable woman who was one of the first women to serve the area as a Vermont legislator and senator. But Aline Ward is another chapter in the Ward story. The Ward Lumber Company operated successfully in Moretown because of the spirit and cooperation of the people who worked together to make it happen. The Ward family brought business and opportunity to the town of Moretown. More importantly, the Ward Lumber Company of Moretown will be remembered as a community success story.

Brian Shupe

Susan Simms

Barry Simpson

Ski Club 10

Jack & Judy Smith

Snow Country Magazine

Ian Spencer

Sugarbush Ski Resort

Marion Turner

Universal Microsystems

Gini Vasseur

Holly Ward

Michael Ware

Aurthur Williams

Hanne Williams

Sewall Williams

Claudia Woods

* Of the Vermont Folk Life Center—Middlebury

Tremendous credit is due to Sewall Williams, who not only let us have access to his extensive photographic collection, but who also ventured out on one of the coldest days of the year to photograph additional scenes and people for us. An impressive collection of priceless (and well organized) historical photographs was made available to us by Kitt Hartshorn; her willingness to share these many volumes is greatly appreciated. For those who contributed historical research and archival material, we are indebted to you for keeping us on the right track; your patience and accessibility were exceptional!

The following people are recognized for their many contributions to this special section of the 1992 Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Company Directory:

Jane Beck*

Richard Bisbee

Rupert Blair

Willis & Erlene Bragg

Charlie Brown

Marilyn Cameron

Clesson Eurich

Kevin Eurich

Adrian Ferris, Jr.

Bernadette Ferris

Damon Gadd

Polly Gallagher

David Garten

Reba Hall

Katherine Hartshorn

Fletcher Joslin

Vec Lynch

Mad River Glen

Pat Maynard

Dawn Moriarty

Dody Moriarty

Patty Moulton

Angela Neill

Norman Neill

Thelma Neill

Rebecca Peatman

Henry Perkins

Ken Quackenbush

Doug Reagan

Thelma Ricketts

Seth Romanow

Jean Sherman

AFTERWORD

A project of this magnitude would not have been possible without the help of someone with a love for the history and people of the Mad River Valley. Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Company is fortunate to have found Claudia Woods. Her personal style and experience have brought a special blend of talents to the research, interviewing and writing of the stories you have just read.

Claudia Woods has been interviewing people for over fifteen years. As a television producer in the Boston market, she was responsible for all aspects of producing stories for a daily live 90 minute television program, called "Good Day." During her years at WCVB-TV, the ABC affiliate, she wrote and produced a 90 minute special about Sugarbush. This program was shot on location in the Valley and included a special interview with Emma Ford, Henry Perkins, and Roy Long seated together around the wood stove in the Warren Store. Jack Murphy was also interviewed for the program and he talked about the early days of Sugarbush and how they planned the trails. For this special, a helicopter was used to shoot spectacular footage of the entire Valley.

In 1983, Claudia started her own communications company, CBC Associates, and was contracted by WGBH-TV Boston as a field producer and reporter. CBC Associates wrote and produced commercials and stories for the news program "Chronicle." CBC began developing programs and has written extensive proposals for program development.

During this time, Claudia commuted to Vermont, first as a weekend skier and then as a summer resident. She began writing and producing stories for Waitsfield Cable. These half-hour specials, called "Valley Neighbors," are produced quarterly and feature stories and portraits of Valley residents.

Claudia moved to Vermont, full-time, in the summer of 1990 and now lives in Warren with her husband and two of her sons. Her two older sons are away at school. Many thanks go to Claudia for her tremendous enthusiasm in taking on this project and for the many hours required to pull it together.

We especially want to thank all those people who gave so graciously of their time, and eagerly helped by welcoming us into their homes for interviews. The many pictures from this year's directory have been borrowed from private collections from throughout the valley. Every picture has a story, and we have throughly enjoyed the chance to share historical facts and whimsical tidbits with you, the reader.

In the course of reading this historical section, other events and recollections may come to mind. Likewise, you may be able to provide further detail on the people and locations pictured in this collection. The Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Company, through our interest in the Valley's heritage, wishes to continue compiling historical documentation. We encourage you to share your thoughts, ideas and comments with us.

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