people . . .

Yes, most people come to the Green Moutain State for two reasons basically: its people and its scenery.

That's not to say Vermont doesn't have other attractions. It does—plenty of them. It has golf courses, lakes, bathing beaches, camp and picnic sites, horse-back trails, summer theaters, ski areas, fine accommodations and excellent eating establishments. But so do a lot of places.

What is it, then, that entices so many thousands of people here each year from the other states and the provinces of Canada—what is it that makes a Vermont vacation so different from any other? Of course we can't be sure, but we like to think it is the beauty of our own brand of scenery and the individuality of our own brand of people. They're both something quite rare—and quite wonderful—in this world of ours.

It's the scenery you'll notice first. It's what most people think of when they have to describe America to a foreigner. It's the peaceful country of solid ranges, lively lakes, tidy farms tucked into the hills, quiet villages built with beauty, tranquil rivers—alleys flecked with cattle, strong-running brooks of blue and green. It's hard to believe this expansive countryside exists in today's world of neon and chrome and gaudy plastic, but it does. In Vermont. No wonder someone has said "Vermont is every American's second state". No wonder others have said it looks just like one big Christmas card for year 'round. No wonder Americans who have never been here actually have been homesick for Vermont.

But visitors are drawn back to Vermont by something more compelling than its charm, its miles of unspoiled scenery, its pride in its rivers, mountains, and lakes. It is the people of Vermont themselves.

There is some quality in these green hills that makes a Vermonter just a little bit different from anyone else. Oh, not as different, perhaps, as story or legend would have you believe. Not every Vermonter you stop on the village common will be a man to regale you with Yankee wit, cuss the Government, and pay cash in advance for everything, including his coffin. But you will learn that there is just enough honest Vermont in every Vermonter to make the legend true; you will discover people in Vermont think and act, speak and live just a little differently from the way they do in other places. Maybe it's because—since the days men first came to these mountains—this has been the state that not only allows it, but expects it.

Perhaps you won't find these Vermont qualities attractive, but most visitors do. Take the Vermonter's traditional independence —some people call it cantankerousness. Take his frugality; some term it plain stinginess. Take his respect for his heritage, the beauty of his land; some people say he just doesn't want to change *anything*. Take his sense of humor; some people say it doesn't exist. We think it does; he couldn't live with his fellow Vermonters if it didn't.

Farmers—Richard I. Wright, left, and Robert L. Steiner, Jr., right, of Vershire, Vt., met in Persia where both worked for the U. S. Department of State. Mr. Steiner was from the country where his parents were missionary-teachers, and was educated in the Mid-West where he met his wife, Sherry (shown in the background with two of their three children). Mr. Wright was born, grew up, and was educated in lower New England. Eight years ago, he and his wife, Pamela, and their four children, left government service; with little more than a love of the Vermont countryside, they started a poultry farm in the hill-town of Vershire, which Mr. Wright now serves as Moderator of Town Meeting, Lister (tax assessor), and Justice of the Peace. Later the Steiners joined them, and today the two men run a 16,000-hen egg and sheep operation with only part-time help. Although both the men continue their interest in the Middle East by participation in various organizations, both prefer the good family-life and advantages for themselves and their children a rural Vermont town offers. In this, they are not alone—Vermont has a high percentage of former foreign service personnel who, with no previous connection, settled here in the state. For the person who wishes to live in this country, yet live a little differently from the rest of America, Vermont has a special, undeniable appeal.

As a visitor you may not see all the physical manifestations of the Vermont character right away. You may not eat a church supper that will make you forget Parisienne cooking. You may not be sold a valuable antique for $1.00 at a country auction. You may not witness a horse-pulling contest, sit in a town meeting, or be introduced to an official Fence-Viewer, Constable, Weigher of Coal, or Inspector of Wood, Lumber and Shingles.

But you won't be in the state very long before you discover the basic, enduring qualities that make up the Vermonter's life —whether he be native-born or one of the thousands of others who have come here as visitors and have chosen to remain as residents because of what they found here. A Vermonter places his way of life—his God, his family, his independence, his land and his heritage—above all other goals as he goes about the doing of a day's work. No one—least of all himself—ever claimed living in Vermont is easy or without problems but it is living to the fullest. And it is in the joys and reward of this way of life that he invites you as a visitor to join with him—if you have a mind to.

When, then, is the best time to visit Vermont? We could say "anytime", but it's not exactly true—it all depends on your interests.

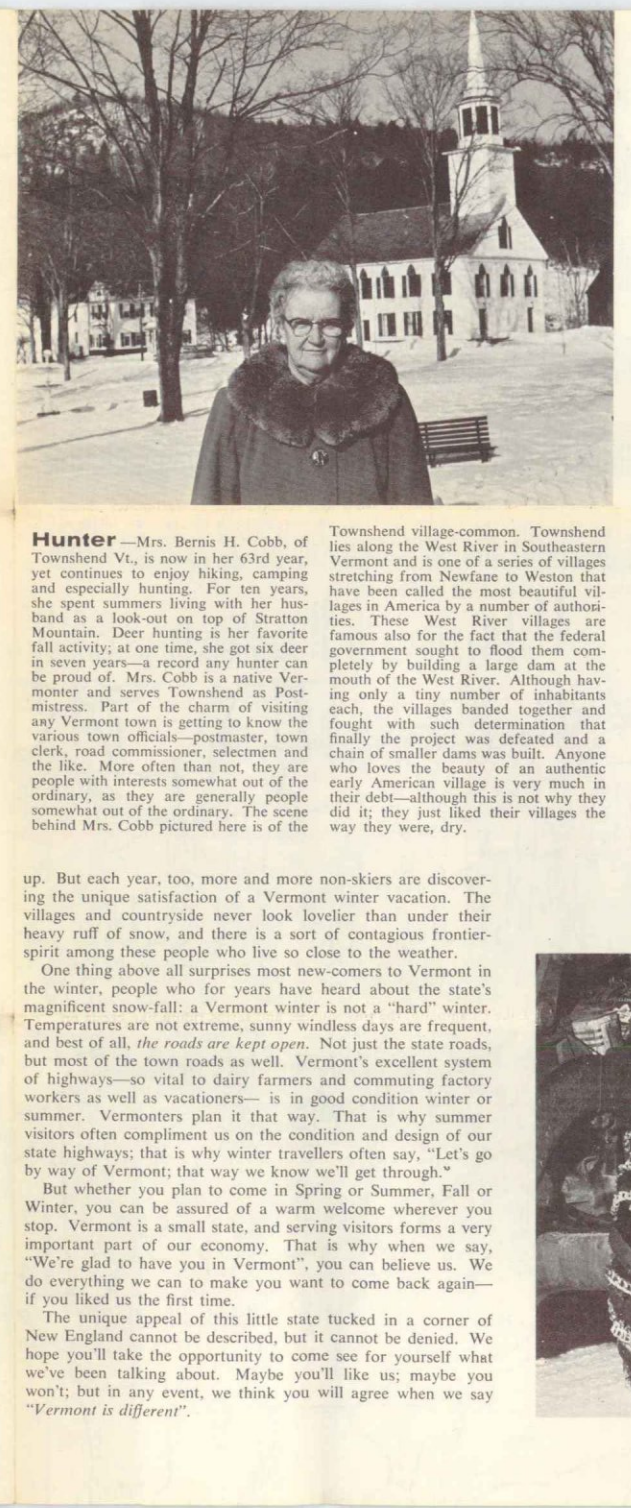
Spring is certainly one of the busiest seasons. The annual ritual of gathering the maple sap from snow-covered slopes begins and ends. The farmers take to their greening fields, the wild flowers try out their scent, the upland orchards burn with pink fire, the game stirs again—and, of course, fishing season opens. Now, too, is the time to seek out that summer and skiing resort. Because of a revolution in Vermont's agriculture, the value you can get in buying a comfortable country place is unbelievable when compared to prices in other areas.

Summer of course is the most popular season. It is when the full fare of village and state activities—festivals, fairs, suppers, concerts, theatres—can be sampled. And this is the time for the family-sportman. The lakes and ponds are speckled with boats, the many state parks are filled with swimmers, hikers and campers; riding a proud-necked Morgan or portaging your canoe between sweeping rivers is at its best. So is lying in your hammock on a cool afternoon watching the mountains march to Lake Champlain, the tiny villages and farms riding like crests on a green wave.

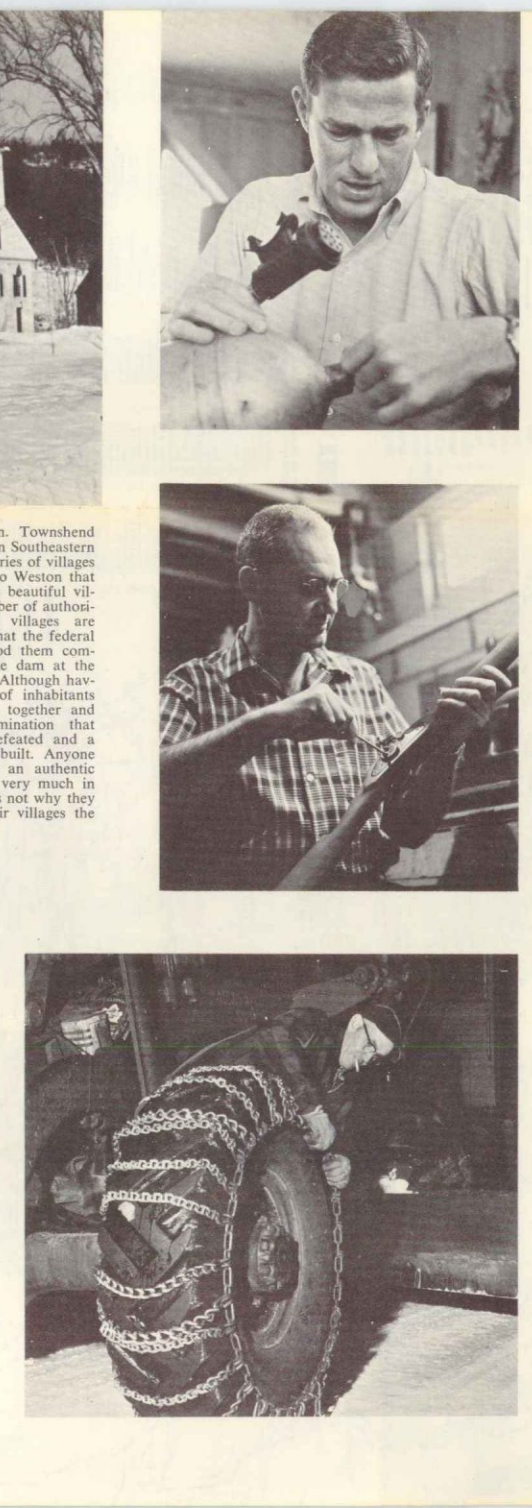
Fall is Vermont's own season. There is nothing quite like it in the world. Not only are the colors of the turning leaves unbelievably varied, but the air has a snap and a crispness that brings thousands of people to Vermont each foliage season just to drive across the shimmmin State a countryside and perhaps rumble through a covered bridge. (Yes, many of these stately structures are still in use, though, of course, they don't carry "Let's go by way of Vermont; that way we know we'll get through."

But whether you plan to come in Spring or Summer, Fall or Winter, you can be assured of a warm welcome wherever you stop. Vermont is a small state, and serving visitors forms a very important part of our economy. That is why when we say, "We're glad to have you in Vermont", you can believe us. We do everything we can to make you want to come back again—if you liked us the first time.

The unique appeal of this little state tucked in a corner of New England cannot be described, but it cannot be denied. We hope you'll take the opportunity to come see for yourself what we've been talking about. Maybe you'll like us; maybe you won't; but in any event, we think you will agree when we say *"Vermont is different"*.



Hunter—Mrs. Bernis H. Cobb, of Townshend Vt., is now in her 63rd year, yet continues to enjoy hiking, camping and especially hunting. For more than a quarter-century she has shared her husband as a look-out on top of Stratton Mountain. Deer hunting is her favorite fall activity; at one time, she got six deer in seven years—a record any hunter can be proud of. Mrs. Cobb is a native Vermonter and serves Townshend as Postmistress. Part of the charm of visiting any Vermont town is getting to know the various town officials—postmaster, town clerk, road commissioner, selectmen and the like. More often than not, they are people with interests somewhat out of the ordinary, as they are generally people somewhat out of the ordinary. The scene behind Mrs. Cobb pictured here is of the Townshend village-common. Townshend ties along the West River in Southeastern Vermont and is one of a series of villages stretching from Newfane to Weston that have been called the most beautiful villages in America by a number of authorities. The West River Valley towns are famous also for the fact that the federal government sought to flood them plenty by building a large dam at the mouth of the West River. Although having only a tiny number of inhabitants each, the villages banded together and fought with such determination that finally the project was defeated and a chain of smaller dams was built. Anyone who loves the beauty of an authentic early American village is very much in their debt—although this is not why they did it; they just liked their villages the way they were, dry.



Photographer—Hanson Carroll, of Norwich, Vt., is a free-lance photographer whose work has been represented in almost every major national magazine. Born out-of-state, Mr. Carroll and his wife live in Vermont—I.e., because they like it; and 2., because of the state's fantastic photographic potentials. Although he is sent all over the country on assignments, it is for his studies of Vermont people, its villages and its foliage that Mr. Carroll is best known. A sport he is particularly fond of is skin-diving with the Scuba equipment shown here. Therefore, underwater-photography is rapidly becoming a second Carroll specialty. Last year, the photographer's 200-year-old farmhouse, Mr. Carroll has bullsdozed a swimming pool where he enjoys swimming underwater. With Vermont's many lakes and ponds available for public swimming, this may seem a little unusual, but then there is nothing like the conveniences of home.

Skilled Labor—Edmund D. Stowe, a native of Burlington, Vt., is employed as a tool designer on the IBM-plant in Essex Junction, Vt. Mr. Stowe, whose wife he met on the PTA and who is Chief of the Colchester Fire Department. His hobbies include a love of Northern Vermont's nearby outdoor-life —hunting, fishing and camping. But his most outstanding accomplishment is that of a gunsmith. All parts of the weapons he produces—stock, trigger mechanism, and barrel—are hand-made by Mr. Stowe. While his is perfected to an extraordinary degree, Mr. Stowe's proficiency is not unusual among the employees of Vermont industry. Such firms as IBM, General Electric, American Optical, Union Carbide and the famous Vermont machine-tool complex require skilled craftsmen in every category. Another outstanding feature of Vermont's labor is its extremely low "lost-time" ratio, ranking among the lowest in the nation according to federal statistics. Vermont's skilled Employment Security force —made up of men who like the advantages of living in rural surround in a vacation land—is one of several strong reasons manufacturing companies are moving to the Green Mountain State in increasing numbers.

Road Commissioner—J. Allen Dibbell, a life-long resident of Waterbury Center, Vt., has served as Road Commissioner of Waterbury Town for the past seven years. Road Commissioner is an elected officer responsible for the maintenance of all town roads. In some cases, the equipment is the personal property of the Commissioner; in others, such as in Waterbury, it belongs to the town. But in either case, the responsibility rests directly on the individual man —as it does even in the State highway system, where District Commissioners are responsible for his section of the road. With over 40 miles of roadway in his charge, Commissioner Dibbell is on call 24 hours a day, and in winter, when the snow begin to fall, his plow begins to roll. During heavy snow-falls, Mr. Dibbell has been known to work 34 hours without stopping in order to keep the roads clear for the milk-trucks and the skiers heading for nearby Stowe. This is the kind of a Road Commissioner to have —especially if you live out near the town-line.

VERMONT

Please write us fully as to your interests and questions concerning a Vermont trip. Various free state publications, including those devoted to state parks, hunting & fishing, skiing, meals & lodging, real estate & rentals, and a list of movies available without charge, may be obtained by contacting:

The Vermont Development Commission
200 State Office Building
Montpelier, Vermont
Phone CA 3-3465

You are welcome to visit our two regional offices:

IN NEW YORK CITY
Vermont Information Center
1268 Avenue of The Americas
(Next to Radio-City Music Hall)
Phone: CO 5-1450

IN MONTREAL
Vermont Information Center
Laurentien Hotel
Phone: UN 1-0195

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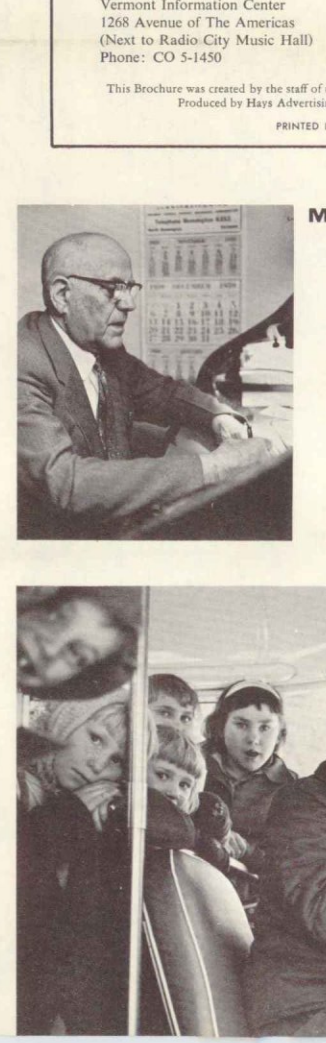
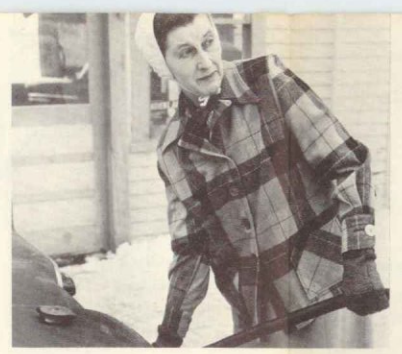
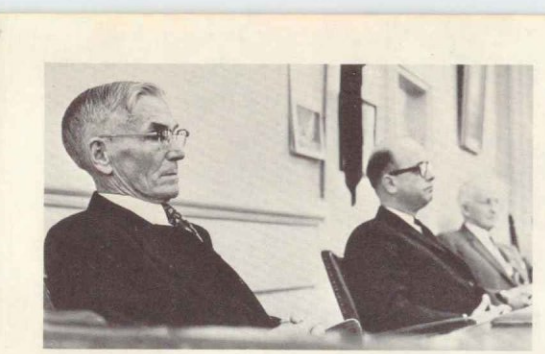


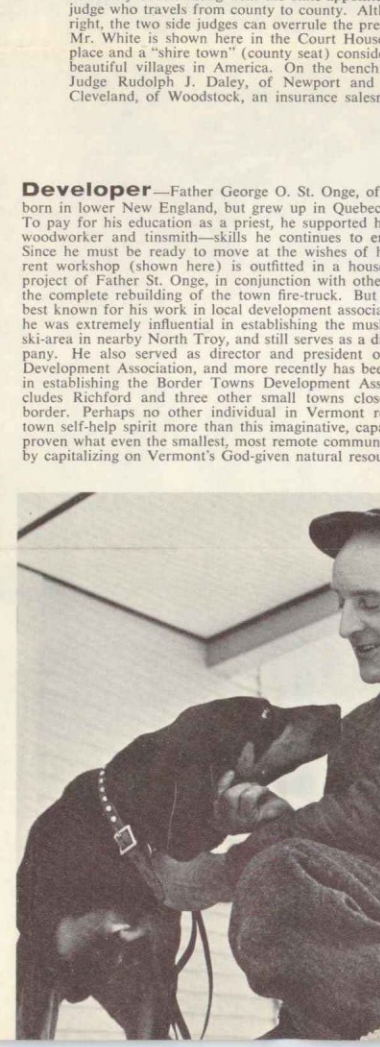
Model—The face of George A. Russell, M.D., of Arlington, is well known to millions of Americans in a series of the paintings of famed Illustrator Norman Rockwell, a resident of Arlington for many years. At 81, Dr. Russell still enjoys his work in the country practice in his Southern Vermont community. Born in Monkton, Vt., he left home at an early age and travelled for a number of years before returning here to get his medical degree at the University of Vermont in Burlington. He has practiced in the state since 1906 except for service in World War I, in which he was wounded and gassed. His hobbies are two—a devoted interest in the fine art of fly-fishing (the world-famous trout stream, the Batten Kill, flows through Arlington) and a collection of books and pamphlets about Vermont. This 13,000-item collection, in the building that houses it, he recently gave to his town.



Teacher—Mrs. Ardelia T. Mack of Lower Granitteville, Vt., teaches 1st and 2nd grades in the Granitteville School. On afternoons and weekends, when not busy with housework or visiting her two children, she tends pump in the filling station owned by her husband, Frank. Born in Ferrisburg, Vermont, she has lived in Granitteville for life. A special interest of hers is a study of Vermont's varied, beautiful and rock-formations. To pursue these interests, she has walked many miles along the famous Long Trail, the foot path that bisects the state from Massachusetts near Pownal to Canada near North Troy. On its meandering route, the Long Trail passes through and near many of the state and federal parks and forests that dot Vermont. These extensive, well-planned areas, with their varied facilities for camping, boating, swimming, and hiking, are a constant source of pleasure for both resident and visitor alike.

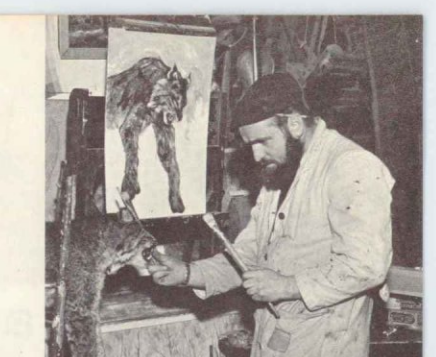


Side Judge—Ralph P. White, a dairy farmer from Reading, Vt., has served as Assistant Judge of Windsor County since 1955. "Side judges" are an unusual Vermont legal institution, dating back to the days when the early settlers placed little faith in the judgment of the magistrates sent in by higher authority to try cases in their community. Under this system, two local persons, almost always laymen, are elected to sit alongside the appointed judge in county-court. Although legally-trained judges who travel from county seat to county seat do hold sway, seldom use the right, the two side judges can overrule the presiding judge. Mr. White is shown here in the Court House at Woodstock, his birthplace and a 'shire town" (county seat) considered to be one of the most beautiful villages in America. On the bench beside him are Presiding Judge Rudolph J. Daley, of Newport and Assistant Judge Guy H. Cleveland, of Woodstock, an insurance salesman.

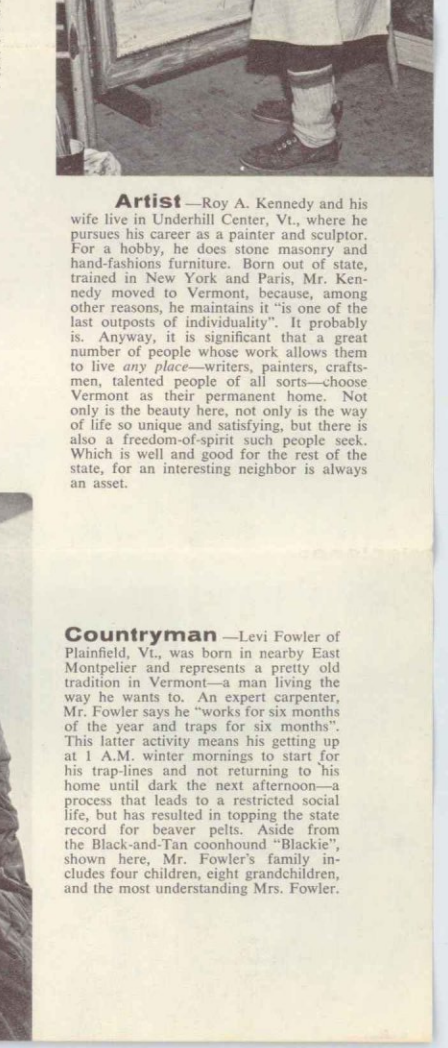


Housewife—Mrs. Shirley Noble, of Salisbury, Vt., drives her town's school bus fifty miles a day during the school year, picking up, controlling, and delivering some 42 small passengers in the process. In addition, she keeps house for her husband, Frank, who is employed at the Salisbury Fish Hatchery and her five children who range in age from 12 to 4 years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Noble were born out-of-state; they moved to Vermont nine years ago, primarily because they felt it was the best possible environment to raise a family, and at the same time, a place both could enjoy the advantages of nearby hunting and fishing. On non-school days, that is.

Developer—Father George O. St. Onge, of Richford, Vt., was born in lower New England, but grew up in Quebec Province, Canada. To pay for his education as a priest, he supported himself as a welder, woodworker and tinsmith—skills he continues to employ as a hobby. Since he must be ready to move at the wishes of his church, his current workshop (shown here) is outfitted in a house trailer. A recent project of Father St. Onge, in conjunction with other townspeople, was the complete rebuilding of the town fire-truck. But Father St. Onge is best known for his work in local development associations. A non-skier, he was extremely influential in establishing the mushrooming Jay Peak ski-area in nearby North Troy, and still serves as a director of that company. He also served as director and president of the Northeastern Vermont Development Association, a regional development association, in establishing the Border Towns Development Association, which includes Richford and three other small towns close to the Canadian border. Perhaps no other individual in Vermont represents the small town self-help spirit more than this imaginative, capable priest who has proven what even the smallest, most remote community can do for itself by capitalizing on Vermont's God-given natural resources.



Artist—Roy A. Kennedy and his wife live in Underhill Center, Vt., where he pursues his career as a painter and sculptor. For a hobby, he does stone masonry and hand-fashioned furniture. Born out of state, trained in New York and Paris, Mr. Kennedy moved to Vermont, because, among other reasons, he maintains it "is one of the last outposts of individuality". It probably is not the best place—economically—for a number of people whose work allows them to live *any place*—writers, painters, craftsmen, talented people of all sorts—whom Vermont as their permanent home. Not only is the beauty here, not only is the way of life so unique and satisfying, but there is also a freedom-of-spirit that only Vermont can do for itself by capitalizing on Vermont's God-given natural resources.



Countryman—Levi Fowler of Plainfield, Vt., was born in Southern Vermont at Montpelier and represents a pretty old tradition in Vermont—a man living the old way he wants to. An expert carpenter, Mr. Fowler spends his time hunting and trapping in the woods of Northern Vermont. This latter activity means his getting up at 1 A.M. winter mornings to start the his trap-lines and not returning to his home until dark the next afternoon—a process that leads to a restricted social life, but has resulted in topping the state record for beaver pelts. Aside from the Black-and-Tan coonhound "Blacky" shown here, Mr. Fowler's family includes four children, eight grandchildren, and the most understanding Mrs. Fowler.