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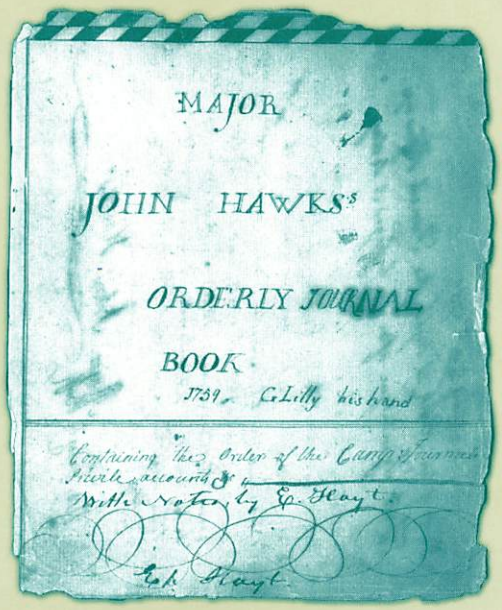

The Journal of the Vermont Historical Society

VERMONT

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VERMONT HISTORY

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Book Reviews

About the Cover Illustrations

Odyssey of an Early Manuscript

One of the earliest manuscripts in the collections of the Vermont Historical Society, the orderly book and journal of Major John Hawks, written in the years 1759-1760, has been returned to the Society after an odyssey of 111 years. Its story is one of veneration of the country's colonial era, Vermont historical pride, possessiveness by a family member and collector, and thorough detective work by a modern museum professional.

The leather-bound journal of Major John Hawks contains the regimental orders issued to him during the period May 9, 1759, through September 8, 1760, as well as "after orders."[1] Many of the orders were issued at Half Way Brook in the town of Queensbury, New York, halfway between Fort Edward and Lake George. Others were issued at Crown Point, New York. It is, as Rev. George B. Spalding, one of its early owners, put it, "A record of the military operations which took place in the Province of New York in the successful campaign of General Jeffrey Amherst against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, in 1759."[2] The orderly book is a relic of America's colonial past, written by a Massachusetts man serving in the king's army who never fought in the territory that would become Vermont.

In the 1840s the journal belonged to military historian General Epaphras Hoyt (1765-1850) of Deerfield, Massachusetts, Major Hawks's hometown, who wrote explanatory notes on the pages of the manuscript volume. Rev. Spalding, a native Vermonter, acquired it in 1865 while he was pastor of the North Church in Hartford, Connecticut. He gave it to the Vermont Historical Society in 1868. Although the volume is only tangentially related to Vermont history, it was accepted into the collections with great fanfare by Pliny H. White, historian and president of the Vermont Historical Society at that time, who called the manuscript "one of the most valuable donations to the Vermont Historical Society during the current year."[3]

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The valuable gift came during a period when the Society's leaders were trying to secure an historical reputation for the state at the same time as its population was declining. Writing in the *Vermont Freeman* newspaper, White points to Spalding's generosity as an example that others should follow: "It were a good thing if other sons of Vermont, who have left the State of their nativity, would emulate this good example, and would show by similar thoughtful acts, that they do not forget the mother who bore them."[4]

The volume was held in such high regard that in 1901 it was loaned by the Vermont Historical Society to the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of New York so that a printed version could be published. The book was published in 1911. The VHS purchased a copy from the publisher at the end of 1929 for $1.00. The first introductory piece in the published volume, a note by Spalding, states that the original is "now the property of the Vermont Historical Society."[5]

Alas, the original manuscript never made its way back to the Vermont Historical Society. In February 1932, twenty years after the manuscript had left Montpelier, a librarian at the VHS pasted a typewritten note inside the published version of the orderly book, apparently at the request of Sara Hawks Huling, daughter of William E. Hawks of Bennington, Vermont, who was looking for her ancestor's manuscript. The note said, in part, "Through negligence this volume was never returned and all trace of it has vanished, a very regrettable incident as the manuscript is priceless."[6]

Unbeknownst to the Vermont Historical Society or Mrs. Huling, the manuscript was at that time in the possession of Mrs. Huling's brother, George M. Hawks, and had been since 1911. Memos and letters in the files of the Massachusetts Historical Society (MHS), obtained by the Bennington Museum in 2012, reveal that in 1930, Edward Brooks, an amateur historian and wealthy Bostonian, was writing a biography of Major Hawks. Brooks contacted George M. Hawks in Bennington, discovered that he had the original manuscript, and believing that the manuscript was at the VHS, asked how Mr. Hawks got it. George Hawks claimed that it came to him through his father, William, who had died in 1911, coincidently the same year the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of New York published the Hawks *Orderly Book and Journal.*

Brooks examined the original manuscript on two occasions. He first saw it on July 7, 1931, during a visit with George Hawks in Bennington, and wrote in a memo to the file at the MHS, "While examining it in Bennington I noticed on the inside back cover in the upper left hand

corner a note written by George B. Spalding, who found the Journal, that he had presented it to the Vermont Historical Society."[7]

Two months later, the orderly book was sent to Boston to be photocopied and Brooks examined it for a second time at the Massachusetts Historical Society. In the same file memo Brooks wrote, "On examining the inside back cover I noted that the lines written by Mr. Spalding had been erased by some chemical. Some of the words however could be seen with the aid of a strong glass." And then the book was returned to George M. Hawks. A handwritten note from Julius H. Tuttle, librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, dated October 2, 1931, and still with the orderly book, states that "I have had the pages photostated, and am returning it, herewith, to you." He thanks Mr. Hawks "for the kind permission to have this done."[8] In September of that year, Hawks wrote again to Brooks, telling him, "If you desire, I have no objections to your mentioning the fact in your biography that this Journal is now in my possession."[9]

On the other hand, George Hawks evidently understood that the manuscript volume belonged to the Vermont Historical Society, because he possessed the 1868 clipping from the *Vermont Freeman* in which Pliny White reported the gift of the book to the Society. Hawks pasted the clipping to his letterhead and wrote on the bottom, "This book should be sent to the Vermont Historical Society. G. M. Hawks." However, the Hawks orderly book remained in the possession of the Hawks family until it was given to the Bennington Museum, probably in 1956, by George Hawks's son, Breard, along with other Hawks family materials. Allen D. Hill, librarian at the Bennington Museum, noticed the valuable manuscript and placed it in the museum's safe, where it remained until 2011.

In that year, Bennington Museum Collections Manager Callie Stewart was working through some collections backlogs and discovered the orderly book. She noticed the Pliny White clipping dated 1868 and contacted the Vermont Historical Society to ask about the manuscript's provenance. She also contacted the Massachusetts Historical Society, which still had a photostat copy of the orderly book, and discovered the correspondence that had taken place in 1931 between Edward Brooks and George Hawks. Through a series of exchanges over the next year the staffs of the Bennington Museum and the Vermont Historical Society determined that the manuscript belonged at the VHS and it was returned to the Society on October 26, 2012, where it now resides.

PAUL A. CARNAHAN, *Librarian*
Vermont Historical Society

Notes

[1] It appears that "after order" may have been a term of Hawks's own invention. The Preface says, "The daily order appears at the head of each paragraph, and in case of the issue of a second order on any day it was headed as an AFTER ORDER" (emphasis in the original).

[2] *Orderly Book and Journal of Major John Hawks on the Ticonderoga-Crown Point Campaign, Under Jeffrey Amherst, 1759-1760* (New York: Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York, 1911), v.

[3] Pliny H. White, "Hawks Orderly Book," May 30, 1868, newspaper clipping on Geo. M. Hawks letterhead, Vermont Historical Society, MSB-99.

[4] White, "Hawks Orderly Book."

[5] *Orderly Book*, v.

[6] VHS copy of *Orderly Book*. Mrs. Huling or the librarian also stated that the manuscript had been donated to the Vermont Historical Society by Mrs. Huling's father, William E. Hawks of Bennington. Records do not support this assertion.

[7] Massachusetts Historical Society, MSN-1378, John Hawks Papers.

[8] Julius H. Tuttle to George M. Hawks, October 2, 1931, Vermont Historical Society, MSB-99

[9] Massachusetts Historical Society, MSN-1378, John Hawks Papers.

Front cover: Major John Hawks's Orderly Journal, 1759-1760 cover page.
Back cover: Hawks's Journal, page 2.

A Bitter Past: Hop Farming in Nineteenth-Century Vermont

The history of hops in Vermont is not only a history of an agricultural crop, but also a cross section of social and cultural history.

By Adam Krakowski

> I think I have asserted heretofore, there were more hops raised in the town of Hydepark than the rest of the county. Hops had been so profitable for a few years, that many new yards were planted in the spring of 1851, which would produce a crop the present fall, which has been very abundant, and the hops well cured; the prices have ranged 16 to 18.5 cents per pound.
>
> The quantity raised is over eighty-three tons; the amount of money from the raising of hops brought into our town is over twenty-eight thousand dollars. Many more are commencing the business, and the probability is, that in a short time the price will be reduced to six cents per pound, as has been the case here once before, when all but a few threw up the business.
>
> *Ariel Hunton*
> *Hyde Park, Vermont*
> *Nov. 20, 1852*[1]

The current craft brewing movement has seen a successful rise in the last two decades, leading to the start of numerous artisan breweries throughout the United States. In the case of Vermont, nearly all the raw materials for their operation are imported into the state. Just over a hundred years ago, the opposite was true. Halfway through the nineteenth century Vermont was the second largest pro-

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ducer of hops in the United States, behind only New York, and was exporting nearly the entire crop throughout New England and beyond.

In just over a hundred years the entire hops farming infrastructure disappeared entirely from the landscape. The last unaltered hop house structure documented in the state is located in Charleston, Vermont.[2] It has been argued that the many difficulties of farming hops and their sensitivity to growing conditions led to their demise in the state. However, it would be more accurate to say that the demise of hop farming in Vermont was a result of the confluence in the middle of the nineteenth century of commercial, environmental, and cultural pressures on the industry. Understanding how these three elements worked to bring hop culture in Vermont from its humble beginnings, through its boom, to its bust, necessarily begins with the history of hops in colonial America.

Origins

Hops in New England have a long and complicated history. Although wild hops grew throughout North America before European contact, European hops were introduced into the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1628, brought over on the Endicott Voyage to resupply the Puritan colonists.[3] Samuel Sewell, the judge of the Salem Witch Trials and later governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, recorded his trip to a local hop yard in Woburn, Massachusetts, on August 13, 1702, to inspect that year's crop.[4]

While seventeenth- and early-eighteenth-century accounts of hops in the colonies are rare, a law passed in the English Parliament in 1732 under the reign of King George II, titled "*An Act for importing from His Majesty's Plantations in America, directly into Ireland, Goods not enumerated in any Act of Parliament, so far as the said Act relates to the Importation of Foreign Hops into Ireland,*"[5] suggests just how widespread and successful the hops crops were in America at that time. Outlawing the importation of hops from America through Ireland and into England implied that the hops were abundant enough to fulfill domestic demand as well as supplying an export trade. The Massachusetts Bay Colony had already established itself as an important hops supplier, shipping hops to New York and Newfoundland as early as 1718.[6] Shipping records for the schooner *Bernard* out of Boston destined for New York include 3,000 pounds of hops in February 1763.[7]

Further evidence of Massachusetts's dominance in the early American hop trade is a report that, "A single brokerage firm at North Reading in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, between 1808 and 1837, assembled and sold 16.5 million pounds of hops."[8] Although the average price was nearly 13 cents a pound from 1806 to 1846[9], prices through

this time were so volatile that fortunes changed without warning. A journal keeper in Shirley, Massachusetts, documented that on September 30, 1802, prices were at 6 cents a pound and thousands of pounds of the crop changed hands. In 1817 the price reached 34 cents a pound.

The origin of Vermont hop culture has its roots in the hop fields of Wilmington, Massachusetts, the epicenter of colonial hop production during a large portion of the eighteenth century. An account from General William P. Riddle of Manchester, New Hampshire, a leading hop merchant and hop inspector, reveals a possible beginning to the Vermont crop:

> About the year 1800, a few individuals emigrated from Wilmington [MA] to Bedford, N.H., where they commenced the culture of hops, and being successful, in a few years most of the farmers in said town went into cultivation of the article. . . . About the same time [1825] there was a number of individuals of Bedford and Amherst emigrated to Bethel, Vt., who likewise carried the hop root with them, and cultivated the article successfully, from which the hop fields spread mostly over the State, and at present Vermont has become the second in New England for the cultivation of hops.[10]

Bethel in Windsor County was still one of the larger producers of hops in 1840, according to the state agricultural census.

Michael Tomlan, author of *Tinged with Gold,* noted that the earliest reference to the commercial cultivation of hops in Vermont appears in an article published in an 1835 issue of *The Genesee Farmer and Gardener's Journal.* The author "H.C." of "Meadowbanks" describes an enterprising pair of farmers, "D & H," "who cultivate a small [hops] farm in partnership in a town in Vermont, on the Connecticut River." From four acres in 1833 they obtained 3,000 pounds, selling for 20 cents a pound.[11] Accounts of hop farming and yields in Vermont continued to be published in agricultural journals such as *The American Agriculturalist*, *The Cultivator*, and *The Country Gentleman* through most of the nineteenth century.

Rise and Decline

Cultivation of hops became commercially viable statewide around 1840, where cultivation prior to that year was highly localized. The 1840 state agricultural census reported that Vermont produced 48,137 pounds of hops statewide, accounting for 3.9 percent of the national total, which was a distant second to leader New York's production. At the time, Windham County produced 25,911 pounds of hops, more than triple the production of any other county in the state. It is important to note that other eastern counties of Vermont produced miniscule amounts: for example, Orleans County recorded a mere 642 pounds.[12]

The year 1850 saw the peak of Vermont's hop production against the national numbers: 288,023 pounds of hops produced statewide, accounting for 8.2 percent of the national crop, but once again, second to New York. In the decade since the 1840 agricultural census, Windsor County had become the largest producer, totaling 79,700 pounds; Orleans County was second, producing 77,605 pounds; and Windham County dropped to a distant third with 41,510 pounds.[13] The value of the crop in 1850 was near $1.00 per pound, making the year lucrative for the Vermont farmers.[14]

The agricultural census of 1860 showed the peak of the hop-farming boom in Vermont. Statewide a total of 638,657 pounds of hops were produced, nearly triple the numbers reported just ten years prior. Orleans County produced 161,192 pounds of hops, nearly 40,000 more pounds than Windsor County. Perhaps the most interesting trend revealed in the 1860 census is that every county in the state was actively producing hops. This included Grand Isle and Chittenden, which both produced around 2,000 pounds. Bennington County, on the other hand, tallied a mere 8 pounds.[15] The large increase, however, only accounted for 5.8 percent of the national crop, a drop of 25 percent from the previous national contribution. This decrease in Vermont's production against the national production highlights the addition to the national output from Midwest and Pacific Northwest growers. As these areas expanded and improved production, Vermont's output became less important to the market.

By 1870, signs of the impending decline of the Vermont hop crop start to show up in the census records. Vermont produced 527,927 pounds statewide, a noticeable decline from the previous total, accounting for only 2.1 percent of the national crop. Windsor and Windham Counties start to decline in their production, while Orleans doubled production, accounting for nearly half of the entire state's yield. Bennington County had no recordable crop, while Chittenden County produced only a single pound. Rutland County saw the largest decrease, dropping from 21,835 pounds in 1860 to 400 pounds in 1870.[16]

The state agricultural records for 1880 and 1890 show drastic drops statewide, with Derby, Vermont, the last sizable producer of hops in the state. And the 1900 census recorded only 4,400 pounds of hops in the entire state.[17]

Varieties and Cultivation

It is difficult to name or know clearly the variety of hops grown within the state of Vermont in the nineteenth century. Many accounts refer to the crossing of male and female plants grown on the farm and

using the seed to produce new plants that could lead to entirely new breeds. The only way to assure the purity of variety is to replicate the plant through rhizomes (a cutting of one offshoot of the hop root). Edwin O. Lee's 1865 essay, however, did describe some varieties in Vernon, Vermont.

> In this section, the Connecticut Valley, we have at least three distinct varieties of hops, characterized as follows: In the most common kind, both vines and fruit are of medium size; the hops have a mild flavor, and part very easily from the stems. Another kind is distinguished by its large, rank-growing rough vines, dark green foliage, large, squarish, and strong-flavored fruit, sometimes three and even four inches in length, and hard to pick. The third variety is known by its red vines, fruit rather below the medium size, hard, of a golden color, and mild, agreeable flavor. The First of these is known in the New York market as the "grape" variety, and the second as the "Pompey" hop. There are no imported hops in this section that I know of.[18]

The "grape cluster" variety was grown throughout New England and was a long-established varietal.

With nearly no market for hops in Vermont, the crop had to be exported outside of the state, mostly to New York, Boston, and as far as Philadelphia. Lee commented that "most of the growers in this section send their hops to the New York market to be sold by Commission Merchants."[19] While Vermont hop farmers were competing against New York's crop for market share, the western states also entered the market place. The establishment of the California and ultimately the entire Pacific Northwest hop culture is credited to Daniel Flint, and to a lesser extent his brother Wilson. Flint imported a large shipment of hops from Vermont, possibly the "Pompey" variety, with the intent of establishing the first commercial hop farm in California.

Daniel Flint was born on May 9, 1832, in Swanzey, New Hampshire. By 1850 he was employed by the Flint & Holton Company based in Crown Point, New York, with his work taking him all over the Lake Champlain region.[20] After three years with the company, Flint traveled to California aboard the clipper ship *Mystery*, landing in San Francisco.[21] By late 1856 he had set up a hop yard near Sacramento. Flint wrote an account describing the status of the hops industry or hop culture in the Sacramento Valley:

> There are only two varieties of hops cultivated here to any great extent. The leading variety is called the large gray American hop. The hop is large and compact on the stems. We are so well pleased with it in every respect, except in some localities it does not give as fine straw color as we would like, that we are not looking for a better one. Another variety is called the "San Jose hop," but the growers do not plant it if they know it.[22]

Flint later wrote that "most all the hops on the Pacific coast came from my yard and I brought the stock originally over from Vermont in 1855."[23] After the harvest of his first crop, he met opposition from brewers who had long established the usage of eastern hops in their brewing production. Flint took a sizeable gamble, offered his hops for use, and if the brewer did not feel that these were of the same quality as the eastern hops, he would not have to pay for the crop. The hops exceeded the expectations of the brewers who used them, and Flint proceeded to establish hop culture on the Pacific Coast.

Unlike in California, the cultivation of hops in Vermont was difficult for all who grew it. Due to both the volatility of the market and the sensitivity of the crop to weather conditions, hops were a gamble for a farmer. An account from Ariel Hunton for *The Plough, The Loom, The Anvil* in 1856 describes some of the early difficulties of the crop.

> The weather was about as much too wet last season as it was too dry in 1844; the frequent rains caused the hops to rust. At the time the strobiles were nearly grown, and quite tender, we had frequent winds, that agitated the vines and bruised the tender buds or cones, which assumed a reddish-brown color, which was injurious to the sale of the hops; in consequence of which many went second sort.

Another variable contributing to the downfall of the Vermont hops industry was the yearly stability of the crop.

> The hops will hardly average $5.00 per hundred. There being many new yards, there have been a few more raised in the county than last year. In Hydepark, in 1855, 75 tons, the amount realized $40,000 and $100,000 in the county; this year the growers in Hydepark will receive about $7,500, and the county about $20,000; not enough to cover the expense of picking and bailing.
>
> Many have contracted debts on the expectation of realizing an abundant crop and fair prices for their hops. The fall of hops has caused a great dearth of money, and much financial distress.[24]

Hunton wrote that hops are a demanding crop to maintain. The plant can grow nearly thirty feet in a year, sometimes as much as six inches in a day. Their vertical growth requires a trellis system to support the plants in their development. The traditional or "Old Method" of growing the plant was to use poles, primarily of cedar, from the "swamps of Vermont or Canada."[25] Cedar poles were the most common and inexpensive timber in the northern Northeast, costing a farmer nearly $150 per acre at the time. While it was a sizeable initial expense, the cedar would last for years and the poles were planted upside down each successive season to reduce the effects of dampness on the wood. The poles were set firmly into the ground and the plants were then trained up the poles. At harvesting time, the vines were

pulled down and stripped of the hop cones. The cedar posts were then removed, trimmed of any rotting that had occurred over the season, and stored for the winter season. Over time this practice shortened the length of the timber, leading to replacement after a period.[26] An undated stereograph photo (Fig. 1) shows a group of young male and female hop pickers assembled in a hop field belonging to George Hubbard in Vernon, Vermont, showing the cedar pole-style hop field. The hops have exceeded the length of the poles, possibly placing the photo at or near harvest time.

Later designs resulted in the trellis system: overhead wires set into larger timber poles, with rope or wires running vertically from the ground to overhead. Two favorable methods emerged by the 1890s to

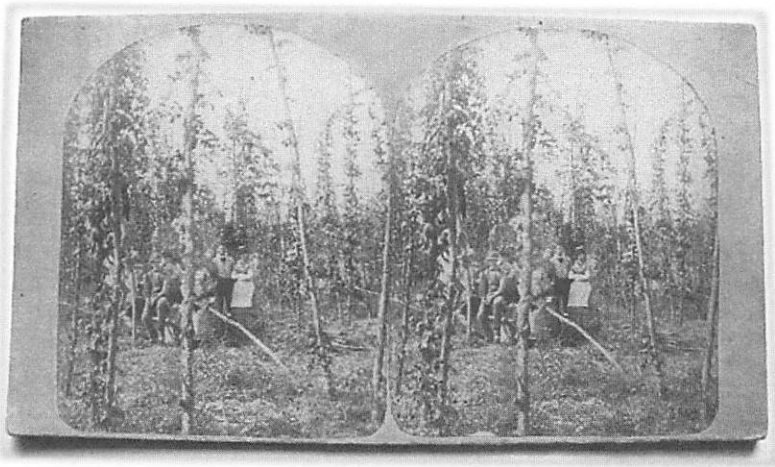

Figure 1.: "Hop field at Geo. Hubbard['s], Vernon." Stereograph photo courtesy Andrea Willett.

support the growing hop vines. The first method was to use chestnut timbers the size of "telegraph posts" set in the ground with wires running tepee-like down from the posts to anchors set in the mound with a hop plant. This method allowed more plants to grow in the same acreage, and required fewer timbers.[27] The wires were introduced after experience showed that twine failed after a single growing season.

The second method that developed during the same period was utilizing large hardwood poles set about twenty-five feet apart in rows, with wire strung across the top of the timber forming a frame from which other wires ran to the ground. The plants grew vertically up to the top of the frames.

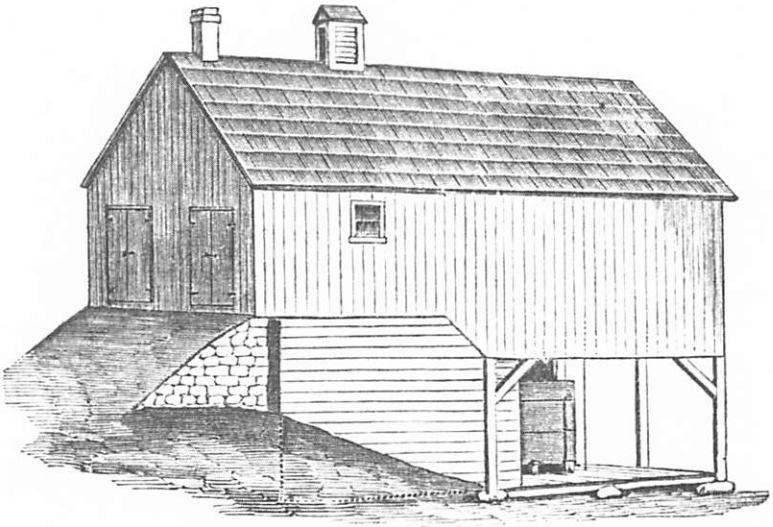

Fig. 16. Elevation of Hop-House.

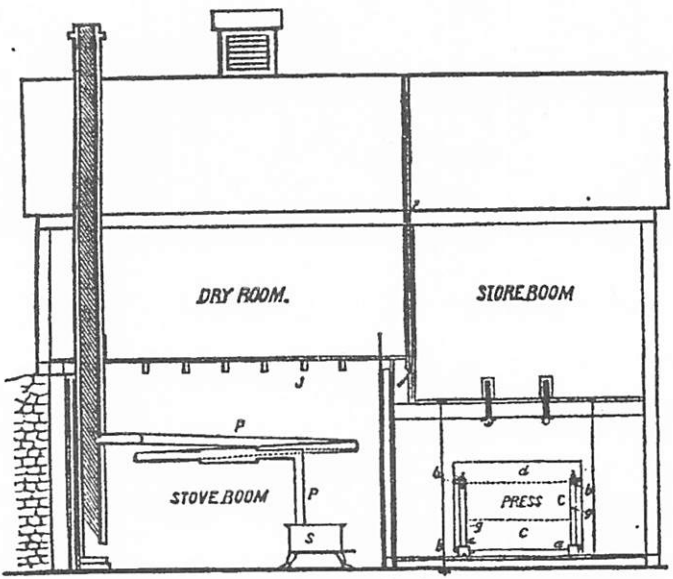

Fig. 17. Section of Hop-House.

Figure 2.: Plans for a Hop House, by E.O.L. [Edwin O. Lee], in Hop Culture: Practical Details, [etc.] (1865): 21, 22.

The best contemporary accounts of nineteenth-century hop culture in Vermont come from Edwin O. Lee ("E. O. L.") of Vernon, and Zuar E. Jameson of Irasburg, published in 1865 in the *American Agriculturalist*. While Jameson's essay gives a better broad account of the methods of putting in a hop yard, soil conditions, and harvesting tips, Lee's essay provides a valuable narrative and diagrams on how to construct an oast or hop house (Fig. 2). The oast was an important structure on the farm or in a community of hops production, since it was the site of drying and packaging or baling the crop. Lee also discussed the difference between Vermont hop culture and other growing regions, and offered insight into the future of the industry.

Jameson's essay gives some evidence of the early decline of Vermont hop culture and touches on some of the environmental pressures that were starting to affect the crop.

> The cut-worm, or grub, will often eat the vine below ground. Its presence is shown by wilting on the leaves. The offender can often be found and killed, and sometimes the vine, when partially severed, will root above the injury and grow. Worms breed in stable manure more than hog manure or leaf mold. Rust affects hops as it does the other cultivated crops. If they are nearly matured when attacked by rust, pick them without delay. Lice very much damaged the crop of 1864; they covered the leaves and stopped the growth.[28]

The following year, Jameson forecast the looming decline.

> Mr. Z. E. Jameson of Irasburg, Vt., writes to the *Country Gentleman* that a field in that town which produced 2000 pounds in 1865 yielded only 200 pounds in 1866. In years past roots were given away. Now they cannot be obtained without difficulty in sufficient quantities to replace the dead hills. The runners which are cut up into sets seem diseased. Whether this state of things is wholly the effect of lice or partially the result of cutting the vine before the hop is fully matured, causing it to bleed and exhaust the root somewhat, I cannot say. There seems to be a prospect that this branch of agriculture will soon become extinct, unless the causes which have proved so detrimental can be removed.[29]

Having a string of difficult growing years created an adverse situation for Vermont farmers to sell their hops. With better growing conditions in other regions, Vermont farmers were unable to increase their selling price to help recover the losses they suffered in the fields. Abundant harvests from Wisconsin, Washington, and New York saturated the market and kept hops prices low in comparison to recent decades.

The final factor in the demise of hop culture in Vermont is found within the culture and laws of the time. The temperance movement had gained such strength in the state that taverns and hotels became dry. In

1852, just as Vermont's hop crop reached the peak of production, Vermont became the second state to adopt prohibition.[30]

The Hop Culture in Vermont

The hop harvest was an important time in both the yearly agricultural production cycle and in social culture (See Fig. 3). Through different accounts, we learn that the harvest period was both romanticized as, and was in fact, a celebratory time. In an account published in the April 1867 issue of the *New England Farmer,* "J.R." from Concord, Massachusetts, fondly wrote:

> I have some pleasant recollections of the old-time hop-pickings, when we used to eat the luscious watermelons and roasted corn in the evenings at the hop-kilns, and when the buxom daughters of the farmers, with their gloves and sun-bonnets stood at the bins day after day through the hop harvest, and when the bag, with a hoop at the mouth was suspended under the trap door in the slatted floor of the kiln, and the dried hops were pushed into it with a rake, and the smallest boy jumped into the bag to tread them down, and had to tread for dear life to keep on top of them, and prevent being smothered by them. They were pleasant days, which will never come again to me at least.[31]

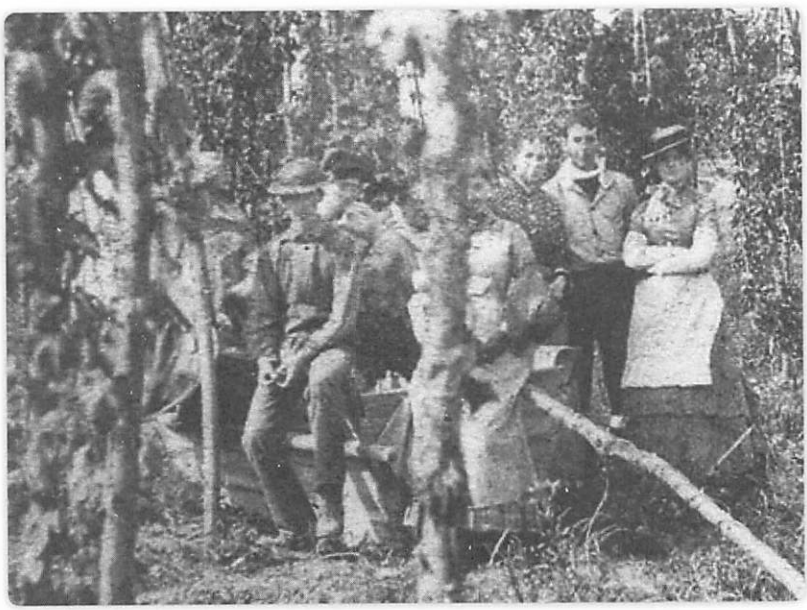

Figure 3.: Hop pickers, detail of Figure 1.

Similar accounts published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* as well as other agricultural trade journals referenced everything from social gatherings to whole towns celebrating. In Vermont, the published account of Edwin O. Lee stated that the "Hop-harvest generally begins here during the last week in August. We employ women at thirty to fifty cents per day."[32] A hand-written account of the hops harvest exists in the Brewer-Mathews family papers at the Vermont Historical Society. In a letter dated August 7, 1864, from Tunbridge, Jane Hartshorn wrote to her cousin Henrietta Mathews, "I spoke with Mr. Rowell about your picking hops. He would be glad to have you pick. They expect to commence by the 22nd [August] certainly. They are going to pick by the box. They will give 50 cents a box and certainly board them. Be sure and come if you can."[33] A second account by Elmira Streeter Laundry of Concord Corners, Vermont, reminisced, "We got paid fifty cents a box and our board and room for picking hops."[34] Some farmers paid a flat wage while others paid by the box harvested. Also in the Brewer-Mathews papers is a letter from Bethel, Vermont, dated August 1864, in which Mollie Burnet wrote, "I look up at the end of each line to see if any one is after me. I expect a man after me to pick hops. I have picked for seven days and going to three more."[35] The best record of a Vermont hops harvest is Tennie Gaskill Toussaint's article, "Hop-raising in Vermont," published in the Autumn 1952 issue of *Vermont Life*, in which Toussaint shared the oral history of Elmira Streeter Laundry, a "hop-girl" or hop harvester from 1885-1890.[36] Laundry gives an account of not just the tiring task of the hop harvesting, but also of the camaraderie that was shared within the hop fields of Bill Darling, who by 1890 was one of the last hop producers in Vermont, and the importance of the harvest within her town.

Following the harvest stage, the hops had to be prepared for market. A Massachusetts law passed in 1806 established the first regulations for hop quality.[37] In Vermont, county hop inspectors were appointed through an act of the General Assembly passed October 29, 1831, and in 1852 the legislature appointed an Inspector General of Hops to inspect and establish a quality control of the crop. There were strict laws on the preparation, drying (ten days minimum before packing), and the packing of hops. The inspectors graded the hops either First Sort, Second Sort, or Refuse. The position of Inspector General of Hops was short lived, with no references to it found after the peak of hops production in 1860.

Beers and Brewers

Another difficulty of cultivating hops is that the crop has only one primary use: as the key ingredient in beer production. Hops have natu-

ral preservative qualities and are added to beer to enhance the stability of the finished product. Because there were only a handful of breweries in Vermont from the late eighteenth century to the later part of the last century, the local market for the crop was limited. The earliest brewery in Vermont was located in Middlebury, and though of notable size, it produced only porter ale in 1792.[38] Daniel Staniford established a commercial brewery in Burlington around the year 1800. The joint brewery and distillery was located near the northeast corner of Pearl Street and present-day Winooski Avenue. It produced "beer, ale, and porter, and manufactured other fluids which even the phlegmatic votary of lager cannot claim as non-intoxicating."[39] A second account states that the David Tuttle Tavern "on the west side of S. Main St. on Gouger's Hill" was also a brewery in 1799.[40] Other breweries and distilleries quickly arose around Burlington and the state. Shortly after Staniford started his brewing operations, further down at the head of Pearl Street, another company emerged, Loomis & Bradley, though it is uncertain how long their operation lasted.

Another brewery was started by Samuel Hickok on the west side of Champlain Street in Burlington. The starting date of the brewery is unknown, and it burned down around 1837. George Peterson rebuilt it and produced ale at around 1,500 barrels (50,000 gallons) a year, starting the longest-running brewing operation of the nineteenth century.[41] Peterson's son Benjamin was the main brewer in the 1860s and had a notable run-in with the court system. In a case decided in the January 1869 term of the Vermont Supreme Court, the *State of Vermont v. Benjamin Peterson*, Peterson was charged with the illegal production of strong beer consumed within the state. A key witness in the case went on record claiming it was an intoxicating sour and very bitter beer. A later bottle from the short-lived Bellows Falls Brewing Company shows how brewers circumvented Vermont's prohibition law. While the Bellows Falls Brewing Company in nearby Walpole, New Hampshire, brewed the "Duplex Ale," William Miller in Montpelier, Vermont, bottled it and labeled it "expressly for export," that is, to be sold outside of the state.

George Peterson's brewing operation continued until late 1870 or early 1871, when Ammi F. Stone, a retired lawyer and merchant from Charlotte, took over the Burlington Brewery, as it was known, along with his son, William. They carried on the operation for nearly a decade, brewing around 3,000 barrels (100,000 gallons) until 1879. By 1880, William Stone had moved the brewing operation to Albany, N.Y., "on account to the stringency of Vermont's prohibition law."[42] He then turned the Vermont operation into a successful bottling company of mineral and soda water.

In the 1850 manufacturing census of Vermont, Peterson was the only listed brewer in the state. He produced 500 barrels of beer in 1850, using 2,000 pounds of hops.[43] While local histories (such as those of Quechee and Hartland) claim that there was a brewery whose certain location was replaced with a church or meeting house, these stories require further investigation. Other Vermont brewers in the nineteenth century were Henry Frenier (Barre, 1893), William Savery Warder (Burlington, 1816?), Samuel B. Doty (Morrisville, 1893), Charles M. Blake (Rockingham, 1875-1879), and George J. Burnham (1893).[44]

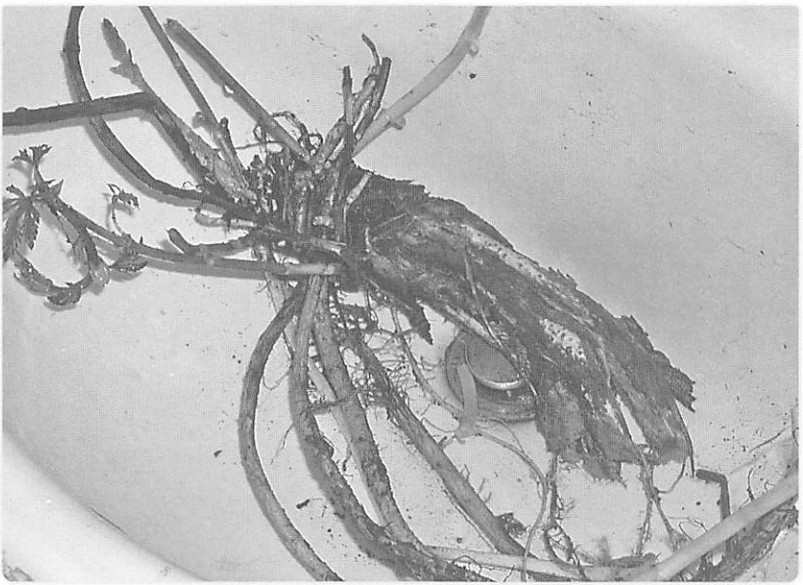

Figure 4.: A massive hop rhizome recovered from an area in Tunbridge, Vermont, that was a nineteenth-century farm producing hops among other crops. The rhizome has since been replanted and is thriving. Photo courtesy of Scott Russell.

The history of hops in Vermont is not only a history of an agricultural crop, but also a cross section of social and cultural history. In the time that has passed since hops first appeared in Vermont, this delicate and volatile crop and its entire infrastructure has disappeared. The only evidence left of the nineteenth-century boom are wild hops found growing in areas where the crop once flourished. Examples include the hop rhizome I found in spring of 2011 with Scott Russell of Royalton on the

location of a nineteenth-century hop farm in Tunbridge (Fig. 4), and a long-forgotten barrel full of hops, found in Windsor County.

The confluence of temperance, westward expansion, and agricultural challenges, each an important theme in our nation's history, resulted in the disappearance of hops in the state. Today, as a result of the current resurgence in craft brewing and the development of the localvore movement in Vermont, hop production has returned to the state. With the interest and passion for small-scale farming rekindled in the state of Vermont, its history with hops will not end just yet.

Notes

[1]Ariel Hunton, "Hydepark, Lamoille County, Nov. 20, 1852," *The Plough, The Loom, The Anvil,* 5:6 (December 1852): 364. I would like to thank the Vermont Historical Society for selecting me for their 2010 Weston A. Cate, Jr. Fellowship to support my research; Thomas Visser and Robert McCullough from the Historic Preservation Graduate Program at the University of Vermont; Richard and Pamela Stevenson; Toby Garland; Jonathan Schechtman and Deborah Doyle-Schechtman; the staffs of the Vermont Historical Society library and Special Collections at the Bailey/Howe Library, University of Vermont; Heather Darby and Rosalie Madden at the University of Vermont Extension School; Scott Kerner, Matthey McCarthy, and Wes Hamilton; and Noella Girard.

[2] Thomas Visser, *Field Guide to New England Barns and Farm Buildings* (Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1997), 184.

[3] Heinrich Joh Barth, et. al., *The Hop Atlas: The History and Geography of The Cultivated Plant* (Nuremberg: Joh. Barth & Sohn, 1994), 127.

[4] Samuel Sewall, *The History of Woburn, Middlesex County, Mass., from the Grant of Its Territory to Charlestown, in 1640 to the Year 1860* (Boston: Wiggin and Lunt, 1868), 176.

[5] Hamilton College Rare Book Collection, Document KD2475.H66 A2 1732.

[6] Barth, *The Hop Atlas*, 127.

[7] Howard S. Russell, *A Long Deep Furrow: Three Centuries of Farming in New England* (Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1976; abridged 1982 by Mark Lapping), 165.

[8] Ethel S. Bolton, *Shirley Uplands and Intervales* (Boston: G. E. Littlefield, 1914), 29; *New England Farmer* 8 (1856): 463. Federal Writers Project, *Massachusetts: A Guide to Its Places and People* (Cambridge, Mass.: The Riverside Press, 1937), 433, quoted in Russell, *A Long Deep Furrow*, 166.

[9] See "A list compiled by Gen. Wm. P. Riddle on the New England hop crop totals," in James O. Adams, *Transaction of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, for the Year 1853* (Concord, N.H.: William Butterfield, 1854), 134.

[10] Ibid., 165.

[11] Michael Tomlan, email correspondence with author, September 27, 2010. See Michael A. Tomlan, *Tinged with Gold: Hop Culture in the United States* (Athens, Ga.:University of Georgia Press, 1994).

[12] U. S. Department of Agriculture, "Sixth Census of the United States original returns of the assistant marshals: fourth series: agricultural production by counties: 1840" (Microfilm 625, Reel 2, Bailey/Howe Microforms, University of Vermont, Burlington).

[13] U. S. Department of Agriculture, "Seventh Census of the United States original returns of the assistant marshals: fourth series: agricultural production by counties: 1850"(Microfilm 626, Reel 2, Bailey/Howe Microforms, University of Vermont, Burlington).

[14] Michael Sherman, Gene Sessions, and P. Jeffery Potash, *Freedom and Unity: A History of Vermont* (Barre: Vermont Historical Society, 2004), 234.

[15] U. S. Department of Agriculture, *Eighth Census, Agriculture, Vermont, 1860* (Microfilm 627, Reel 2, Bailey/Howe Microforms, University of Vermont, Burlington).

[16] U. S. Department of Agriculture, *Ninth Census, Agriculture, Vermont, 1870* (Microfilm 628, Reel 2, Bailey/Howe Microforms, University of Vermont, Burlington).

[17] Walter H. Crockett, *Vermont: Its Resources and Opportunities* (Montpelier: General Assembly of the State of Vermont, 1916), 36-37.

[18] E.O.L. [Edwin O. Lee], Prize Essay II [No title], in *Hop Culture: Practical Details, from the Selection and Preparation of the Soil, and Setting and Cultivation of the Plants, to Picking, Drying, Pressing, and Marketing the Crop* (New York: Orange Judd, 1865), 12.

[19] Ibid., 16.

[20] Tom Gregory, *History of Yolo County, California* (Los Angeles. Calif.: The Record Company, 1913), 660-661.

[21] Ibid., 660.

[22] Quoted in Herbert Myrick, *The Hop: Its Culture and Cure, Marketing and Manufacture*, (Springfield, Mass.: Orange Judd Company, 1899), 42-43.

[23] Ibid.

[24] Ariel Hunton, "Hops in Lamoille County," *The Plough, The Loom, The Anvil*, 8: 10 (April 1856): 605.

[25] Henry Mills Alden, ed., "A Glass Of Beer," *Harpers New Monthly Magazine*, 17(June-November, 1885): 666-683.

[26] Unknown Author, *American Agriculturalist*, 52 (1893): 285.

[27] Ibid.

[28] Zuar E. Jameson , Prize Essay VII [No title], in *Hop Culture*, 31.

[29] Samuel Cole, *The New England Farmer*, 1:4 (April 1867): 168.

[30] "Of the Traffic In Intoxicating Drink," Title XXX, Chapter 94, *The General Statutes of the State of Vermont: Passed at the Annual Session of the General Assembly, Commencing October 9, 1862.* (Published by the State of Vermont, 1863), 588.

[31] Cole, *The New England Farmer*, 158.

[32] E.O.L., Prize Essay II, 14.

[33] Brewer-Mathews Family Papers, MSC 210:41. Vermont Historical Society, Barre.

[34] Tennie Gaskill Toussaint, "Hop-Raising in Vermont" *Vermont Life*, 7 (Autumn 1952): 25.

[35] Brewer-Mathews Family Papers, Vermont Historical Society.

[36] Toussaint, "Hop-Raising in Vermont,"24-27.

[37] Barth, *The Hop Atlas*, 139.

[38] William Guthrie, *A New System of Modern Geography* (Philadelphia: Matthew Carey, 1795), 331.

[39] Hamilton Child, *Gazatteer and Business Directory of Chittenden County, Vermont for 1882-83* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Hamilton Child, 1882), 113.

[40] John C. Wriston, *Vermont Inns and Taverns: Pre-Revolution to 1925: An Illustrated and Annotated Checklist* (Rutland, Vt.: Academy Books, 1991), 462.

[41] Child, *Gazetteer of Chittenden County*, 113.

[42] Hon. Hiram Carelton, *Genealogical and Family History of the State of Vermont* (New York: Lewis Publishing Co., 1903), 216-217.

[43] U.S. Department of Agriculture, "Seventh Census of the United States original returns of the assistant marshals: fourth series: manufacturing production by counties: 1850". Microfilm 626, Reel 2. Bailey/Howe Microforms, University of Vermont: Burlington).

[44] Dale Van Wieren, *American Breweries II* (Philadelphia: East Coast Brewiana Association, 1995), 374.

Colleges, Communes & Co-ops in the 1970s: Their Contribution to Vermont's Organic Food Movement.

Excerpts from the 175th Annual Meeting of the Vermont Historical Society, September 21, 2013.

The movements that developed out of the 1960s here in Vermont played an important role in the transformation of Vermont. But more than that, the experiments that go on here, though they may be small scale and affect a fairly small number of people, tend to have an impact that ripples out into the larger world in ways that are quite significant.

By Dan Chodorkoff, Jake Guest, Roz Payne, Roger Fox, Grace Gershuny, Jim Higgins, Liz Guest, Larry Kupferman

Introduction by Jacqueline Calder
Transcribed, edited, and annotated by Michael Sherman

(Editor's note: The text that follows is based closely on the introduction, panel presentations, and audience questions and comments that were part of the 175th annual meeting and fall conference of the Vermont Historical Society, September 21, 2013, in Montpelier, Vermont. Rick McMahon, Orca Media Production of Montpelier, Vermont, videotaped and prepared DVDs of the entire conference. I transcribed the panel presentations and audience comments from the DVDs and edited them to make them accessible to readers, eliminate redundancies and digressions, and provide information in endnotes or in brackets about individuals, institutions, and events that speakers mentioned and that are not common knowledge. The speakers have reviewed, corrected, and in a few places revised the texts slightly to make them more accurate and more accessible to readers and researchers. The complete set of conference videos is available at the Vermont Historical Society; call number: Video C-426.)

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I. Introduction

By Jacqueline Calder, *VHS Museum Curator*

In 2010 I wanted to do a small exhibit for the Vermont History Expo to tell the story of Vermont co-ops. Easier said than done. Most co-ops that still survive in Vermont were founded in the 1970s and many of them hadn't really started to think of themselves in historical terms; so documenting their past wasn't a priority for them. Most depended on their original members when questions came up. So that's who I turned to.

I spoke with Jim Higgins and Craig Neal about the Winooski Valley Co-op in Plainfield and Andrea Serota and Caroline Shapiro about Hunger Mountain Co-op in Montpelier. I learned about the connections between Plainfield and Montpelier but also their relationship with Buffalo Mountain Co-op in Hardwick, Onion River Co-op in Burlington, and the Northeast Kingdom Co-op in Barton. Jim and Craig, both members of communes, made it clear that their involvement with co-ops was part of their community activism.

Leslie Rowell, a volunteer at VHS, also told me about Goddard College, where she was a student in the 1970s, and the Institute for Social Ecology, the influence of Murray Bookchin, and the relationship between consumer co-ops, producer co-ops, and farmers markets during the 1970s. At that point I had to stop and just put together my small exhibit—basically a chronology with brief histories of each co-op.

Leslie and I continued our long conversations, and the lists of people to interview and books to read continued to grow. We talked about possible projects on the topic and how to gather information and documentation. She started to interview people in the greater Hardwick community and picked up a few choice donations for the VHS.

In 2012 Susan Harlow and John Nopper approached VHS to see if we'd be interested in hanging their exhibit, *Plowing Old Ground: Vermont's Original Organic Farming Pioneers*, a combination of John's beautiful black and white photographs and excerpts from the many hours of oral histories Susan did with the farmers. Reading the labels for the exhibit again piqued my interest in the relationship between commune members, food and consumer co-ops, and the Vermont organic food movement in the 1970s. A well-attended opening and ongoing viewer interest in the exhibit also proved that the public also found the topic interesting.

Further research turned up the continually-cited 1970s works of George Burill and James Nolfi at the Center for Food Self-Sufficiency

at the Vermont Institute of Community Involvement (which was the precursor of Burlington College) particularly their study titled *Land, Bread, and History: A Research Report on the Potential for Food Self-sufficiency in Vermont* (1976). George Burrill is the husband of a VHS board member, so his name was familiar to me, but not this early work. When I spoke with him, he shared other studies the institute had done on Vermont farmers markets, vegetarianism, and energy utilization in agriculture. Unfortunately, James Nolfi had died; but I learned that he been a commune member, the co-founder of Earthworks or the Franklin Commune, had taught at UVM but had been fired because of his political activism in the early 1970s, and finished his career at Goddard, where he continued his research on food sustainability.

I talked about these various interconnected subjects to anyone who would listen and said I hoped VHS would do an exhibit and other public programs on the topic in the future. When the VHS Public Programs Coordinator Amanda Guskin, Executive Director Mark Hudson, and I discussed a topic for annual meeting, we decided on *Colleges, Communes, and Co-ops*. Luckily, Vermont just happens to have a leading scholar on the back to the land movement in America [Dona Brown, Professor of History at the University of Vermont, who gave the keynote address for the conference]; and the other program participants who lived and participated in the movement during the 1970s were gracious enough to agree to share their stories.

Much of the original material that documents this era still remains to be collected. Many oral histories as well as written memoirs still need to be done. Some institutions, such as the University of Massachusetts-Amherst, have been collecting materials from members of southern Vermont communes; and I believe the Northeast Organic Farmer's Association (NOFA) has been sending their archives there. Some co-ops have been doing a better job with archives, and private collectors have saved important materials. VHS has some materials but would be thrilled to accept more. Much of what was created was ephemeral, such as candid photographs, mimeographed newspapers and flyers, and the graphically strong silkscreen posters, banners, and tee shirts used in protests or to advertise. Please spread the word about the importance of saving these materials so we can use them to tell the stories of this important era in Vermont's history.

II. Panel Presentations

Colleges and Communes

Dan Chodorkoff

This is an important gathering, because to my mind the movements that developed out of the 1960s here in Vermont played an important role in the transformation of Vermont. It was a very different place when I moved here in 1967. But I think more than that, Vermont has served as an outpost of experimentation and has shown the way and continues to show the way to a lot of the rest of the country. So the experiments that go on here, though they may be small scale and affect a fairly small number of people, tend to have an impact that ripples out into the larger world in ways that are quite significant.

In 1967 I was an undergraduate at Goddard College in Plainfield, which was a pretty wild place in those days. It was one of the centers of the counter culture, at least on the east coast. In fact, I remember seeing a famous poster that showed the counter culture outposts on a map of the United States. And there was New York, and there was San Francisco, and Berkeley, and Plainfield, Vermont.

Vermont was going through a lot of changes at that point. It had just [re-]elected its first Democratic governor that year or the next year.[1] Vermont was a place that attracted a lot of young people looking for alternatives. There was a famous article that ran in *Playboy Magazine* about how all the hippies should move to Vermont and take the state over.[2] So there was a lot of activity and there was a lot of activity around Goddard and Plainfield.

The '60s, of course, was also a time of very profound political change, and that was what I was caught up in. I had been an anti-war activist in high school. When I came to Vermont, Goddard was seething with anti-war activity. We had a very active SDS [Students for a Democratic Society] chapter there; a little later in the '60s there was a big Weatherman presence. I was involved in all of that. And then, in the late '60s, after my experience with the dissolution of SDS, I became disillusioned with a Marxist approach to politics, started reading about anarchism, and met a man by the name of Murray Bookchin, who had just moved to Burlington. Murray was a philosopher and social theorist. I asked him to come to Goddard and work there—I was a graduate student at that time at Goddard and had a teaching

fellowship. A position opened up, I brought Murray in to fill the position, and we started collaborating. And then in 1974 we began something called the Institute for Social Ecology at Goddard College.[3]

The idea behind the Institute was to create an alternative school that focused specifically on ideas related to radical change: radical democracy, direct democracy, decentralization, and ecological approaches to energy production and food production. We started offering courses, initially through a summer program at Goddard that studied topics such as organic agriculture, solar energy, wind power, and aquaculture. These were practical, pragmatic applications of the ideas that we were concerned with.

We were concerned with them not simply because they were ecologically sound, but because we saw that they had the potential to create a material basis for decentralized democratic society. And that was really our motivation. This was 1974; people thought we were crazy. The standard response was "solar energy: that can't happen for Vermont; that will never work; wind power doesn't work; you could never feed the world with organic agriculture." There was a lot of skepticism, but obviously the ideas had some staying power.

It's rather ironic for me to see that what began as a social movement has become an industry. It speaks to me about the power of capitalism to co-opt even the most radical ideas, if there is any economic benefit to be gained.

At the same time, I would say that many of those concepts—and we see this especially in the food realm, around the ideas of food justice and local self reliance, localvore movements, etc.—really do have very radical potential still to help transform some of the larger patterns of our society, not in and of themselves, but as part of a social movement that sees the creation of that material basis for self reliance as an important part of a larger process of political change. That's where I was coming from in the '70s; it's where I'm still coming from.

Obviously, many elements of those approaches we were looking at—such as solar energy and wind power—have become corporatized and industrialized; and one can argue that as a result they haven't actualized the full potential that those technologies have to act in a liberating way. But they're certainly still better than coal-fired electrical generators, nuclear plants, or any of the more traditional means of generating energy.

The same can be said for the organic food movement in Vermont at that time. We had a very idealistic vision when we began that organic farms would somehow be part of the "moral economy"—a larger economic shift in which communities would control their own resources

and people would have the ability to directly involve themselves in decisions that affect their lives in basic ways. That full potential, I think, has not been realized. At the same time, many people have been able to learn the skills and take the techniques of organic agriculture and earn a living for themselves in a way that is perhaps more in tune with the kinds of ethics that we were putting forward in social ecology than they are with more traditional kinds of capitalist ethics.

I don't want to overstate the role of the Institute in all of this, but we did work with thousands of students from all around the world. Next year [2014] will be our fortieth year of existence. We still offer a combination of formal degree programs and different forms of popular education. We devoted a lot of energy last year working with the "Occupy" movement in New York and other areas. We're still connected with a movement that's out there—perhaps not as visible as it was in the '60s, but still exists—that has a vision of an ecological society and tries to consider the ways in which we need to transform what is to what should be and what could be.

I'm an anthropologist and part of my background is the study of utopian societies. This is interesting to me because obviously utopia doesn't exist, so how can you study something that doesn't exist. Well, you can study various social movements that have oriented themselves toward a utopian framework. I know that that's a strange concept, that "utopia" is used today as a dismissive [word]: it's impossible, it's cloud cuckoo land, or it's something negative where an individual is forcing his or her vision on everyone else. And certainly there are elements of those tendencies in the utopian tradition; but the term was coined by Sir Thomas More in 1516. He was a punster. He claimed that the word had two roots, both from the ancient Greek: The first from the words *ou topos*, which means "no place"; and second from the words *eu topos*, which means "good place." Those are two conflicting visions of utopia—utopia as cloud cuckoo land and utopia as rooted in existing potentialities that might improve our lives. It's in that second sense that I've been concerned with utopia and that the Institute was concerned with utopia.

As I said, we worked with thousands of students around the world, many of whom chose to settle here in Vermont and went on to work in alternative technology and food production. For example, Food Works, in Montpelier began as a project at the Institute for Social Ecology.[4] Our students have started organic farms and organic seed companies. Grace Gershuny, who will be on the panel this afternoon, one of the founders of NOFA [Northeast Organic Farmers Association], worked with us for many years. Joey Klein[5] was a student of ours, though he

was certainly an accomplished farmer before he ever set foot in one of our programs, and I learned a lot from working with Joey. There are many others I could mention as well. So you may not have heard of the Institute, but we've been here for a long time and I like to think that we've had an influence.

Jake Guest

I was introduced as a founder [of The Wooden Shoe Commune]—there was no founder. You don't found communes. The Wooden Shoe was located in New Hampshire, not in Vermont; it started at Dartmouth College. It started with anti-war activity there.

I had been a very unsuccessful student at Dartmouth a couple of different times. I got kicked out once, went into the Army, came back, got kicked out again for spending too much time in politics. I was actually working for Dartmouth College when the anti-war activity at Dartmouth came to a head with an anti-ROTC campaign that really consumed the whole campus and several of us. There was an SDS chapter at Dartmouth that was a fantastic organization. It turned nasty later but at first it was great: The brightest and best were there and they really were committed. We wanted to get ROTC out of Dartmouth. We tried and tried; we had meetings and eventually we took over the administration building and we found out what an injunction is. We were split up and dragged off to eighteen different jails in the state of New Hampshire at midnight by a sheriff, H. Ash—"Sheriff Hash"—and they threw us all in jail. There was a lot of adrenalin and a lot of excitement and we finally got out of jail thirty days later and came back into Hanover and didn't know what to do. I was from Hanover, so I rented a house in Hartland, Vermont, and a whole bunch of us moved into this house; and that was the beginning.

We had great political aspirations. We had a printing press, and it was called The Wooden Shoe Press, because the guy who gave us this press was an anarchist—the wooden shoe comes from the nineteenth-century workers who threw their wooden shoes into the machinery—sabots, sabotage, etc. We had this idea that we would print political and anti-war material and that we would be a refuge for the brothers and sisters who were struggling in the cities. We all moved into a house and very rapidly realized that we had to live together and became consumed with the minutiae of roles, and money, and sexual relationships, and priorities. Some people left; but a bunch of us stayed through the very hard winter of 1969-70. And we decided that we wanted to keep living together.

Right off the bat we decided to pool all our money; we took turns with all of the chores; we shared cooking; we shared all the different chores we had to do. We didn't have any jobs, so we set up—actually I set this up—the Wooden Shoe Labor Force. We put ads in the *Valley News*, hired ourselves out for odd jobs, and got a lot of response. People called up, especially from the Hanover area, and we would jump in our Volkswagen bus and show up at somebody's house—six hippies, or whatever we thought we were (we didn't think we were hippies; we thought that we were radicals). We did all kinds of odd jobs. And it was very popular. We got a lot of work.

After we decided we wanted to live together we sent out search parties all over Vermont and New Hampshire looking for land. We found a beat up, totally abandoned farmhouse at the end of Abbott Road in Canaan, New Hampshire. I got my parents, who lived in Hanover (my father was a professor at Dartmouth), to loan us $10,000 and we bought this ten-acre farm and began in March to move piecemeal out to this shell of a house. There were about twelve of us at that time; people came, people went. We had one child that was born just about the time that we moved out there.

We had ten acres of abandoned farm and house, no running water, no phone, no electricity, ten to twenty people, no central heat, no windows, not much of a roof, a fallen down barn, no farming experience, no building experience, and no jobs. But we had this Wooden Shoe Labor Force thing going, and right off the bat we kept doing this. We found neighbors who we did some work for, and then we got to use their telephone in the sense that we would put an ad in the paper, people would call the Browns' house, we would walk down to the Browns' house to get the messages and call the people back. It was really a wonderful experience and it had many ramifications. A typical person who would employ us would be a widow in her late seventies who lived in a great big farm house that she didn't want to leave and was determined to die there; but she had nobody to change the storm windows, nobody to rake the yard, nobody to fix the broken steps, nobody to fix the roof, nobody to bring the wood in, and no way of getting anybody. There weren't many people with pickup trucks back then who drove around saying that they did odd jobs. We would come in with a crew of eight people—well educated, articulate, ex-Dartmouth students. What you learn at a place like Dartmouth is how to be socially adept at being nice and paying attention to people. So we would have these really good relationships; we would end up being invited to tea and long talks about family. We had a couple of places where they gave us all the husband's tools.

One of the jobs we did was for the chief of police, Ernie Smith. Right

off, he took a liking to us, so he was always in our corner for the rest of the six or seven years we were there.

We raised almost all our own food. We used to joke about how long we could stay there if the world came to an end, and we figured out that we could stay there for at least a month or so, without any contact. We did buy things like brown rice and cigarettes—we all smoked cigarettes back then. But we had a really interesting relationship with our neighbors, unlike a lot of communes. In the town of Canaan, people would say, you got those god-damned hippies up on the hill there, and people would say, "Well, they're our hippies." It was great; they would say all kinds of bad things about hippies, but not about "our hippies."

We learned a lot. We learned about canning; we had our own animals; we grew all our own vegetables; we grew all our own meat—we had chickens and cows; we made our own cheese. We shared all our money. We had a common fund: Any money we earned from these jobs would go in the common fund—a cash fund. We had no bank account. We had a medical fund—10 percent of all our income. It paid for any medical expenses we had, including births, of which there were a couple. And we shared all the work. Two people each day would take care of the kids, and they, not the parents of the kids, would take care of the kids. That caused tension later on. Later on, when I had my own kids, I knew how to change diapers; I knew what rashes were all about.

Each week we had a meeting that would last usually all day long and would include everything from who's going to milk the cows to sexual conflict—what's going on between these three people over here. We'd talk about other peoples' sex life as though it was everybody's business—and it was. We all lived together, we had no walls. But we tried—we really tried—to break down roles and stereotypes. The roofing crew was run by a woman; in a lot of the work we shared there was no differentiation.

It lasted for five or six years and eventually people drifted away. A lot of people came and went. We were open to anybody, but we were very quick to throw people out who, for instance, were just there to get high—that was out—or wanted us to buy explosives so they could blow up the cities. Anybody who didn't fully accept the rules we had we got rid of, but we were pretty open to people coming in. I'm proud to say that most of the people who left took away a lot more than they brought. A lot of people went on to do what I call "moral work": teaching school in the Bronx; running a senior center; organic farming—I'm a farmer, that's a moral occupation, I don't have to be ashamed of that.

To me it was a wonderful experience; I don't regret any of it; I think it made me a better person; and I can sit through a meeting—any kind

of meeting. You know, people will say "this meeting has gone on too long" and I'll say, "you've got to be kidding; we've only been here about four hours." It was a wonderful experience; I don't regret it; and I'm happy it happened.

Roz Payne

I knew my commune people before I came to Vermont, because I was in a film group in New York in 1967, called News World. We were making political films about everything that was happening in the United States: the Vietnam War; we made the first women's films; demonstrations at the Miss America pageant. There were about fifty of us in the group; and to be a film maker, you had to have money, because you had to have film and you had to have a camera. So we had a lot of wealthy people in our group who could pay rent on a space. I had been teaching elementary school in New Jersey and was looking at apartments [in New York City] and saw this sign that said "For Rent." I went up and this young man was saying, "I have to leave right now; I'm going to France; I'm going to work with [Jean-Luc] Godard on a film and I'm leaving everything. If you want it, you can have it." So he left this whole jar with money—change; he also left two cameras there. I decided that I did not want a fifth-floor walk-up, so I took the cameras and left. He had already left. As I walked down the street I met Marvin Fishman, who now lives in Charlotte.[6] He looked at me with this camera and said, "There's a meeting happening right now, right across the street. It's the first meeting of a newsreel film collective, so you've got to get over there." We crossed the street and encountered Melvin Margolis, who was also going to the meeting and urged me to go. So I walked into this room and there were about as many people as there are in this room. I saw the most beautiful people I'd ever seen in my life. They all seemed like they were my people. I wanted to hang out with them; I wanted to be with them. And that was the first meeting of New York Newsreel, which opened up groups in San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Boston, and Chicago. We had lots of newsreel groups making films of whatever was happening radically in the United States and in their neighborhoods.[7]

I quit teaching elementary school. [Later] I taught college, which I loved. I like teaching radical history of the United States, unfinished revolution, racism. I found my thing and I've been doing that forever. I really love it.

I came out of a very radical group of people. My mother was Jewish Polish; my father was Italian Catholic. Both of them were atheists, I might add. In my school, there were a lot of Jewish kids, a lot of Catho-

lic kids, and a lot of Baptist kids. So I used to go wherever the kids went. I liked the arts and crafts programs after the religious part of it and I had this very large, diverse group of friends. My parents were always active in civil rights things; they were always on picket lines and demonstrations. My mother in 1934 got arrested in Lawrence, Massachusetts, for participating in the textile workers strike. And she ended up spending almost a year in jail for leading that strike.[8]

So I grew up being a radical person. I didn't have any choice. I grew up in Los Angeles, I went to UCLA, I hung out at Venice Beach, I married Arnold Payne, who got a job teaching in the East, at Brooklyn College; and that's how I came east.

After I quit my teaching job, I began working in the Newsreel office. All the films were around me; and I made copies after I left of everything, so I have the total selection of all the Newsreel films.[9]

I was working in Newsreel and I met John Douglas, Jane Kramer, and Robert Kramer. John had a house in Putney, Vermont—"Red Clover." Our commune was called "Green Mountain Red." There were piles of communes in those days and once a year we would have commune reunions. For example, at the Franklin [Vermont] Commune, we all gathered when they were going to pick animal feed corn. It was hilarious. They gave us bags to put on to pick the corn. All the community in Franklin was along the road looking at us. We went up and down the rows picking corn and throwing them into the bags. These people are still my friends. I stay at their houses when I travel. We still have reunions. We didn't all agree.

Now I live in Richmond, Vermont. My best friends are Jane Kramer and John Douglas, whose commune we lived in, in Putney. We are like family. We are like these ex-political people—we're still political.

Roger Fox

I have a different story than these folks, but still associated with communes and to some extent with agriculture. A few of my old friends who had some involvement in the early days observed to me that anybody here who provides a detailed account of their experiences in the 1960s and '70s may not be considered a reliable witness. So at some risk, I will attempt to provide some details of what I was doing during that time.

Unlike these other people, I got politically engaged and radicalized when I was in college and shortly after I got out of college. It wasn't something that I grew up with—it just happened. I think it had a fair amount to do with the Vietnam era; and one of the things that has

struck me is how difficult it must be for a younger person in our society these days to understand what it was like to be a young male during the Vietnam era, when you could get snatched out of whatever you were doing and sent to the army and sent to wherever, inside of a relatively short period of time, and there were only limited options that you had at that point.

I graduated from college, I presumably would have been classified as 1-A. The only deferrable job I could find at that time was working on the Apollo program at the Kennedy Space Center. That didn't involve making weapons of mass destruction; so I tried doing that. I got the deferment for that job, went down to Florida, couldn't stand it, came back to Boston, and got a job. I had to lower my moral concerns somewhat and got a job working on inertial guidance systems for ballistic missiles that, I rationalized, were never going to get used. Fortunately, I was right.

I was sharing an apartment with a fellow who had lived in the same dorm as me at college who was more politically aware than I was at that point. In late 1969 and early 1970 there was a significant amount of social unrest going on in the Northeast. We went to the riots in Harvard Square in 1970; got tear gassed; took a trip down to New Haven; got tear gassed there. Fortunately, we weren't throwing bricks at plate-glass windows, but it was an interesting time and a disconcerting time in urban society at that point.

[My friend] happened to have a former girl friend that he was on good terms with who was going to Goddard, of all places. And she told him there's cheap land in the Northeast Kingdom. My vague recollection of that era is that Vermont was the place to go if you wanted to drop out and try doing something more utopian. It wasn't as though there weren't any other states to consider; that's just how it was done. And it may have to do with some of the influences that have already been mentioned here. But for us, it was just kind of "in the air" that Vermont was the place to go.

We decided that we were going to stop doing the work that we were doing at high-tech facilities outside of Boston and form a group, which I guess you could call a commune—we weren't specifically thinking about forming a commune, just doing a group effort to learn how to be self sufficient in terms of providing shelter and food for ourselves. I'd never been to Vermont before, but I'd gone to a summer camp at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, and I'd also gone to a camp on the west side of Lake George, at Bolton Landing, interestingly called "Camp Walden." So when we ran across this piece of land in Walden, Vermont, it seemed like it was cosmic.

The person who brought this piece of land to our attention was a friend of the former girl friend who was going to Goddard, whose name is Hope Alswang—she used to be the director of the Shelburne Museum and is now the director of the Norton Museum of Art in West Palm Beach, Florida. But at that time, she was living in an old farm house on a dead end road in Cabot. She happened to see this notice that was posted on the window of the Cabot General Store about this piece of land that was for sale in Walden, mentioned it to us, and we ended up buying it.

We knew nothing about owning land, and we knew nothing about owning land in the Northeast Kingdom, and we knew nothing about owning a piece of land that was at about 1,800 feet of elevation in the Northeast Kingdom, and had a pretty high water table. What we saw was 80 acres for $6,500.

Three of us were involved financially in this project: my apartment mate and myself both had decent paying engineering jobs, so we had some money; and he had a friend who was a chemist in a yeast factory in Passaic, New Jersey, who also had some spare money. So we bought the piece of land between the three of us and then we proceeded to try to assemble a sort of collaborative, if I can call it that, or commune, of people who were interested in learning how to build a house and grow some vegetables and work the land.

That was in the fall of 1970. We were crashing at a house that some college friends of ours were renting in Newton, Massachusetts, the next spring, and there was a fellow who was running a custom photo processing lab in the laundry room in the basement of this place, who decided that he was interested in coming along and joining us for the adventure. His name is Brian Henehan, and he later turned out to be the founder of Vermont Northern Growers Co-op [in East Hardwick].

A lot of this reminds me of the "butterfly effect" that is mentioned in meteorology, which is: one thing happens in one place and ends up creating unpredictable but significant effects somewhere else. It's interesting to me about some of the people we ran into who subsequently have had some notable impact on northern Vermont society or agricultural efforts.

I don't remember exactly how this happened, but we also ran into a couple of women who had just graduated from Wellesley and a friend of theirs who came along with us; so we had this gender-balanced group of six people who formed this work commune. We moved to Walden in the spring of 1971. Many years later I found that the winter of 1970-71 had one of the highest snowfalls in Vermont's recorded history, so it was nearly summer before we could finally set foot on our land, and we pro-

ceeded to find out some of the things we had come to find out about. We had a lot of friends who were still involved in the technical/professional area down in Boston who used to come visit us on weekends. On the Fourth of July holiday, we had two dozen people who came up from Boston to hang out and help us swing hammers and just have a good time in the country. So there was still a lot of interest in the city at that time about what people were doing along the lines of what we were doing in the country.

We got the house more or less closed in and everybody but me bailed out. That was the end of that commune. I stayed there part of the winter; hitchhiked down to visit my parents on Long Island [N.Y.]; and got picked up by a guy on I-95 in New Haven. His name was Michael Levine. He'd never been to Vermont. He was finishing his senior year at the University of Pennsylvania and came up to visit us the next summer.[10] And that's just another example of somebody you just come across and they end up becoming a member of the local community.

One of the things I did during that winter of isolation was to put ads in magazines like *Mother Earth News* advertising for people to come join a commune in rural Vermont. The aftermath of that initiative was finding out more about what Jake Guest mentioned about the challenges of trying to actually share a living space with other people.[11] I still have the collection of what I call "The Apocalypse Farms Letters," people who responded to those ads. The one I remember specifically was somebody who wrote about how they wanted to move to Vermont, plant winter rye, and live the good life. They were pretty uniformly naïve. Then there were the ones who were the fans of H. P. Lovecraft, who wanted to go out and shoot squirrels. It was a surreal experience.

We tried continuing the commune concept for the second summer, but it really didn't take and at that I point I was in a relationship with one of the people I'd met through that process and it seemed less compelling to us to be trying to live in a communal environment. So things wound down in terms of the communal aspect of it.

One of the experiences I had in doing this project, which was very formative for me, had to do with obtaining electric service. We happened to have plunked ourselves down in a town that was served by Washington Electric Co-op, and when we inquired about getting electricity in the spring of 1971, we were told what we had to do in order to qualify to do that. Back then, they were still willing to hook you up almost regardless of how far you were from the system. That changed about two years later, when too many people were taking advantage of that in Vermont and it was threatening to create suburban sprawl. But I was intrigued by the concept of a co-operative that provided electricity,

and the rest of that is history. A couple of years after that I started getting involved with Washington Electric Co-op politically, and for the last twenty-two years I've been on the board of directors. Whereas that's not directly related to agriculture, certainly a community initiative to provide electricity to agricultural operations in Vermont was an essential element in maintaining the economic sustainability of the agriculture infrastructure, and I'm pleased and I'm not surprised that was a direction that I was drawn to, given my technical background.

I want to mention something about some of the food co-ops that we got involved in during our early days. The first one that I recall was a pre-order co-op, which I think may have been called The Passumpsic Food Co-op. One of the facilitators of that effort was a woman named Marge Hoyt, from Passumpsic. That was an offshoot of an outfit that I think was called the Ompompanoosic Co-op. These were pre-order co-ops, in which people would be given an order list and would specify how much of what products they wanted to get on a monthly basis, or it could have been twice a month. Volunteers would assemble all that information into a bulk order, which they would get from I don't recall where, although if Erewhon was in existence back then, it could have been from them.[12] But there were other suppliers of "natural foods" in bulk that supplied these various co-ops. Then we switched over to the Plainfield Pre-order Co-op, which got organized subsequently to that. I remember sticking with the Plainfield Co-op for a while after the Buffalo Mountain Co-op got organized in Hardwick [1975], because the idea of having a storefront food co-op just seemed too new-fangled and radical to us. But eventually we caved in and got involved with them.

It was an interesting experience and I've continued to do work on the side supporting agricultural efforts in Vermont as a graphic artist and as somebody who is involved in policy formulation.

Colleges and Communes: Question period

Bill Doyle: Would you comment on the impact of Tim Pitkin, president of Goddard College, and the impact of Goddard College on the surrounding area of Washington County.

Chodorkoff: Tim [Royce S. Pitkin] was the founding president.[13] He was a local Marshfield boy who went off to Columbia University, studied with William Heard Kilpatrick and indirectly—and maybe directly—with John Dewey, and became an advocate of Dewey's philosophy of progressive education. He took over the Barre Seminary in 1935, turned it into Goddard College, moved it to Plainfield, and based the whole educational approach on Dewey's philosophy in a pretty rigorous way.

Dewey's progressivism revolved around a combination of student-centered inquiry, where students identified for themselves what it was they wanted to study and how they might go about studying it with the help of a faculty member who provided resources and a degree of guidance. In Dewey there is a tension between this very strong individualism and the individual on the one hand, and community on the other hand, so that Goddard was founded, for example, on the basis of a community meeting, modeled on the Vermont town meeting as its basic form of governance. And Goddard had a work program where all students were expected to work for four hours a week at something that benefitted the larger college community. Goddard over the years attracted a lot of very progressive people to Vermont, some of whom stayed, and certainly had a big influence on both the social milieu and the sensibility of the times. We saw this particularly in the 1960s when Goddard was a center for "counter culture" and radical experimentation.

I think Goddard also had an impact on the politics of Vermont. A lot of Goddard people got involved in state administration and state politics; and arguably, a lot of the success of the Democratic Party in Vermont can be traced back to Goddard.

Jay Moore: It's important to come to the realization that this history is still happening. There is a new wave of "back to the landers" thirty-somethings. I know this because my wife and I run a bed and breakfast on what was an old '60s commune, "Pie in the Sky Commune" in Marshfield, and their parents come here to check up on them and stay at our bed and breakfast. Also, there are still some ongoing communes, like Quarry Hill in Rochester, and New Hamburger, where my wife and I met, in Plainfield. But there are new communes, too: in Marshfield, there is Neruda, which has been around for just a couple of years and is named after Pablo Neruda, the great Chilean communist poet.[14] So this kind of history is continuing here in Vermont. We have Occupy Wall Street in Vermont that I'm involved with through the local chapter in the Barre-Montpelier area. There's "Rising Tide," which is a more youthful organization doing direct action to try to stop global warming.[15] When I went down to Wall Street to Zuccotti Park last year [2011] to check that scene out, who did I run into but some other Vermonters, including a guy who grew up in St. Johnsbury, who was the tactician for the street actions at Zuccotti Park. The heritage is a very outstanding one and it's an ongoing history; it's not by any means a closed book.

Comment: I wanted to thank Roz for the work she did on the Black Panthers, which was credited in the series, *Eyes on the Prize*.[16]

Payne: I went after the FBI agents that went after the Panthers. I got

UVM to invite one of them up because I wanted to get into his head. He gave his lecture, and we put him up in a hotel. I brought in John Douglas and we talked with him for hours and hours. He was so happy that we were interested in him and what he considered his great work in destroying the Black Panther Party. I made a DVD with another FBI agent and did a similar thing with him; but I went to his house in Oakland and did another three-hour interview. I've been making these DVDs so that people can see them, and if anybody's interested, just let me know. It's distributed by AK Press in San Francisco, but I have copies of everything. I love doing this sneaky stuff because I grew up with FBI agents following my mother and my life was miserable as a kid and I feel like this is my pay back, even though I liked both of these FBI agents a lot. They were nice people.

Comment: I just wanted to speak briefly about the scene in Southern Vermont. I came to Marlboro College in January of 1968 and it was 25 below zero and there was three or four feet of snow—it was a great winter. From Marlboro College many people moved into the surrounding communities and met the tide of young people who were just coming into the Brattleboro area because they had a friend there, and their friends would have friends. People weren't necessarily forming formal communes as much as they were gathering in cheap households to be able to share expenses and flow back and forth very easily. The village of Williamsville, for example, just north of Brattleboro, had half a dozen small households that filled up where people had bought houses cheaply in a falling down village and quickly revitalized the whole place, filled it full of life and artistic activity. There were lots of people who were sort of beat up from the anti-war movement and were looking for an alternative approach to doing something short of heads-on confrontation with the beast and living together and trying to sort out our interpersonal politics and work on some back to the land projects of raising animals and raising food. We even grew grain in the Brattleboro area. There were enough folks around that that kind of synergy sort of kicked in. It was a very exciting period of time. Eventually it dissipated, but I think as it spread out, its influence spread out with it.

Paul Carnahan: I'd like to get the panelists' thoughts on whether there was something about the Vermont ethos that made these movements happen here, or was it simply the economics—that there was a lot of cheap land, so it was accommodating for people getting together to buy a piece of property.

Payne: I think it happened all over the country. You go to New Mexico; you go to certain places in California; you go to Oregon; you go to Washington [State]. It's different in Vermont because the weather is

different and the land is different. I think it was political because most of [the communes in other states] were against the war in Vietnam; they were against the racism in the United States; they were for the things that we were for. So I think it was a common thing that was happening in the United States. Some of them were really poor—the New Mexico people were really poor. Everybody had their limits of what they would do. I'm sure there were Weatherpeople underground who were doing things that I would never do, because I'm too chicken to do probably, or I don't believe in doing it. But it was so diverse. I think that the diversity is what made the whole movement very strong. We weren't all the same people. We weren't in the same landscape, or anything.

Chodorkoff: I think that's true, but I also think there was a confluence of cheap land and something in the Vermont ethos or at least the mythology of the Vermont ethos that attracted people. I lived in a commune in Woodbury and Harry Thompson, who died about three weeks ago [September 3, 2013], was sort of like the patron saint of the hippies—the guy was 98 years old when he died.[17] But Harry had a barn full of antiques and agricultural implements and tools, and any time you needed building supplies, whatever you needed, you could go see Harry and he'd help you out. At the same time in Plainfield, there were a couple of people who went up on the railroad bed where some hippies were living and burned them out, so I think the ethos cut both ways. But the mythology certainly was that Vermont was this place of tolerance and self-reliance and local democracy. And of course, that's also the reality, but there was an underbelly to that as well.

Jake Guest: I'm more cynical. I think it was a sort of self-generating ethos. You know, somebody's up here, and has a friend in the city, and the friend comes up and now you've got two people, and they've got friends. People would go where they heard you go. But the reason that they went was because somebody else went. I don't think it had to do with anything that was inherent in Vermont. There were a lot of communes in New Hampshire and they were pretty diverse. Erewhon people had a commune down in Unity; then Samuel Kaymen lived in Unity;[18] there were some Christian communities over in the lake district area. Vermont just gets good PR. I live in Vermont now, and I'm glad I do.

Bill Doyle: Vermont was the first state to write its own constitution, to abolish slavery; it maintained a town meeting. I think that had something to do with it.

Chodorkoff: I think it did. Those experiences around the country were different. But I think Vermont did have something extra. I think

the Free Vermont movement was an attempt to connect with that ethos as well.

Payne: We [our group] were political organizers. We weren't out there to farm and have gardens. We were into radicalizing people in the area about poor people, racism, women's rights. We came out of heavy 1968 political movements, like Columbia University. A lot of us had that thing about left-wing politics, and still do.

Fox: I agree with Jay's assessment that the blooming of the communes may not have had much to do with the ethos of Vermont initially, but it seems to me that at least in our experience, there was a significant degree of social tolerance locally that allowed the communes and their aftermath to continue and to integrate into the society. So there was something there that provided fertile soil.

Guest: Except that in Canaan, New Hampshire, where we were, was about as right-wing as you can get, and yet we were able to work that out. I don't know; it's easy to label that sort of thing after the fact.

Co-operatives

Grace Gershuny

It's true that we're all one big incestuous bunch of people whose paths have crossed in many interesting ways. I didn't grow up in a particularly political family, but I did grow up in New York [City], in the 1960s, and I later learned that my father had been a follower in the 1930s and 1940s of people like Ralph Borsodi, and was associated with Bob Swann.[19] These were people who were early radicals, socialists who developed these rural communities at that time—and I didn't know anything about this. But after graduating from Queens College [N.Y.], all I wanted to do was to get out of New York and ended up moving to Montreal to live with some people who I had met at a party up there, and became part of an urban commune. We all had this idea of going back to the land, but I'm the only one out of the group who actually ended up living some kind of farm lifestyle.

The first co-op I got involved with was the Montreal Natural Foods Co-op, where I worked as a volunteer manager and went out to the organic farms in the countryside to get food. For the first time I began learning about diet, nutrition, and health and also started reading things like *Diet for a Small Planet* [1971] by Frances Moore Lappé. And I really began to see the connections—the political connections—as well. I had participated in some actions in college—it was the '60s—

but I had to support myself while I was going to school; I didn't have time to go to meetings. So I had a very different orientation. One of my housemates in Montreal was a Cuban fellow whose parents had moved to New York after the revolution, who were not supporters of Castro; and he was a draft dodger, who moved to Canada to avoid the draft. There were a number of folks like that in our group.

I ended up moving to Vermont in 1973, following a guy, and moved into the town of West Charleston, up near Newport. My neighbors were communards in East Charleston, including Frog Run Farm. Mary Mathias is here in the audience and was one of the founders of Frog Run Farm. There was also Mad Brook Farm in East Charleston, where there were more of the artsy type people. Frog Run was more of a serious farm. Robert Houriet, who was Mary's husband at the time, was one of the founders of NOFA [Northeast Organic Farmers Association]. He soon began proselytizing me because I had my first garden right on the road. Everybody could see how bountiful this garden was. It was pure luck. He ended up recruiting me to start a farmers' market.[20] NOFA got a little grant to start a farmers' market. So I got my first taste of community organizing and the whole idea began really to make sense to me.

I tell the story about how in my first garden I was reading the Rodale *Organic Gardening* book[21] while I was out there planting, and I planted radishes around every hill of squash because they told me that's how you repel the squash pests. I ended up with many pounds of radishes, and I didn't know what to do with them. I would take them to the local general store and they'd see me coming and say, "We don't need any more radishes, thank you." So I thought that having a local farmers' market made a lot of sense because there wasn't a lot of local food available anywhere. One of the early ideas of NOFA, after we gave up on bringing the organic food down to the cities and practically giving it away at the city co-ops, was to develop a more diversified local food economy and to emphasize organizing farmers' markets as one way to do that. That was a really amazing experience. I'm really proud of the fact that the Newport Farmers' Market is still thriving.

I should not skip over the food co-op issues. We started buying through a buying club, the Northeast Kingdom Food Co-op, which was based in Barton. We would do the order and breakdown once a month, and we made a decision to move the co-op to a store front in Newport. That didn't work too well. It was losing money; there were various problems with management not really knowing what they were doing. It ended up being sold to some very close friends of mine, who ran it as a private enterprise for many years; and it's still going—they sold it a few

years ago—as Newport Natural Foods. I think that it was a good thing that the co-op decided to sell it, and that it was run as a business—but it still never made any money.

The other co-operative food-related venture that I was very deeply involved with was the Northeast Kingdom Co-operative Cannery, which started as a grant-funded project to set up community canneries in three places in Vermont. There was one in Barre, on the Barre-Montpelier Road; ours was in Barton; and there was one down in Rutland. We were supposed to be developing some kind of self-sustaining enterprise that would make value-added products, as they're known now; to be able to provide a facility for low-income people to bring their own garden produce and can them safely and with good equipment. It was a federally funded program. I was hired to run the garden where we grew beans and beets; and we made dilly beans and pickled beets. We drove around the back roads looking for wild apples and we made wild apple rose hip butter. We labeled it "organic"; we didn't use any bad stuff and it was wild apples and wild rose hips. But it really got me thinking, what does that mean, to put "organic" on a label?

By this time I was reading a lot about soil management and trying to understand what was ecologically "good" about agriculture. That, of course, took me down the very deep wormhole, which I have never emerged from. The thing that really bothered me was that in order to build up the field where we grew our beans, we had a local chicken farmer come and dump a huge load of raw chicken manure on the field and tilled it in and went ahead with it. I just knew that raw chicken manure was every bit as bad as chemical fertilizer for the soil, and I didn't understand why just because it was "natural" it should be called "organic farming," because I thought it was terrible.

The next year, in 1977, I answered an ad in the NOFA newsletter asking for a volunteer to help the organic certification program. Jake and Liz [Guest] had been involved in discussions about what should the standards for "organic" be. So I, in my young naiveté, took on that job. I had worked as a legal secretary the year before, so I figured I knew something about dealing with bureaucrats and legalistic things. I went around Vermont and New Hampshire talking to all of the knowledgeable people, like Samuel Kaymen; I went out to Maine and met with the guys at the Woods End soil lab[22] and various places like that, and pulled a committee together. That was the first year, and I think there were two certified organic farmers that year. Now Vermont Organic Farmers has 563 certified organic farms; about 40 percent of them are dairy farms.

To get into the question of how much influence has this movement had, I think it has had an enormous amount of influence. The local food

movement is just exploding and I think that the foundation was laid by the work we did. I'm very proud of the organic standards and even the "industry" as it has evolved.

I taught in the Institute for Social Ecology for twenty years and am still on the board and the faculty. But the certification work became what I call "the gum that got stuck to the bottom of my shoe." Every time I tried to scrape it off someone would come along with another project that demanded the kind of knowledge and connections I'd built up and I ended up in 1994 going to work for the U.S. Department of Agriculture to write the national organic standards; and that story is one of the centerpieces of my memoir that I'm working on.

Jim Higgins

I arrived in Vermont during a blizzard in March 1968 a few miles ahead of my New Jersey draft board. Prior to that winter landing, I made an abortive Viet Nam War - related trip to Canada and then to California. In Vermont I rejoined a childhood friend and his wife and kid who were helping organize the Maple Hill Commune in Marshfield. After a year or so of the commune life and another six-month California adventure, I returned to Vermont with a clear goal of becoming politically useful, so I became a community organizer. My first few projects were semi-successful: a recycling center, an anti-heroin campaign, and a joint project with Goddard College and communes around the state to organize a response to the much hyped "hippie invasion" of Vermont in the summer of 1970. The invasion never happened, but it sure brought out a record crowd for the annual meeting of the Vermont League of Cities and Towns. A group later was determined to be the source of the scare.

My next project was launched in November 1971 and its success is why I am here today. At the time the nascent New England People's Co-op (NEPCOOP) was taking root in Burlington and in the border town of West Lebanon, New Hampshire. There was nothing in central Vermont, although dormitory students at Goddard had sporadically connected with NEPCOOP previously for a few bulk shipments of grains and beans. But central Vermont had a critical mass of potential co-op members: from the commune/back-to-the-land migration, to faculty and staff from Goddard and especially nearby U-32 High School, which was just getting started and attracted a great number of progressive teachers and administrators.[23] After consulting with dozens of community folks, I decided — and shortly thereafter was joined by Liz [Guest] — to get this thing rolling. In November 1971 the Plainfield Co-op officially began

with a seat-of-the-pants effort that tied into NEPCOOP and served about 100 people eager to participate in a new community co-operative venture. The Plainfield Co-op (still going strong) grew to about 400 members very quickly and gave birth five years later to what is now the Hunger Mountain Co-op in Montpelier, which is about 7,000 members strong.

Organizers of this panel discussion asked us to address the following questions: "Why did you decide to start or get involved in a co-op? Community activism? Did you see the development of a co-op as subversive? Altruistic? Or a means to buy better food?" For all of us involved at the organizing level, in regards to motivation, there was no "or" placed between those motivations of community activism, economic subversion, altruism, or better food. For the key organizers, our motivations included all four in equal amounts. For the rank and file, it varied somewhat.

More specifically, you bet we were all community activists, but within a year we had five pretty solid organizers, starting with Liz and myself, and we were very much connected to the community: We worked in the community and knew hundreds of people. Prior to the co-op, there was no centralizing focus to this large collection of immigrants in central Vermont. We were also all committed antiwar activists and we knew that we were surrounded by hundreds of like-minded souls. So the co-op became a centralizing point for many issues, but especially for promoting community activism and for manifesting a collective community spirit that was previously spread thin through the six or seven towns of central Vermont that housed most of the new arrivals.

Did we see ourselves and the new Plainfield Co-op as subversive? Absolutely! Especially vis a vis the food industry. We certainly had read the voluminous Rodale [Institute] texts, [24] we read *Diet for a Small Planet,* and many other progressive books and journals. We were well informed at that point — not nearly as informed as we thought we were, of course, but we were well aware of the corporatization of agriculture in the country, and we wanted to subvert that. Our dreams were somewhat ahead of our reality there, but we did manage a few brilliant acts of economic subversion, (more like simple end runs around traditional distribution systems) and you can read about some of them in the collection of articles I wrote for the Plainfield Co-op Newsletter, last year.[25]

Were we a means to buy better food? Absolutely. Once you got hooked on the ideas of Robert Rodale there was no going back. Perhaps 60 percent of the fifty items on our first pre-order food lists were organic: from grocery items to grains and beans from pioneering farmers out of Texas, such as Arrowhead Mills, and Deaf Smith.[26]

Yes, we were pure amateurs. Our links to the organic food growing movement were at first pretty sketchy. The [Northeast] Organic Farmers Association (NOFA) was going strong at the time (and still is) and its founder, Sam Kaymen, was running it with an iron fist, as I recall. From the very beginning, we were attached to the idea that more of our products need to be locally sourced. One of our first efforts was to form one of those growers' co-ops that Grace was just talking about, and this was about a year into buying the Grange building and having meteoric success as a strictly consumer co-op. So we expanded to include a growers' co-op with hopes to be as successful as our consumer co-op. So we reached out to all of our members and got pre-orders for roughly a ton of carrots, a ton of beets, potatoes, and so forth. Then we went out and found growers. Now this was before people really knew what the hell they were doing in organic farming. But the organic gardeners who were wannabe organic farmers said, "Yeah, I could grow, you know, a couple hundred pounds of radishes, a couple hundred pounds of that and that —no problem." And we finally discovered Ken Fowler in Adamant who was actually the real deal. He'd been a large scale organic grower for perhaps fifty years by the time we stumbled on him. And he said, "Sure, I can grow a ton of carrots for you." And surprise, surprise, by the time the harvest season came around, very little came through. Poor Ken Fowler, when I went to him and asked, "How's it going; we're ready." He said, "Oh, I've been meaning to call you. I haven't been able to get out to my carrot patch; it was too wet this year. I lost my carrots." So it was a stumbling effort, maybe one ton of various locally grown foods were distributed. But then NOFA's Sam Kaymen got wind of us and sent word up to the Plainfield Co-op that (in no uncertain terms) we should let them handle the growing side of things. We agreed. So, as you can see, not every thing we touched turned to gold, but as a consumer co-op, we did pretty darn good.

The early financial underpinnings of this operation were so nonsensical that it's amazing we survived. We had five managers working for free. We had no professional background in management, much less running what soon became a small supermarket-sized storefront, but we were awfully good organizers. Here's an excerpt from my Co-op history that describes that first year:

> The first group of co-op managers thirty-six years ago were expert flyers. We were positively brilliant at flying by the seat of our pants. On our good days we channeled Baron von Richthofen, soaring with an aggressive can do attitude that produced among other things a growth trajectory rivaling present day Google.[27] (Slightly overstated there, but you get the picture). Our less good days channeled Snoopy's version of the Red Baron. We flew through a fantasy land

> where every hare-brained idea was plausible, every new product suggestion actionable. We mostly got away with our suspect business practices because the conspiratorial apocalyptic spirit of the times demanded bold behavior, and our growing army of co-op members, however loosely defined, forgave our bone-headed excesses. Remember, we're talking here of the grim Nixon years—think Kent State and the 1972 Christmas bombing of North Vietnam.[28]

Let me just pass on this final thought, which comes right from the [VHS 2013 annual meeting] brochure [which refers to]: "the co-ops that brought like-minded producers and consumers together." I think that's probably our best legacy. Forty years later, the Vermont co-op movement has built a very tight bond between a very large group of highly aware consumers and a critical mass of organic growers, some of whom are actually flourishing.

Liz Guest

What my husband Jake and I have done for the past thirty or so years is to have an organic vegetable farm in Norwich, Vermont. I met Jake when he came to one of the regional co-op meetings at the Plainfield Co-op—in the Grange hall; in the winter. We met down stairs. The co-op had bought the building then, but the Grange still had the upstairs to hold their meetings, and had all their chairs and insignias and so on upstairs; so we met downstairs. It must have been some time after that when we did end up, as the Plainfield Co-op, getting some sort of successful crop of carrots and cabbage from Jake, I think, that we had arranged to store with a local farmer, Walter Smith. He was a wonderful guy; he sugared with oxen at the time; and had been there for many years in Plainfield. We found out that he had an unused root cellar that you entered from outside. From what I remember, you entered it through his pig yard. We got there, Jake with his truck, with these tons of carrots and cabbage which we had arranged to store in the root cellar; and there were all these pigs. I also remember the bread wrappers that filled the pig pen, because he [Smith] would pick up [the bread] from the "day-old" or "week-old" bakery, and that's what he fed the pigs. But they didn't eat the wrappers. So this is what I remember: the yard full of pig shit and bread wrappers, through which we tramped in order to lug the carrots and cabbages into the root cellar. I don't remember exactly how we got them out again; but we did, and delivered the veggies to our members. That was one of our semi-successful enterprises.

It also brings to mind that in Plainfield we were quite successful in working with the local people, including the people of the local Grange

who were actually happy to have us. The Grange had been dwindling; there weren't many farmers left to be members; and they couldn't afford to keep the building; so they were happy to have us buy it and to have a going concern in the building; and they could still be there. So I do feel that we worked with a lot of local people, who seemed to feel we were OK after a while—after some time, I should say.

I'm amazed at the common threads I hear. I heard both Dan Chodorkoff and Grace Gershuny mention Murray Bookchin. When I was a teenager I went to a summer camp whose head counselor was Bob Bookchin, who I believe was Murray's older brother. He and his wife were the head counselors.

One of the reasons I heard about Goddard was that Stewart Meacham was a counselor at this camp.[29] And when it got time for me to apply to college, I knew that he was at Goddard College, and I thought he was really cool. So I came up to visit Goddard, because Stewart Meacham was somebody I knew, and ended up going to school at Goddard. So I'm really glad that you brought up colleges and I really have to give kudos to Goddard College. When I first came to Goddard, Tim Pitkin was very much the president and very much in control, and it just impressed me and my family so much that the Pitkin family had been in Marshfield for 200 years. There was a huge ethos at the time at Goddard of being part of the local community, and there were several professors aside from Tim who were local people.

The other legacy was the emphasis on community decision making at Goddard, and town meeting, and endless meetings of the whole community in which issues were discussed. In retrospect, I think it was a really good model for working in groups of people and community organizing, where you tried to listen. It didn't work too well, I have to say, with the students; but you tried to listen to each person. It was a good model for working within a community of people who didn't most of the time agree with you.

Some time in my time at Goddard Phil Hoff was running and was elected the first Democratic governor of Vermont and a lot of the students were involved. We had "election central" in the Hay Barn; we had all kinds of phones and all kinds of tally sheets, and we all went out to different towns to get the election results. A lot of people worked pretty hard on his campaign. When I think back, that really had a big effect on me. We changed something in Vermont. We felt like we were a big part in changing something.

Another irony of that time is that Governor Hoff's Secretary of State was Harry Cooley, a local Democrat. And on our vegetable farm today for the last fifteen or so years we have Charles Cooley working, who is

Harry Cooley's son. He's now 86 and he does a lot of our tractor work and he's the most political, savvy, and intelligent tractor driver, and incredibly competent, you could wish for. He had taught at Vermont Technical College and is retired, and he had farmed. And that's another example of going around in a full circle.

Another thread in my life was that somehow I became interested in macrobiotics and healthy food. I don't really know how this happened, but I do remember that I read all sorts of books by George Oshawa and Michio Kushi[30] about macrobiotics. And I remember going home and telling my mother that I would only eat brown rice, and bless her soul, she actually cooked brown rice for me instead of the Minute Rice that we were used to eating. Then I began an interest in whole foods. That combined with this interest in community led me to the co-op. When I came back to Plainfield, I would go to the Grand Union in Montpelier and look for whole foods and I found "Ak-Mak Crackers." They were made from whole wheat—there was never anything made from whole wheat. I was interested in whole unprocessed food as part of my focus on an alternative lifestyle, and "back to the land" philosophy. We were all at the time interested in alternative outlooks to conventional society. During my time in New York City after Goddard, I found a grocery on Second Avenue: Greenberg's Delicatessen. He would send me bags of brown rice and whole wheat flour on the bus to Montpelier, and that was the only way I could get the brown rice up here. Then I found out about Hatches in St. Johnsbury.[31] But that was the first "buying in bulk" episode that I had. So I came with a little bit of expertise to the food side of the Plainfield Co-op and the whole macrobiotic thing. We used to take the trucks down to Boston and get the bags of whole grains and whole wheat flour from Erewhon in Boston and we developed a connection with them. I for one was very proud of that. We were considered important enough for Paul Hawken, the manager of Erewhon, to come out and talk to us and take pictures of our broken-down truck.[32] I remember sleeping in the back of one of these trucks outside of Erewhon, which is in the warehouse district of Boston, because we had to be there early in the morning and we'd go down late at night and sleep in the cold truck.

When Jim talked about the founders of the Plainfield Co-op and you had a question about people who we'd like to mention, I'd like to mention Susan Meacham. She was a good friend of mine and an incredible, tireless organizing force, starting out with the Mount Philo Commune, and some co-ops in Burlington and then when she lived here (she had grown up in Plainfield and her parents taught at Goddard and she had gone to high school in Plainfield, and she knew so many people). She

was indefatigable, even tempered, analytical, practical, and did a huge amount of working with the co-ops, and working with NOFA.[33]

Another person who helped us amateurs at the Plainfield Co-op was Bill Halvosa, who was an accountant for Rock of Ages Granite Corporation, and he lived in Graniteville.[34] I believe he had retired as their accountant and he started ordering food through our Barre group. But then he saw that our record keeping was dismal, to say the least, and he volunteered to set our books in order, and would come in his suit and tie and overcoat once a week or something like that and would go over our books and pay our bills, and get it all straightened out. He was another local person who helped us out.

Larry Kupferman

I moved to Vermont in 1970. The context for me was certainly the war in Vietnam—the antiwar movement and coming to Vermont to do alternative service at a Shaker Mountain School, an A. S. Neill-based "free school";[35] and meeting Susan Meacham. You can't really say enough about this history without calling attention to her role in not only the organization of the food co-ops but also the antiwar movement.

The Onion River Co-op in Burlington is about to celebrate its fortieth anniversary, based on the fact that in 1973 the Onion River Co-op was incorporated. But before that it was known as "Babipa." We haven't yet found out who made up that name or where it came from, but on North Winooski Avenue, Babipa was a store front that had a library and as I recall, it had a big picture of Che Guevara; it was a very radical group. And the food would come in the back and be redistributed. But the origins of this group was one buying club. Betsy Gentile—she's in Brattleboro [now] and is very much involved in the formation of the Brattleboro Food Co-op—was the original coordinator of this buying group, primarily people who had recently graduated from UVM around 1970-1971. So the co-op existed for two years as a buying group and that buying group just kept growing. And by the time [my wife] Susan and I worked in the co-op—we were there through 1977—there were approximately 100 buying groups.

We had no money; there was never any capital; there was never any startup money. The whole basis was that people would pre-order, and we would use that to buy. We would pay cash and we would go to New York City and Boston and pick up all of these things. Erewhon was one, and Bazzini—they're the nut provider for the [New York] Yankees—Zaloom, and Beans and Grains.[36] We'd go to Boston and get all of this. As I recall, the connection for organic food and farms was less than in [the other co-ops] because this was more of an urban group. But it was throughout

Chittenden County. The Middlebury Food Co-op was started as I recall by a group of people that came out of the hills of Goshen [Vt.].

The Onion River Co-op was a huge group of people. I remember that one year we tallied it up and it was a million dollars in sales. How did we do that? We had absolutely no capital—there was nothing. But somehow we bought this property on Archibald Street, which was where Earl's Schwinn Cyclery had their beginnings. Earl was a great guy. He had two properties for sale, we could only buy one—much to our chagrin; we really wanted both.

There are just two strands that I want to talk about as we go through this: the people and the food. The food was what it was all about. And I agree with Jim: There was a group that was trying to subvert something. We were building an alternative economy, but based on nothing. A lot of the direction came out of this loose group of commune folks, Susan [Meacham] in particular, in terms of the food selection, in terms of the list—it was beans and grains. Frances Moore Lappé's two books were the key to this, they were the bibles: *Recipes for a Small Planet*; *Diet for a Small Planet*.[37] Beans and grains—complimentary proteins; a lot of cheese. King Arthur Flour was the white flour that we sold. Sands, Taylor, and Wood, the same.[38] The tractor trailer would arrive; we'd have to haul the stuff up in 100 pound bags. Health food was nonexistent, except for Hatch's. Who were the Hatches? They were in St. Johnsbury; they had an old house with a store in it—it was a health food store.[39] Walnut Acres was a place where you could send away and buy organic things, but you couldn't afford that; it was too expensive.[40] And of course, again, Rodale was the bible and some of the origin of where this was coming from. Lundberg Farms in California—the Lundberg brothers were growing brown rice.[41] Golden Temple, which was a group of Sikhs from Oregon who had incredible products, including a lot of "personal care products"—they were animal-cruelty free. Everything was bulk because it was preordered and you buy a gallon of this or two gallons of that. Jarlsburg cheese—hundreds and hundreds of wheels of it. So the Onion River Co-op became a cash cow for the co-op movement.

The membership was not subversive. The membership was primarily made up of middleclass housewives who wanted the food; who didn't care about the politics. We'd try every now and again to have something political happen at the meeting and they'd say "yeah, yeah, yeah, let's get to the list." And the whole attempt at having food distribution as part of a political arm may or may not have worked. (***Payne:*** Some of us were subversive; you may have missed it. ***LK:*** That's right!).

But there were some wonderful people who were the mainstay of

their community or their neighborhood organization and they became community organizers in a sense by organizing their neighbors to buy a 100-pound bag of flour and splitting it up. That worked in a certain sense and there was always that community spirit that became part of [what we were doing]. For Onion River Co-op it was Chittenden County: We had the Hudak family in St. Albans—the family farm is still there.[42] And the St. Albans co-op came and they [the Hudaks] were instrumental in that, but that didn't stay in business.

The other piece that I want to mention is that building the alternative economy meant three things from the commune movement that I was aware of through Susan [Meacham]. The people's free clinic started; they're celebrating their fortieth year—that's the Community Health Center in Burlington. When you go to their new building on Riverside Avenue, they actively celebrate their origins as the People's Free Clinic and it's wonderful to see. And there was the Children's Commune, and I never knew about the Children's Commune, except that they're having a reunion this year. (***Payne:*** They were connected with the Mt. Philo Commune.)

So there was a three-pronged effort in the Burlington area for building this alternative society or economy, and certainly under Susan Meacham's leadership. She moved away to the middle of the state—to Central Vermont—"Pie in the Sky" was her house. And this loose group of communes or people in the central part of the state would sort of direct the buying; and the lists would come to us. There was also a trucking company that became part of the scene: Loaves and Fishes Trucking –Carl Gamba from Island Pond. And in these really old trucks, he would go off to places to bring citrus back from Florida, peaches from Pennsylvania. We did phosphate fertilizer by the trainload, and I broke my back unloading this trainload off the siding in Burlington. People would come and take thirty or fifty or a hundred bags away for their gardens. Jake Guest was the coordinator for that. And once there was a statewide purchase of Ashley stoves; [but] because none of these deals was ever licensed, the Ashley dealers squelched the sale because we were buying directly from the manufacturer. And that was the basis of the business, where you buy directly from the grower and the business and you sell it—you distribute it—it was a food distribution system.

(***Jake Guest:*** We had a hardware co-op—remember that? We found a distributor on the other side of the state who didn't distribute to any of the Central Vermont [stores], so there wasn't a conflict).

LK: We started a fish co-op. Peter Huber started a fish co-op. People talk about governance in co-ops and we had no governance. We had

anarchy. Somebody had an idea; they made a connection with a wholesaler somewhere. Then of course, we had our vegetable co-op start, John Ment. Every two weeks we sent a truck to Boston, Chelsea Market. And from all of that disorganization came the New England People's Co-ops. We were talking about why it was called the New England co-op, since it seemed to be mostly from Vermont. I think the idea was to do more co-operative buying.

Liz Guest: another person we haven't mentioned is Ann Temple, who lived in Calais and had a farm and had trucks. She became the produce buyer for the co-ops and she would go to the Chelsea Market and buy specifically for the co-ops, and then the truck would go down and pick up what she had bought and bring it back.

LK: In our co-op we had this very active group of people—they were staff and they were paid, we generated enough cash. Susan Meacham and I were the first paid staff and we split $100/month in 1972, or 1973. I lived upstairs from the co-op by the time it was bought—I don't know how I even paid for that. And we were a collective, we weren't a commune but we were called a collective and we did decision making by consensus. We didn't have a board of directors. We had the membership; we had a monthly membership meeting and it would vote on constantly questioning whether we should have sugar or not, and white flour—it was always King Arthur. And from that people would have ideas. Susan [Schoenfeld, wife of Larry Kupferman] had this idea: how do we get this food to senior citizens? We started having surplus food and we'd bring it to a senior center. Somebody else had the idea, why can't we sell canned goods and have more low-income people involved? and Gene Bergman started the canned goods co-op and we bought strictly from the Hanover [New Hampshire] Co-op. It wasn't very successful, and Gene started a group, People Acting for Change Together—PACT—which was a low-income advocacy group.[43] We did tofu—that wasn't in the co-op—who knew what tofu was? And miso. And yogurt—we used to buy hundreds and hundreds of cases of yogurt from Columbo. All those things meshed together. It was a food distribution system in the Burlington area and it was very successful. [But] as we filtered away and got real jobs and had children, everybody knew that the pre-order system was just not the way to do it; and the storefront started.

Now it's City Market and it's doing $34 million/year in business and it's probably one of the biggest square foot/sales thing of its kind in the country. It's very successful.

Payne: It's very hard for low-income people to shop there. ***Liz Guest:*** When we started the preorder and buying in bulk, one of the chief driv-

ers was that I can get it for your wholesale. You buy in bulk and we all use our labor, which doesn't cost anything, to break it down, so you're able to offer these things at low prices—we probably were losing money.
LK: The mantra at the time was "food for people, not for profit."

Co-operatives: Question period

Question: As one of that younger generation that is following pretty quickly and wanting to be farmers and other sort of things, I'd like to know if you think it was the place, or the people, or the time that made it possible.

Liz Guest: All of the above. As people mentioned before, you're tying it into colleges and I do think in retrospect that the colleges had a big effect.

Larry Kupferman: I think it was a certain lack of regulation that we thrived under. The only licensing we would come under was our weights and measures person, who would come by and check our scales; and he was a great guy—he loved us. As we got into wholesaling—which we didn't really do—that's when we got into distribution, too, like the Ashley Stove event, that interfered with other businesses that were also doing business. But I think the Vermont scale is what helps move, that helps build things, for sure.

Jim Higgins: The writer and visionary Paul Hawkin, who was, back then, a co-executive director of Erewhon, one of our major distributors in Boston, used to speak and write about how a "Right Business" did not need to advertise. If you have the right product, at the right time, at the right place, Hawken loved to say, the product virtually sells itself. To put it simplistically, that's exactly what the co-op had: product, time, and place. We never advertised; it was all word of mouth. So that was our early secret. Those three components were in sync.

Grace Gershuny: The college connection was very important and it was important in my history as well. I taught at Goddard for ten years as part of the Social Ecology program. Fast forward to the present, I'm constantly inspired by the young people, the students I'm working with. I'm now teaching in the Masters of Sustainable Food Systems program at Green Mountain College [Poultney, Vt.] and I'm absolutely blown away by how far and wide and deeply ingrained this ethos that we were struggling to live with thirty/forty years ago has permeated the culture and people. Community gardens; alternative food systems all over the place who are just coming into this as though, "of course, it's what we have to do; we must do this." It's incredible and I think an awful lot of it really did spring from the soil of Vermont and these people that you're looking at.

Jay Moore: I think this is an important accomplishment, but it seems to me that the radical subversive edge to this movement has been really been lost—a lot of it has. It has become more of a smorgasbord of the culture as a whole. What do you think?

Larry Kupferman: I think understanding the overall sense of where you are—our speaker [Dona Brown] talked about the 1930s and the Depression. That was defining for those generations. I think for our generation the war in Vietnam and the draft were defining. So what's defining for your generation? Clean energy? Climate control? So how do you work within that defining issue that's going to make things happen for you? For your generation it's the innovation of the internet and all of this stuff that we don't know how to use, that keeps changing. I think understanding that and knowing how to build from that and how to organize your "age," and bring us along with you, because we need to know how to use it as well.

Jake Guest: I'm glad you said that because I've been sitting and thinking about what the common origins of our agenda was, with the exception of a few of us whose parents were communists and radicals and so on. I don't think the young people can possibly imagine the impact of the Vietnam War on life as we knew it. Because life as we knew it came out of the 1950s: It was post-war; everything was ticky-tacky; America was "good" and Communism was "bad"; and this way of life was right, and our government was right, and big businesses were right, and we should do what they say and go to college. And this war came along and it was for some of us—I was in the army at the time, not in Vietnam—this realization that our country was fundamentally betraying us. This was heavy shit. And I think for all of us at that time, we thought, "well, if they're wrong about that, maybe they're wrong about racism; maybe [they're wrong about] food; and energy. And everything else kind of fell apart because of the question that the Vietnam War presented us: the dilemma of the contradiction of the America that we thought we loved.

Grace Gershuny [responding to Jay Moore]: I disagree; I don't think that the food movement is one thing; it never was. And I think there is a very subversive intent to it still, even among those who don't realize it. I think that when you follow the chain of logic back to what's happening to our health, what's happening to our environment, what's happening to the corporatization of all of this, ownership of the basic necessities of life, and how so many people are being squeezed out of even access to it—all of this is one of the primary gateways for people to become radicalized. That's always been the theory on which I've based the teaching that I do: When you begin to realize what the system is doing to people

because of this very basic material necessity, you begin to question everything else and you begin to see the necessity of building some other way of securing the tools to provide it for yourself, to provide it for your own community, and to build community around it. That's really a process that is accessible to people who aren't from a background that says politics is important or believe in some kind of ideology. It's not ideologically driven; and I think that's a much more accessible and real way of connecting with people's reality.

Question: I'm a college student (Middlebury College). The question that I'm hoping to get some kind of answer to is that I think the legacy of the communes of the '70s is obvious, and this conference has shown that with the co-ops and farmers markets, new co-housing and intentional communities. But I think the commune as a discreet living experience has for the most part has dissipated, except for a couple that are [still] there. And while there are different kinds of housing communities that have come up, I think that a certain kind of commune has gone away and I'm wondering if people agree with that, maybe what the reason for that is, and if you disagree, what the explanation is.

Jay Moore: Well, people aren't trying to smash monogamy anymore; but if you go to the [intentional] communities directory on line, you'll find quite a few here in Vermont still, of different sorts, some secular, some religious.[44] People are still looking out for the intentionality of a community.

Roz Payne: And a lot of us are older now. Seniors are generally not into recreating that type of situation because we're stuck in our life style and our houses and our passions.

Jay Moore: But there's a post-sixties/seventies veterans co-housing project on East Avenue in Burlington that you might know about.[45] So, it's happening.

Jake Guest: I think one answer is that the powers of super-capitalism are so irresistible that it has really taken over the culture. The big corporations have found out that there is money to be made here. There are only two huge corporations that own all the natural food: One is Trader Joe's and the other is Whole Foods; Wal-Mart, too. They own thousands of small retail outlets; they control the whole thing. They recruit the smartest people our society is able to produce; the sharpest, greediest, most ambitious, creative people, and they say: "make us money."

Jay Moore: The organic movement was prescient enough to wall off and try to create a fire wall between small farms, co-operative farms, and agribusiness. So now, the rubric of organic has largely been taken away from us and is in the hands of the kinds of entities that Jake mentioned.

Jake Guest: People are so used to corporate presence. We should never underestimate the influence that super-capitalism has on our life.

NOTES

[1] Philip Hoff, from Chittenden County, was the first Democrat elected governor since John S. Robinson, 1853-1854. Hoff was elected in November 1962, and reelected in 1964 and 1966.

[2] Richard Pollak, "Taking over Vermont," *Playboy* 19 (April 1972): 147, et seq.

[3] Murray Bookchin (b. New York City, January 14, 1921; d. Burlington, Vermont, July 30, 2006) was a writer, teacher, social philosopher, early and persistent critic of the influence of capitalism and globalization of the economy on the environment, and a pioneer theorist of what he called "social ecology." The author of over two dozen books and numerous articles on ecology, history, politics, philosophy, and urban planning—some written under the pseudonym Lewis Herber—Bookchin at various times labeled himself and was labeled by others a Marxist, Communist, Anarchist, utopian, and communalist. In 1974 he co-founded with Dan Chodorkoff the Institute for Social Ecology at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vt., to implement a curriculum on social theory, ecophilosophy, and alternative technologies. See obituaries by: Douglas Martin, *New York Times*, 7 August 2006; Janet Biehl, *Institute for Social Ecology*, 31 July 2006 (http://www.social-ecology.org/2006/07/murray-bookchin-obituary-by-janet-biehl/); Mike Small, *The Guardian*, 7 August 2006 (http://www.theguardian.com/news/2006/aug/08/guardianobituaries.usa); Andy Price, *The Independent*, 19 August, 2006.

[4] Food Works Vermont was founded in 1988 as "a grassroots organization committed to community-based solutions to the growing concerns of poor nutrition, diet, health, land use and declining food security." It operated out of the Two Rivers Farm in Montpelier until January 2014. See the website: http://www.foodworksvermont.org/ .

[5] Joey Klein is founder and co-owner with his wife Betsy of Littlewood Farm, Plainfield. See Sylvia Fagan, "A season so short but oh so sweet," *Barre-Montpelier Times Argus*, 1 July 2008. http://www.timesargus.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20080701/FEATURES17/807010331/1034/FEATURES17

[6] Marvin Fishman worked as a journalist in Chicago and a filmmaker in New York City, where, in 1967, he founded Newsreel, a documentary film production, distribution, and political action organization. He moved to Vermont in 1971, and after a few years as an independent media producer became the director of UVM's media operations (1976-1984). He was a founder of the sister city program between Burlington, Vermont, and Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. From 2004-2012, he owned a company that acquired and rehabilitated old houses. He currently works full time as an artist in Charlotte, Vt. Marvin Fishman to Michael Sherman, email, 14 May 2014.

[7] For more information, see Newsreel Film, Roz Payne's Archives, http://www.newsreel.us.

[8] The General Textile Workers strike of 1934 was a national strike organized by the United Textile Workers (UTW) and included textile workers from New England, the Middle Atlantic, and Southern states. It began on September 1—Labor Day—and lasted twenty-two days. See Jeremy Brecher, "The US national textile workers' strike, 1934," http://libcom.org/history/us-national-textile-workers-strike-1934-jeremy-brecher; Jonathan Murray, "Textile strike of 1934," http://www.northcarolinahistory.org/commentary/284/entry.

[9] See catalog and summaries at Newsreel Film, http://www.newsreel.us/rozNR2.htm.

[10] Michael Levine now lives in Vermont and is the owner of Flywheel Communications, in Montpelier. He corrected the speaker's account by saying that he was a junior at the University of Pennsylvania and picked up Fox on I-91 in Hartford, Connecticut. He had visited Vermont previously. Telephone conversation with the editor, 2 December 2013.

[11] See above, page 114.

[12] "Erewhon was founded in April 1966 by Michio and Aveline Kushi as a tiny retail store in Boston, Massachusetts, selling macrobiotic and natural foods." William Shurtleff and Akiko Aoyagi, comps., *History of Erewhon—Natural Foods Pioneer in the United States (1966-2011): Extensively Annotated Bibliography and Sourcebook* (Lafayette, Calif.: Soyinfo Center, 2011), 8 (accessible online at http://www.soyinfocenter.com/pdf/142/Erewhon2.pdf =).

[13] Royce Stanley "Tim" Pitkin (b. June 7, 1901, Marshfield, Vermont; d. May 3, 1986, Burlington, Vermont). Pitkin was appointed the director of Goddard Junior College (an outgrowth of the earlier Goddard Seminary in Barre) in 1935. In 1936 he became the president of Goddard Seminary and Junior College, which reorganized as Goddard College in 1938. Pitkin served as president until his retirement in 1969. See "Pitkin, Royce Stanley," in Frederik Ohles, Shirley M. Ohles, John G. Ramsay, *Biographical Dictionary of Modern American Educators* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1997), 256-257; "Royce S. Pitkin," Wikipedia (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Royce_S._

Pitkin#cite_note-Vermont_Historical_Society-1); Royce Stanley Tim" Pitkin papers, 1912-1983, Vermont Historical Society (Barre, Vt.), Doc 351 (continued in Doc 352-365).

[14] Neruda Intentional Community, Marshfield, Vt., See http://neruda.editide.us/.

[15] Rising Tide Vermont is a local chapter of Rising Tide North America, a network of organizations devoted to political action on environmental and social justice issues. See http://www.risingtidevermont.org/.

[16] *Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Movement, 1954-1985*, DVD, produced by Henry Hampton, Blackside (1987; Arlington, Va.: American Experience, Public Broadcasting Service, 2009).

[17] See obituary for Harry A. Thompson, *Barre-Montpelier Times Argus*, 10 September 2013, http://www.timesargus.com/article/20130910/OBITUARIES/709109991/1005 .

[18] Samuel Kaymen grew up in Brooklyn, N.Y., and currently lives in Walpole, Maine. He studied biodynamic farming and served on the board of the Biodynamic Farming and Gardening Association. He founded the Northeast Organic Farmers Association (NOFA) in 1971 and served as its president for ten years. In 1979 he founded The Rural Education Center, an organic farming school; and in 1983 he founded Stonyfield Farm Yogurt. He is trustee emeritus of Sustainable Harvest International, a past trustee of Southern New Hampshire University, served on the board of overseers of the School of Community Economic Development, and served as the vice chair of EARTH University Foundation's board of directors. He now serves as a board member of Focus on Agriculture in Rural Maine Schools (FARMS).

[19] Ralph Borsodi (1886/7/8?-1977) was a theorist and practical experimenter of sustainable agriculture and self-sufficiency, especially interested in reviving homesteading practices during the Great Depression. His two most influential books were *This Ugly Civilization* (1929) and *Flight from the City* (1933). For a brief biography, see http://www.library.unh.edu/special/index.php/ralph-borsodi. Robert Swann (1918-2003) was a peace activist and influential figure in the decentralist and community economics movements in the U.S., and a founder of the Schumacher Society, with an interest in land trusts, community credit, worker co-operatives, and local currency—work that he did with Ralph Borsodi. See Stephanie Mills, "Bob Swann Obituary," The Schumacher Center for a New Economics, (n.d. [January? 2003]), http://centerforneweconomics.org/content/mills-swann-obituary.

[20] Robert Houriet was founder of Frog Run Farm and the author of *Getting Back Together* (New York: Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1971), an account of his visits to communes throughout the U.S. in the late 1960s and 1970s. He currently lives in East Albany, Vt. See Anon., "Getting Back Together: Interview with Robert Houriet" (n.d. [1987]), *The Twelve Tribes*, http://twelvetribes.org/articles/getting-back-together, accessed January 23, 2014. In an email to the editor, Houriet wrote that he was not a founder of NOFA, but "[i]n 1973, a year after it was organized, I became its primary organizer." Robert Houriet to Michael Sherman, email, 4 May 2014.

[21] J. I. Rodale, *Organic Gardening: How to Grow Healthy Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers Using Nature's Own Methods* (Garden City, N.Y.: Hanover House, 1955).

[22] For Samuel Kaymen, see note 18, above. Woods End Laboratories. Mt.Vernon, Maine, was established in 1974 to conduct scientific research and provide consulting services on soil health and "the interaction of human industry [especially agriculture] with soil environments." See http://woodsend.org/.

[23] U-32, officially known as Union High School District No. 32, in East Montpelier, is the regional middle and high school for Berlin, Calais, Middlesex, East Montpelier, and Worcester, and accepts high school students from Orange, Washington, and Roxbury. The school opened in 1971.

[24] Rodale Institute, Kutztown, Pennsylvania, http://rodaleinstitute.org/. See comments by Grace Gershuny, page 125 and note 21, above.

[25] Available online at http://plainfieldco-op.com/NEWSLETTER.html).

[26] "Arrowhead Mills was founded in 1960 by nutritionist Frank Ford in Hereford, the seat of Deaf Smith County in the southern Texas Panhandle west of Amarillo, Texas. Ford sought to sell corn and wheat free of pesticides. The grains were initially stone-ground and sold to local markets. Later, Ford built its current facility in Hereford and added other products such as beans, seeds, cereals, and baking mixes." See "Arrowhead Mills," Wikipedia, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arrowhead_Mills.

[27] Google, launched in 1998, is presently ranked the world's leading Internet search engine with 2012 assets listed as $93.8 billion in their Annual Report, filing date January 29, 2013.

[28] Jim Higgins, "The Plainfield Co-op, 1971-1975, a seven-part series on the first five years." Part I, *The Plainfield Co-op Newsletter* (February 2008). See note 25, above.

[29] Stewart Meacham (b. March 31, 1940, Birmingham, Alabama; d. March 30, 1993, Montpelier, Vt.) was an activist in the civil rights movement in the 1960s, the antiwar movement (Vietnam War) during the 1970s, and peace and social justice causes during the 1970s and 1980s. He was a student at Goddard College in the 1960s and returned to Goddard in the '70s to serve as director of the college's financial aid program. He and his first wife, Susan Mattuck (see page 132 and note 33, below), were founders of the Mt. Philo commune in North Ferrisburgh in 1970, then moved to Pie in the Sky commune in Marshfield in 1972. In 1976 Meacham served as a coordinator for Central Vermont Community Action and in 1977 he became director of Vermont Tomorrow. After Susan Mattuck Meacham

died in 1979, Stewart and his family moved to Montpelier, where he married Janet Ressler. See obituaries in *Barre-Montpelier Times Argus*, 1 April 1993; *Burlington Free Press* 3 April 1993.

[30] George Oshawa (born Yukikazo Sakurazawa, October 18, 1893-April 23, 1966) was the founder of the modern macrobiotic diet and philosophy and the author of over 300 books in Japanese and French. His book *Zen Macrobiotics: The Art of Rejuvenation and Longevity* was published in English in a mimeographed edition in 1960, and later republished in 1965 by the Oshawa Foundation, in California. Among his disciples was Michio Kushi, born in Japan, May 17, 1926, who introduced macrobiotic diet and cooking to the United States in the 1950s. Michio Kuchi and his wife Aveline founded Erewhon Natural Foods in 1966. See Shurtleff and Aoyagi, *History of Erewhon*, 21-22.

[31] The St. Johnsbury city directory listed David N. Hatch and his wife Carol P. Hatch as proprietors, and Ira A. Hatch (David Hatch's father) as an employee of a "Health Library (Loan and Sales)" at their home, 8 Pine Street, starting in 1966. The 1974 city directory listed Terri R. Hatch as David's wife. The 1977-78 city directory has a listing for Hatch's Natural Products, Bethesda, Maryland, at the same address in St. Johnsbury, Teri [*sic*] R. (Mrs. David N.) Hatch, proprietor. That is the last listing for the store.

[32] Paul Hawken was general manager of Erewhon from 1967 to 1973. See Shurtleff and Aoyagi, *History of Erewhon*, 11.

[33] Susan Mattuck Meacham (b. January 18, 1941, Plainfield, Vt.; d. January 19, 1979, Hardwick, Vt.) was the daughter of Robert and Corinne Mattuck, professors at Goddard College. She grew up in Plainfield and became a social and antiwar activist and organizer during the 1960s and '70s. She organized Free Vermont, a coalition of radical groups that initiated projects modeling changes in education, health, and food distribution; food-buying groups in Burlington, Rutland, and Middlebury; and the New England Peoples Co-operative (NEPCOOP), a coalition of Vermont and western New Hampshire buying co-ops. In 1973 she became the NEPCOOP's first coordinator. She was also a founder of the Vermont Alliance, the Co-operative Fund for New England, and the Vermont Agricultural Fund. She lived at the Mt. Philo commune in Charlotte and Pie in the Sky in Marshfield before moving to her own farm in Hardwick in 1976. See her obituary in *The Hardwick Gazette*, 23 January 1979.

[34] William E. Halvosa (b. June 26, 1907, Barre, Vt.; d. September 11, 1989, Graniteville, Vt.) was a bookkeeper and accountant at Rock of Ages Corporation for forty-four years. He retired in 1969 as chief accountant. See his obituary, *Barre-Montpelier Times Argus*, 14 September 1989.

[35] A. S. Neill (1883-1973) was a Scottish progressive educator, author, and founder of Summerhill School.

[36] Bazzini, wholesale nut dealer, now located in Allentown, Pa., http://www.bazzininuts.com/index.html; Zaloom, formerly F. Zaloom & Sons, founded 1906 at 51 Washington Street, New York City, now Zaloom Marketing Corp, South Hackensack, N.J., http://www.zaloommarketing.com; "Beans and Grains" was an effort at Onion River Co-op to encourage farmers in the Champlain Valley (New York and Vermont) to grow wheat, rye, and oats as they had been grown in the 1800s. Chereen Beauchamp-Nobbs coordinated that work, resulting in a granary and flour mill at the Plainfield Co-op that served other co-ops.

[37] Francis Moore Lappé, *Diet for a Small Planet* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1971); Ellen Buchman Ewald, *Recipes for a Small Planet: The Art and Science of High Protein Vegetarian Cookery* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1973).

[38] Sands, Taylor and Wood Company, a bakery supplier and wholesale flour and importer, founded in Boston, 1790, was distributor of King Arthur Flour, beginning in 1896. The company moved to Norwich, Vermont, in 1984. See http://www.kingarthurflour.com/about/history.html.

[39] See note 31 and comments by Liz Guest, page 132 above.

[40] See George DeVault, "What Became of Walnut Acres?" *The Natural Farmer* (Spring 2006), http://www.nofa.org/tnf/2006spring/The%20Walnut%20Acres%20Story.pdf.

[41] Lundberg Family Farms, Richvale, Calif., founded 1937. See http://www.lundberg.com/Info/Factsheet.aspx.

[42] Hudak Farm, St. Albans, Vt.. See http://hudakfarm.com/.

[43] Eugene Bergman did not start PACT but worked for the organization as a VISTA volunteer in 1973, organized the PACT food co-op, and was hired by the Onion River Co-op to work with it until 1978. He was a member of the Burlington City Council for three terms, 1986-1992, and is currently senior assistant city attorney for the City of Burlington. Eugene Bergman and Michael Sherman, telephone conversation, 23 January 2014.

[44] Fellowship for Intentional Community Communities Directory. The FIC directory lists twenty-one intentional communities in Vermont; see: http://directory.ic.org/intentional_communities_in_Vermont.

[45] Burlington Cohousing East Village; http://bcoho.org/.

IN THEIR WORDS

This occasional section offers readers selections from manuscripts— usually letters and diaries— in public and private collections, with commentary, elucidation, and editing by the owner, curator, or researcher of the documents.

George Peck and Mary Greene Nye: Correspondence on the State House Fire of 1857

By JACK ZEILENGA

George Augustus Peck was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on July 10, 1842. For the better part of a century his life was woven into the fabric of the capital city. His formal education took place in the Montpelier school system and as a teenager he served as a page in the Sergeant at Arm's office. After close to two years away serving as a private in Company I of the 13th Vermont Infantry in the Civil War, he returned home and ran a hardware business, Barrows and Peck, for forty-five years. Aside from being a prominent businessman in town, Peck had the distinction of playing a role in fighting the three

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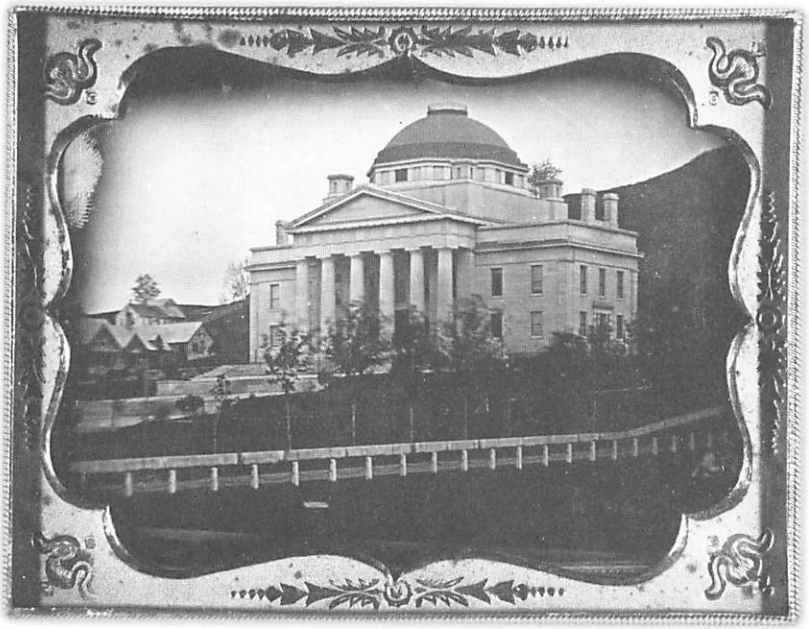
fires that arguably did more to physically reshape the city of Montpelier than any other events of the nineteenth century. In 1857, the then sixteen-year-old Peck worked tirelessly with residents to fight the fire that destroyed the second State House and save what furniture and artifacts they could, including the portrait of George Washington that still hangs today in the House chamber. Years later, fires tore through the heart of Montpelier on two occasions in 1875—March 11 and 12 and May 1 and 2. In both instances Peck, now a member of the fire department, joined with local residents, businesspeople, and firefighters to try to keep the blaze in check, to no avail. George Peck died in Montpelier on January 22, 1940, having seen great changes come to the country and to the state capital during his lifetime.[1]

In 1931, Act 298 commissioned research into the history of the Vermont State House, to be published as a booklet with a special appropriation from the Department of Conservation and Development. Mary Greene Nye, who worked in the Secretary of State's office and had a good deal of experience researching in the archives, was asked to undertake the task. *Vermont's State House* was published in 1936, providing a detailed history of Vermont's capitol buildings.[2] During the research process she exchanged correspondence with George Peck, who was happy to share his memories. In a letter to Peck on August 6, 1935, Nye noted, "I am very anxious to have an account of your PERSONAL RECOLLECTION of the burning of the state house. It is the little details which will make your narrative most worth while, and insofar as you can recall them I am anxious to have you record them. Your story will be kept in the archives of the state and will prove extremely valuable from a historical standpoint as the years go on."[3] Some of Peck's letters to Nye are still filed away, as promised, in the state archives. In these letters Peck discusses a host of topics, from bridges, to schools, to where people lived. Of particular interest to Vermont's history, and specifically to Nye's work, were the letters sharing his experience during the 1857 State House fire. At the time, Peck was in his early nineties, but his writings nonetheless display a vivid memory of those events. Throughout his descriptive letters, Peck keeps a sharp wit and sense of humor. In one of his undated letters he wonders out loud if anyone reading will ever give much thought to his stories and memories or instead dismiss them as "the result of some crazy mans dream."[4]

What follows are the transcriptions of two of the letters George Peck sent to Mary Greene Nye, detailing events of the fire that destroyed the second State House. They offer a first-hand detailed account, which helps to illuminate an important event, as well as some of Peck's own



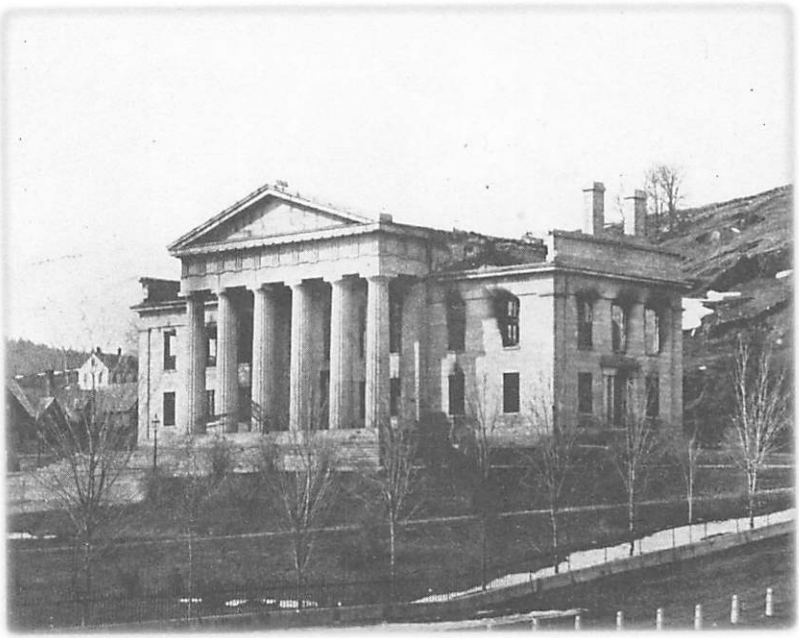
Second Vermont State House. Daguerreotype, no date [ca. 1855?].

opinions about the cause of the fire. Numerals in brackets indicate the page numbers of the manuscript.

[1] 166 Elm Street
Montpelier, Vermont
Aug. 7, 1935

My Dear Mrs. Nye

Your letter just recd. and you may be sure that I will be as pleased to do what you ask as you will be to have me do so. Now a little about myself and how it happened to be that the State House had to be warmed in that cold Jan. month. It was the custom in those days to every ten years to have what was called a constitutional convention its duty was to raise and recommend changes in old laws and recommend new ones.[5] The snow that winter was very deep and as a previous thaw followed by a freeze had made it passable when path was cut to the house the snow in large chunks which were easily carried by the crowd to the house chamber when the fire first showed. The house of course was very cold and for several days it had been in process of being warmed. The then Sergeant at Arms, who lived in East Montpelier [2] had employed Anson Davis to do this work. The house was heated by two large wood burning



Second Vermont State House after the fire. Ambrotype, January 1857.

furnaces burning 4 ft. wood and a lot of it. The alarm of fire was given about 7 p.m. and every one in town seemed to know it at once. I at that time was in the street, that among the stores, and was not long in making my [way] to the burning building. The fire first showed itself at one of the registers in the representatives hall and the hall was soon filled with the chunks of frozen snow and it was thought we would soon have it put out. Every man in town was hard at work clearing the building of everything moveable. The Washington portrait was taken in its frame by four men who held it high above their heads to keep from injury and was carried to one of the State St. houses. Much of the library was saved the same way. The two Bennington canon were slitley burned. As for our fire department, for this fire we practically had none, no water nearer than the river that was much too far away to be used.

[3] While men were so busy around the burning register and believing they had the fire under control, the fire was at work under the raised floor and up the partishions and as sudden as a blast from a canon, it burst out around the base of the dome the floors were falling in and men in the library had to jump for their lives out of the windows. Fortunately no one was killed or seriously injured. The sight of the burning building was both grand and terrible, the inside of the house was all finished with fine wood. The strong west wind

that then prevailed blew a mass of live coals far over all buildings east of the fire, and the morning after roofs of all houses east of the state house was covered with charcoal, which showed that the snow on the roofs alone saved all buildings east of the fire. Now about what started the fire, I have already told of how it was heated. Cold air ducts were built to take cold from outside and to be carried in and arround the hot furnaces and discharged heated to the rooms above.

[4] The aforesaid Anson Davis was employed by the Sergeant at Arms to see to the heating and other work necessary to have the house ready for the convention, and having an economical turn of mind thought best to close up the cold air ducts, he seemed to think there was no need of any circulation of air caused by the hot furnace and the state would thereby save a few cords of wood. Well he did save the wood, but it cost Montpelier 50,000.00 to do it. The sergeant- at-arms at that time lived in East Montpelier and knew nothing of the fire until the next morning. The shock to him so great that it no doubt shortened his life. I feel sure of this for I knew him very well and as he has a granddaughter now living in Montpelier I have refrained from giving his name fearing a wrong impression might be [5] given and the Sergeant at Arms might be blamed for the loss of the state house.[6]

George A. Peck

166 Elm Street
Montpelier, Vermont
Aug. 17, [19]35

Dear Mrs. Nye

I have just finished reading the record I have written in answer to your request, and you may be sure that I am not very proud of it. Please remember I am 93 years old and have many indications that the old man with his sythe is close after me[.] I think I have answered all of your questions so you will understand them. If I have failed in any part let me know and I will try to correct them. The reference to 50,000 dollars which Montpelier had to pay was one of the conditions imposed on the town to save it from going to Burlington. A bond for the 50,000 had to furnish personally by responsible men to make agreement secure. I think I wrote for someone a story of the extra session in Apr. following in which I had a position in the sergeant of arms office and heard much of the speaking of the several representatives who wanted the future capitol located in their town.[7]

Geo. A. Peck

NOTES

[1] Erik S. Hinckley and Tom Ledoux, *They Went to War: A Biographical Register of the Green Mountain State in the Civil War* (Victoria, B.C., Canada: Trafford Publishing, 2010), 174; Michael R. Doyle, *Events of This Day: Facts of Interest to Montpelier Folks Briefly Told* (Lincoln, Neb.: iUniverse, 2005), 263, 328.

[2] Mary Greene Nye, *Vermont's State House* (Montpelier, Vt.: Department of Conservation and Development, 1936).

[3] Mary Greene Nye to George A. Peck, August 6, 1935. Mary Greene Nye Records (A-061). Box A-061-00001, folder 18: State House— State House Building. Vermont State Archives and Records Administration, Middlesex, Vt.

[4] Ibid.

[5] From 1777 until 1870, amendments to the state constitution could be proposed every seven years by a thirteen-member body, elected statewide, known as the Council of Censors. Each member held his post for one year from the day of his election. The council had the power to call a convention if they deemed it necessary to amend any article of the constitution, as set forth in Chapter II, section XLIV. Amendment 25, sections 1 and 2, changed this process in 1870 so that it could only occur every ten years. In 1974, Amendment 45 made further changes to the process, eliminating the ten-year period and reducing it to a four-year period, as it stands today. Further changes were made with Amendment 52 in 1994. Today, a two-thirds senate vote with a concurrence of a majority of members of the house of representatives is needed to propose a change to the constitution. If adopted, the proposed amendment is referred to the next biennial session of the General Assembly. If a majority is in favor, the amendment is then submitted to the voters of the state of Vermont. A thorough overview of the Council of Censors and documentation of their work from all known journals and addresses of the time can be found in Paul S. Gillies and D. Gregory Sanford, eds., *Records of the Council of Censors of the State of Vermont* (Essex, Vt.: Offset House, 1991).

[6] The sergeant at arms at the time was Stephen Foster Stevens of East Montpelier, who served from 1855 until his death in April 1857, just three months after the fire. He was the son of Clark Stevens who, along with Col. Jacob Davis, was one of the early settlers of Montpelier/East Montpelier. After Stevens's passing, Erastus S. Camp served as sergeant at arms from 1857 to 1862, through the reconstruction period of the State House.

[7] After the destruction of the State House, there was much debate about whether the state capital should remain in Montpelier. Burlington made a strong bid to become the capital before Montpelier ultimately contributed the needed funding to retain its standing and rebuilt the state house. See T. D. Seymour Bassett, *The Growing Edge; Vermont Villages, 1840-1880* (Montpelier, VT.: Vermont Historical Society, 2000), 128; Rachel Cree Sherman, "Never Did Two Contending Armys," *Vermont History News* 39 (July-August, 1988): 71-73; Michael Sherman, Gene Sessions, and P. Jeffrey Potash, *Freedom and Unity: A History of Vermont* (Barre, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society, 2004), 279.

Book Reviews

Buildings of Vermont (Buildings of the United States)

By Glenn M. Andres and Curtis B. Johnson (Charlottesville and London: University of Virginia Press for the Society of Architectural Historians, 2014, pp. xvii, 480, $85.00).

Researched and written by Glenn M. Andres, Professor of the History of Art and Architecture at Middlebury College, with assistance by Chester H. Liebs, and with illustrations by professional photographer Curtis B. Johnson, *Buildings of Vermont* is a highly significant and impressive contribution to the academic as well as popular understanding of the state's architecture, set in the broad context of international and American architectural history. It is a book that will be much in demand and attract a wide variety of researchers and enthusiastic readers well into the foreseeable future. While it will be used primarily as a reference work, it will also serve as a transportable guide for those who wish to sample personally Vermont's rich architectural heritage.

Buildings of Vermont enjoys the distinction of being a volume in the "Buildings of the United States" series, a collection of books compiled on a state-by-state basis and commissioned by the Society of Architectural Historians. Initially, beginning in the early 1990s, SAH worked with Oxford University Press on the series, but in recent years it has maintained a formal affiliation with the University of Virginia Press. To date, nearly twenty volumes have been published, with over sixty ultimately planned, including states possessing major urban districts necessitating in some instances more than a single volume. Thus far, for the New England region, books have been published on Rhode Island (2004) and metropolitan Boston (2009) architecture. To quote from the series description in *Build-*

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ings of Vermont, "the primary objective of the series is to identify and celebrate the rich cultural, economic, and geographical diversity of the United States as it is reflected in the architecture of each state" (p. 480).

Buildings of Vermont is organized in a logical, practical, and easily useable fashion. Following the front matter and heading the principal text is a nearly thirty-page, multidisciplinary introduction treating the state's origins and settlement; general history; topography and land division; developing settlement and waterpower; steam power and industrialization; transition to the twentieth century; émigrés and single-season summer residents; the major impact of the Colonial Revival style; outdoor recreation, automobile tourism, and the ski industry; World War II and subsequent trends; and conservation and preservation. Individual buildings and building groupings are systematically arranged for study (some with documentary photographs) under county and town headings (supplemented by linear, keyed maps), with the county sections arranged clockwise from the southwestern corner of Vermont, to the northwestern corner along the Lake Champlain valley, to the northeastern corner parallel to the Canadian border, then to the southeastern corner along the Connecticut River valley. With well-articulated building descriptions (including construction materials and techniques) and the use of appropriate architectural terminology, Andres appropriately includes a wide variety of building types: residential, ecclesiastical, agricultural, industrial, factory housing, retail, public (governmental), educational, library, transportation, hotels and inns, and recreational (cottages, camps, etc.). A related popular feature of the book is the comprehensive information offered about the individuals associated with architectural development— architects, engineers, builders, landscapers, and owners/investors. But most significantly, the arrangement of the text and essay entries, including several special topic sidebars, encourages visitation and further study. The volume concludes with an essential glossary of architectural terms, a bibliography, and an index.

Finally, as vital supplements to the text entries, the book includes approximately 300 high-quality black-and-white photographic views of individual buildings, monuments, and building groups. It is a credit to both the photographer's competency, and the authors' outstanding composition of the entries that one wishes for more photographic documentation than the editorial guidelines and the operating budget for the book actually permit. Mostly front façade views, the majority of these photographs illustrate clearly and in detail the principal architectural elements of each structure.

Given Vermont's well-documented, outstanding architectural legacy, the state well merits the recognition that it has been granted as a national

historical treasure by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. With its exemplary qualities, in future years *Buildings of Vermont* will continue to sustain this legacy and present the state's architecture and related history to a broad, inquisitive, and appreciative audience.

BRYANT F. TOLLES JR.

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Forgotten Drinks of Colonial New England: From Flips & Rattle-Skulls to Switchel & Spruce Beer

By Corin Hirsch (Charleston, S.C.: American Palate, a division of The History Press, 2014, pp. 127, $19.99).

Thirty-five years ago, as I was beginning to make home brew, I happened on a book about Colonial-era alcoholic drinks, called *Wines & Beers of Old New England: A How-To-Do-it History*, by Sanford Brown. It was full of intriguing recipes by thirsty (and resourceful) New Englanders in those times of hard labor and suspect water.

Now, in a kind of alcoholic apostolic succession, Corin Hirsch has "visited" the same stills, presses, and vats to produce a book that is even better in illustrations, history, and recipes. Hirsch, the food and drink writer for *Seven Days* newspaper, offers a lively sure-footed history of public and private drinking in New England in colonial times.

In useful journalistic fashion, the author breaks the book into four sections: *Why* they drank, *Where* they drank, *What* they drank, and *How* they drank. It begins with the tradition of drinking that the colonists brought from England: beverages like beer, ale, and cider. Water, which was long polluted in England and soon polluted in the New World, spurred the search for alternative liquids. The techniques were primitive, but the colonists' enterprise was insatiable.

By the end of the 1600s, cider was the farmer's drink of choice. It was difficult to produce good ale, but with the profusion of apples and simple pressing equipment, it was easy to make cider, hard cider, and applejack. The average family in the 1700s consumed a barrel of cider per week.

They also collected honey from wild bees and turned it into mead, then

meglithin, which was mead flavored with nutmeg and rum, and braggot, which was mead mixed with beer and spices.

I've always been fascinated that the colonists could work from dawn to dusk, without drinking water. Apparently, they did this with low-alcohol cider and drinks like switchel, a blend of water, ginger, sugar, molasses, and vinegar, to which rum was occasionally added. Hirsch describes the evolution of the tavern, or "ordinary," where the men (women were excluded) went to drink, argue, and occasionally make revolution. She suggests that liquor consumed in the taverns roused the fighting spirits of the colonials at Lexington and the Green Mountain Boys at Castleton, from whence the Vermonters marched forth to strike their tipsy blows for liberty.

The colonists were not content with simple and straight ale, or beer, or rum, or cider; they loved to mix drinks. When they couldn't get malt for beer, they substituted molasses, pumpkins, berries, maple sap, or spruce tips, and then flavored it further with a variety of spices or herbs.

That relentless experimentation is being reborn today in the craft beer movement, as some of the more than 2,500 breweries across the country and 40 across Vermont compete to push the envelope of flavors, from peanut butter to pumpkin, from chamomile to nutmeg, from chipotle to the great beyond.

Fully a third of the book is devoted to recipes, both traditional and modern, for the reader to try. Color photos of the drinks and black and white photos of some New England taverns make the read interesting even for the teetotaler. Some of the names sound like drinks concocted by the Sorcerer's Apprentice—Calibogus, Ebulum, Mimbo, Bombo, Syllabub. Or they could have been the mere mumblings of drunks. The names were often juxtapositions of the incongruous: Cherrybounce, Whistle-Belly Vengeance, Stone Fence, and Rattle-Skull. The latter was a fit name for a drink with four or five ounces of rum mixed with beer.

You can use this as a "cookbook" of drinks, or as a history, or as both. After I tried a couple of these recipes (without taking the wheel of the car), I shared Hirsch's belief that it is thrilling to "taste another era through re-creating its food and drink" (p. 7). She has made that both enticing and possible.

BILL MARES

Bill Mares, a former journalist, teacher, and state representative, has authored or co-authored fourteen books, including Making Beer, Bees Besieged, *and* Real Vermonters Don't Milk Goats. *He does bi-weekly commentaries for Vermont Public Radio.*

The Battle for the Fourteenth Colony: America's War of Liberation in Canada, 1774-1776

By Mark R. Anderson (Hanover, N.H. and London: University Press of New England, 2013, pp. 456, $35.00, ebook, $34.99).

Until now, what Mark R. Anderson calls the "Battle for the Fourteenth Colony" has largely been ignored in the fervor for Revolutionary history. Anderson has addressed this lack and, at the same time, provided another way to examine the American genesis of liberation ideology. In 1774, the American colonies launched a campaign to bring Québec into the coalescing American resistance to British rule. While Anderson's main focus is on the failed American invasion of Québec, his narrative also attempts to explain why Americans miscalculated the sentiments of Canadians and why Lower Canada did not join the Revolution as the fourteenth colony in rebellion.

Anderson begins his study with an analysis of Lower Canada's various constituents: the élite *seigneurs*, Québécois "peasant" *habitants* of the countryside, and the merchants/political leaders of the urban centers of Montréal, Trois-Rivières, and Québec. His somewhat one-dimensional description of the *habitants* relegates them to isolated agricultural lives devoid of education and disconnected from the urban centers except through occasional contacts with merchants. Urban centers are places of greater sophistication, but also greater tension between "Old" and "New Subjects" as well as the overlay of British authority in these centers. Within this milieu and in the context of the controversial Quebec Act of 1774, Anderson holds that the American attempt to bring the province into the Continental Congress for mutual support was a tantalizing possibility that ultimately failed.

In many ways, American efforts at bringing Canada into the Continental Congress were immediately stymied. Problems in communication and a general lack of political savvy among Canadians generally made even the initial overtures problematic. The United Colonies' attempt to communicate their message of fraternal concern to Canadian brethren was prevented by two major obstacles: political censorship of the only newspaper available, and a general lack of education outside of élite circles. The conservative *Quebec Gazette* was not likely to print anything sympathetic to American patriots. Even if the newspaper had not been effectively silenced, Anderson posits that publication of liberation messages from the "Sons of New-England" would not have been read; 90 percent of all Québécois were illiterate. Ordinary Canadians, especially those liv-

ing in the agricultural *seigneuries*, presumably received their information from the outside world filtered through their priests, who were corrupted by Quebec Act prejudice. The only other source might be infrequent contact with merchants. Anderson's evidence for such widespread illiteracy is thin; scholarship on colonial literacy in Québec is uneven and at least one study puts literacy at 30 percent for men and slightly better for women in this period. Indeed, contemporaries seem not to have noticed the total lack of literacy among their citizens; the bilingual printing of the government newspaper supports the notion that at least some believed that the written word had the power to influence. Moreover, there is evidence to suggest that the propagandists of the United Colonies attempted to spread their liberation message via published speeches, letters, and other written communications in both English and French to further the cause. Finally, even the most isolated *habitant* populations were accessible through letters and broadsides.

In political terms, Anderson makes the case that American colonists dismissed the abilities and inclinations of Canadians, Old and New Subjects alike. United Colonists apparently believed that the total lack of legislative experience with colonial assemblies among Canadians made them vulnerable to British tyranny. Indeed, once in possession of the Richelieu districts and Montréal, American leaders failed to establish and mentor a new "patriot" government. This seems a fatal error on the part of Americans. There must have been evidence of some potential for liberty-loving Canadians; in his description of the military occupation of Montréal and Trois-Rivières, Anderson describes elections of militia captains that unseated incumbents and expressed "free decisions" of many parishes.

Anderson's description of the Québec invasion provides a complex understanding of the military and civilian difficulties faced by the Americans as they tried to stitch together a successful resistance campaign against British rule in Canada. Canadian loyalists and partisan rebels alternately hindered and energized the success of the American "liberators" as Americans tried to make sense of the complicated post-Seven Years' War demographic landscape of Canada. Fundamental distrust of the Francophone and Catholic *habitants* made them uncomfortable allies, even after the capture of Montréal with their help. From there, the assault on Québec was to be the final forging of the last link in the "Bright and Strong Chain of Union." Another demographic that does not get examined deeply is that of the Amerindians who fought on both sides of this conflict. Anderson mentions the efforts to draw them in, but does not give native people enough attention as American allies or enemies.

We know that the siege of Québec failed miserably, but Anderson has provided us with a much more closely analyzed explanation for that fail-

ure in spite of the support within Canada. His study looks closely at a number of factors, including the perennial lack of manpower, difficulties with supplies, and disease. All of these elements made the expedition and resultant siege difficult. One area that Anderson does not describe well is the widespread impact of the smallpox epidemic on the campaign. The proliferation, effect, and overall destruction of the smallpox outbreak fundamentally weakened the soldiers' ability to mount and sustain the siege. More evident in Anderson's account is the deleterious effect of lackluster support on the "war of liberation" in Canada. Throughout the period, the Continental Congress failed to support adequately the troops and commanders on the ground. Equally liable is the failure of a concerted Canadian effort to promote its own cause of liberty despite Continental beliefs that Canadians would accept the American soldiers as liberators and allies in a common fight against British tyranny.

SUSAN M. OUELLETTE

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The Battle of Valcour Island

By Stephen Darley (North Haven, Conn.: Darley Books.com, 2013, pp. xv, 229, $14.09; Kindle file, $7.99).

The second of a proposed series of four books on the battles of the Northern Army in the opening years of the Revolutionary War with particular attention to the activities of Benedict Arnold, *The Battle of Valcour Island* provides a very interesting and useful compendium of the vessels, the participants, and their firsthand accounts. Stephen Darley sees Arnold's leadership in assembling the fleet and deploying it in October 1776 as an heroic achievement and a strategic victory that led to British General John Burgoyne's capitulation at Saratoga a year later. Not a narrative history in the traditional sense, Darley's brief account of the battle provides context for the information he has assembled from impressive and far-reaching research, much of it fresh. Despite the many previous histories of the battle, "there remains" for example, "a surprising lack of important details . . . including the names and personal histories of the captains of the seventeen American vessels" (pp. xii-xiii).

Darley sets out to rectify that and other gaps in the record. He presents detailed information about each of the vessels in Arnold's and the British

fleets. He has tracked down all of Arnold's commanders and captains with the exception of two, one of whom remains "elusive." Based on Darley's calculations, 761 men participated in the Battle of Valcour Island in the American fleet. Gleaning information from sixty-seven different sources, including archival records, pension records, published records, genealogies, local histories, and some secondary works, Darley's prodigious research has identified 411 participants, leaving another 350 still unknown to posterity. His clear tables augment the narrative accounts of his research.

This clearly organized and well-written volume brings together the fundamental information that any new analysis and account of the important October 1776 action on Lake Champlain must consult. Stephen Darley has brought together his long interest, research, and writing about Benedict Arnold into a very useful book.

H. NICHOLAS MULLER III

H. Nicholas Muller III began his interest in the Battle of Valcour Island as a youth reading Kenneth Roberts and has continued it sailing on Lake Champlain and researching and writing about Vermont's past.

Col. William Marsh: Vermont Patriot and Loyalist

By Jennifer S. H. Brown and Wilson B. Brown (Denver, Col.: Tiger Rock Press, 2013, pp. xxi, 415, paper, $24.95).

There's an interesting story to be found in *Col. William Marsh: Vermont Patriot and Loyalist.* To find and follow that story, however, readers need to be patient. The narrative path of the book winds through far too many "he must have[s]" whenever the authors' lack of evidence from historical records threatens to cut the narrative thread. At other points the story plods under a thinly relevant genealogical burden. Pursuing genealogy to address the initial question, "Who Was William Marsh?" for example, leads to a speculative mare's nest that Oliver Cromwell killed an obscure seventeenth-century English royalist, James Marsh, who probably was not an ancestor of Vermont's William Marsh after all. Slightly more amusing with its suggestions of Charles Dickens's *Bleak House*, but equally less relevant to the book's subject, a brief account of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Marshes chasing elusive and probably phantom land claims through English bureaucracies and the Court of Chancery strays far from William Marsh.

A complicated figure little attended to by historians of early Vermont,

William Marsh (1738-1816) grew to adulthood and started a family in Dutchess County, New York, during the Rent Wars of the 1760s. After British troops suppressed the agrarian insurrection in Dutchess County, many of the vanquished rebels moved north and east to settle on the New Hampshire Grants. Though probably not one of the insurgents, Marsh moved in 1768 with his family to Manchester on the New Hampshire Grants. In the next few years, he prospered by farming, buying and selling land, and keeping a tavern. Meanwhile, by the early 1770s, the colonial government of the province of New York and allied wealthy land speculators found themselves opposed by a new, burgeoning resistance to New York's land aggrandizing efforts on the Grants. Settlers launched another armed insurrection against New York's attempts to impose its authority over land grants and titles.

By 1772-73, Marsh had been several times elected town pound keeper and is believed by the authors of this book to have led a small force of Manchester men to ally with the insurgent Green Mountain Boys, led by the self-commissioned Colonel Ethan Allen. Marsh's colonelcy in the book's title seems to have been awarded posthumously by nineteenth-century historians. Marsh's personal role in resisting New York's efforts to establish jurisdiction on the Grants remains obscure. In 1775-76, he served on Manchester's Committee of Safety and as the town's delegate to the General Convention of the Committees of Safety on the Grants to plan for defenses against Britain and New York. In mid-1775, wary of Ethan Allen's abilities and motives, Marsh warned Philip Schuyler not to allow Allen to command the new Green Mountain regiment that the revolutionary New York Congress had agreed to support. The Committee of Safety representatives who convened in Dorset to select officers for the regiment voted 41-5 in favor of Seth Warner for the post. Obviously, many more delegates than Marsh thought the Hero of Ticonderoga unfit to lead a real regiment into war.

Committees of Safety and the Council of Safety in late 1776 sent Marsh and others to towns in the Connecticut River Valley to seek their alliance with towns west of the Green Mountains. He did not participate in the 1777 conventions that produced a declaration of independence and a covenant of towns to organize a government, though he did sign a proclamation of support for the Continental Congress.

Using the very thin Vermont record of Marsh's patriot role, the Browns' story presents a mildly interesting figure in the early history of Vermont about whose motives almost nothing is known during the critical point of his life when he left his family in Manchester to join the British army's invasion of the Champlain Valley in mid-1777. Burgoyne had sent loyalist

rangers ahead of his army to recruit wavering loyalists to join the British invasion. Abjuring the oath of allegiance he had taken to support the Continental Congress and defend the soon-to-be named Vermont, Marsh joined Burgoyne at Skenesboro on the march to Saratoga. Records lack any report of Marsh fighting with the loyalist ranger troops, but he was part of their retreat to Canada that was allowed separately from the surrender convention that sent Burgoyne's regulars as prisoners to Boston and elsewhere. Stopping for a surreptitious visit in Manchester, he went on to Canada to serve the Crown in various capacities, including as a spy and a courier during the Haldimand negotiations. The historical records' silence on his motives left unappealing choices for the authors. Did an otherwise undisclosed reverence for the British Crown or cupidity and cowardice drive turncoat William Marsh to join Burgoyne? The Browns conclude that he was a troubled man. At that time and place, chances of finding an untroubled man among patriots and loyalists were slim to none.

In his absence, the Vermont Confiscation Court soon took Marsh's Manchester farm and other lands, including 154 acres in Burlington that Ira Allen bought from the court, which brother Ethan would occupy for the last two years of his life. This book adds little to our understanding of the Allen brothers' shady Burlington land dealing, including Ira's ambiguous documentation of the Marsh farm's acquisition. As a courier and spy, Marsh carried at least one message to Ethan Allen during the first round of the Haldimand negotiations. At St. John from 1782-84, Marsh managed the exchanges of prisoners and loyalists established by an agreement with the British. During those postwar years Marsh also explored and promoted settlement of loyalists down the St. Lawrence River on the Bay of Chaleurs and upstream around the Bay of Quinte on Lake Ontario, where many members of his family eventually settled.

Soon after the General Assembly established the Courts of Confiscation in 1777-1778, Marsh lost his Manchester and Burlington lands. In 1782, the assembly repealed the law that banished loyalists, thus permitting Marsh to return openly to Vermont. His sons, meanwhile, had maintained the farm in Dorset that Marsh's father had bequeathed him during the war, a legal insurance that allowed him to return to Vermont, supervise his sons' work, and serve as a courier and spy for Canadian Governor General Haldimand. On one of those subsequent visits, Marsh and his sons drove about fifty head of cattle to feed loyalist refugees at St. John in 1783. Between 1784 and 1788 he made frequent journeys from Canada to Vermont on his own business or family affairs.

The authors were influenced by Matt Jones's *Vermont in the Making* (1939) for his highly positive assessment of Marsh's role in the organization of Vermont at various conventions of the Committees of Safety. Cer-

tainly Marsh and at least two other envoys from the convention carried a significant message to the east side towns that persuaded them to join the pre-constitution association in 1777, but nothing he said there or at the convention survives. Very few of Marsh's paper records have survived, in part probably because he produced few originals. He retrieved his financial records—mostly bonds and debts—from Vermont in the 1780s, but they too seem not to have survived. Shortly after Marsh turned loyalist, Ira Allen called him "the infamous William Marsh." While other Vermont leaders could have used stronger language than Ira's, Governor Thomas Chittenden supported Marsh's unsuccessful claim for restoration of his confiscated Manchester land. His wife never lost her own land in Manchester to the Confiscation Court.

Marsh settled permanently back in Dorset about 1790 and appears in several federal census counts for that town until his death in 1816. His gravestone remains standing in Dorset, presenting numerous figures from Freemasonry and a quotation from Oliver Goldsmith's history of Rome on the assassination of Pompey, Julius Caesar's rival: "He whose merits deserve a temple, can now scarce find a tomb." Though Marsh fell far short of Pompey's military accomplishments, Goldsmith's sentimental pathos struck the required chord as an epitaph for an eighteenth-century family's beloved patriarch.

The authors' understanding of the Haldimand negotiations from the British point of view is heavily indebted, correctly, to the Haldimand papers. They diligently and commendably searched for documentary evidence and genealogy to track down Marsh. Yet, large doses of concision and paraphrase applied to their book could have kept the story of William Marsh front and center for readers.

JOHN J. DUFFY

John J. Duffy, Emeritus Professor of English and Humanities at Johnson State College, lives on Isle La Motte. He is co-author with H. Nicholas Muller III, of Inventing Ethan Allen *(2014) and chief editor of* The Vermont Encyclopedia *(2003) and* Ethan Allen and His Kin: Selected Correspondence *(1998).*

The Problem of Slavery in Early Vermont, 1777-1810

By Harvey Amani Whitfield (Barre: Vermont Historical Society, 2014, pp. xiv, 140, $19.95).

Harvey Amani Whitfield has made a big splash in the Vermont press and among Vermont historians with his new book on the history of slavery in early Vermont, and for good reason. *The Problem of Slavery in*

Early Vermont, 1777-1810, published by the Vermont Historical Society, is an edited collection of primary documents that attempts to reconcile the popular and centuries-old belief that Vermont was always a place without slavery with what in reality is a messier and more complicated historical record. The truth is that the full elimination of slavery in Vermont happened gradually, and that slavery and antislavery sentiments coexisted in early Vermont. As Whitfield says in his introductory essay, "The end of slavery must be viewed as a long process that occurred over thirty years (1777-1810), during which time emancipation, slavery, freedom, racism, hopes for natural rights, reenslavement, *de facto* slavery, and fleeting notions of black citizenship existed simultaneously" (p. 4).

For over 200 years Vermonters have proudly pointed to the state's 1777 constitution as evidence that Vermont's strong antislavery principles date to its founding. Whitfield reminds us that the Vermont Constitution barred adulthood slavery only. As Kari J. Winter did in her 2005 discussion of the forced indenture of Jeffrey Brace's stepchildren, Whitfield points out that black children were vulnerable in early Vermont and that forced labor could take several forms. Room remains for historians to further parse out the difference between forced indenture and forced childhood enslavement as they existed in New England.

Whitfield goes a step further by arguing that adult slavery persisted despite the Vermont Constitution, and his contextual analysis of that document and the laws that followed it is perhaps the most important contribution of the book. As Whitfield sees it, the laws "An Act to Prevent the Sale and Transportation of Negroes & Molattoes Out of This State" from 1786 (Document 11) and the 1806 "Prevention of Kidnapping Act" (Document 30) were each attempts to strengthen earlier legislation. As such, they point to a problem of enforcement and suggest the discrepancy between laws on the books in Vermont and a cultural attitude of tolerance and perhaps even acceptance of Vermont enslavement and interstate slave sales. The 1790 bill of sale between a man in Springfield and a man in New Hampshire for the purchase of an eight-year-old boy named Anthony (Document 14) personalizes the trafficking of children and documents the continuation of practices that had been made illegal. As Whitfield says, "Slavery clearly had not ended for adult African Americans and certainly not for their still-enslaved children who had not reached the age of majority spelled out in the constitution" (pp. 31-32).

The Problem of Slavery in Early Vermont includes eight advertisements for runaway slaves that appeared in the *Vermont Gazette* between 1786 and 1795, all of them posted by New York residents who must have assumed, as Whitfield says, that Vermonters "might help them regain escaped slaves" (p. 77). Those advertisements document the border fluidity

of early Vermont and provide an intriguing glimpse into the clothing, occupational skills, and bilingual fluency of New York State slaves at the end of the eighteenth century. Taken together, they provide a northern and seemingly less violent counterpoint to the runaway ads common in southern newspapers and popularized in print by abolitionists.

In public talks and interviews, Whitfield has expressed his hunch that the documents featured in the book are only a small sampling of the evidence that awaits researchers willing to bypass the better-known state and university repositories for the often uncatalogued sources in vaults of town clerks' offices and county courthouses across the state. If Whitfield is correct, his work has set a model for future researchers to follow, and the ongoing digitization of some of those sources will facilitate the study of Vermont slavery.

As many scholars of Vermont history know, Whitfield's book is just the latest research to focus on the broad but related topics of black Vermonters and antislavery efforts in Vermont. The quality of that scholarship has been uneven but always attracts interest. Why is this history so compelling? Why do we seem so consistently and repeatedly surprised to learn that Vermont's relationship to slavery and racial inclusion is less honorable than what we like to believe? We may be surprised to learn about free black community members or indentured black children, but early Vermonters were not surprised by them. Margot Minardi's brilliant 2010 study of slavery and memory making in Massachusetts can help by reminding us that the best scholarship focuses not on the rhetoric of retrieving hidden histories—on "rescuing individual lives and collective mentalities from the sediments of history" (Margot Minardi, *Making Slavery History: Abolitionism and the Politics of Memory in Massachusetts* [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010], p. 5)—but on the long history of what we as a state have chosen to remember and to forget. History is a story, and at some point relatively early on, Vermonters began to tell each other that as with so many other things, Vermont's relationship to slavery had been exceptional. Harvey Amani Whitfield's lovely new book problematizes that narrative though his keen analysis of primary documents that implicate Vermont in the practice of human enslavement; it remains for Whitfield and others to explain the processes by which those documents and the people they represent were forgotten, and were left out of our shared story.

JILL MUDGETT

Jill Mudgett is a cultural historian who writes about environmental and regional topics from her home in Lamoille County. Her research interests include the connection between the natural environment and antislavery sentiments in northern New England.

Why Coolidge Matters: Leadership Lessons from America's Most Underrated President.

By Charles C. Johnson (New York and London: Encounter Books, 2013, pp. 408, $25.99).

After years of relative obscurity and degradation by scores of scholars, Calvin Coolidge has experienced a revival among American conservatives since President Reagan placed his portrait in the Oval Office of the White House. Various conservative writers in recent years have worked hard to enhance Coolidge's reputation by singling out what they consider to be the many virtues of his administration. They stress that when he became president upon the death of Warren G. Harding in 1923, the federal government was facing a mountain of war debt, but that instead of raising taxes, Coolidge cut taxes. The result was strong economic growth, considerable expansion of the American economy, increased government revenues, and elimination of the wartime debt. They strongly criticize what they term the age of big government that started with Franklin Roosevelt, which in their opinion has brought untold misery upon the nation with mountains of debt, deepening doubt about the viability of the American republic, and deep partisan discord.

Conservative investigative reporter Charles C. Johnson presents his interpretation of President Coolidge's views and actions on a wide range of topics in his book, *Why Coolidge Matters: Leadership Lessons from America's Most Underrated President.* While Amity Shlaes's lengthy biography is a linear chronicle of Coolidge's political career and the evolution of his economic ideas, Johnson's work is a subject-by-subject survey of Coolidge's ideas and actions in a wide variety of areas including taxes, education, defense, the Constitution, racial issues, foreign policy, and the role of government in society.

Johnson claims that Coolidge was the epitome of a progressive conservative. Coolidge, Johnson notes, was a strong admirer of the American Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution. The goal of government, he believed, must be to protect the freedom and liberty guaranteed by these documents. Therefore, while government should protect the welfare, freedom, and dignity of the people, it must not enact policies that would in any way erode these privileges. Taxes were a major concern to Coolidge. He noted that every dollar taken in by the government is one dollar less that an enterprising businessman could invest in the economy. Economic growth would best occur

when hard-working individuals could advance their welfare through their own initiatives.

Johnson recounts how Coolidge wanted Americans to work less for the government and more for themselves, and to enjoy a larger share of the rewards of their industry. He regarded fiscal matters as a deep moral question based on the founding era's assumption that a free people can and should govern themselves. The productive capacity of the nation was the sum total of the initiatives of each individual and Coolidge urged all Americans to work hard and save. He thought the way out of the depression was for the government to cut spending and reduce taxes, thus putting money into the hands of assiduous Americans whose hard work and wise saving and investments would restore the nation to prosperity.

Johnson devotes a full chapter to the Vermont upbringing and education of Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge grew up working hand-in-hand with other farmers and common laborers. He had deep respect and empathy for the many hard-working and dedicated men and women who strove to scratch out a living in the rocky soil of central Vermont. He learned about the hardship of unnecessary taxes as he followed his father on his tax-collecting routes and came to respect the piety, thrift, and dedication of his fellow Vermonters. Johnson writes:

> Unlike current leaders, who tend to bemoan the fact that they worked as children or to boast about it for political gain with middle-class voters, Coolidge expressed genuine fondness for his early days, especially his work in a smithy. The blacksmith "always pitched the hay on the ox cart and I raked after," Coolidge recalled. "If I was getting behind he slowed up a little. He was a big-hearted man. I wish I could see that blacksmith again." Coolidge didn't seek to distance himself from his youth (p. 48).

Johnson goes to great lengths to discuss the strong educational background of Coolidge as a youth in Vermont and as a student at Amherst College. He stresses that though Coolidge may have had modest origins, his home had many books, most of them great books. Coolidge developed a strong love for reading and from a very young age spent most of his free time reading classical literature. He loved history and romantic literature and before her premature death, his mother helped him to cultivate a deep appreciation of such literary masters as Sir Walter Scott and Tennyson. Coolidge was a dedicated student of history who soon realized that "ancient thought shaped present realities and therefore politics" (p. 49).

When Coolidge entered Vermont's Black River Academy at age thirteen he grew deeply interested in government and the founding of

the American republic. He studied and came to deeply admire the American Constitution, "realizing that no other document devised by the hand of man ever brought so much progress and happiness to humanity. .The good it has brought can never be measured" (pp. 50-51). Coolidge studied Greek and Roman history and realized how modern ideas of democracy first evolved in Greece, and that the once mighty Roman Republic fell because it abandoned its own ideals. He feared that the United States could experience a similar fall if it neglected its own ideals. To survive, the United States needed to build and enhance the education of all its citizens so they could better understand and work to develop the bold ideals of the American Revolution.

The organization of Johnson's book is both a help and a hindrance. Each chapter is topically organized, which allows a lengthy exposition of Coolidge's ideas on such topics as the role of government in society, national defense, and so on. The research is excellent, but the writing is quite dry. The chapters are very informative and well organized, but Johnson relies far too much on long quotes from Coolidge to support his points. Furthermore, each chapter is independent of all the others, so there is little to tie this book together. What we really have here is a collection of essays that bear little relation with each other. Reading the entire work can become a bit tiresome because there is no real underlying narrative. Nevertheless, the reader who makes the effort will come away with a strong understanding of Calvin Coolidge's world view.

DANIEL A. MÉTRAUX

Daniel A. Métraux is Professor of Asian Studies at Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Virginia, and Adjunct Professor of History and Culture, Graduate Program at the Union Institute and University. He is a summer resident of Greensboro, Vermont.

Taken by Storm, 1938: A Social and Meteorological History of the Great New England Hurricane

By Lourdes B. Avilés (American Meteorological Society, 2013, pp. 265, $40.00).

Taken by Storm, 1938 is a riveting historical and meteorological account that addresses questions about the lead time with which the hurricane was forecast, the adequacy of the warnings disseminated, post-event recovery, and lessons learned. Lourdes B. Avilés presents her

work in three parts: an overview, which sets the science context of the event; the life cycle of the hurricane; and its aftermath.

The book opens with a review of the meteorology of the hurricane, its historical context, and the dynamics of that fateful September day in 1938. Historically, the world was in the throes of World War II, and war news eclipsed Weather Bureau warnings of the impending storm. In outlining previous land-falling tropical systems in New England since 1635, Avilés distinguishes between cyclones of tropical origin (like hurricanes) *versus* those of mid-latitude origin (such as nor'easters). The importance of this distinction was highlighted in 2012, when like the 1938 hurricane, Hurricane Sandy transitioned into an extratropical system as its effects unfolded in New England. The main difference between these two events, however, was the lack of awareness of the impending danger in 1938 *versus* the unfortunate drop in public perception of Sandy's danger due to the change in designation. Also unchanged over the decades is the orientation of New England's coastline relative to an approaching tropical cyclone and the resulting implications for storm surge at varying tidal marks.

The hurricane served as a catalyst for economic, social, and political change, especially poignant in the post-Depression era of the 1930s. Particularly important were the changes in forecasting, methodology, and instrumentation that took place across the Weather Bureau, driven in part by the limitations and communications issues brought to light by this disaster. In 1938, forecasters used pressure maps hand-drawn from far fewer observations than we have today and without access to the upper atmospheric details that have become a staple of modern forecasting. Inaccurate forecasts on that fateful day largely stemmed from an over-reliance on the climatology of past tropical cyclones. In fact, Charles Pierce, a junior forecaster was the only one to produce an accurate forecast by relying on his undergraduate training in meteorology, aviation experience, and exposure to techniques used in Europe. When these forecasting shortfalls converged with the widespread belief inside and outside the Weather Bureau that major hurricanes do not affect New England, inadequate communications merged with a lack of preparedness in the worst possible way.

Avilés leads the reader through the development of a tropical cyclone from its birth as an easterly wave off the coast of Africa. Her meticulous reconstruction of the hurricane from the historical accounts is fascinating in its own right, but also allows her to effectively intersperse critical background knowledge of the tools of the trade, such as the Beaufort Scale, and how inferences can be made from diary entries. As the hurricane intensified and recurved away from Florida, Avilés high-

lights the timing of hurricane warnings, the progression from almost "too late" (i.e. the storm's central pressure had already dropped rapidly), to the twenty-first century practice of giving 36-hour alerts, to allow for proper preparation including evacuation. Lessons learned from this event have informed the best practices still used by today's National Weather Service when it conducts service assessments of field office performance following a major weather event.

Remarkable similarities existed in a deep trough in the jet stream observed during both Hurricane Sandy and the 1938 hurricane. The rapid northward acceleration of the storm led to its other name of "The Long Island Express," with northern New England experiencing copious rainfall (of at least 17″), inland flooding, and excessive tree damage. Avilés highlights the importance of pooling precipitation data from all sources available in compiling storm totals. Also important is the role of precipitation prior to the main event (called a Predecessor Rainfall Event), and how this primes the ground for later flooding or tree blowdown (observations that were also made in southern Vermont following Tropical Storm Irene in August 2011).

The book concludes with an analysis of the storm's impacts and relief efforts (Chapter 8), as well as past, present, and future New England hurricanes (Chapter 9). In 1938, loss of human life was highest in Rhode Island; but throughout the region, ecosystems and geologic structures were affected, and no sector of the region's economy remained untouched. For the first time, federal government assistance shifted from a localized approach to large-scale response to the damage, primarily under the auspices of the Works Progress Administration (WPA).This same spirit of local organizations "chipping in" to assist in pragmatic, logistical ways also characterized the post-Irene and Sandy response. Using the 1635, 1815, and 1938 cyclones, Avilés extrapolates the worst-case scenario of intense New England hurricanes to present "what if" scenarios for damages, recovery costs, communications and emergency planning, and relief.

Avilés's accessible writing style successfully intertwines scientific detail, historical narrative, and present-day hurricane monitoring/archiving methodology in a way that will appeal to atmospheric scientists and lay readers alike. Her book is a testament to climate literacy in action, affording all readers an understanding of the processes involved, basic definitions, and why changes in methodology have been made over time. Her treatment of scientific uncertainty and how this has changed over the decades as our knowledge and skills have increased is noteworthy. Finally, the recurring theme of the many lessons learned in the aftermath of this hurricane is one of the valuable contributions of

this monograph. The only two drawbacks to the book are the tendency to repeat material across chapters and an organization (historical narrative interspersed with present-day analysis) that is not always intuitive. Each chapter may have been designed to serve as a stand-alone entity in terms of its content, even though Avilés provides references across chapters.

This book stands as a great contribution to the fields of historical and synoptic climatology, in its use of such disparate records and data sources to create a coherent whole, and for highlighting where our present-day understanding of storm behavior originated.

LESLEY-ANN DUPIGNY-GIROUX

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Food Co-ops in America: Communities, Consumption, and Economic Democracy

By Anne Meis Knupfer (Cornell University Press: Ithaca and London, 2013, pp. 273, $29.95).

This is a book that will find its way into the hands of several different kinds of readers. Some will welcome it as a useful first effort at chronicling the history of food cooperatives in the United States, while others will read it as an advice manual for today's cooperative movement.

Until recently, food cooperatives have attracted little attention from historians, so Knupfer's work provides a significant starting point for future studies. The book begins with a brief account of the origins of food cooperatives in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But this background is sketchy: The author's central concern is cooperative stores founded in the mid-twentieth century. To assemble her story, Knupfer traveled across the country, exhuming mimeographed and handwritten records buried in attics and back offices. Fleshing out those often scanty archives, she interviewed co-op members, workers, and board members from a dozen different cooperative stores. Based on these case studies, Knupfer makes a convincing argument that the food co-ops founded during the Great Depression and World War II developed political sensibilities and struggles quite different from those founded in the 1960s and 1970s. Co-ops founded in the Great Depres-

sion or World War II, for example, often confronted the temptation to become more and more like the grocery-stores-turned-supermarkets that were mushrooming around them in the postwar years. Co-ops founded in the 1960s and 1970s, in contrast, were less likely to make unwise choices about growth, but were more often threatened by internal ideological dissension.

Knupfer chose co-ops scattered across the country as case studies (although all are located in the Northeast, in Midwestern cities, or along the northern California coast). So it seems especially intriguing (to this reader, at least) that the co-ops she identifies as the three oldest surviving stores in the United States are all located in Vermont (Putney and Adamant) or just over the border, in Hanover and Lebanon, New Hampshire. Knupfer does not make anything of this fact, but she does point out that these three co-ops have strikingly diverse histories, in spite of their close geographical proximity. As Knupfer tells it, Hanover's Consumer Cooperative Society (founded in 1936) faced a challenge common to its generation of co-ops: In the post-World War II years, it expanded its size and customer base, but struggled to maintain an active and engaged membership. The Adamant Food Co-op, on the other hand, was also founded during the Depression (in 1935, making it the oldest surviving food co-op in the United States, according to Knupfer), but characteristically followed its own path, remaining extremely small and almost purposefully disorganized, its identity completely merged with its village and the music school that grew up alongside it. The Putney Food Co-op took still another route: Although it was founded in 1941 (making it the third oldest surviving co-op), it transformed itself into a 1960s-style "food revolution" co-op in the years when the town was attracting a large and vibrant mix of communards and radicals.

The combination of interviews, personal reflections, and archival research presented here makes for thought-provoking history. But Knupfer's concerns are not primarily historical. She is most at home writing as an advocate of the cooperative movement, and her book is designed chiefly for readers who are interested in fostering the success of food co-ops today. At the heart of the book is a frankly ideological argument: When co-ops make the right choices, Knupfer argues, they foster a kind of participatory democracy that is vital to a healthy political culture. At the same time, they offer an important and welcome alternative to industrial-scale capitalism. In Knupfer's judgment, her case studies indicate that active democratic participation—which she views as vital to the mission of co-ops—is strained and weakened when cooperatives grow too large. Her assessment is that co-ops often go down the wrong path when they expand, open branch stores, or place too much emphasis

on increasing markets and sales. Ultimately, Knupfer argues, co-ops do best and survive longest when they keep a clear emphasis on democratic participation, cherish the local and small-scale, and maintain a close connection to community: A Vermont reader might be tempted to name it the "Adamant model."

DONA BROWN

Dona Brown is Professor of History at the University of Vermont. She is the author of Inventing New England: Regional Tourism in the Nineteenth Century *(1995) and* Back to the Land: The Enduring Dream of Self-Sufficiency in Modern America *(2011).*

Two Towns: One Community. Haverhill, New Hampshire & Newbury, Vermont, 1763-2013: Souvenir Companion to a Year of Community Celebration, December 31, 2012-December 31, 2013

By Haverhill/Newbury 250th Committee (North Haverhill, N.H.: Haverhill/Newbury 250th Committee, 2013, pp. 160, paper, $10.00).

The subtitle for this celebratory volume might have been, "The Search for Community: Paired Towns on the Connecticut." Here we have a book about two towns in a valley separated by the Connecticut River. Historians sometimes called this spot "The Intervales" because of its wide, fertile natural meadows. It drew such important early settlers as Jacob Bayley (to Newbury, Vermont) and his friend Moses Hazen (to Haverhill, New Hampshire), directly across the river. These two would later attempt to build the ill-fated military road from Newbury to St. Johns, Québec—without (one needs to *seriously* appreciate) a single chainsaw or dozer.

History is a laboratory for social scientists, helping to answer questions about (for instance) the collective action of governmental units. One such question might be: Can social interaction survive political differences? How much community is left between the towns on either side of the Connecticut River after two centuries of *political* separation as different American states?

The towns of Haverhill and Newbury have written a book together to commemorate their common founding in 1763 and their linked history over the subsequent two and a half centuries. In it they claim that a vibrant interstate community does exist within their remarkably dif-

ferent systems statewide politics. They even entitle their book, *Two Towns: One Community.* It is chock full of history; of churches, farms, roads, places, people, bridges, and more. Yet these two towns are creatures of the very dissimilar politics of Vermont and New Hampshire.

To answer this question calls up another: Do the valley towns of Newbury and Haverhill reflect the *political* divide between Vermont and New Hampshire that has perplexed so many political scientists over the years? It turns out that they do. For example, in the most recent presidential election, Vermont's statewide vote for President Obama was 66 percent, while Newbury's was only 61 percent. New Hampshire went 52 percent for President Obama and Haverhill 49 percent. The difference between Haverhill and Newbury (12 percentage points) was *greater* than the difference between either Haverhill and New Hampshire (3 percentage points) or Newbury and Vermont (5 percentage points). Politically, both towns acted more like their home state than like each other.

At the same time, Newbury and Haverhill are beset by *internal* fragmentation that threatens "community." The unincorporated "village" of Woodsville is the commercial center within the town of Haverhill, New Hampshire. Woodsville is also the *de facto* "county seat" of Grafton County, New Hampshire. The town of Newbury has two incorporated villages within it, Wells River village and Newbury village. Both have their own taxing system and decision-making process.

Finally, the most important local function of all—public education—is often at odds with other community functions and agendas. The town of Newbury is formally associated with Oxbow Union High School in Bradford to the south. The village of Wells River (in the town of Newbury) is formally linked to Blue Mountain School in the town of Ryegate (just outside Wells River) to the north. Haverhill, on the other hand, lacks the profound complexity of Newbury's outback regions but is complicated by New Hampshire's stronger county system.

Enough. This is an extraordinary book. Indeed, its very existence answers the questions I posed at the beginning: Is there enough community bridging the upper valley of the Connecticut River between Vermont and New Hampshire to sustain the title of the book, *Two Towns: One Community*? Is there enough community given the very real political divisions *within* these towns? After reading this 160-page volume—which contains 346 photographs; nine maps; 66 individually authored short essays; an introductory poem, "Yoked," by Newbury resident and Vermont Poet Laureate Sydney Lea; dozens of unauthored pieces; and 80 advertisements—dawn broke over my marble head! This book neither would nor could have happened without community. It validates

itself: page-turning, rich, honest and beautiful. Yes, it is always beautiful.

Even the advertisements that helped fund the book make a valuable contribution. Easy to look at and deeply interesting, these advertisements are good history, telling us and future generations much about the life of this historic spot. And the citizen committee that put this book together was wise enough to spread them throughout. No "yearbook" ambiance here.

Finally, this book is more than a celebration. It is an historical document of tremendous value. It is local history at its best: written by farmers and poets, mechanics and teachers, young and old, and (especially) newcomers and old-timers; and beautifully illustrated. And, it was written by a *committee*—where else but in a strong community could this possibly happen?

FRANK BRYAN

Frank Bryan is Professor Emeritus of Political Science at the University of Vermont. He grew up in Newbury, Vermont.

Legendary Locals of Burlington

By Robert J. Resnik (Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2013, pp. 128, paper, $21.99).

Deep down, I suspect every historian harbors the hidden desire to create history where none presently exists. In effect, this is what longtime Burlington resident and reference librarian Robert Resnik has done through his invention of legendary locals. His purpose, explained in a brief introduction, is simple: "Burlington's most valuable resource . . . is its residents. This book will introduce you to some special ones" (p. 8).

With few exceptions, each of his subjects merits similar treatment: a picture (sometimes two) and a thoughtful one-paragraph description of their noteworthy achievement(s). Resnik organizes his presentation around seven themes: People and Their Places and Things; Stars of Media and Multimedia; Teachers, Historians, Archivists, and Other Keepers of the Flame; Entrepreneurs, Land Barons, and Businesses Large and Small; Artists of Every Sort; Local Heroes; and One of a Kind.

As evidenced in the chapter titles, the author does not follow traditional chronological or contextual conventions. Chapter 1 opens with

"The Queen City," a page sporting two photographs, one of Burlington's first mayor, Albert L. Catlin (who proclaimed in an early speech, "We represent a young city, which may in time be known and distinguished as the Queen City of New England"), the second dating from the early 1950s, showing a highway sign announcing "Welcome to Burlington *The* Queen City." Subsequent pages pay homage to John Converse, described as a native University of Vermont graduate who made his fortune in Chicago and endowed a dormitory thought later to be haunted; Bill Truex, who in the 1970s-80s spearheaded the construction of the pedestrian-friendly Church Street Marketplace; late nineteenth-century businessman William Van Pattern; Frederick Billings (UVM grad and president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, who funded H.H. Richardson's Billings Library); Steve Conant (owner of Conant Metal & Light); and Bishop Louis de Goesbriand, the first bishop of the Diocese of Burlington. It is a disparate group, to say the least.

But that is only the beginning. Resnik's delight in melding past and present, and the expected with the eccentric and esoteric, underscores the playful manner with which he (re)invents Burlington's legendary past. In the chapter on "Stars of Media and Multimedia," that past predictably incorporates a good deal of the present (a majority of his legendary figures are both alive and still very active!). "Teachers, Historians, Archivists, and Other Keepers of the Flame" includes many who would doubtless appear in any historian's list: for example, Zadock Thompson, John Dewey, Bertha Terrill, Raul Hilberg, and Ralph Nading Hill. Less obvious additions, though, are Lorrie Colburn, the "Library Lady," Kenneth Rothwell, Shakespearean scholar, Will Miller, UVM philosopher and peace activist, and Leesa Guay-Timpson, Burlington High School "Frau."

Criticism could easily be focused on the number of renowned educators whom the author overlooks (a UVM list might include former President James Marsh, Russian historian William Daniels, and Samuel B. Hand, Vermont historian). But again, that misses the author's point. What abounds in this work—and what this reader rejoices in—is the author's unapologetic celebration of a colorful and diverse set of residents, past and present, whose presence informs the special character of this community.

Peter Freyne, Lauren Glenn Davidian, Crestian Lea, Lyn Severance, not to mention the "Clarinet Man," the "Dumpling Lady," and the "Hot Dog Lady." These are but a few of the many colorful characters Robert Resnik honors in this very personal tribute. While *Legendary Locals of Burlington* is not, by traditional measures, a work of scholarship, it is to

be commended for preserving a multifaceted past and present that might otherwise be lost.

A lifelong Burlington resident and historian myself, I took great delight in continually discovering information I didn't know, people with whom I was unfamiliar, and priceless pictures aptly placing individuals in their historical context that more than overcame a relative scarcity of historical text.

This book is, for the moment, the definitive work on its chosen subject matter. But I suspect—and I hope—that it will inspire others to continue to render further contributions in nurturing a multifaceted past that pays homage to the accomplishments, antics, and oddities that have made and continue to make Burlington a city of distinction.

P. Jeffrey Potash

P. Jeffrey Potash is a coauthor of Freedom and Unity: A History of Vermont *(2004) and a lifelong Burlington resident.*

Freedom and Unity: The Vermont Movie. One State, Many Voices

Directed and edited by Nora Jacobson (Norwich, Vt.: Upper Valley Arts, 2013, Boxed set of 3 DVDs + 28-page booklet, $44.99).

Making a film about history is hard. Viewers' eyes demand movement. We like color, too. All that gives the medium a bias toward the present. It's easier to make a film about Herbert Hoover than George Washington, and easier still to make one about Lady Gaga. That's the way it is, and the merits of the subject have nothing to do with it.

Which leads me to *The Vermont Movie.* A big, sprawling love note to a particular vision of Vermont, it is a textbook example (if you'll excuse the metaphor of a book) of the methods filmmakers can use to bring history to life. The film—or series of films, really—was the collaborative effort of dozens of filmmakers, and their collective enterprise and inventiveness is on full display.

Home movies, old photographs, personal reminiscences, expert talking heads, rare footage, newspaper headlines, and visual artifacts are all in here, woven together to tell a series of Vermont stories. Even those of us most familiar with Vermont history will see things that are new to us and wonder, "Where did they find that?" I watched on DVD and

found myself often stopping to take a long look at something or other. Putting it all together must have been a gargantuan task for Project Director and Editor Nora Jacobson.

It couldn't have been easy, because even edited down the film is not short. *The Vermont Movie* is really six films of about 80 minutes each, organized thematically rather than chronologically. Part 4, for example, is titled "Doers and Shapers," and covers such diverse elements as French Canadians, town poor farms, and Vermont inventors.

The biggest compliment I can give *The Vermont Movie* is that, despite its prodigious length and breadth of scale, I was often left wanting more. In many places—such as that segment on French Canadians, for example—I felt as if the film was just warming up to the subject when it moved on. I suspect at least one filmmaker involved in the project would agree with me there, but analytic brevity is another inherent problem with the medium. It has to move along, and it's eight hours long (in total) already. You can't include everything.

But still, Howard Coffin must have been disappointed that the movie gives considerably more attention to Scott and Helen Nearing than it does to the Civil War.

Speaking of Howard, the movie uses a number of outstanding talking heads. The filmmakers consulted a variety of Vermont authors, historians, and enthusiasts, and they are the ones who bring life to the movie. Some other examples: Paul Searls, whose enthusiasm for his subject matter comes shining through in all his comments, is an absolute master of the telling detail. Frank Bryan has a wonderful commonsense knack for reminding us that the demands of climate and making a living around here have always had a stubborn way of intruding on the plans of even the most idealistic dreamer. The late John Dutton (to my mind, the star of Part 1) displays an incredibly deep knowledge of his specialty, local maps and roads. He was the kind of guy everybody (correctly) calls a real old-timer, and the sort of person to whom the professional historians should pay far more attention. Good for the filmmakers for finding him.

At other times, though, one wishes they had been a bit more discriminating in whom to term an expert. In the segment on eugenics, for example, we didn't hear enough from Nancy Gallagher, and heard too much from other people who seemed to be reciting what they remembered from reading her. I'd rather have gotten more from her.

And about that particular vision I mentioned at the top: This is definitely a baby boomer's, neo-hippie history of the state. At times one gets the impression that the filmmakers went to great lengths to interview every type of Vermonter but a Republican. Nor do we get much of

anything about religion. That's a real blind spot if you want to understand this state before, say, 1969.

Still, in the end, it's that neo-hippie perspective that holds this sprawling film together. The filmmakers set out to make a history of a quirky place that drew contrarian dreamers. Their affection for their subject comes through most, I think, when the aging baby boomers in *The Vermont Movie* speak of their lives here back when they were young and Vermont offered an alternative life. In that sense the movie is less a history of a state than a fascinating artifact of a perspective.

KEVIN THORNTON

Kevin Thornton, lives in Brandon and is a Community Research Fellow for 2014, awarded by the University of Vermont's Center for Research on Vermont.

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*Andres, Glenn M., and Curtis B. Johnson, *Buildings of Vermont*. Charlottesville, Va.: University of Virginia Press, 2013. 480p. List: $85.00.

Balik, Shelby M., *Rally the Scattered Believers: Northern New England's Religious Geography*. Bloomington, Ind.: Indiana University Press, 2014. 295p. List: $60.00.

*Bennett, David, *A Few Lawless Vagabonds: Ethan Allen, the Republic of Vermont, and the American Revolution*. Havertown, Penn.: Casemate Publishers, 2014. 276p. List: $32.95.

*Chambers, Doreen, and Brooke Lorentzen, *Barre*. Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2014. 127p. List: $21.99 (paper).

*Duffy, John J., and H. Nicholas Muller III, *Inventing Ethan Allen*. Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 2014. 285p. List: $29.99 (paper).

Franklin, Jamie, Alfred Perry, Warren F. Broderick, and Tania Bayard, *Three Vermont Impressionists*. Bennington, Vt.: Bennington Museum, 2014. 52p. Source: The publisher, 75 Main St., Bennington, VT 05201. List: $18.95 (paper). Exhibition catalog for artists George L. Noyes, Arthur Gibbes Burton, and Clifford Adams Bayard.

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*Graffagnino, J. Kevin, H. Nicholas Muller III, David A. Donath, and Kristin Peterson-Ishaq, editors, *The Vermont Difference: Perspectives from the Green Mountain State*. Woodstock, Vt.: Woodstock Foundation and Barre, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society, 2014. 296p. List: $27.95 (paper); $39.95. Includes 19 essays by leaders in major areas of Vermonter life and work.

Green, Mary Peet, *Mary Peet Green at 98: A Memoir*. San Bernardino, Calif.: The author, 2014. 282p. Source: Unknown. List: Unknown (paper). Native of Cornwall with an international early life, returning to Cornwall in 1973.

*Heller, Paul, *The Calais Calamity: And Other Tales of Wonder and Woe*. San Bernardino, Calif.: The author, 2014. 260p. List: $15.00 (paper).

*_____, *More Granite City Tales: Writings on the History of Barre, Vermont*. Barre, Vt.: Copy World, 2014. 226p. List: $15.00 (paper).

*Howe, Jeff L., *How Do You Get a Whale in Vermont?: The Unlikely Story of Vermont's Official State Fossil*. 159p. List: $14.95 (paper).

Lisniansky, Sara, *From Generation to Generation: One Hundred Years of Beth Jacob Synagogue, Montpelier, Vermont, 1913-2013*. Montpelier, Vt.: Beth Jacob Synagogue, 2013. 21p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 1133, Montpelier, VT 05601-1133. List: Unknown (paper).

*MacIntire, Susan Holt, *Shoreham*. Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2013. 127p. List: $21.99 (paper).

Mathews, Catherine Myra Robson, *My Family's Journey: Memories of a Twentieth-Century Childhood: The "Good Old Days" of World Wars and the Great Depression*. Lexington, Ky.: The author, 2013. 132p. Family settles in Northfield to escape the Depression.

Milestone Heritage Consulting, *From Copperas to Cleanup: The History of Vermont's Elizabeth Copper Mine*. Beacon, N.Y.: Milestone Heritage Consulting, 2014. 60p. Source: The publisher, 156 Western Avenue, Marlboro, NY 12452. List: $15.00 (paper).

Mull, Lucy, *Dorr, A Vermont Legend*. No publisher, 2013. 99p. Source: Northshire Bookstore, 291 Main St., Manchester, VT 05055. List: $24.95 (paper). Biography of Pat and Donnie Dorr of Manchester and the companies that they ran.

*Northfield Historical Society, *Northfield*. Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2014. 127p. List: $21.99 (paper)

Privée, James A., *Vermont's Participation in the 1938 National Air Mail Week*. Newport, Vt.: The Author, 2013. 189p. Source: The author,

106 Mount Vernon St., Newport, VT 05855-9598. List: Unknown (paper).

*Shattuck, Gary G., *Insurrection, Corruption and Murder in Early Vermont: Life on the Wild Northern Frontier.* Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2014. 396p. $29.95 (paper).

Stoops, Jim., *On a Vermont Witch's Window Trail: A Pictorial Trail Guide.* Manchester Center, Vt.: Shires Press, 2013. 102p. Source: Northshire Bookstore, 291 Main St., Manchester, VT 05055. List: $20.00 (paper).

Genealogy

Bartlett, Dale H., comp., *Historical Cemetery Records: Town of Plainfield.* No publisher, 2013. 124p. Source: Unknown. List: Unknown (paper).

Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, comp., *Baptism Repertoire, Northwest Vermont Parishes, Vermont Catholic Diocese.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2013. 313p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 65128, Burlington, VT 05406-5128. List: $59.00.

Jenks, Margaret R., *Fair Haven and West Haven Cemetery Inscriptions, Rutland County, Vermont.* Richardson, Tex.: The author, 2013. 163p. Source: The author, 915 St. Paul Dr., #235, Richardson, TX 75080. List: Unknown (paper). Revision of 1990 work.

*Indicates books available through the Vermont Historical Society Museum Store, www.vermonthistory.org/store.

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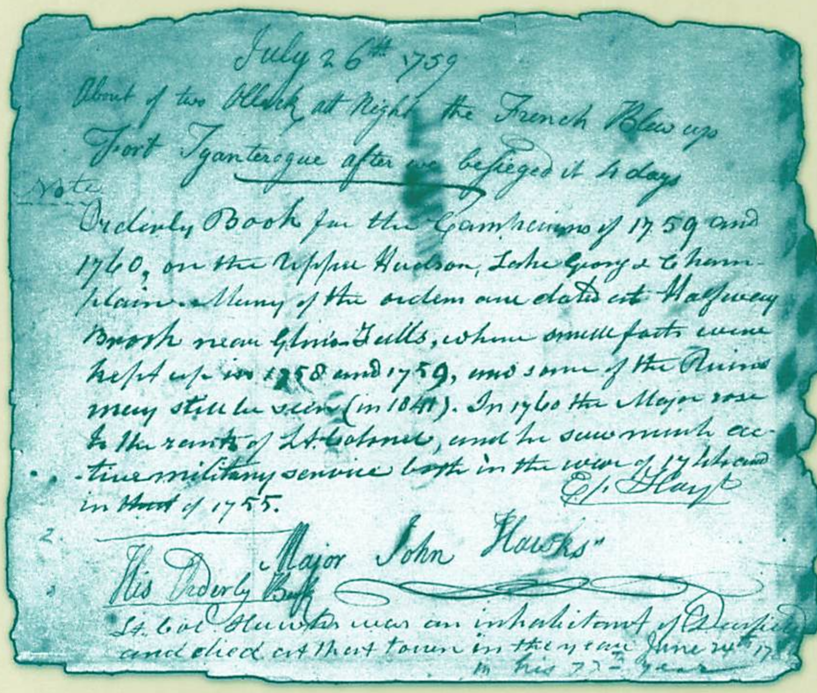

July 26th 1759

About of two Olock at Night the French Blew up Fort Tyanterogue after we besieged it 4 days

Note

Orderly Book for the Campaigns of 1759 and 1760, on the Upper Hudson, Lake George & Champlain. Many of the orders are dated at Halfway Brook near Glens Falls, where small forts were kept up in 1758 and 1759, and some of the Ruins may still be seen (in 1841). In 1760 the Major rose to the rank of Lt. Colonel, and he saw much active military service both in the war of 1744 and in that of 1755.

E. Hoyt

"Major John Hawks"

His Orderly Book

Lt. Col. Hawks was an inhabitant of Deerfield and died at that town in the year June 24th 17[illegible]
in his 73rd year