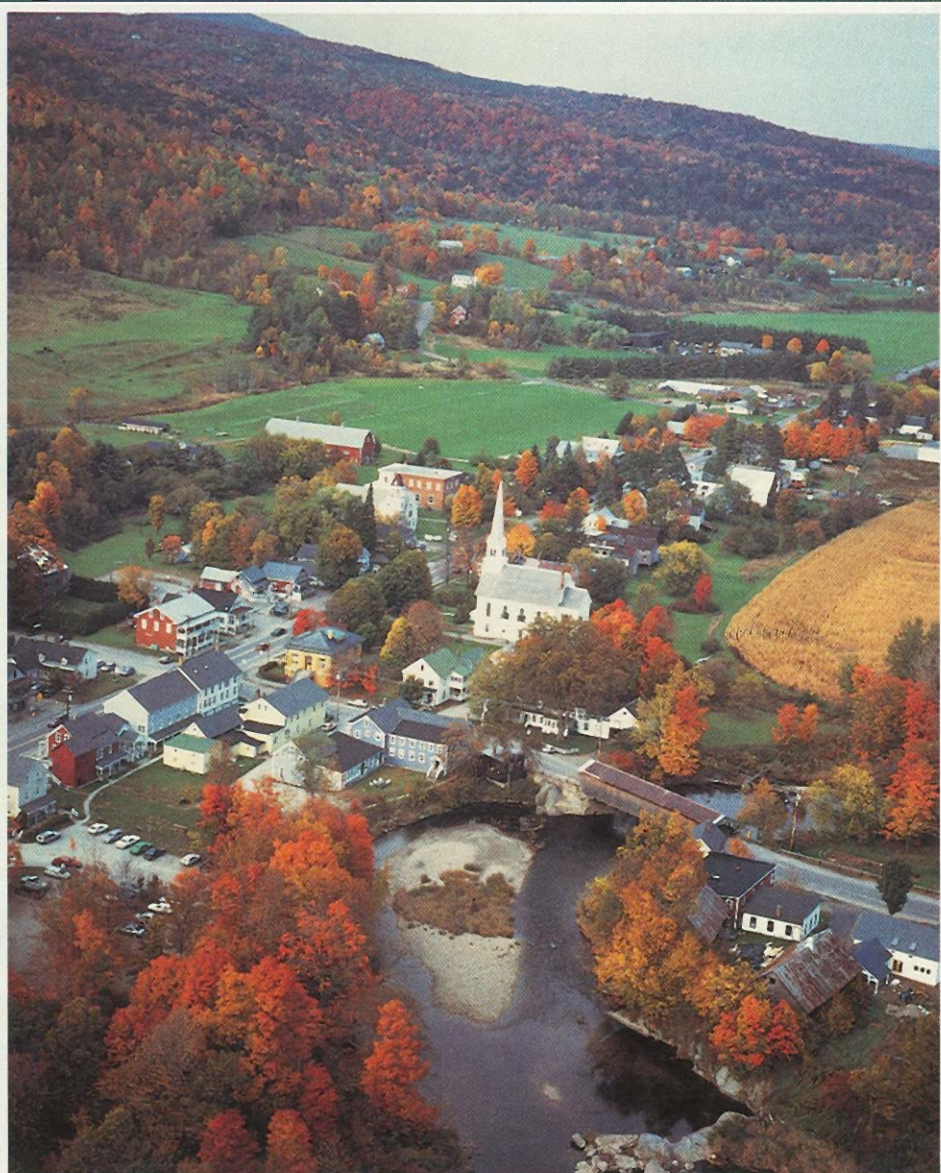


# Official Telephone Directory

AREA CODE 802 ●

JUNE 1993



SERVING THE VALLEY SINCE 1904

WAITSFIELD TELECOM • Waitsfield, Vermont 05673-0009

# Valley Neighbors

## + Introduction +

Waitsfield Telecom proudly serves the Towns of Fayston, Moretown, Waitsfield, and Warren. Last year we explored these towns as separate communities, from their earliest roots to their distinct geographies. This year we look at these towns as a collective community.

How and why families came to the Valley is a measure of its heritage. General Benjamin Wait is a premier example of the men of legacy who helped settle Waitsfield. After a distinguished military career spanning thirty years, General Wait chose to leave his home in Windsor and resettle in the Valley. He built his log cabin here in the spring of 1789 when he was fifty-three years old. General Wait was a man of means and a leader in Windsor but in Waitsfield he was THE leader.

According to the History of Waitsfield, "kinship has always played a large part in the migratory movement". Thus we see a migratory pattern from places like Weathersfield, Windsor, and Bennington.



*Taken from Fayston, looking southeast, across the Valley to East Warren in the distance.*



*The General Wait house remains a testament to one of the Valley's earliest visionaries.*



*The Otis Wallis farm*

Either through family relationships or through friendship as was certainly the case of General Wait, these men and women came from a sturdy stock of descendants. They "were ruder than their more favored brethren to the South, but they were also more persistent, more tenacious, and more adventurous. They were a vigorous, bold, unforgiving, fighting race, hard and stern even beyond the ordinary standard of Puritanism."



*Referred to as the "old Farr place", this home was later owned by Everett Wallis and most recently has new life as Newton's 1824 House Inn*

Another early family, the Wallis' came to the Valley from Weathersfield in 1802 and Jonathan Wallis and his slave, Black Sam, built a log cabin on the hill behind Toby Richards' farm. The Wallis family prospered in Waitsfield and their properties continue to be some of the most beautiful in the Valley.



*Originally this Moretown property was known as the F.J. Belding Homestead. For many years the Jacob Boyce family lived here and when their estate was settled, ownership passed to Clifford and Marion Wallis.*



No history of the Valley would be complete without the Joslin name. The Joslin and

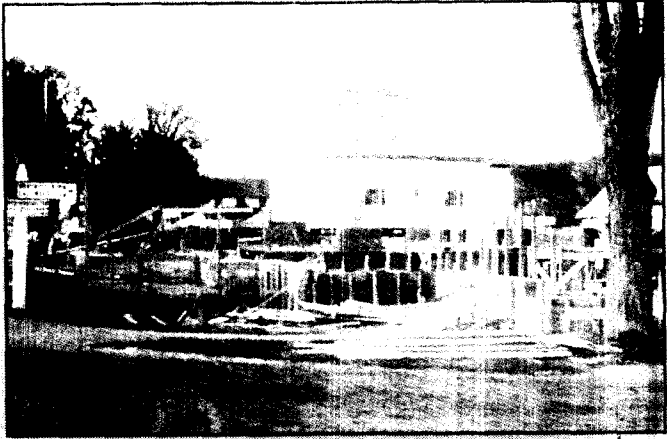
Joslyn genealogies occupy thirteen pages in the History of Waitsfield.

The Joslin family dates back to the 1600's in Lancaster, Massachusetts before they migrated to Weathersfield, Vermont and finally settled in the Valley. Thanks to the generosity of a family descendent who made his fortune in the newspaper business, the Valley is home to the Joslin

Memorial Library in Waitsfield.

Today, Joslin descendants still make the Valley their home.

With the recent birth of a child to Seth Joslin, the family now is in its' ninth generation in Vermont.



*The Joslin Memorial Library, under construction in 1913 was the gift of George A. Joslin*

The Telephone Directory is filled with names of families who have been here for generations; names such as Bisbee, Blair, Bragg, Carleton, Eurich, Ferris, Gaylord, Long, Moriarty, Reagan, Robinson, Wallis, and Ward. They survived the good and lean times in the Mad River Valley, from the days of living in isolated farm communities, through the flood of '27, the Depression, the failure of the river mills and the decline of farming. These same families have seen the Valley opened up by the building of highways. The Interstate Highway System, enacted by the federal government in 1956, brought Vermont Interstate I-91 and I-89 which linked the "outsider" to Vermont. These outsiders eventually proved vital to the economic future of the region. According to the United States Department of the Interior Report, National Park Service;

*"The profound economic problems facing the area, and Fayston and Warren in particular, could not be solved from within. Instead, they were abated by outsiders who brought new vigor to the region in the form of the ski industry. In 1948, Mad River Glen opened its trails in Fayston. It was followed shortly thereafter by Sugarbush Valley in Warren and Glen Ellen in Fayston. The creation of these ski resorts created numerous jobs and caused a tremendous influx in population."*

The report goes on to describe how the Mad River Valley has changed forever from an isolated, sheltered agricultural community to a community of people who are supported by the recreation industry or who commute to the cities of Burlington or Montpelier. The report concludes that the socio-economic conditions have changed here in ways that coincide with the societal changes in the country:

*"Chairlifts now look down over farmland, and Post-modern condominiums stand next to Greek Revival style farmhouses. A new wave of energy has been pumped into the region."*



*The ski industry came to stay, bringing "new energy...to the region." This early photograph features Glen Ellen's "finest", the instructors of the Neil Robinson Ski School.*

No one disputes the enormous impact of skiing on the Valley. The recreation and tourism industry came at a time when the community was in dire need of new economic life. No one knows

better than the Vermont farmer the importance of adaptation. With rocky, rugged land as their only resource, these men and women modified their farms and their harvests in order to survive. Let's look back for a moment to see how these paradigm shifts have effected life in the Mad River Valley.



In the Census of 1820, 85% of Vermonters were farming their land. The majority produced grain crops and dairy products as well as raising hogs and poultry. There were active grist mills and lumber mills along the rivers and streams. (The Ward Clapboard Mill in Moretown is the last remaining clapboard mill on the river today). The Erie Canal, railroads and the "turn-pikes" offered Vermont an opportunity to become part of the economic loop in the United States.

As the West opened up to farming and dairying, the Vermont farmer shifted his focus to sheep farming. The Grand List for Waitsfield in 1826 records 3212 sheep and only 550 cows.

Because sheep have a cleft lip, they eat and graze on just about anything. The extensive overgrazing by sheep herds and the long established logging practices stripped the hillsides of Vermont as can be seen in the next photograph.



*This early view of the hillsides around Warren Village shows how much of our current forests were bare acreage*

*During the time of peak logging activity, loads such as this were sledged out through Granville Gulf. The steam engine "dina" was unable to hold back such large loads while descending the steeper grades near Moss Glen Falls. To control the speed, hay was spread on the road and the area just north of the falls is still known as "Hay Hill."*



Thousands of acres of Vermont land were cleared during the height of sheep farming, from the 1830's through the 1870's. The sheep industry brought fulling and carding mills and eventually woolen mills. However, the dairy farmer was never out of business and dairying continued to increase during this period. In time, however, the Vermont sheep farmer found himself faced with the inability to compete with the West in terms of costs.

The Vermont farmer once again adapted his farm and returned to dairying. The 1908 Census the Town of Waitsfield listed 113 sheep and 1843 cows.



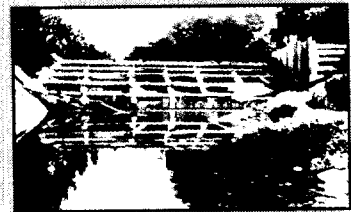
*The families who farmed this Valley were proud, hard-working and stubborn. Their love of this land has left us with a legacy and the duty to safeguard it for future generations.*

Proof of Vermonter's pioneering influence can be found in the names of towns throughout the country. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, South Dakota, and Wisconsin all have a town named Vermont. There is a Montpelier in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and North Dakota, and a Winooski in Wisconsin.

Because of the geographic isolation of the Valley, the population did not exhibit a "flight" of talent to the extent that the rest of Vermont experienced. In fact, the population of the Valley towns peaked during the 1860's as the area thrived and maintained its self-sufficiency. It was not necessary to go "outside" the community for most goods and services. The villages had commercial business to support the needs of the community. It was only after the floods and the loss of the mills along the rivers and brooks that the Valley began to suffer.



*A 1927 flood photograph shows the surging waters of the Mad River in lower Warren, the aftermath with the upper dam having been washed out and the rebuilding of this dam after the flood receded.*



The ski industry and travel and tourism drive an overwhelming portion of the economy here in the Valley and more than ever our focus is on a broader, community scale.

Whether we have lived here from the day we were born; returned as adults to resettle in our hometown or come to visit and stayed, there is a common thread in our sense of pride in wanting to call the Mad River Valley home. We hope you enjoy the following pages which glimpse into the lives of some of your neighbors.

## ✦ The Wallis Family ✦

Coming back to the present day Wallis family, Clifford and Marion Wallis symbolize the link between the towns of the Mad River Valley. She is a Moretown "girl" and he a Waitsfield "boy." Today, they make their home in Moretown.

Clifford Wallis was born and raised on the Wallis Farm on Route 100 in Waitsfield. Marion Davis Bisbee Wallis was born and raised in Moretown. Although only two miles apart on Route 100, the families centered their activities and interests within their individual towns.

Marion Davis Bisbee was born in 1903 on a farm which was on the land across from the Church of the Crucified One on Route 100. When she was three years old, the farm burned to the ground when a farm hand accidentally left a lantern on the hay in the barn. Her father, John Chamberlin Bisbee, quickly bought the property "up the road" and moved Marion and her four brothers and sister to the farm on the corner of Route 100 and the Duxbury Road, (known today as the Everett Maynard Farm).

Marion Bisbee has roots in the Valley that are long and entrenched. Her grandfather, Elijah Bisbee, is mentioned in the History of Waitsfield as an active participant in town issues. Born in Weathersfield, Vermont in 1816, Elijah came to Waitsfield with his father but "removed in 1864 to the old Stephen Pierce Farm in Moretown." \*

\* History of Waitsfield



*The Wallis homestead was the boyhood home of Harold, Everett, Otis and Clifford Wallis*



*Clifford and Marion Wallis*



As the youngest of five, Marion felt she had it both the easiest and the toughest. She said her brothers were "always on my case." When asked why her family and the Wallis family, two miles down the road, did not socialize, she replied that there was a "shyness and perhaps a difference in the political point of view." Clifford commented that the two families were sort of like the Hatfields and the McCoys, to which Marion immediately queried, "Which was my family?"

Even with this proximity of their farms, Marion and Clifford did not meet until they were both freshman in college. She attended Boston University while Clifford went to the University of Vermont. They met during the summer at a house party at Joe's Pond near Danville, Vermont. Marion engaged Clifford in conversation and the rest is history, as they say.

She is quick to point out that Alice Smith was their chaperon at this party which was the only acceptable way for young ladies to go on a date!

Clifford and Marion were married in the South Duxbury Church in August 1928 and soon thereafter, moved to Missouri where their son, George and daughter, Ann were born and raised. Clifford's association with the University of Missouri and subsequent Fulbright Fellowships made it possible for the family to live in Turkey and Taiwan.

In spite of their cosmopolitan travels, Clifford and Marion were Vermonters first, spending summers here when possible and, knowing that they would eventually return to the Valley, in 1945 they bought the property where they currently live.



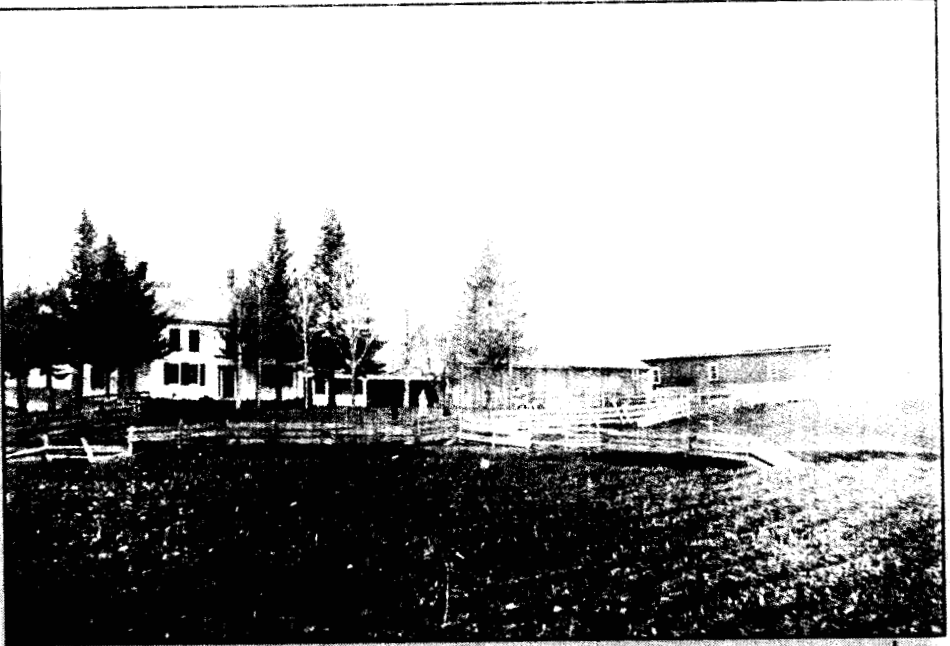
*The Clifford & Marion Wallis home, as it appears today, is a pleasant sight to passing motorists, in the summer. Beds of flowers, well manicured lawns and hedges and abundant rows of vegetables make the Wallis' the envy of all gardeners.*

Looking back at his own childhood, Clifford has fond memories of hitching up the wagon and going to the Valley Fair which was held each August, on the site of the former Estes Airport, (where the Fly In is today.) Although largely overgrown, it is still possible to walk along the trotting track today.

The Valley Fair was organized by the Odd Fellows to pay off the mortgage of their building (today it is the Valley Players Theater).

Clifford remembers the Fair having horse races with a trotting track. There were also games such as three-legged races, high jump, and two very competitive baseball games. As far as he can remember, it never rained on Fair day which went from 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. so that everyone could get back to the farm to do their chores.

William Otis Wallis, (known as Otis) continues to reside in the Wallis farmhouse located on Route 100. Otis is the third generation Wallis to live in this beautiful farmhouse.

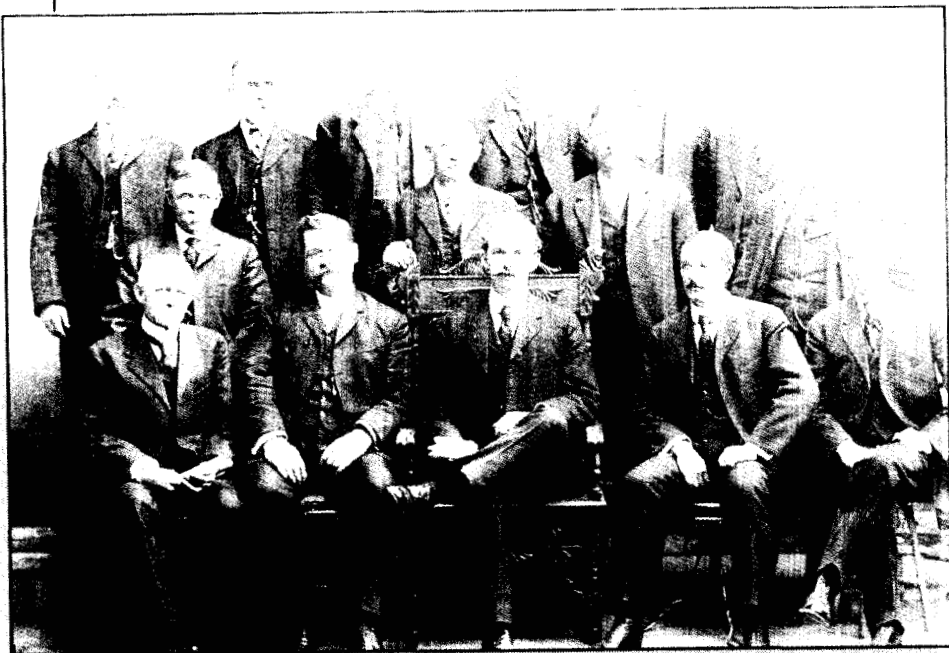


*An early view of the Otis Wallis farm, built in 1800 and home to the Wallis family since 1865. Notice the proximity of the road to the house which was characteristic of farm dooryards in the 1800's. Also, on the left side behind the house there is no evidence of any trees which was typical of the time when the hills were stripped bare by logging and sheep herding. The trees around the house are tamaracks with the exception of the two young maple trees directly in front of the house. One of those trees can be seen in front of the house today. In 1985, the other maple came down and Otis counted 160 rings on the tree, making the tree left standing approximately 133 years old!*

During Otis's childhood, his father raised sheep and pigs, was a dairyman, grew crops, lumbered and made syrup, just to name a few jobs. He can remember his father butchering pigs in the cool of the evening, putting them in the wagon and driving them to Montpelier to market. He'd be gone all night, sell his pigs at market, and then drive back in time to begin his farm chores at 5 a.m. In spite of this arduous existence, George Wallis still managed to be active in State and local politics, serving terms in both the Vermont House and Senate. He was also instrumental in eliminating the one room school houses and supported the Waitsfield High School. The first class of that school dedicated their yearbook to him in 1922.



*Otis Wallis, at home in 1993*



*George Wallis was one of the Valley's sons who was a visionary and leader of the community and state. Education was of prime importance to George who instilled a love of learning in his four children. In this portrait of the Vermont Senate, George is the second from the right in the back row.*



*Otis Wallis played a joke on the photographer as this 1922 Waitsfield High School portrait was being taken. While the camera was being set up for the second half of the shot, Otis scurried to the other end of the back row and appears twice in the finished photograph.*

As the market grew for dairy butter, farmers created creameries where they could take their fresh cream. For George Wallis, the nearest creamery was located in the hollow where the Hartshorn pumpkin patch is today. The Wallis farm had an incredible horse named "Old John". Otis's father could hitch up the wagon, load up the milk cans, tie up the reins, say "Get Up", and "Old John" would go down the road to the creamery. There, he would stand in line until it was his turn to pull up and wait until they unloaded the cream and returned the milk cans; finally "Old John" would walk back up the hill to his barn; no driver was needed!!



*C. M. Richardson's butter room*

"Old John" was equally independent when he took the family to church on Sundays. He would be led to the stalls behind the church to stand unhitched. If anyone hitched him to a stall he would slip out of the harness and head home.

Horses were vital to this Valley. They were the work animal of choice, along with oxen, and they were the principal means of transportation, to school, to church, to town and to go visiting. Otis remembers hitching up the wagon, and going "up to Warren" to visit for a week with Aunt Vaughn. Aunt Vaughn was his mother's sister and ran the Bragg store in Warren where the Pitcher Inn is today. She was also a milliner and made beautiful hats with feathers. Otis can remember his Uncle Walter Drew, the mail carrier in Warren, hitching up his wagon and taking mail runs to the train in Roxbury two times a day, once in the morning and again in the afternoon.



*Nearly all early farm photographs included the family's horses. They were critical to the farm economy and were objects of pride.*



*The Bragg house (left) and store (right) in Warren Village are now the Pitcher Inn.*





George Wallis gathered his four sons together one afternoon to discuss the disposition of the family property. While sitting out by the barn (actually on the wharfen, which Otis has explained as the ramp leading up into the barn) Otis took over the farm which he actively ran for more than sixty years.

The Wallis "boys" and their mother, Georgiana Bragg Wallis

Everett Wallis, who is no longer living, had his residence in the farm next door where Newton's 1824 House Inn is today. Everett was a professor of chemistry at Princeton University. As a consultant to a pharmaceutical laboratory, his input was crucial in the development of cortisone.

Harold, the eldest brother, was an engineer who left Vermont and worked and lived in Dayton, Ohio until the time of his death.

Otis and Clifford Wallis represent a legacy which stands in the highest tradition of our Vermont heritage. As witness to this principle, these brothers recently put up a proper marker on the grave of "Black Sam" who had come to Waitsfield with their great great-grandfather in 1803. When he died, at the age of 98, Black Sam was buried in the pauper corner of the Waitsfield Common Cemetery. The Wallis heirs believed that their great-great grandfather's loyal and freed slave deserved the honor of a grave marker, some 140 years later. If you are ever in the cemetery, go see the headstone - it's a tribute to an early Valley pioneer and to the Wallis family.

As an addendum to the Wallis family story, someone stole the weather vane off Otis's barn about four years ago. We have detailed photographs of it and would love to get it back for Otis. This priceless heirloom had been a part of that barn for over 135 years. So, if you know of anyone who recently "acquired" an antique weather vane rooster, let us know. We think it belongs on the Wallis barn, don't you?

## ✦ STERLING LIVINGSTON ✦

Sterling is one of a kind. Born in 1909 on what is now Route 17, Sterling remembers walking, sledding, or catching the "Express Wagon" to travel the three miles to and from school with his eight siblings (presently the home of the Burley Partnership). The horse drawn wagon driven by Melvin Long had canvas sides in the winter, but otherwise it was open. The horses were kept in a shed next to the school and fed at lunch time.



*Sterling Livingston*

His memories of that school house are very clear. There were about seventy-two children in grades 1-8 with two teachers, sisters Kala and Fanny Martin. The lower grades met downstairs, and the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades were upstairs.

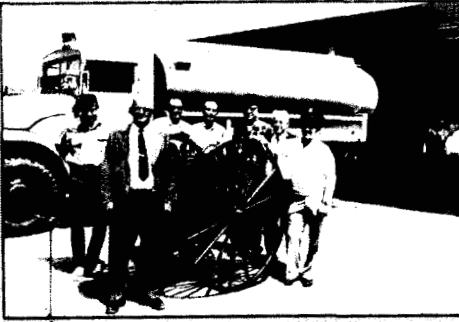
*The early school houses were, by necessity self-sufficient, with the students and teachers tending to all aspects of daily school life*



*Classrooms were difficult to heat and the benches uncomfortable but education progressed through the determination of teachers and their young pupils.*



As was so often the case, in order to get heat to the second floor of a farmhouse the stove pipe went upstairs, across a hallway and through a partition into the chimney. This is precisely the situation that caused a house fire early one spring morning.



*Prior to 1944, the Waitsfield Fire Dept. was faced with primitive methods of firefighting such as this hose cart. (L-R: Joe Keith, Nelson Patch, Don Demas, Elmer Mehuron, Carroll Williams, Don Stafford and Willis Bragg.)*

Sterling will never forget the Fire Brigade that the neighbors formed early that morning. Help was summoned via the phone system - two short rings repeated three times was the signal that there was an emergency. Each household could lift the receiver and learn where help was needed. Blanche Kathan helped pass

buckets up to the attic and roof. Charles and George Patterson and Roy and Fred Eurich snowshoed over the hill to help. To get the buckets up to the roof, the men took the leather lines out of the horses' harnesses and tied them together to use as pulleys. Since it was spring sugaring season, the large gathering tanks were collected from the pasture and sugarbush, filled at the stream and pulled on sleds to the fire. By darkness, the fire was out and they had saved the house and barn.

Sterling remembers going to Town with his mother who liked to see the Nellie Gill Shows at the Odd Fellows Hall which featured, among other things, the latest in medicines and fragrances. Sterling got to spend ten cents while in town for those excursions.

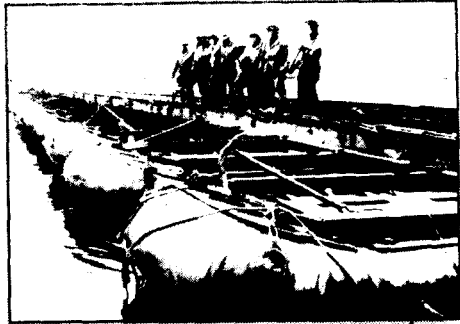
*This 1892 sketch of Waitsfield by J.F. Gilman shows the tranquil village. Does anyone know the whereabouts of the original?*



Sterling and his friends thought nothing of taking the sleigh out in minus twenty-eight degree weather and driving an hour or more up to East Warren for a "kitchen junket." In fact, Sterling remembers going to East Warren with Ed Eurich and other friends because it was a "party town." These "kitchen junkets" were parties for young and old and, according to Sterling, they were held to keep people from feeling "housebound." The men kept their gallon jugs of hard cider in the cow barn so the cows would breathe on them to keep them from freezing. Around three or four in the morning, they would drive home in time to begin the chores for the morning.

Drafted into the military in 1942, Sterling was assigned to the Army Corps of Engineers and attached to the #336 Engineer Combat Battalion, an amphibious regiment. After training in the field of road and bridge building, he was sent to England to prepare for a secret mission. On "D" day, June 6, 1944, Sterling was one of an eleven man team who landed in the second wave of the invasion at Normandy. This team was dedicated to mine detection and the battalion detected 20,000 mines during the first twenty-four hours of the attack. The night before the landing, he and a fellow soldier smoked a cigar on the landing barge so that they could "go in smoking," a stunt for which they were nearly court marshalled!

*Private 1st Class, Sterling Livingston, a member of the #336 Combat Engineers, helped construct this 2100' span pontoon bridge across the Alta River. Built in only 6 hours-37 minutes, the bridge was crossed by the Germans on May 8, 1945 when they surrendered to allied forces.*



*The Bonnette place, on the East Warren Road, was the childhood home of Freeda Bonnette Livingston. Today, the house looks much the same and is home to David and Anne Marie DeFreest.*

Upon being discharged, Sterling returned to Waitsfield and bought a farm on the East Warren Road. He and his wife Freeda live next to that farm today. Sterling found work as a carpenter and his specialty was the repair and rebuilding of barns. He worked on nearly every barn in the Valley replacing floors and foundations with cement.

On a beautiful fall afternoon in 1947, Sterling remembers sitting on his front porch with his father and one of his brothers when a passing car stopped; "Man you don't know what you got. I'd give you a million dollars for this view" the driver said, to which Sterling replied, "You give me half that amount and the view is yours." After inviting the stranger in for homemade donuts with maple syrup (he sold him two gallons of his best maple syrup) Sterling realized he does have one of the best views in the Valley.



## ✦ HADLEY (HAP) GAYLORD ✦

An institution from the day it opened, HAP'S SERVICE STATION has been rescuing stranded skiers and other motorists since 1958.



In true Vermont fashion, Hadley Gaylord or "Hap" as he is known, decided to open the station because he saw the "writing on the wall" - the growing number of skiers and tourists coming north, up Route 100 through Granville where there were no gas stations. Even before they opened the station, Hap and Eloise were constantly being awakened in the wee hours of the morning (especially on Friday nights) with pleas for help from stranded motorists.

*Hap's Service Station, a route 100 landmark.*

And then they came - the famous and the not so famous - Oleg Cassini, Skitch Henderson, Stein Eriksen, Peter and Hans Estin, all bound for what Hap nicknamed "Stretchpants Hill" (better known as Sugarbush).

The Gaylord household ran an active dairy farm on the property which Hap bought in the 1940s. The structure which now houses the garage was a carriage barn that at one time stood on the opposite side of their farmhouse. Using a bulldozer, a winch and the Gaylord ingenuity they moved the building to its current location.



*This farm scene was taken before Hap and Eloise purchased the property.*

the two oldest children). On summer evenings you could find half the Valley enjoying a treat at Phyl-Den's. She is reputed to have served up the best onion rings and fries in the history of the world!

In 1961 Hap's wife, Eloise opened Phyl-Den's next to the service station. (The name is a combination of Phyllis and Hayden,



*Eloise and Hap*

Do not be fooled by the simplicity of their story. Hadley and his wife, Eloise, are bright, educated and interesting people. Hap credits his wife with making the business a success for it was she who kept the books for the service station, raised six children (two girls and four boys) and helped with all aspects of a working farm.



*The Hadley homestead is still occupied by descendent Hadley Gaylord, Jr. His children represent the sixth generation in this house.*

"Hap" Gaylord has Vermont roots that date back as early as 1788. The Gaylord genealogy can be traced back to 1795 in Randolph, Vermont. The original Gaylord house on Route 100, (on the crest of the hill south of River

View) has been in the Gaylord and Hadley family since before the Civil War. It is currently the residence of Hadley Gaylord, Jr. Hap's great grandfather, Moses Hadley lived in this farmhouse in 1858. Hap's great-great grandfather, Amos Hadley, settled on the German Flats Road and, according to written history, it was he who named the road in honor of his nationality.

*Hap, at age 15, was fully responsible for the care of his Devon oxen, Dime and Duke.*



*This farm, located on Route 100 north of Waitsfield was a wedding present to W. M. Gaylord and Gladys Palmer. Hap cultivated and hayed this land with his family for many years.*

Hap drove the last team of oxen in the Valley to the Blacksmith Shop in 1940

which was in the barn on the right through the covered bridge in Waitsfield. The blacksmith in those days was John Kingsbury who had a custom made sling for shoeing oxen. It went around their belly and pulled them up with a pulley; then the blacksmith put a harness around their neck and tied it up to immobilize the animal. Only then could the shoe be put on. It is interesting to note that oxen have a split hoof so the farrier would split a horseshoe, putting the left half on the left side and the right half of the shoe on the right hoof. Imagine the sight of a 2000 pound ox suspended in mid air!

Eloise Heath Gaylord was born in East Warren and when she was 13 her father died and she and her mother moved to Waterbury. She has written a journal of her childhood on the farm in East Warren from which the following passages are taken:

"As a little girl, the animals were my brothers and sisters and the chores were my recreation as I enjoyed caring for them. Farm life is a satisfying life and one learns many lessons of self-sufficiency, independence, survival, etc. Farm children unconsciously learn a variety of skills. As I look back, I think how peaceful life was then."

"We lived on a dirt road 'off the main road' where no cars passed during the winters and perhaps no more than half a dozen a day in summers. I can almost count them now. The milkman would be first in the morning.....this milkman picked up the milk from my fathers cows and took it to meet another man who took it to a creamery.....In the winters the pick-up was done by horse and sled; in mud season a horse and wagon was used...."

"My father arose very early (4:00am), manually milked his 20 cows with light furnished by a kerosene lantern hanging from nails placed in various beams of the ceiling the whole length of the stable. The milk was strained through a cloth into a can placed in the cooler in the milk house a few feet from the barn. This cooler was a large box full of water with 12 inch cubed cakes of ice in it.... Prior to milking each cow he prepared them by meticulously washing their udders.... and tying their tails to one of their legs to prevent switching dirt and hairs into his pail. He often whistled songs while milking to calm their nerves, he said."



"When the March winds blew we began to think of sugaring season.... It meant hard work and long hours. I can remember watching my father build a huge, crackling fire in the big arch.... It seemed all at once the sap would start steaming and then boiling and you could scarcely see the other end of the sugarhouse.... The bumpy rides on the dray with the gathering tank were indeed different sensations. My own children will never know the smell of warm horses on a cold, frosty day in the sugarwoods." \*

\* "Patchwork and Porkscraps" by Eloise Gaylord

*Farm life for women was every bit as labor intensive as for men. In addition to household chores, the women were called upon to help with harvesting and any task for which additional hands were needed.*



The importance of children to a farm's future and productivity was assumed. Everyone had their chores and the expectations that full effort would yield a living from the land.

Hap and Eloise are proud of their Vermont roots and proud to have brought up their children in the Valley. Like Vermont families before them, they made changes and took a new course. Running a service station is not something they knew about but they took a chance and it worked. It was and continues to be hard work. In the tradition of the Gaylord family, Hadley Jr. continues the legacy of farming; Allen and Walter operate the service station; Hayden (known as Dennis) is a mechanic; Pearl works and lives in the Valley, and Phyllis works and lives in Colchester.

By the way, Hap led the Warren Fourth of July Parade for many years. How he ended up doing it is an interesting story, but then again, every story with Hap is an interesting tale. Stop by and visit him - it promises to be entertaining!



*Hap's Robin Hood regalia, one of many persona assumed for the annual Warren Fourth of July Parade.*



## ✦ Warren Mobus ✦

The first settlement in Warren was actually in East Warren. The four corners in East Warren became an active neighborhood with beautiful homes and a lovely church and it was only after mills were built in Warren village that the Town of Warren shifted to its present site.

The church was situated on the land opposite the Mobus farm, and the East Warren Store was the local school. There were two houses on the southwest corner where the DeFreest hay is now stored.



*This East Warren photograph is of the original community which was located at the base of the Roxbury Mountain Rd. Warren Mobus' childhood home was on the Northeast corner of the four corners, now known as the Rudolph Elliot place.*

Warren Mobus, son of Arthur and Mabel (Robinson) Mobus, was born and raised in one of the those beautiful homes at the four corners. (It is one of three original houses still standing at that site.) He was the son of Arthur and Mabel (Robinson) Mobus. The family farm provided income from the sale of cream, maple syrup, logging, corn and other produce, as well as from chickens and hogs. Warren's mother operated the telephone service out of the living room of their house. (part of the old Roxbury Telephone Co.)



*This magnificent barn was once a landmark in East Warren and the pride of the Arthur Mobus farm.*



*Warren's 6th grade class:  
Lorena Jones, Rupert Blair and Warren Mobus.*

The Roxbury Road was a stage road over which Gladys Bissell drove the mail twice a day to the Roxbury train station which was a link between the outside world and the Warren community.



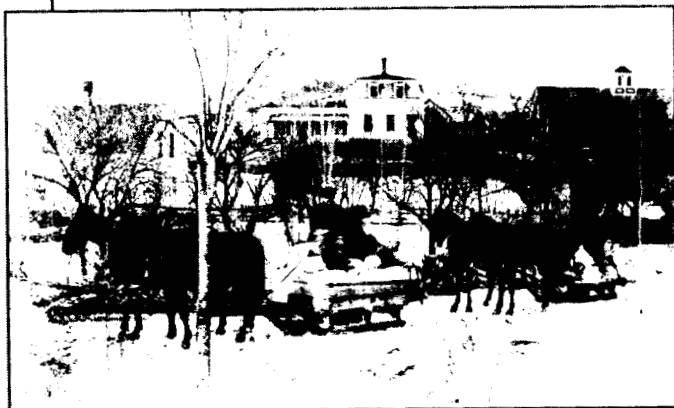
*The East Warren four corners  
home of Arthur Mobus and his  
family.*

In the winter, when the stage needed to get through, Warren used to take a team of horses over the mountain to break a path.



*Packing snow on a road in East Warren about 1915. Standing on the roller is  
Vaughn Brown and seated are Mike Edson and Herb Wissell.*

Today Warren lives with his bride of 53 years, Beverly Graves Mobus, in the village of Warren. The lovely Victorian mansard roofed home sits on a hill overlooking the village.



*A load of grain being brought to the Grist Mill in Warren from the railroad in Roxbury by Audrey Hubbard and Gabe Senior. c1910 The Mobus Home is on the hill.*



*Warren & Beverly's home is a village landmark and their property a shortcut to school for Warren children.*

## ✦ CHARLIE BROWN ✦

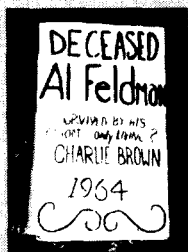
Many of the "locals" you see on a daily basis are really "transplants". Though their roots come from other parts of the country their belief in this Vermont way of life is every bit as strong as those individuals who have generations of Vermont blood in their veins.

If any one in this Valley deserves to be a "Vermonters by proxy" it would be Charlie Q. Brown. He has never faltered in his appreciation of this community and its people.

Leaving Philadelphia in the fall of 1964 to "try ski bumming for a year," Charlie left behind an established career as a consultant computer programmer.



Renting a house on the German Flats Road in Warren with fifteen friends in the fall of 1964, Charlie got a job as a dishwasher at the Village Edge (today the site of Ron's Deli). As he recalls, "the business executive talked back to me but the dishes never did and nobody upset the dishwasher because no dishwasher meant no business!" He also worked the breakfast shift at the Berghof (today The Seasons). But the jobs were incidental to skiing - he had come to ski and that was his top priority.



After a hilarious summer of adventure in Mexico, Charlie went to New York to meet with his next employer in the corporate arena. He was to be Assistant to the Vice President in charge of Computer Operations. As he sat in the Fifth Avenue office, his future boss said to him: "Before we sign this deal, I just want to ask you one

last question. What are you going to be thinking about when the snow starts flying." Charlie's response was simply, "Thank you very much" and walked out the door and never looked back. To this day, he believes it was the smartest decision he ever made.



Charlie Brown and "Tiny Stacey" during the Blue Tooth days

Charlie went on to be a restaurant manager, bartender, disco operator, sales manager for the Sugarbush Inn, and an owner of the Blue Tooth. In the early days of the Tooth, "Tiny" Stacey was the bouncer, weighing in at around 405 pounds. A friend of Charlie's from the early days, Tiny is a lean 250 pounds today and the bodyguard for the Dali Lama.



The Blue Tooth has survived the changing currents as well as any establishment from those early days of Sugarbush. Charlie recalls that it was open and busy every night of the week, with meals and a bar and live bands. In order to accommodate the "No Drinking Without Food Being Served" law, the Tooth used to RENT sandwiches on Sundays! They had dance contests, "K2" movies, and the famous "Academy Awards" night. They used to take pictures of everybody in the Valley and make up titles and awards. On one particular Awards Night, there was a late spring blizzard and when Charlie arrived at the Tooth there were only three cars in

the parking lot. Feeling disappointment, he walked in only to find the place packed with people. They had come - by snow shoes and cross country skis.

Once again Charlie changed career paths. With Sparky and Peggy Potter and Russ Worth as partners, "Dream On Productions" became a high quality photography and slide show production company. Later he opened Charlie Brown Productions.

One of his most outstanding and memorable projects was when he was invited to document a trip sponsored by the United States Commission on Children's Literature and Arts and the Vermont Children's Art Exchange. They traveled to Leningrad, Moscow, and Vilnius, Lithuania.

Charlie was also involved in the Project Harmony Exchange programs and created a slide presentation of their visit to Vermont which was shown in Russia at the People's Palace. It was the only opportunity many of the Russian parents had to see pictures of their children's visit to Vermont.



Today Charlie still loves to ski (but he is more selective about the conditions). For Charlie Brown, there are no regrets - he is proud to be a Valley Neighbor.



## ✦ MAD RIVER AMBULANCE SERVICE ✦

The collective community spirit of this Valley is clearly demonstrated by the creation of the MAD RIVER AMBULANCE SERVICE. How it began and why it has succeeded is a tribute to the outstanding efforts of every individual who has given unselfishly to this program.

In order to fully appreciate its significance, one needs to understand how emergency medical services began here in Vermont. It is hard for many of us to imagine, but prior to the 1970's, ambulance service was non-existent. Emergency transportation was provided by funeral homes using their hearses to transport injured people. By and large this service was provided as an act of goodwill in the rural communities of Vermont.

However, the completion of the Interstate Highway system, built as the "safe way to travel", forced Federal and State officials to recognize the need for comprehensive pre-hospital service. In 1972, the Federal Government through the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, legislated an EMS bill setting the first national standards for Emergency Medical Services through the Department of Transportation.

To qualify as an EMS provider, the state required that the person or community have "an ambulance and fifty feet of rope." (Although it remains an on-going joke, the rope requirement was assumed to be for pulling cars out of ditches.) Basic First Aid was a minimum requirement. Ambulance service was divided into three types: private, public, and volunteer. Today Vermont's EMS and ambulance coverage is 80% volunteer service.

Melvis Morris, the local State Trooper, and Guy Gould approached Dana Haskin to help start an ambulance service. Dana agreed to undertake the effort only if there was a representative from each town and each ski area on the committee. At their first meeting he asked the representatives to come back in two weeks and tell him: "all the reasons why we can't have an ambulance service - the only thing I want you to tell me is why we can't do it."

Two weeks later they came back and for an hour told Dana the reason why it would not work: "no one had training"... "we can't afford it"... "we can't get the community to work together"... "there will be no money to maintain it"... "who would staff it?..." and on it went. For every negative reason they developed a solution and less than a month later, the Mad River Valley Ambulance Service was a reality.



First there was a crash course in practical First Aid thanks to the efforts of Joe Blanchard who was in charge of the ski patrol at Sugarbush at the time. It was important to make it a reality first aid course - what volunteers would see in the real world.

Where would the money come from? Above all else, the group believed that the service was pledged to the men, women and children of the Valley and the funds should come from the people. It was to be a people driven service and no single person or organization was to "own" the Mad River Ambulance Service. The sense of pride was equal among all contributors - the young boy who returned a bottle and donated the nickle was as important as the corporate contributor who wrote a check.

This became a Valley venture - collectively the community responded and raised the funds for the first ambulance. It became a gift to the Valley from the people of the Valley.



*The first ambulance, a converted hearse, is shown in this early photograph, in the second bay from the left.*

In the best Yankee tradition a 1965 converted Cadillac hearse was purchased from Park Superior Sales in Connecticut with just a handshake. The salesman took their word and agreed to let them pay it off over time. And so the Mad River Ambulance became a reality.

*In addition to responding to emergencies, the ambulance squad has offered CPR training to the community. The students in this class were (L to R) Mike Kingsbury, Walter Ruf and Malcom Appleton.*



From that first day, volunteers dedicated themselves and their lives to the Ambulance Service. Volunteers were either dispatchers, drivers, or attendants. It was a grass roots effort that gained the support and the commitment of the people - that is what made it a reality and that is what makes it continue successfully today. The level of volunteerism that is required to run the Service is unmeasurable. As you can see in almost any issue of the local newspaper - there is no adequate way to say "thank you" for their efforts.



*It takes many  
volunteers and a  
generous donation  
of time to sustain  
a successful  
ambulance  
service.*

Each member of this community should take pride in this service - a level of commitment that brought all the people in all the towns in this community together to create, support, and successfully administer its own Mad River Ambulance Service.

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## **SUMMARY**

**We** live and work in one of the most beautiful Valleys anywhere. Life continues to stir the soul and inspire great collective efforts from the people who honor our quality of life. If we learn nothing else from the past, we must hear what our forbearers have told us - the Mad River Valley is a community of hardworking, honest, interesting and caring people. It is our responsibility to leave it even better than when we found it for the next generation.

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## Special Thanks

History projects touch countless lives - generations past and present. It is with great pride that we have been able to introduce you to yet another group of Valley Neighbors and hope that you join the Waitsfield-Fayston Telephone Company in thanking them for allowing us into their homes and lives. Our special thanks go to **Otis Wallis, Clifford and Marion Wallis, Sterling Livingston, Warren Mobus, Charlie Brown** and their families and friends for sharing so much wonderful information with us all. Claudia Woods once again contributed greatly to the successful completion of this project by conducting interview, doing research and collecting many of the wonderful photographs which are included. Steve Barrett's expertise and creativity pulled the project together and our heart thanks to him also.

To each and every volunteer of the **Mad River Valley Ambulance Service** our thanks for your willingness to share your experience in putting together this History, and your willingness to give up sleep, meals, and holidays to go to the aide of any Valley Neighbor.