

# Our Vermont

YANKEE

SUMMER 2020



**SOAK UP SUMMER  
IN BURLINGTON**

**IN PRAISE OF  
MAPLE CREAMIES**

**A TONY WINNER'S  
VERMONT ROOTS**

*Celebrating the people, places, and traditions  
that make the Green Mountain State so original*

# Beauty Spots

**N**ot long ago, a man named Bryan sent us this message: *Coming from Long Island, New York, I have visited Vermont over a hundred times for its wonderful skiing, teaching our children from the age of 3. I know the beauty of Vermont in the winter, but sadly I have never visited in either spring, summer, or fall. Maybe this year, hopefully, this year...*

Bryan, believe me when I say that summer in Vermont will surprise you with its quiet beauty. The following are some of my favorite places to be when the weather turns fine; I encourage everyone to enjoy them while staying safe and practicing social distancing—or to make plans to visit them in the future, when we all are able to appreciate Vermont to the fullest once again.

1. **Lake Willoughby** is not only the second-deepest lake in Vermont—with water clear enough to see fish several feet beneath the surface—but also one of its loveliest bodies of water. Mount Pisgah and Mount Hor frame this glacier-carved beauty.

2. Just east of Woodstock is **Quechee Gorge**, dubbed “Vermont’s Little Grand Canyon,” created thousands of years ago by retreating glaciers. The gorge runs a mile long and 165 feet deep, with the Ottauquechee River tumbling through.

3. In Manchester, you can stroll the gardens at **Hildene**, the graceful summer home of Robert Todd Lincoln, and reflect on how the great figures of American history are not all that far removed from our lives today.

4. In Burlington, locals make sunset into an occasion by simply taking a seat on a bench at Battery Park on **Lake Champlain**: seagulls circling above, sailboats gliding over the water, and the sky turning purple over the Adirondacks.

5. **Peacham** has been called New England’s most iconic village—a place where some visitors may think they are stopping for an hour or so but end up looking for a house to buy.

6. Roughly a dozen miles south of Woodstock is a certain cluster of farm buildings that may have you thinking, *I have seen this place before*. You probably have. **Jenne Farm** has long been known as the most photographed farm in New England, and in fact there may be no better example of beauty in repose.

Bryan, I hope you and your family are doing well, and when this time of quarantining is over, please know that Vermont will be glad to welcome you back. And when you discover your own favorite spots here, we’d love to hear about them.



Mel Allen

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*On the cover: Dorset Quarry, a favorite swimming hole in Dorset, Vermont. Photograph by Mark Fleming*



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# Summer's Scent

*There's no sweeter perfume than clean clothes drying in the sun.*

**W**hen I was growing up, my mother had a clothesline a good distance from the house, beside a grove of trees. This was a matter of modesty, as both my father and my mother seemed to agree that the business of hanging out one's laundry exposed private items that one would just as soon not have the neighbors view. And so they positioned the clothesline discreetly.

When my mother's front-loading Westinghouse finished its cycle, she and I would walk down to the clothesline together, carrying the basket between us, and hang the clean laundry out in the sun. My father had built the frame from cedar posts and pine boards with several lengths of clothesline strung between. My mother instructed as I pinned the clothes to the white roping; hang the blue jeans from their cuffs (after giving them a good shake to snap out any wrinkles) and pull the pockets inside out so they will dry too; hang the shirts from their collars; socks should be hung from the toe end. I recall feeling connected to each piece of clothing, whether it was mine or someone else's in the family, as I hung it in the hot sun. It took both of us to hang the sheets, extending them tightly. And while we worked, my mother and I often talked in ways we did not at other times. When everything was hung, we would leave the laundry swaying gently in the summer air. At the end of the day, we would return to the dry and fragrant clothing, as good as any ripe harvest.

There was a special scent that came out of those clothes, especially the sheets. "Smells of the sun," my mother would say. I wondered how anything as invisible and intangible as sunlight could have an odor. Nothing else I could ever think of smelled like the sun. But I loved getting into bed at night with those clean sheets, and the scent of summer.

At that time, in the 1950s and 1960s, everyone had a clothesline, and when we were out in the car we enjoyed pointing out particularly colorful or interesting displays. To us, clotheslines offered clues to the mystery of each house we passed. One old lady lived alone, and her bloomers often puffed out in the breeze in a sad, solitary sort of way. I had never seen her, but I had those bloomers to start my story about who she was and what her life was all about. Some women seemed to take pride in the way their clothes were arranged on the line, almost as if the clothing sent signals about order and thought. Especially admirable were the ones who hung the clothes in categories and ascending sizes, with the children's socks gradually expanding to the adult sizes, and the underwear as well. This always amused my mother, who felt there were limits to how much time she would spend on such a task. And yet we

enjoyed the precise, almost militaristic displays. Most of all, we enjoyed the colors, a palette like no other.

My mother, bless her soul, never owned a clothes dryer in her long life. I, in my modern life, have taken clothes dryers for granted. They are handy and convenient. But I've always maintained a clothesline, and use it when the weather is right.

When I moved to my rural farm, I noticed that the clothesline was in a place that was not, in fact, particularly sunny. But like my mother's, it was hidden. I canvassed the property for a sunnier location. There was really only one place: beside the horse barn, in full view of the road. On good days, I carry the clothes basket out to the line and pin my laundry into the sun. By afternoon it is dry and scented with summer's warmth. I sometimes think I see cars slow as they pass the house, checking out the clothes and seeing what they might have to say.

—Edie Clark





# Eating the Sun

*Juicy, field-ripened tomatoes offer summer in every bite.*

**I**s there any plant that spans such extremes as the tomato? The difference between an in-season, sun-ripened tomato and one picked when it's still green and hard as a tennis ball is so stark that the two may as well be separate species. The former is so sweet and luscious, it's easy to understand that, botanically speaking, this "vegetable" is actually a fruit. And summer is prime tomato season, the best time to be eating the plant known botanically as *Solanum lycopersicum*. From classic slicer tomatoes like Brandywines and beefsteaks to cherry tomatoes like Sungolds and Super Sweet 100s—all of which are great bets in the Northeast's climate—sun-ripened tomatoes should be on every Vermonter's plate from July into September. On the following pages, you'll find some of our favorite recipes that bring tomatoes to the table. —Amy Traverso

## Tomato & Basil Breakfast Pie

Savory and cheesy, this gives you an easy and elegant breakfast or brunch entrée that tastes wonderful served warm or at room temperature.

**Butter, for pan**

**7 large eggs**

**2/3 cup milk**

**1/3 cup flour**

**Kosher or sea salt**

**Freshly ground black pepper**

**1 shallot, finely chopped**

**2/3 cup cottage cheese**

**1 cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese**

**1 cup diced tomatoes**

**1 cup chopped fresh basil**

Grease a 10-inch pie pan or tart pan. Heat oven to 350°. In a large mixing bowl, beat eggs and milk together. Stir in remaining ingredients and pour into pan. Bake about 1 hour or until egg mixture is firm and lightly browned.

## Broiled Tomatoes

*Looking for a little pizzazz for traditional broiled tomatoes, we added chopped shallot, fresh herbs, and Parmesan to the breading. The result is still simple but prettier and zestier than the classic.*

- 3 tablespoons unsalted butter**
- 1 large shallot, finely chopped**
- 2 medium-size cloves garlic, minced**
- 1 cup bread crumbs (from about 4 slices of day-old bread, crusts removed)**
- 1½ tablespoons chopped fresh parsley**
- 1 teaspoon chopped fresh thyme leaves**
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese**
- ½ teaspoon kosher salt**
- 3 large tomatoes (about 1¾ pounds total)**
- Extra-virgin olive oil, for drizzling**

Preheat oven to 375° and set a rack to the middle position and another to the upper third.

In a skillet, melt the butter over medium-low heat. Add the shallot and garlic and cook, stirring, until softened, about 5 minutes. Transfer to a bowl, add bread crumbs, and stir to combine. Add the parsley, thyme, Parmesan, and salt; stir.

Halve the tomatoes crosswise. Using a paring knife, cut a shallow round in the middle of the tomatoes to make room for the filling. Transfer to a baking sheet.

Divide the filling evenly among the tomatoes and drizzle with olive oil. Bake on the middle rack until the tomatoes are tender, 15 to 20 minutes. Place under the broiler to crisp the topping, just 1 to 2 minutes, or until golden brown.



## Quinoa Salad with Tomato & Basil

*Gluten-free and high in protein, quinoa is a great way to add nutrients and fiber to your daily diet.*

**1½ cups quinoa, rinsed  
3 cups water  
Juice of 1 lemon  
1 cup small grape or cherry tomatoes, halved  
4 ounces crumbled goat cheese  
1 cup shelled edamame beans  
¼ cup diced red onion  
3 tablespoons thinly sliced fresh basil leaves  
½ teaspoon table salt  
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper**

Combine the quinoa and water in a 3- or 4-quart pot. Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat to low and cook until the grains are translucent, about 15 minutes. Fluff with a fork and cool 5 minutes; then pour into a large bowl. Add lemon juice, tomatoes, goat cheese, edamame, onion, basil, salt, and pepper, and toss to combine. Taste and adjust the seasoning as desired. Serve at room temperature.



HEATH ROBBINS



## Oven-Roasted Tomato & Ricotta Toasts

*Roasting tomatoes with lots of olive oil and aromatics concentrates their sweetness, yielding silky flavor bombs with myriad applications. Toss them into pasta, pile them onto a sandwich, stir them into a grain salad, or do as we've done here and use them as a topping for toasted bread slathered in good ricotta cheese.*

### For the toasts:

- 1 baguette, sliced on the bias into  $\frac{1}{3}$ -inch-thick slices
- Extra-virgin olive oil
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 clove garlic, peeled

### For the topping:

- 1 pound small tomatoes, cored and halved, or cherry tomatoes, halved
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled and slivered
- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 2 sprigs fresh thyme, plus more for garnish
- 1 cup whole-milk ricotta
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon zest

First, make the toasts: Preheat oven to 350°. Brush each slice with olive oil on both sides, season with salt and pepper, and arrange on a baking sheet. Bake until crisp but not brown, 7 to 10 minutes. Remove from oven and rub the garlic over each toast once. Let cool.

Next, make the topping: Increase temperature to 375°. Put the tomatoes in a baking dish, cut side down, and drizzle with olive oil. Tuck garlic in between the tomatoes and season with salt and pepper. Add thyme sprigs. Bake until tomatoes are soft and slumped, about 30 minutes (for cherry tomatoes, begin checking after 15 minutes; they won't take as long). Remove from oven and let cool; if you want, pluck off the skins.

In a small bowl, stir together the ricotta and lemon zest. Season with salt and pepper. Spoon some ricotta onto each toast, top with some tomatoes and their juices, and garnish with thyme.

## Grilled Swordfish with Tomato Salsa

*This simple recipe for grilled swordfish topped with a fresh tomato and pepper salsa is fast and flavorful. The salsa can also be used on just about everything else—grilled chicken, scrambled eggs—or as a dip.*

**2 ripe tomatoes, seeded and chopped  
1/3 cup diced green pepper  
1/3 cup diced yellow pepper  
1/3 cup diced red onion  
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons olive oil  
2 tablespoons fresh lime juice  
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar  
1 large garlic clove, crushed or minced  
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil**

**1 tablespoon chopped fresh thyme  
1 jalapeño pepper, minced (optional)  
Salt and freshly ground black pepper  
4 6-ounce swordfish steaks,  
about 1½ inches thick**

In a large bowl, combine the tomatoes, green pepper, yellow pepper, onion, 2 tablespoons oil, lime juice, vinegar, garlic, basil, thyme, and jalapeño (optional). Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Build a hot charcoal fire or preheat a gas grill. Brush the fish with the remaining 2 teaspoons of oil and season with salt and pepper. Grill, turning once, until the fish is just cooked through, about 5 minutes per side. Spoon the salsa over the fish and serve.



AIMEE TUCKER



## Pappa al Pomodoro

*Somewhere between a soup and a stew, pappa al pomodoro is quintessential Italian peasant food, quick to make and requiring few ingredients. Topping it with burrata—a fresh mozzarella-style cheese filled with cream—is a very luxurious addition.*

- 3 pounds ripe red tomatoes**
- 6 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil,**  
plus more for drizzling
- 3 large leeks, white and light green parts only,**  
thinly sliced (about 4 cups sliced)
- Kosher salt, to taste**
- 2 cloves garlic, minced**
- 4 ounces crustless country-style bread,**  
cut into 1-inch cubes (about 3½ cups)
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste**
- 3 balls burrata (optional)**
- Flaky salt, such as Maldon, for garnish**

Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Fill a large bowl with ice and water and set nearby. Remove stems from the tomatoes and, with a sharp knife, cut a shallow “x” into the bottom of each tomato. Drop the tomatoes into the boiling water and cook for 30 seconds, until the skins begin to split. With a slotted spoon, transfer them to the ice bath. When cool enough to handle, peel the tomatoes, then halve them and pass them through a fine plate of a food mill.

In a 4- or 5-quart saucepan, heat the olive oil over medium-low heat. Add the leeks and a generous pinch of salt and cook, stirring, until leeks are translucent but not browned, about 5 minutes. Add the garlic and cook 1 minute more. Pour in the tomato puree, reduce heat so the mixture is simmering gently, and cook, stirring occasionally, for 15 minutes. Stir in the bread and continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until the bread breaks down and thickens the soup, about 15 minutes more. The texture should be like a thick porridge; if it’s too thick, thin with a bit of hot water.

Season to taste with additional salt and pepper. Spoon into warmed bowls. Halve the burrata balls, if using, and place a piece on top of each serving. Drizzle with a bit of olive oil, sprinkle with flaky salt, and serve.



## Fresh Tomato Risotto

*For this risotto, a portion of the stock is replaced by the juice and pulp of ripe tomatoes. It can stand alone as a main course, but it is also a beautiful side dish for grilled fish or sausages.*

- 8–10 juicy red tomatoes (or 4 cups tomato purée)**
- 4–6 cups chicken stock**
- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter**
- ½ small yellow onion, finely diced**
- Kosher salt, to taste**
- 2 cups Arborio rice**
- ½ cup dry white wine**
- 1 cup grated Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese, plus more for serving**
- ½ cup mascarpone cheese**
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste**
- Torn basil, for garnish**
- Halved cherry tomatoes, for garnish**

Using the large holes of a box grater, grate the tomatoes into a bowl, discarding skins and cores. You should have 4 cups of tomato purée. Transfer

to a large saucepan, add 4 cups chicken stock, and warm over medium heat.

In a 3- or 4-quart heavy pan over medium-low heat, melt the butter. Add the diced onion and a generous pinch of salt and cook, stirring, until onion is translucent but not browned, about 5 minutes. Stir in the rice and cook, stirring, until the grains begin to turn translucent. Add the wine and cook, stirring, until it's evaporated.

Then add the tomato-broth mixture one ladleful at a time, stirring often and allowing each addition of liquid to be fully absorbed by the rice before adding more. Monitor the heat; the risotto should be bubbling faintly. Cook, stirring frequently, until the rice is tender and creamy, about 30 minutes; if you run out of liquid before the rice is tender, warm the remaining 2 cups chicken stock and add it by the ladleful. The finished risotto should have the texture of a very thick soup.

Remove from heat and stir in the cheeses. Season with salt and pepper and spoon into warmed bowls. Garnish with basil, cherry tomatoes, and grated Parmigiano-Reggiano and serve immediately.



LORI PEDRICK

# PLAYING FAVORITES

## How to find the tomato variety that suits your palate to a T.

A venerable New England tomato farmer once remarked, "The best eating tomatoes are the ones you love but you can't figure out why." And yet, we wonder...

Couldn't a group of tomato-loving friends get together and help each other discover the varieties perfectly suited to everyone's individual palate? (And wouldn't that same gathering be a terrific way to divvy up a bumper crop of 'maters from the farmers' market?)

With that in mind, we put together a few tips for throwing a tomato tasting party.

## **Helpful hints**

- To get meaningful results, try to use tomatoes of uniform ripeness.
  - Make sure you have enough so that each taster can have more than one bite of each kind.
  - Serve wedges rather than slices. Not only are wedges neater, but they also give a more accurate taste of the whole tomato (since the blossom end is sometimes sweeter than the stem end).
  - Give each taster a scorecard to make it easy to grade and comment on the varieties. (The first step has already been done for you: Just photocopy and trim the handy form on this page!)

## **Tasting notes**

- **Fragrance:** Is it sweet or sharp? Are there musty or earth notes; hints of wine or smokiness?
  - **Flavor:** In addition to sweet and sour, consider spiciness; does the tomato make your mouth tingle? Does the flavor change as you chew? What about aftertaste?
  - **Texture:** Tomato flesh may be firm or soft, dry or juicy, mealy or gelatinous. There may be a distinct core or it may be absent. Skin may be tender or tough.

# Pick Your Spot

*Vermont's bountiful PYO farms prepare to welcome berry lovers.*

**T**here may be no better time for wandering through beautiful farm fields than summer—and there definitely is no better time for savoring fresh-picked berries. Combine these two activities, and it's New England nirvana. The next time you're planning a summer day-trip in Vermont, see where you can stop and pick up some sweet treats along the way—or make them the whole point of the trip. Here's a sampling of PYO farms to get you started. —*Joe Bills*

## Southern Vermont

### The Apple Barn & Country Bake Shop

**(Bennington):** PYO strawberries, blueberries, and red raspberries, plus a beloved farm market/bake shop that's open daily from spring to fall. [theapplebarn.com](http://theapplebarn.com)

**Cherry Hill Farm (Springfield):** Raspberries (black and red), gooseberries, and currants (red, black, and pink), which also feature in homemade preserves and juices for sale. [cherryhillfarmvt.com](http://cherryhillfarmvt.com)

**Green Mountain Orchards (Putney):** Blueberries for picking by mid-July, with PYO peaches, plums, apples, and even pumpkins through the rest of the season. [greenmtorchards.com](http://greenmtorchards.com)

**Wellwood Orchards (Springfield):** June strawberries, followed by peaches, blueberries, plums, apples, pumpkins, and winter squash. [wellwoodorchards.com](http://wellwoodorchards.com)

**Wildwood Berry Farm (East Dorset):** More than 2,000 pesticide-free blueberry bushes and 1,000 raspberry bushes—fresh honey and maple syrup, too. [wildwoodberryfarm.com](http://wildwoodberryfarm.com)

## Northern Vermont

**Adam's Berry Farm (Charlotte):** Organic blueberries, raspberries, and strawberries. Don't miss the farm stand with homemade jams, chutney, berry popsicles, sorbet, and more. [adamsberryfarm.com](http://adamsberryfarm.com)

**Brown's Beautiful Blueberries (Craftsbury):** Pesticide-free blueberries on a picturesque hillside farm—bring your camera! [bbblueberries.com](http://bbblueberries.com)

**Champlain Orchards (Shoreham):** U-pick options including cherries, raspberries, and currants



(July); plums, blackberries, and elderberries (August); and more than 100 varieties of apples and pears (late season). [champlainorchards.com](http://champlainorchards.com)

Strawberries are the first big berry crop to arrive, typically in early to mid-June, followed by raspberries and then blueberries in July and August.

### Charlotte Berry Farm

**(Charlotte):** Black and red raspberries, strawberries, and blueberries, plus a farm stand serving creemees. [charlotteberryvt.com](http://charlotteberryvt.com)

**Fisher Brothers Farm (Shelburne):** Blackberries, blueberries, raspberries, and elderberries—all at the home of Sisters of Anarchy premium ice cream. [fisherbrothersfarm.com](http://fisherbrothersfarm.com)

**Isham Family Farm (Williston):** Blackberries, blueberries, and raspberries on a fifth-generation farm. [ishamfamilyfarm.com](http://ishamfamilyfarm.com)

**Last Resort Farm (Monkton):** Pick-your-own organic strawberries, with blueberries, red and black currants, raspberries, and mulberries available for picking by appointment. [lastresortfarm.com](http://lastresortfarm.com)

**Two Sisters Organic Farm (Johnson):** Mountain views and organic blueberries, black currants, and red currants. [twosistersorganicfarm.wordpress.com](http://twosistersorganicfarm.wordpress.com)

**Windswept Farm (Barton):** Raspberries, cherries, apples, and pears, as well as camping space for those who wish to linger a while. [windsweptfarmvermont.net](http://windsweptfarmvermont.net)

**BEFORE YOU GO**  
Since many businesses  
may be adjusting operations  
this summer out of concern  
for public health, please call  
or check online before  
making travel plans.

*Local Flavor*

For visitors to The Vermont Country Store, a maple creemee from Mildred's Dairy Bar is an especially tempting treat on a hot summer day.



# A Vermont Twist

*Meet the maple creemee, a Green Mountain State original.*

COURTESY OF THE VERMONT COUNTRY STORE



**P**icture this: You're sitting at a picnic table overlooking the Vermont countryside. A few cows wander nearby, the pasture fence only a few feet from where you lounge. In your hand is an ice cream cone from which rises a twirled caramel-hued delicacy that's threatening to drip over the edge at any moment. This is the maple creemee—a wonderful thing to behold, and an even more wonderful thing to eat. (And yes, that's "creemee." Not "creamy." OK, maybe "creamee." But definitely not "soft-serve.")

Slightly creamier than soft-serve but with a lower milk-fat content than traditional hard ice cream, these sweet spirals can be found throughout Vermont at a number of shops, food trucks, farm stands, and creameries. While recipes vary, most places simply add local maple syrup to an ice cream base. (Hardcore creemee lovers will attest to the importance of using the highest-quality maple syrup.) While simplicity defines these classic confections, some eateries serve maple creemees sprinkled with maple sugar or jimmies, drizzled with maple caramel, or in the form of an ice cream sandwich.

The origins of the name "creemee" remain unclear.

Seeing as Vermont sits so close to the Canadian border, some theorize that it was inspired by the Québécois term for ice cream, *crème glacée*. But perhaps the title simply arose after years of people describing the food's delightful creaminess.

Some claim that Rutland, Vermont, was the birthplace of the maple creemee. A letter to the editor published in the *Rutland Herald* some years back declared that the original idea for the maple creemee came from C. Blake Roy, markets inspector for the Vermont Department of Agriculture, who pitched it to the Rutland County Maple Producers in 1981 "as a new treat to be sold to thousands at the RCMP Rutland fairgrounds sugarhouse." That said, like the delicacy itself,

backstory of the maple creemee remains less than solid.

Although for years you couldn't find maple creemee stands outside Vermont, they have recently begun to pop up in other New England states. Maine Maple Creemee Co., for instance, is a food truck in Portland, Maine, that serves both maple and blueberry creemees.

But to taste the original, *best* creemee, be sure to visit one of our favorite Vermont spots listed below—dare we say, the "creem" of the crop. —Katherine Keenan



## Editors' Picks

■ **Canteen Creemee Company**, 5123 Main St., Waitsfield. 802-496-6003; [canteencreemee.com](http://canteencreemee.com)

■ **Creemee Stand**, 716 Rte. 100 N., Wilmington. 802-464-6572; [creemeestand.com](http://creemeestand.com)

■ **Goodies Snack Bar**, 6035 Rte. 17 W., Vergennes. 802-759-2276; [Facebook](https://www.facebook.com/GoodiesSnackBar/)

■ **Green Mountain Sugar House**, 820 Rte. 100 N., Ludlow. 802-228-7151; [gmsh.com](http://gmsh.com)

■ **Mildred's Dairy Bar at The Vermont Country Store**, 657 Main St., Weston. 802-824-6287; 1292 Rockingham Road, Bellows Falls. 802-463-2224; [vermontcountrystore.com](http://vermontcountrystore.com)

■ **Morse Farm Maple Sugarworks**, 1168 County Road, Montpelier. 802-223-2740; [morsefarm.com](http://morsefarm.com)

■ **Village Creeme Stand**, 41 West St., Bristol. 802-453-6034; [Facebook](https://www.facebook.com/Village-Creeme-Stand-102101111111111)

**BEFORE YOU GO**  
Since many businesses  
may be adjusting operations  
this summer out of concern  
for public health, please call  
or check online before  
making travel plans.



# Going for Gold: Busy Bee Honey

*As part of an ongoing series, we meet up with small producers bringing the bounty of Vermont to our table.*



CAMRIN DENGEL/STOCKSY (BEEKEEPER); SARA REMINGTON/STOCKSY (HIVES);  
COURTESY OF BUSY BEE HONEY (HIVES, PRODUCTS)

Local Flavor

For years, Fred Putnam Jr. never really cared much for honey. That's because for most of his life, the longtime Vermonter ate only the mass-produced stuff found in big supermarkets, which often had a hard, almost bitter taste, he says. "It wasn't very good." But after his plans to open a small maple sugaring operation fell through, friends suggested he try making honey. Putnam, who had retired from a career as an occupational safety inspector, took several classes and bought some bees. And when he stuck his finger into one of his first batches of honey and sampled it, "it was so different than anything I'd ever tasted—it had all of these flavors," he says. "I was hooked." He opened Busy Bee Honey Vermont in 2016 and eventually became a board member for the Vermont Beekeepers Association, which represents more than 500 beekeepers statewide. We recently caught up with Putnam at his backyard bee house in Brandon. —*Ian Aldrich*



Fred Putnam Jr.

## Tell us a little bit about your operation.

I have 27 colonies of my own, spread across four different properties. We make about a ton of honey a year. We sell online and have shipped all over, but most of our customers are local. They're people who love local honey and want to see how things work. We love having visitors and showing them what we do.

## What do people learn when they visit?

A lot of people who come here think honey is just honey. But like maple, there are different flavors and grades. If you taste honey from another part of the country where the flowering plants are different, you're going to get something you won't get here.

We sell seven different honeys, and I like to line them up just so people can see the variety. The colors are just so beautiful. Even now, after several years of making honey, I think it's so cool.

## What do you like most about beekeeping?

It's an intellectual challenge. I grew up on a dairy farm, and I grew crops, raised animals of all types, and made maple, but there's nothing I've done that's as difficult as beekeeping. You can do everything right and still lose your bees. There are so many things—environmental, bacterial, viral—that can destroy a colony.

I'll never forget it: My first year I had two colonies, and when the honey started coming out, it was so clear and beautiful. I'd never seen anything like it.

## How is local honey good for us?

Unfiltered honey, like the stuff we produce, has tremendous health benefits. It's a strong anti-inflammatory; it's an antimicrobial. I have many customers who swear that eating local honey has helped their allergies. With the off-the-shelf honey, all that good stuff is taken out of it and the flavor is destroyed. Sometimes they'll even add high-fructose corn syrup or sugar syrup to extend it. It's sweet like honey, but it's not the same thing.

## What are your favorite ways to use honey?

It's not just for your tea. I make bread with it, put it on ice cream—and it goes fantastically well with cheeses of every type, hard and soft. Mixed with cottage cheese, it's so decadent you don't think you should be eating the stuff. Last year a local ice cream place had a Busy Bee milkshake. That was really good.

## To Learn More

- To see **Busy Bee Honey**'s products and learn how to have them delivered, go to [busybeehoneyvermont.com](http://busybeehoneyvermont.com).
- Check out the **Vermont Beekeepers Association**'s website for more information on beekeeping, including FAQs and training workshops, at [vermontbeekeepers.org](http://vermontbeekeepers.org).

Visitors stroll past an array of shops and eateries along Burlington's pedestrian mall, Church Street Marketplace.

Destinations

**BEFORE YOU GO**

Since many businesses and attractions may be adjusting operations this summer out of concern for public health, [please call or check online](#) before making travel plans.

# Take It Outside

*Pay a visit to the lakeside city of Burlington, and you'll experience the definition of a summer playground.*

There's a certain *je ne sais quoi* to Burlington once the warm weather sets in. Folks seem giddy with possibilities. The largest lake in New England—490 square miles—laps at the city's doorstep, with beaches carved end to end. A popular bike path runs alongside downtown, kicking off an 11-mile ride to a ribbon of causeway where you can catch a bike ferry to the Champlain Islands.

Naturally, there is an outsize emphasis on being active—with sailboats, paddleboards, and bikes for hire. There is also plenty of support for just being, for sitting and watching and stretching out on the grassy lawn of Waterfront Park. Church Street's four blocks of pedestrian-only restaurants and shops beckon all day and into the night.

With the University of Vermont at its back, this college town of about 42,800 lives outside in summer. Yes, the season is all too brief, but while it's here, residents eat, play, and even shop in the great outdoors. It's the ultimate summer on a lake, with all the fresh air you could ask for.

## The Setting

Imagine French explorer Samuel de Champlain's awe when he first saw this lake in 1609. Lake Champlain has been called the "Sixth Great Lake," and it dominates Burlington, the largest city on its shores. A major waterway in the 18th and 19th centuries, it still teems with sailboats and ferries crossing to the New York side, with the Adirondack Mountains in the distance.

The lake's depths are rumored to harbor a sea monster, Champ; its 107-mile length ignores borders, crossing into Canada. With Montreal just two hours away, you're as likely to hear French on the streets of Burlington as to read it on menus.

## Eating Out

Since 1980, **Leunig's Bistro** has been at the heart of downtown, a little piece of Paris on Church Street. On a warm summer night, its crunchy salads and local charcuterie hit the perfect note for people-watching from an open-air café table.

The city's varied dining scene promises a great meal no matter the time of day. Locals have long lined up for a table at Burlington's most popular breakfast spot, **Penny Cluse Café**, for biscuits and gravy, huevos

rancheros, and gingerbread pancakes. At the **Skinny Pancake**, you can tuck into savory crêpes featuring local apples and Cabot cheese, or sweet ones such as the "Choco-Monkey" (Nutella and banana slices). A local institution since the late 1940s, **Al's French Frys** shows how spuds are done—freshly cut, quickly blanched, and double-fried—while also serving up sandwiches and a terrific maple creemee.

For fine-dining aficionados, options include **Hen of the Wood**, featuring an ever-changing but always sophisticated selection of locally sourced foods;



The lakeside Burlington Greenway is a magnet for bicyclists, joggers, and dogs out for a walk.

**Honey Road**, focused on Mediterranean small plates such as moussaka and red pepper falafel; and **Bistro de Margot**, whose chef-owner Hervé Mahé spent 30 years honing his skills at Michelin-starred restaurants in Paris, London, and Seattle.

## Diversions

A 7.6-mile paved bike path that runs along Lake Champlain and connects parks and beaches, the **Burlington Greenway** beckons to everyone from hard-core cyclists to parents hauling kids in trailers. The bike shop **Local Motion** is a good place to rent some wheels and get trail suggestions; they'll set you on the path to friendly shallow-water beaches, or to Colchester's causeway and the Island Line Bike Ferry to South Hero, gateway to the Champlain Islands.

The open-air mall in the heart of downtown Burlington, **Church Street Marketplace**, typically bustles with street performers and boasts more than



100 shops and eateries. Browse, stroll, and take advantage of the free public Wi-Fi. Highlights include **Crow Bookshop**, a beloved independent selling new and used books ranging from cookbooks to classic literature, history, and children's titles; **Vermont Flannel Company**, offering locally made flannel in every possible shade, style of plaid, and weight; and **Lake Champlain Chocolates**, a specialist in handcrafted sweets made with Vermont cream, sweet butter, maple syrup, and honey.

Kids will love a visit to **ECHO, Leary Center for Lake Champlain**, a science and nature museum that brings visitors face to face with local aquatic life and teaches about the area's ecological history, shipwrecks, and legendary monster "Champ."

For an even closer look at the lake, the award-winning **Community Sailing Center** offers rentals of kayaks, canoes, paddleboards, and sailboats of various sizes and designs—not to mention lessons for landlubbers.

And in a state that appreciates the "go local" movement more than just about any other, the legendary **Burlington Farmers' Market**, founded in 1980, is a must-visit. Every Saturday from late spring through autumn, 90-plus vendors flock to downtown with seasonal produce, flowers, prepared foods, and more. You won't leave disappointed (or hungry).

**ABOVE:** The Burlington–Port Kent ferry provides a backdrop for the seasonal eatery **Spot on the Dock**.  
**RIGHT:** Young sailors at play on Lake Champlain.



## And Don't Miss

As the setting sun casts a rosy glow over Lake Champlain, and sailboats drift to the foot of College Street, head to one of Burlington's waterfront restaurants for dinner, drinks, and a chance to watch Mother Nature's nightly show. There's **Splash at the Boathouse**, the Queen City's only floating waterfront restaurant, and **Spot on the Dock**, a seasonal open-air eatery next to the ferry terminal. As the day ends in a wash of color, the beauty feeds everyone. —Annie Graves and Ian Aldrich

A visit to Quimby Country begs the question: Is there any better way to spend a lazy afternoon than with friends and family at a lakeside cottage?



# A Simpler Time

*Going off the grid has been a specialty at Quimby Country, a family-friendly Northeast Kingdom resort, since 1893.*



**I**t was out in the middle of Big Averill Lake, a clear, cold body of water located at the eastern tip of the Northeast Kingdom, where my 7-year-old son, Calvin, began lamenting our imminent departure. We'd whiled away the previous five days amid some exquisite summertime weather at Quimby Country Lodge and Cottages, a family resort in the tiny town of Averill (population 24). We'd hiked, paddled, biked, played tennis, battled at ping-pong, relaxed by the campfire, and even managed to win at bingo.

Calvin had also made friends with a few other boys his age, and together they'd roamed the property with a kind of freedom that seemed lifted from an idealized version of summer. They'd hunted for crayfish, gorged on s'mores, navigated shoreline rocks under an evening sky, and slept out under the stars.

"I wish we didn't have to leave," Calvin said, dipping a hand into the water.

I wasn't sure how to respond. Because frankly, I didn't want to, either.

**Quimby Country has Forest Lake on its doorstep, Big Averill Lake in its backyard, and a setting of mostly wild and wooded land—more than 1,000 acres all told.**

Even by Northeast Kingdom standards, Quimby is remote. Averill, after all, is not a place you stumble upon. Up and up you go, past more familiar towns like St. Johnsbury and Burke, practically scraping the Canadian border, before you arrive. Quimby land includes more than 1,000 acres and two lakes. It practically is Averill.

In addition to all those woods and waters, Quimby offers a main lodge, a clubhouse, and 19 lakefront cottages. Many of the cottages have full kitchens, and all have full baths and woodstoves. Guests gather in the lodge for three big meals a day and a lot of porch-time reading in between. There's a weekly cocktail party and a midweek tennis tournament (which is fittingly dubbed Quimbledon). Staffers serve the meals; cleaning crews turn over the cottages each morning. Everything's rustic but not uncomfortable—and at times it can even feel a little sophisticated.

It's like one-stop vacationing. There are bikes and



**ABOVE:** The earliest photo albums in Quimby Country's library document the property's origins as a sportman's lodge.  
**RIGHT:** Quimby Country began its 125th year in 2018, just as Lilly and Gene Devlin came on as managers and co-owners. The pair, both graduates of the University of Vermont, previously headed up a nearly-century-old camp in the Adirondacks.

boats to use, counselor-led biking and fishing sessions for kids, and evening games for everyone. I fired up my car only once, and that was because I'd forgotten to bring enough saline solution for my contacts. In some ways, the rhythm of our days was not so different from that of guests who had been coming here for generations.

The story of Quimby Country begins in 1893, when Charles Quimby, a local hardware store owner, took on half-ownership of the camp in lieu of payment for the material used to build it. Cold Spring Camps, as it was then known, catered almost exclusively to fishermen, attracting anglers from around New England. The earliest guests slept in platform tents; cottages and a series of boardwalks connecting them were added later.

Quimby bought out his partner in 1904. Upon his passing in 1919, his 29-year-old daughter, Hortense, inherited the property. For nearly half a century, Hortense was the face of Quimby as she pioneered a new kind of vacation spot, one for a growing class of Americans who wanted something more from their leisure time. Under her watchful eye, Quimby grew from a tiny fishing operation into one of the first family-style resorts in the Northeast. For weary city folks who



wanted a shot of true Vermont, there was no better destination than Quimby Country.

Evidence of Hortense's success and the loyalty she inspired in generations of families can be seen in what came next. In 1965, when failing health prevented her from managing the camp any longer, she sold the retreat to a group of longtime guests. Over the next 50 years, these owners remained true to Hortense's original vision even as they expanded upon it.

In early 2018, the camp again came under new ownership, as Lilly and Gene Devlin, two Vermonters with a background running wilderness and school programs, took over. In this age of hyperconnectivity, the Devlins, who are in their mid-40s and the parents of three teenage boys, are attempting something ambitious: to build an experience that's for, but not of, the 21st century. There's



no cell service, and while Wi-Fi exists here, the Devlins make it available only briefly in the mornings and evenings.

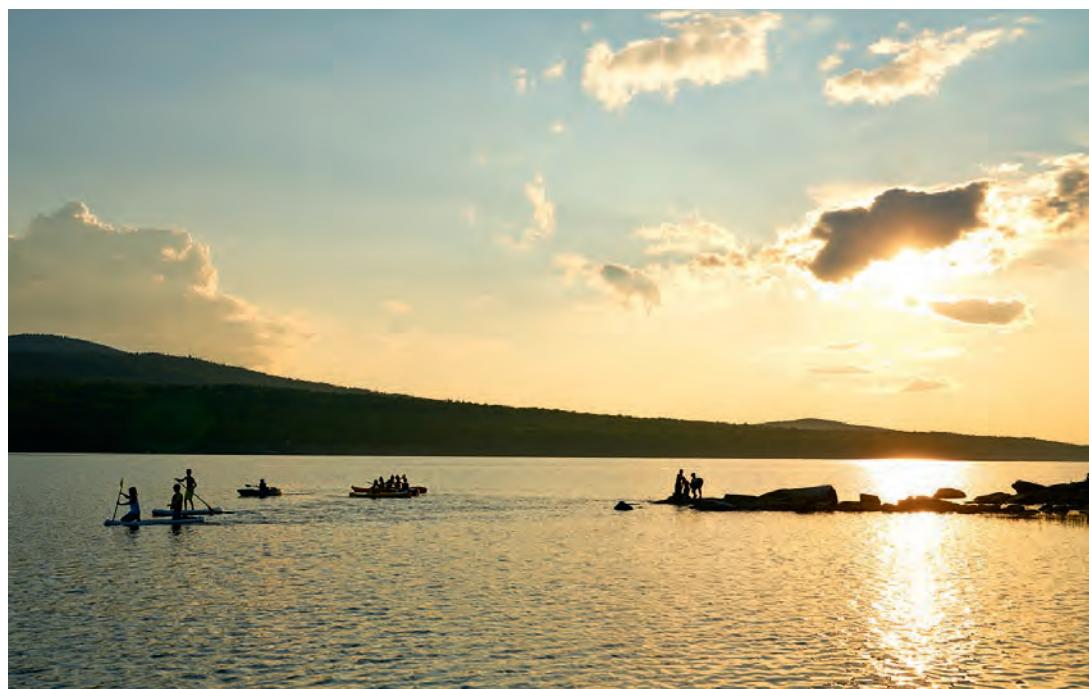
The result is a vacation spot that allows for more serendipity. Oh sure, there are structured activities—canoe trips on the Connecticut River, hikes up nearby Brousseau Mountain, archery lessons and baking classes—but there are also wide-open stretches of the day to explore, to play. During our time at Quimby, Calvin and his buddies organized their own tennis matches, bike races, and soccer games. They built a fort. They kayaked. They swam. Just a little bit of time away from screens created a whole lot of distance. Not once did my son ask if he could watch something.

The Devlins know that gone are the days when families had the time and resources to block out

weeks for a vacation—work is always calling, kids' schedules can be all-consuming. But the couple believes that even a short break from some of these pressures can make a big difference not just in what parents and kids do together, but also in how they relate to one another.

"We want this to be a place where families can take a real vacation," Gene told me, "where they can truly spend time with one another in a way they can't in the rest of their life." —*Ian Aldrich*

*Quimby Country is still taking reservations for the 2020 season, although it will make some changes to its operations to keep in line with current COVID-19 guidelines. To learn more, go to [quimbycountry.com](http://quimbycountry.com).*



TOP, FROM LEFT: Ian's son, Calvin, and some new friends pedal the half-mile trail from the main camp to Big Averill Lake; a chalkboard at the main lodge helps new arrivals get oriented; families gather to roast s'mores over the campfire.

LEFT: Under the late-day sun, young campers in kayaks and on paddleboards create a mini flotilla on Big Averill Lake.

# Cooling Off

*There may be no better way to beat the heat than visiting a good old-fashioned swimming hole.*



In Dorset, one of the oldest marble quarries in the U.S. (established 1785) is now a popular—and picturesque—swimming hole.



The Mad River swirls through crystal-clear pools at Warren Falls.

**S**ummer is the season for swimming holes, and Vermont is home to a number of some of the best in the Northeast. Many are easy loungers, with calm waters for wading and big rocks for sunbathing, while others have diving ledges that will test your adventurous side. But all of them offer the perfect getaway on a wicked-hot New England summer day. Here are five favorites to get you started (but as always, please heed local guidance on social distancing, even in the great outdoors).

### Dorset Quarry, Dorset

Fed by a mountain stream and a natural spring, the Dorset Quarry, with its marble walls and clear waters, has been hailed by *USA Today* as one of the top swimming holes in the country. From picnicking and floating to “cliff diving” from the steep quarry walls, it has plenty to offer families and thrill-seekers alike.

### Quechee Gorge, Quechee

Nicknamed Vermont’s “Little Grand Canyon,” Quechee Gorge isn’t just one of the most photographed spots in the Green Mountain State; come summer, it’s also a refreshing respite from the heat. Situated 165 feet below the Quechee Gorge Bridge, the swimming waters are wide, deep, and depending the day, fast-moving. The rocky outcroppings are fantastic, as is the view of

the bridge. Just a short hike upstream is a scenic dam known as Mill Pond Falls.

### Buttermilk Falls, Ludlow

One of the more popular swimming holes in southern Vermont, Buttermilk Falls is reached via a family-friendly half-mile hike that concludes at a stretch of Branch Brook with gorges, cascades, and multiple swimming holes. Buttermilk Falls is actually three distinct falls: lower, middle, and upper. The waters run deep, and for sightseers there are several rock ledges on which to perch and take in the views.

### Warren Falls, Warren

Bring a camera: Warren’s shimmering emerald waters are like something from the Land of Oz. Located in the heart of the Mad River Valley, the swimming areas are spacious, while the cliff diving is so popular that on busy summer days, people line up to take the plunge.

### Red Rocks, Burlington

These high red cliffs above Lake Champlain have long been a magnet for adrenaline junkies. Most of the plunges run between 20 and 40 feet; however, the truly fearless can’t resist the 76-footer. Bonus: The sunset views here are outstanding. —*Ian Aldrich*

# Out & About

*We round up some of our favorite events scheduled across Vermont this summer and early fall.*

**JULY 3**

## **Montpelier**

### *Independence Day Celebration*

At the capital city's largest festival, the fun begins with a "Family Olympics" on the State House lawn. The Montpelier Mile Road Race begins at 6 p.m. and kicks off the parade. Expect plenty of great food, live music, and a spectacular fireworks show. [montpelieralive.org](http://montpelieralive.org)

**JULY 10–11**

## **Waterbury**

### *Arts Fest and Friday Night Block Party*

The Friday Night Block Party is held in historic downtown Waterbury with a live band, beer garden, food trucks, and dancing under the stars. On Saturday, 100 artists and crafters create a vibrant open-air arts

market. Interspersed are food vendors and mainstage performances all day, including kids' activities and demonstrations. [waterburyartsfest.com](http://waterburyartsfest.com)

**JULY 18–AUG. 16**

## **Marlboro**

### *Marlboro Music Festival*

Created in 1951 by legendary pianist Rudolf Serkin, this world-class chamber music festival showcases the talents of young musicians and master artists side by side. Programs and performers are announced approximately one week before each concert. [marlboromusic.org](http://marlboromusic.org)

**JULY 23–26**

## **Burlington**

### *Lake Champlain Maritime Festival*

Stroll along the shores of Lake Champlain and drink

it all in: classic boats, long boats, dragon boats, kayak and canoe demonstrations, boat building, hands-on family exhibits, and local food and live music. [lcmfestival.com](http://lcmfestival.com)



**JULY 24–AUG. 2**

## **Deerfield Valley**

### *Blueberry Festival*

A blueberry pancake breakfast and a pie eating contest are only the tip of the iceberg at this sprawling 10-day community party. Visitors can also enjoy a parade, street fair,

children's activities, blueberry-themed specials at local eateries, live music, and bake sales. Locations include Readsboro, Whitingham, Jacksonville, Wilmington, and Dover. [Facebook](#)

**JULY 25–26**

## **Windsor**

### *Harpoon BBQ Festival*

Celebrate the summer by pairing fresh-brewed beer with some of the world's best barbecue, cooked up by fiercely competitive teams from all over New England at the Harpoon Riverbend Taps and Beer Garden. [harpoonbrewery.com](http://harpoonbrewery.com)

**JULY 31–AUG. 2**

## **Burlington**

### *Festival of Fools*

This playful event is touted as an all-in-one street performing/comedy/musical festival. More than 75 shows are scheduled at various downtown Burlington venues throughout the weekend. The four mainstage locations at the Church Street Marketplace and City Hall Park feature continuous street theater each day. [vermontfestivaloffools.com](http://vermontfestivaloffools.com)

**JULY 31–AUG. 2**

## **Woodstock**

### *Bookstock*

Bibliophiles, rejoice in three days of appearances by prize-winning and emerging writers, poetry slams, art exhibits, live music, workshops, and an enormous book sale. [bookstockvt.org](http://bookstockvt.org)

**Independence Day Celebration, Montpelier**



**AUG. 6–9****Wilmington****Deerfield Valley  
Farmers' Day Fair**

More than a century old and still going strong, this traditional fair at Baker Field offers fun, food, and a little friendly competition, from a demolition derby and touch-a-truck to a kids' tractor rodeo and an exhibition hall filled with prize winners. [dutfair.com](http://dutfair.com)

**AUG. 7–9****Waterbury****Vermont Antique and  
Classic Car Meet**

Year after year, automobile aficionados have flocked by the thousands to this show, now one of the largest and oldest in the Northeast. More than 800 classic rides and race cars will be on display at Farr Field throughout the weekend, which also offers a flea market, food and craft booths, and a street dance. [vtauto.org](http://vtauto.org)

**AUG. 13–16****Manchester****Green Mountain Bluegrass  
& Roots Festival**

Mainstage performances, a dance tent, camping, kids' activities, local food trucks, and Vermont craft libations—all in the beautiful mountain setting of Manchester's Hunter Park. Among those scheduled to perform are Rhiannon Giddens, Yonder Mountain String Band, and Bryan Sutton. [greenmountainbluegrass.com](http://greenmountainbluegrass.com)

**AUG. 18–22****Rutland****Vermont State Fair**

Celebrating agriculture since 1846! Reach new heights on the Ferris wheel, thrill to the action of the demolition derby, try your luck at games of chance, ride the carousel, enjoy 4-H livestock shows, indulge in some tasty treats (fried dough, anyone?), and much, much more. [vermontstatefair.org](http://vermontstatefair.org)



**Vermont Antique and Classic  
Car Meet, Waterbury**

**AUG. 22****Hartford****Quechee Highland  
Games**

Don your kilt for some good old-fashioned Celtic fun at the Quechee Polo Field, where lively music, an array of microbrewed beers, sheepdog trials, a pipe band competition, Highland games, and a dancing competition will all combine to transport attendees, at least temporarily, to Scotland. [scotart.org](http://scotart.org)

**AUG. 28–SEP. 6****Essex Junction****Champlain Valley Fair**

Expect loads of classic fair fun with 4-H events, horse pulls, cooking contests, and the judging of everything from home-brewed beer to Christmas trees. [champlainvalleyfair.org](http://champlainvalleyfair.org)

**SEP. 5–6****Bennington****Garlic & Herb Festival**

At this 25th anniversary event, gardeners and garlic lovers are invited to come chat with growers and enjoy garlic jelly, garlic ice cream, and other garlic-laced foods. [lovegarlic.com](http://lovegarlic.com)

**SEP. 6****Randolph****New World Festival**

A tribute to the vitality of small-town Vermont and the Celtic/French-Canadian heritage of northern New England, this full-day event brings downtown Randolph alive with music, storytelling, and dance. [newworldfestival.com](http://newworldfestival.com)

**SEP. 11–13****Burlington****South End Art Hop**

Visit the city's original arts district and discover thousands of works of art as well as outdoor sculpture, performance art, workshops, kids' activities, and a fashion show. [seaba.com](http://seaba.com)

## A Valentine to Cheese Lovers

More than just one of the most popular summer events in the state, the **Vermont Cheesemakers' Festival** is bona fide foodie heaven. The historic coach barn at Shelburne Farms provides the backdrop for the best and most innovative examples of the cheesemaker's craft, courtesy of 40-plus award-winning producers. There will be cheesemaking and cooking demos and workshops, and lots of goodies to sample, from every kind of cheese imaginable to Vermont-made specialty foods, beer, wine, and spirits. Tickets are available online now, so get yours before they sell out. Aug. 9, [Shelburne.vtcheesefest.com](http://Shelburne.vtcheesefest.com)



It took more than a dozen years for Vermont's Anaïs Mitchell to bring *Hadestown* to Tony-winning fruition. "I can't tell you how many times I thought, *I should get a different job*," she says of composing her "folk opera."



# The Road to *Hadestown*

*To understand Anaïs Mitchell's journey to Broadway fame, it helps to dig down to her Vermont roots.*



To reach Treleven Farm in New Haven, Vermont, you travel on a two-lane country road that winds past fields rimmed with wildflowers and dairy farms with sturdy barns and silos. It's mid-July, and hay bales wrapped tight like giant white cocoons lie waiting in the sun. A turn onto Mitchell Drive brings you to a long gravel road and ultimately to a trim cottage, where Anaïs Mitchell sits at a shaded picnic table on the farm where she grew up, eight miles north of Middlebury.

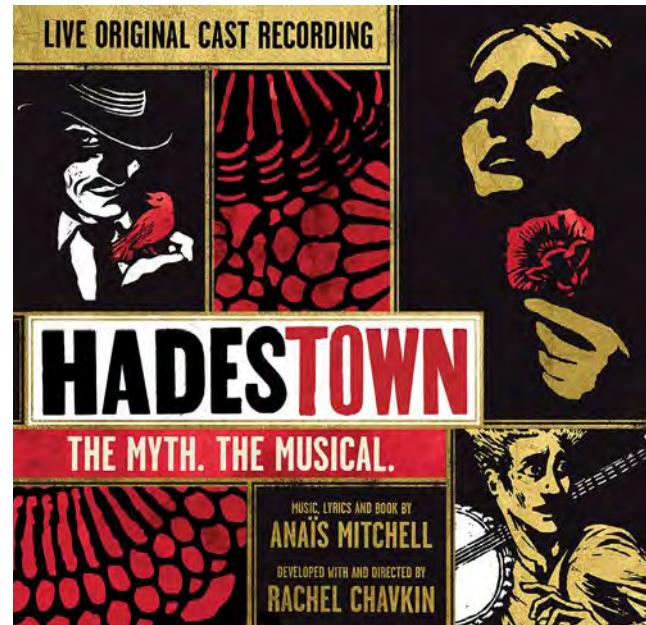
When I meet her, she is 38 years old. She wears a sleeveless black top and black jeans ripped at the knees. Her eyes are blue and direct, her hair blond. Decorating her arms and shoulder are tattoos that honor the three most important things in her life: her husband, Noah; her daughter, Ramona; and her musical, *Hadestown*.

When *Hadestown* opened in April 2019, Anaïs Mitchell became only the fourth woman in Broadway history to hold sole credit for lyrics, music, and book (the story). She had poured a third of her life into this project, beginning when she wrote the first songs in her early 20s. And when it won the Tony for best musical—one of eight Tonys that went to *Hadestown* that night—she said it had been worth the struggle. Now, after the

sleepless nights and grueling months of fine-tuning the show, and after the endless public appearances, and after the excitement of awards night, she has come here from her home in Brooklyn, returning to the calm of her family's homestead for a few weeks.

The farm is 130 acres of forest and sweeping pastures where sheep graze looking out to tree-lined cliffs, and within its expanse sit three houses, a studio, barns, work sheds, and a pondside gazebo—all built using family brains, muscle, and skill. Her parents live here, as does her brother with his wife and young daughter. The house where Anaïs's grandparents lived and died now belongs to Anaïs and her husband; a nature-themed preschool uses it for much of the year, and you can find small teepees tucked away here and there, and rope swings that dangle from apple trees.

She is happy to be back. In Vermont, she says, she sleeps better and eats better and feels the embrace of her family roots. But in a few days she will return to her musical roots, performing at the Newport Folk Festival before hitting the road in the West and the Midwest, then Ireland and Scotland, and in autumn returning to the same intimate New England venues where she began long ago, in towns like Bethlehem, New Hampshire, and Putney, Vermont.



In New York, people would camp out on the sidewalk for *Hadestown* tickets. One young woman told a reporter she was seeing the show for the 13th time.

I ask what it will feel like to be on the same small-town stages where she began after she's seen her name in lights on Broadway, after being featured in *Rolling Stone* and *The New York Times* and so many others. "I don't know—all this stuff is so new," she says. "It's been interesting being back in Vermont, because I've run into a lot of people from my childhood—people I went to high school with, and their parents—and there's always this moment where it's like, *The Tonys!* And then I've been very relieved when I've had that moment with them, and the next time we see each other we just talk about the gazpacho I'm going to make."

The success of *Hadestown* thrust Anaïs Mitchell into America's consciousness as either a comet that suddenly blazed across the pop culture sky (if you did not know about her) or the talented singer-songwriter who had finally found the acclaim she deserved (if you did). The musical, with its haunting songs like "Wait for Me," "Why We Build the Wall," and "All I've Ever Known," reimagines the Greek myth of Orpheus and Eurydice for new generations the way *Hamilton* did with the story of the founding fathers. In New York, people would camp out on the sidewalk hoping to be first in line for the precious few available tickets. One young woman told a reporter she was seeing the show for the 13th time.

I meet Anaïs's father, Don, in the passive-solar home he designed, farther up the long drive from Anaïs's cottage. He is dressed in a gray T-shirt and jeans. It has been a frustrating month, he says, because record rains have made haying so difficult. Inside, family snapshots and news clippings have been laid out by Anaïs's mother, Cheryl, on a table in the living room.

"Opening night on Broadway was an overwhelming experience," Don says, as we go through the photos. "You have a little baby and you don't know what's going to happen to them, and all of a sudden they've created a work of art that's going to endure and shape the world for the better, and there she is sitting next to you."

"In a way I'm not surprised," he continues. "She's always dreamed big and believed she could do anything. But if there's one legacy from our lives to our kids' lives, it's in coming here and saying we're going to be homesteaders.... We laid down a marker that you can do anything that you set your mind to."

Sitting on the sofa, Don spins a story that many back-to-the-land pilgrims shared during the turbulent Vietnam War era. He and Cheryl had been together since their Swarthmore days, and "in 1967, the 'summer of love,' we hitchhiked all around California," he recalls. The next year they moved to Boston, and Don wrote a novel based on their adventures, finishing it just as *Easy Rider* became a hit. He sold the film rights for "an astonishing amount of money"—and he was only 22.

Even so, Don and Cheryl knew they were not meant to live in Hollywood. In the *Whole Earth Catalog*, they had read how Vermont beckoned young people like them. "It said that even though the state is filled with dairy farmers who are Republicans, their bedrock values are libertarian, so they will accept us," Don says. "We came [to Addison County] and we saw this place. We had to say yes. The only building was the barn. We had no idea what we were doing.... I had never really built anything yet."

In time they remade the barn into a first home and built up a flock of 100 sheep. Don wrote more books, which did not sell, but he also wrote a magazine column about rural life, and that gained him a teaching position at Middlebury College. In Don's columns, readers followed the joys and travails of rural life, including raising creative, inventive children. There was no TV to tempt them indoors, and when they were in the house they made do with books and their imaginations.

The musical genes were there, too: Don's mother and his grandmother had both trained for the opera. "Anaïs didn't know all this," he says, "but she had this aptitude, and we said, 'If it's something you want to play with, we'll support that. And if not, that's OK too.'"

As Don remembers, "I knew she had what it takes from the first time I heard her in concert at this little



TOP: A portrait of a Vermont farm family, from left: Anaïs and her daughter, Ramona; brother Ethan with wife Susannah (their daughter, Lucretia, is at far right); and Don and Cheryl Mitchell. ABOVE: A view of the Mitchells' home, Treleven Farm, which includes an annex that's open to artists and writers for free monthlong residencies.

bookstore in Bristol when she was still in high school, because she was writing songs that would stick in my head. They'd become earworms, and I'd wake in the night and couldn't get back to sleep. But I never foresaw the ambition of *Hadestown*. —

**B**ack in 2006, Montpelier's Langdon Street Café—which had been cofounded by Anaïs's husband, Noah Hahn—was a petri dish of homegrown talent: music, puppetry, street theater. This is where Anaïs, a young singer-songwriter still building her fan base, began working with a talented local theater artist named Ben Matchstick on her vision for a "folk opera" about the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. To arrange the songs, she recruited Michael Chorney, a local musician whose band she had followed since her high school days and who ended up producing her first albums. (Chorney would go on to earn a Tony, shared with Todd Sickafuse, for orchestrating *Hadestown*.

From the first performance in December 2006 with a

hastily gathered group of friends at the Old Labor Hall in Barre to opening night at New York's Walter Kerr Theater, *Hadestown* would consume the next 13 years of Anaïs's life. There were some early touring shows by "our band of thieves," as she called the troupe, but the real turning point came when she put out a 2010 concept album on Ani diFranco's Righteous Babe label. Titled *Hadestown*, it featured Anaïs as Eurydice and tapped many of her musical heroes for other parts: Justin Vernon of Bon Iver, Ben Knox Miller, the Hayden Triplets, and diFranco herself, who sang the role of Persephone.

The album garnered critical attention, and a small *Hadestown* performing troupe began traveling the country. Anaïs would find local musicians to sing the roles, and those performers would bring their own fans, and it'd be billed as "Colorado sings *Hadestown*" or "Boston sings *Hadestown*"—some 60 venues in all, building a fan base, planting seeds of awareness. *Hadestown* was becoming a cult phenomenon.

Still, Anaïs knew she needed someone to help connect the dramatic narrative to her music, to make more accessible the story that her songs told. By then she had moved to Brooklyn with Noah, and it was there, in 2012, that she saw the off-Broadway musical *Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812*, directed by Rachel Chavkin. Soon after the two women met, they agreed to work together.

As Anaïs recalls: "She came at me with all sorts of dramaturgical feedback, and I was like, 'I don't know if you understand. I've been working on this for six years already,' and she said, 'Well, you're going to have to find a way to get over your fatigue with the piece.' It was very tough love. But I needed someone to ask more from me and expect the best.... So I went back to the drawing board. I went into some terrain I didn't know I had in me."

And this is how a Broadway hit happens: Two months of sellout audiences at the New York Theater Workshop in 2016. Lots of changes, and then on to Edmonton, Canada. More adapting, and then off to London. All the while revising, adding new lyrics, new sets, even new roles.

In the hours leading up to opening night on Broadway, Anaïs was still tormented by the thought that she needed to change a few lyrics, just a bit. And then there was nothing more to do, except be in the audience with her

family and Ben Matchstick, who shares co-creator credit on the playbill. And after the curtain dropped, to walk onstage with the cast and see nearly a thousand people standing and to listen to applause that would not end.

**I**t's a Saturday night in mid-October 2019, and Anaïs Mitchell is playing the Next Stage theater in Putney. The theater holds 200, and all the seats are taken. Before the show, people mill around the lobby, where a stack of Anaïs's CDs sit next to plates piled with homemade brownies and apple cider cookies. When Anaïs takes the stage, loud applause and whistles greet her. "We've had a very Vermonty weekend," with apple picking and going to "the same storytelling pageant in the woods that I went to as a child," she tells the crowd.

Toward the end of the show—which includes two songs from *Hadestown*—Anaïs's daughter, Ramona, skips out from the wings. "I think she will do an interpretive dance," Anaïs says with a smile. And then as she sings

"Morning Glory," a song she wrote for Ramona, her daughter rises, a flower reaching to sunlight, and twirls about.

Anaïs has said she feels a bit awkward going backstage at *Hadestown*, that the show is now complete without her. She's looking forward to writing songs for herself again. Next up: an album of traditional ballads, *Bonny Light Horseman*, recorded with her new three-person band of the same name, followed by a tour. "This [album] felt like a healing

music project for me, because *Hadestown* took so much out of me," she says. "This felt different. It felt easy."

After the Putney show, Anaïs, Noah, and Ramona sit together by the table with the albums. A woman buys a copy of Anaïs's 2012 *Young Man in America*, and asks Ramona to sign it. "I loved your dance," the woman tells her. "I hope to see it again." Ramona signs in bold black letters, then looks up. "Well, you can see me again tomorrow if you come to our show."

Hearing this, I smile, thinking of a photo Don showed me of Anaïs being lifted onstage when she was a child. And I wonder whether, indeed, all of us here might be seeing, just maybe, a new story beginning. —*Mel Allen*

*For more information on Anaïs Mitchell's music and tour dates, go to anaismitchell.com.*



Reeve Carney and Eva Noblezada as the star-crossed lovers Orpheus and Eurydice in the Broadway production of *Hadestown*.



A Perseid meteor pierces the night sky over Breezy Hill, August 2010.

# The Skywatchers

*For almost a century, amateur astronomers have been making a Springfield hillside their own “shrine to the stars.”*

I'm standing on Breezy Hill in the black ink of a Vermont midnight in mid-July, surrounded by savants and telescopes. "Switching to M11," somebody whispers as the barrel of his scope swings through the dark. "The Wild Duck Cluster." We pilgrims from near and far crane our necks at a firmament so sharp it crackles. "Check out M31, the Andromeda Galaxy," says another, in the hushed tones that seem appropriate for the darkness. "Just rising over that white pine." We can't see one another's faces, just the muted red flashlights that bob around like will-o'-the-wisps, occasionally glinting off the obsidian skin of a homemade scope.

Nearly a thousand of us have come to Stellafane, the annual convention of the Springfield Telescope Makers, which has taken place on this hallowed hill since 1926. This year there are visitors from Brazil and Ireland. One

man rode his motorcycle straight through from Toronto. We all fumble our way across the grassy hillside, waiting our turn to peer through the 12-inch Dobsonian or the 25-inch Newtonian at the arcing dust cloud of an ancient supernova, or some ghostly nebula hiding in the dark. With scopes this powerful, even the dullest patch of seeming nothingness turns out to be shot through with stars. I lean into the eyepiece of a 5-inch 1906 Clark refractor, restored to its gleaming brass youth by its new owner, and gasp: Saturn hangs so bright that it feels etched onto the glass.

To become a member of the Springfield Telescope Makers, you have to make your own scope. The housing is pretty straightforward and leaves lots of room for creativity, which is on full display during Stellafane (adapted from the Latin for "shrine to the stars"): from hand-carved wooden telescopes to one made from



The 1954 photo at left shows stargazers gathered for the Stellafane Convention, an annual event organized by the Springfield Telescope Makers. The group was founded in 1923 by Arctic explorer Russell Porter (below, shown grinding a telescope mirror c. 1925).



tin cans, plywood, and a metal salad bowl, with three crutches for a tripod. The challenge is the mirror, which concentrates the light of the sky into the eyepiece; its surface must be blemish-free to within millionths of an inch. That's something the Springfield Telescope Makers have been accomplishing by hand since 1923, when Russell Porter trained the first 16 people in the art, which involves placing the glass disc of your mirror blank on a barrel and slowly grinding the surface with increasingly fine grit while circling the barrel to even out the curve. Then you perform a Foucault Knife-Edge Test, developed in 1858 by Léon Foucault (yes, the pendulum

## As the light fades, the scopes come out, and soon Breezy Hill bristles like a porcupine. Strangers cluster in the dark and swap stories.

guy), using a pinpoint of light, reflection, and a razor blade. Shadows indicate fine imperfections that can then be ground away. How fine? "Remember when NASA screwed up the Hubble Telescope mirror?" one club member says. "They were off by a couple of microns. Any amateur telescope maker with three razor blades and a light bulb would have seen that problem."

That steampunk vibe permeates Stellafane, a throwback to that great Modernist era of exploration when cutting-edge science was within reach of anyone with some basic supplies and the right DIY spirit. Porter became hooked on "the wonderful mechanism of our universe," as he put it, during 11 years of Arctic

exploration, teaching himself to make telescopes at a time when that was the only way to get one. He found a ready audience in Springfield, Vermont, a mill town in the heart of Precision Valley—the Silicon Valley of its day—where American machine-tool manufacturing first wowed the world. Springfield was a hotbed of mechanical know-how, scientific curiosity, and cool tools. In 1925 *Scientific American* ran a story on the group, triggering an explosion of interest in amateur astronomy.

Stellafane's heart is its bubblegum-pink clubhouse. Stories differ as to the origins of the alarming color;

Porter's daughter claimed that he requested spruce-gum pink, a subtle shade lost on the paint mixer. But once in place, the hue became as much a part of the Stellafane identity as the wrought-iron logo over the door: a man with a top hat and umbrella peering through a giant refractor.

*The Heavens Declare the Glory of God!* reads the inscription on the eaves, taken from a psalm. A sundial protrudes out of the back wall. Along with Porter's sketches of the original club members, the inside walls are strewn with arcane formulas and symbols worthy of the Freemasons. Out front is the Porter Turret Telescope, which looks like a cross between an old Dutch windmill and a machine-gun emplacement, and still uses some of the original 1930 hardware.

Days at Stellafane are devoted to displays of new homemade telescopes, solar observation, and workshops ("Telescope Making Demo: Dobsonian Basics," "How to Use a Medieval Astrolabe," and so on).



But as the light fades, the scopes come out, and soon Breezy Hill bristles like a porcupine. Strangers cluster in the dark and swap stories.

Tom from Springfield, the third generation of his family to be a Stellafane member, built his first scope when he was 13 years old: “There’s nothing that beats looking through the telescope you made and seeing Andromeda for the first time. Wow!” He’s been coming back ever since. “It’s the innovation you see. People who think outside the box. No two telescopes are the same. Every year when I come here, I see something new.”

John from Long Island has a cannon of a scope, so long you have to climb a stepladder to look into the eyepiece. His 32-inch lens is one of the largest homemade lenses in the world. After he finished it the first time, the company that was supposed to add the mirror coating cracked it, and he had to start over. How many hours has he put into this thing? “I dunno,” he shrugs. “A few thousand, easy.”

Phil from Boston is at his 40th Stellafane. He made his first scope as a teenager, won an award, and went into optics. One of his lenses now sits on Eros, the asteroid visited by NASA in 2001. Another was used to fit the Hubble Telescope with its corrective lenses. Phil is showing off his Gregorian telescope, a multimirror design from the 1600s that requires heroically

This Dobsonian-style telescope was among the dozens of handmade instruments on display—and in use—at a recent Stellafane Convention.

precise optics but makes for spectacular planet viewing. “Why?” I ask him. “Why do it yourself, when Google can serve up eye-popping images of these same objects in seconds?” In response, he chokes up. “I’m a spiritual person,” he says. “When I go up into the White Mountains with a scope and look at the Orion Nebula, I see it with my own eyes. I see all the atmospherics going on, the subtle textures on the nebula. It’s not just an image on a computer screen; it’s the real thing. To me, it’s a slice of heaven. Just look at the gables on the clubhouse!”

*The heavens declare the glory of God. And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.* So says the psalm. But religion is not what drives these children of Galileo to cast their nets across a billion light-years of cosmos and a billion years of time. They’re here to celebrate the still-astonishing news that with good hands and a questing mind, mere mortals can make meaning of the night. —Rowan Jacobsen

Organizers have postponed registration until June 1 for the 2020 Stellafane Convention, which is tentatively scheduled for Aug. 13–16. For event updates and information for novice stargazers, go to [stellafane.org](http://stellafane.org).



# ‘Ain’t Doin’ Right’

*A memoir about loss, and the love may be waiting for you afterward.*

**R**etirement should have been an easy time for Gaylord Gale. A man who had served his country in World War II and then worked for years as the postmaster general of Stowe, Vermont, he had a tidy, modest house just down the road from our veterinary clinic in Stowe, the town in which his ancestors had settled more than 200 years earlier. He had his woodworking hobby and a prolific vegetable garden to tend; the problem was he didn’t have much free time to enjoy them. His wife, Thelma, suffered from end-stage emphysema, and Gaylord cared for her at home. He quietly went about performing the numerous necessary and personal tasks for her without complaint.

Next to his wife and their children and grandchildren, Gaylord was devoted to his dog, Valentine, a long-coated

golden retriever–black Lab mix. Gaylord and Valentine were inseparable. She knew his routine intimately and accompanied him through his daily chores. In the morning, while Gaylord cared for Thelma, Valentine lay nearby, watching him intently. At midday, she followed at his heels as he made his way across his lawn to pick up his mail. In the afternoon, when Gaylord was tending his vegetable garden, Valentine would rest her graying head on her paws, her liquid brown eyes fixed on Gaylord’s stooped back as he tidied his bush beans. In the evening, she lay next to his recliner as he watched TV with Thelma after he had fixed them a modest supper. Gaylord moved through his days at a measured pace, which suited old Valentine perfectly. They were a good match, each quietly capable of great love.

When Thelma died, Gaylord's family and neighbors rallied around him as he gradually adjusted to the gaping hole in his life. His next-door neighbor, a single mother struggling to put two boys through college, invited him for dinner and to neighborhood cookouts. I baked a pie every so often and dropped it off for him. He'd accept it in a slightly embarrassed way, but two days later the empty, clean pie plate would show up at the door of our clinic.

This attention from family and friends, however, couldn't match the continuous and comforting presence of Valentine, who kept Gaylord company as he slowly resumed his woodworking and gardening. But she was getting old and was suffering from epilepsy, for which my husband, Gregg, had been treating her for years.

One afternoon, Gaylord called our clinic. "This is Gaylord Gale," he said in his characteristically polite, almost formal way.

Gregg asked how he and Valentine were doing.

"Well," Gaylord said, "I just don't think she's acting quite right." He explained that she'd been slowing down and staggering, and lost her appetite. In his appointment book Gregg scribbled: *10:30: Valentine. ADR.*

ADR is shorthand for "ain't doing right." An expression taught in veterinary school, it means an animal has a health problem that the owner doesn't know how to accurately describe. In human terms, it's analogous to the medical expression "failure to thrive." The phrase simply conveys a descriptive starting point.

Gaylord looked deeply uncomfortable when he brought Valentine, then 13 years old, into the exam room. I guessed it might have brought back memories of Thelma and her medical care. He was a practical man, however. After Gregg examined Valentine, took x-rays, did blood work, and finally told him Valentine had cancer, Gaylord accepted the news stoically.

Sadly, Valentine deteriorated quickly. A week later, around mid-December, Gregg was called to Gaylord's house to put her to sleep.

We worried about Gaylord being alone, so when a golden retriever rescue group brought a sweet 9-year-old named Amber into the clinic for an exam, Gregg got an idea. Amber had been orphaned when her elderly owner died. She might be an ideal match for Gaylord, Gregg thought. The problem was how to approach Gaylord without seeming to meddle.

In February, Gregg gave it a shot.

"Well, I don't know," Gaylord said when Gregg called him. He sounded reluctant.

"How about if I just bring her over for you to meet for a few minutes?" Gregg said. "If you don't think you're ready, you can just say no, and I'll understand."

There was a long pause. Finally Gaylord said, "All right, I guess I could meet her."

Not long afterward, Gregg and Amber were climbing the steps to Gaylord's sliding glass door. From his recliner in front of the TV, Gaylord motioned Gregg to come in.

"This is Amber," Gregg said. He dropped the leash and Amber, tail wagging, walked immediately to Gaylord and rested her head on his knee. Instinctively, he began to gently stroke her head.

"Well, I don't know," he said, after a few minutes. "I guess she can stay for a while to see how it works."

For the next two years, Amber followed Gaylord devotedly. She lay at his feet as he watched TV, strolled with him across the lawn to check his mail, accompanied him while he tended his garden, and came with him to the neighborhood cookouts.

Gaylord brought Amber into the clinic regularly for her baths and yearly exams. The last time he brought her in, however, he was concerned that she was having trouble walking. "She's just not herself," he had said when he called for the appointment. Gregg wrote in the appointment book: *Amber Gale. ADR.* His examination revealed that Amber's foot was swollen, and a subsequent x-ray confirmed the worst: aggressive osteosarcoma.

In Amber's case, amputation and chemotherapy were not viable options. Gaylord silently took her home to nurture her and keep her comfortable; a month later, Gregg had to go to Gaylord's place to euthanize her.

Adopting an older dog always involves the risk of health problems. We knew this, and Gaylord knew it. Still, he had been through so much with Thelma and then Valentine that we felt awful for having set him up with Amber only to have him experience loss yet again.

A year or so passed in which we saw only Gaylord, alone, walking to his mailbox or working in his garden. Then Gregg got a call.

"Hello, Gregg, this is Gaylord Gale," the familiar voice said. "I was wondering if you might keep your eyes open for another dog." It couldn't be just any dog, he said, and Gregg knew exactly what he meant. Gaylord needed a sweet, peaceful companion; the dog had to need Gaylord in return. Gregg called the local dog rescue, and a few weeks later they brought over a 9-year-old red and white collie mix, slightly pudgy, affectionate and gentle. Her name was Pixie.

Once again, Gregg found himself knocking on Gaylord's sliding glass door. From his recliner, Gaylord motioned for Gregg and Pixie to come in. Gregg dropped the leash and Pixie walked over to Gaylord. He thoughtfully stroked her head, his expression impossible for Gregg to read.

"Well, I don't know," he finally said, as much to himself as to Gregg. "I guess she can stay for a while to see how it works." He continued stroking Pixie, who sighed contentedly, then settled at his feet. —LeeLee Goodson

# Dog Heaven

*A creative couple's labor of love in St. Johnsbury has become an attraction like no other place in the world.*



Dog Mountain, home of the world's only dog chapel, is situated three miles from downtown St. Johnsbury, just a frisbee toss from the Fairbanks Scales factory on Route 2. Though the chapel is petite, the size of a rural post office, it feels like a sacred space, complete with pews and stained glass. Perched on a hill amid 150 rolling acres, the chapel is just one part of a property designed with dogs at the fore, appointed with hiking trails, a pond, a dog agility course, and one of the last remaining galleries of Stephen Huneck's humorous, colorful, dog-oriented art.

Huneck—the rugged, mustachioed creator of the chapel, the art, and a thousand details decorating the property—was inspired to build the Dog Chapel with his collaborator and wife, Gwen, in the late 1990s. A 19th-century New England village church in miniature, it has pews with carved seated dogs at the ends of each, windows featuring Huneck's iconic winged dogs, and a hooked rug with the image of a Dalmatian. Outside, the knobs to the two doors are in the image of dog heads, and between those doors is a dog door. Atop the steeple is a winged golden retriever.

Open since 2000, the chapel has seen its walls covered with heartfelt, handwritten notes and photos of beloved pets that have gone to dog heaven. But it has also become a memorial to the creative spirits who built it. Tragically, in 2010, distressed by financial worries that had forced staff layoffs, Huneck ended his life at age 61; three years later, so did his widow, Gwen. Despite Huneck's commercial success as an artist—his work is held in collections including the Smithsonian's, and his illustrated children's book *Sally Goes to the Beach* (one of 10 he authored) was a New York Times best-seller—the business “always seemed to be hand to mouth,” recalled Gwen's brother, Jonathan Ide.

Though the Hunecks had no children of their own, they left behind a staff, including two long-time employees who were more like surrogate daughters, general manager Jill Brown and creative director Amanda McDermott, who helped keep the property running. In the meantime, the nonprofit Friends of Dog Mountain was formed in 2015 to “preserve, protect, and steward Dog Mountain and the artistry of Stephen Huneck,” and by the end of 2017 the majority of Huneck's remaining art and the 150-acre property were successfully conveyed to the Friends.



FROM TOP: Joyous pups frolic in the pond during one of Dog Mountain's "dog party" festivals; inside the chapel, the walls are filled from floor to ceiling with tributes to pets that have passed on.

Today, Dog Mountain remains free and open to the public. In addition to the chapel, the art gallery, and the beautiful grounds, it attracts visitors with a number of special events throughout the year, including summer and fall “dog parties.” Since 2017, it has partnered with local cultural leader Catamount Arts to host the Levitt AMP St. Johnsbury Music Series: 10 consecutive weeks of free, dog-friendly concerts featuring up-and-coming national artists.

“There’s nothing else like it in the world,” Ide once said of Dog Mountain. “...Standing up on the mountain looking down on the chapel, gallery, the pond, fields, trails—it’s like one giant work of art.” —Julia Shipley and Jenn Johnson

*Dog Mountain closed in late March due to concerns over COVID-19. It was tentatively set to reopen sometime in May, but visitors should call or check the website before making travel plans.*

# Bridging the Social Distance



NEIGHBORS HELPING NEIGHBORS

isn't just a quaint idea, it has been a way of life for generations in our small, tight-knit community in Vermont and in many communities across America. When so much is out of our control, we turn to one another, bridging the real and imagined distance between us and building our collective strength.

It doesn't take much to get started, just an idea, some conviction and action. So, do what you can to help someone today.

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