

## GREENSBORO: THE PLACE ITSELF

The editor of the Caledonian has asked me for a brief description of Greensboro, suspecting all the time, no doubt, like a genuine skeptical Vermonter, that nobody from Massachusetts can do justice to anything in Vermont. He is quite right. One must be raised in the Green Mountain State, must have summered and wintered there, like my friend Judge Stafford, before he can be trusted to interpret the spirit of the place. Of Greensboro in particular it might be said, as has been said so often of Boston, that it is not a place at all, but a state of mind. Those of us who have spent our summers here for a score of years have mingled inextricably the freedom and serenity of our own vacation spirits with the outward and tangible aspects of our playground. We see it in the enchanting summer light, and with something of the eyes of our own children. We cannot pretend to know it as if it were a lesson in geography.

I do not remember when the township was settled, or how it got its pleasant name, or who it was who first ventured our summer holiday of changing the simple old words, "Greensboro Pond," into the unholy impropriety of "Caspien Lake." There is, or used to be, a tattered town history which makes this clear, together with useful information about altitude, acreage, under cultivation, schoolhouses, churches, Hazen's original survey, Mr. Miller's stone house, the stockade, fort against the Indians, and Cuthbertson's store. But to me, Greensboro means none of these things, but just something high and green and soft, with the gleam of water and the shadow of fir-balsams, and a sky that changes from moment to moment like a beautiful woman. Once it was strangely quiet in the summer days, but that was before the advent of motor cars, motor boats, victrolas, golf tournaments and Sunday afternoon "song services." It is quiet enough still, if one will put on a pair of heavy shoes and strike off across country. Even the tortured surface of the lake smooths itself out swiftly and patiently and reveals all of its ancient tranquility to the eyes of the very early or the very late fisherman.

The six or seven miles of shore have remained singularly unspoiled, when one takes into account the number of cottages and the wilfulness of human nature. The cottages are usually hidden away in the woods, and even the most assertive of new boat houses will mellow in a few years into relative inconspicuousness. Above the balsams, birches and cedars that fringe the shore rise the high, green, soft pastures, the dark firmness of rocky mantles, and then the caressing sky. Seen from the middle of the lake the landmarks are Jackson's sugar bush to the south, Sunset Hill to the west, Mt. Sarah to the north, with Sharp's pasture and Barr Hill, and then to the east the long slopes of Wheelock Mountain. Barr Hill gives one the best general view of the surrounding country. The Presidential Range, and part of the Franconian, lie dimly on the east. Grotton Peak and Camel's Hump are clearly visible in the south, and yet Mt. Mansfield, with its marvellous lines, insists upon being the center of the picture. North of Mansfield, in the very last gallant lift of the Green Mountains before they lose themselves in the St. Lawrence valley, are Sterling and the cone of Belvidere, and further still, the exquisite wave-like outline of Jay Peak, on the border of Canada. There are higher viewpoints than Barr Hill, such as Blodgett's Pasture, on the crest of the long mountain to the east, but none that are so satisfying under all conditions of light and at every hour of the day.

But I am illustrating unconsciously what an editor of the New York Sun once declared to be the chief characteristic of Greensboro campers: "They all keep talking to you about Barr Hill." I will, therefore, drop the subject, since view-hunting is only one of the many possible occupations of the contented camper. Fishing has gone on uninterrupted, in season—and sometimes out of season—since the first temporary campers came here from Montpelier, more than forty years ago. The lake once swarmed with "square-tails," I believe it on the authority of Levi Smith, who used to rent boats by the village dock and lend me his dog for rabbit shooting. But the "square-tails" have gone. Instead there are "lakers," and an occasional salmon, "steel-head" or rainbow trout. There are seventeen brooks within four miles of the village, without counting the Lamolle River, but having faithfully fished all of them, I must admit that the brook-fishing is poor and is steadily growing poorer. But that is no reasonable excuse for not going fishing.

The Mountain View Country club has a nine-hole course, commanding one of the finest landscapes in New England, and affording a greater variety of "lies" than all other New England courses put together. Some campers prefer to play tennis, or to go canoeing or swimming. Some hunt ferns, to find as many as possible of the 60 local varieties. There are nearly as many varieties of edible mushrooms, but they are uncounted. Some campers play bridge-whist. Others "blanco" their white shoes. A few write books. Fewer still build and sail boats. Many tramp for the roads within 15 miles of Greensboro make a walker's Paradise. Others spend their time prophesying thunder showers, and as they are generally right about it, they seem happy. Happiest, of all, perhaps, are they who just "set"—it may be on the porch of Mr. Dufur's hotel—and watch the world go by.

For the fascination of Greensboro, after all, lies in an exquisite variety. There is no compulsion laid upon a single soul. John Fiske told me once that Cambridge, Massachusetts, was



"The Hub" of Greensboro in Winter.

the best possible place to live in because (and I hope the Caledonian will pardon John Fiske's masculine vocabulary) "nobody gives a damn for you in Cambridge and you can live as you please." In Greensboro, too, you can live as you please, fortified by the surprising tolerance and friendliness of your neighbors. They live and let live. The people who settle here for their summers are mainly "of one sort," and it is a good sort. The few misfits discover that another place would suit them better, and they move on. The fir-balsams and cedars do not seem to miss them.

Indeed, on a windless day in late September or early October, as you paddle along the shore of the deserted lake, and watch the squirrels, rabbits and partridges take possession of the abandoned cottage porches, you discover that nobody is really missed—that the water and shore and gleam of water and the shadow of fir-balsams, and a sky that changes from moment to moment like a beautiful woman. Once it was strangely quiet in the summer days, but that was before the advent of motor cars, motor boats, victrolas, golf tournaments and Sunday afternoon "song services." It is quiet enough still, if one will put on a pair of heavy shoes and strike off across country. Even the tortured surface of the lake smooths itself out swiftly and patiently and reveals all of its ancient tranquility to the eyes of the very early or the very late fisherman.

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Jan A. Stockdale, formerly of Union Congregational Church, Boston, now of Toledo; Rev. Howard Childley, Orange, N. J.; Dr. Victor Lakins, Third Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia; Dr. Henry Myers, New Britain, Conn.; Judge W. H. Taylor, Vermont Supreme Court; Judge Wendell P. Stafford, Washington Supreme Court; William P. Kelley, Rutgers College, N. J.; Herbert Turhill of New York; Professor Dawson, Teachers' Normal College, N. Y.; Professor Collins of Princeton; Dr. Jackson of Upper Montclair, N. J.; Henry Harbur, Superintendent of Schools, Taunton, Mass.

Many of the visitors are school principals and teachers: Charles M. Stebbins, Boys' High School, Brooklyn; the Smith brothers, Brooklyn and Chicago; Thompson and Stanfler, Jersey City; Sutherland of Staten Island; Sanford L. Cutler, Morris High School, New York; John P. Elliot, Principal of East Boston High School.

Space forbids any mention of the

## VILLAGE OF GREENSBORO

It does not require a long stretch of imagination to see Lake Caspien as the body of an immense bird and the village as two large white wings attached to its shoulders and the whole ready to make a dive down the narrow valley dug out by the swift stream that runs from the lake.

Of course it takes some imagination to give the place that form but in going up the valley to the village we had a very real feeling that there was a large body of water almost resting on top of the hills above us and we found on arrival that the village forms the barrier which restrains the waters from a destructive sweep down the valley.

We have mentioned elsewhere the neat and prosperous appearance of the village. This is the result of a good farming region on all sides of the village which gives it a sound and conservative business year in and year out and the awakening that the development of a large summer trade has brought about. Located as it is 1,500 feet above the sea it is not shut in but looks out over a vast tract of hills and mountains, has pure and invigorating air, a fine gravity water system and seems withal an ideal place for summer rest, especially so on account of the absence of mosquitoes and the black flies that usually pester the sojourner on a lake shore.

There is complete harmony between the summer and the permanent residents. Each class desires to live decently and they enjoy living decently together. Into the churches of the village the campers bring the enthusiasm of numbers while from their preachers they have supplied the palpit and many of the strong divines of this country have preached the gospel in the churches of Greensboro.

Caspien Lake House the minute you commence looking for the stage to Greensboro village at the railroad station at Greensboro Bend. When F. H. Dufur responds to your inquiries you think you have found a stage driver but you have also come into contact with the landlord of the Caspien Lake House, the only hotel of the village. Mr. Dufur has brought about many improvements and has a very comfortable hostelry where many visitors to the lake stop during their temporary stay. Mr. Dufur is seriously considering enlarging his hotel to accommodate the increasing trade.

"The Boarding House is full" was the first information we had about "The Lakeview," a fine homelike summer house conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Richards. No transients are accommodated here but it is filled with people who have come to enjoy the magnificent view of the lake to be had from its verandas and the palatable home cooking that Mrs. Richards prides herself on. So popular is this place that rooms for next season have already been engaged by some and the prospect is that the coming seasons will continue to see it "full."

Views are given here of the churches and graded school building of the village. Another building in which the people take pride is the Grange and Town Hall, a building that has recently been remodelled to better adapt it to the business of a social center.

The Greensboro Free Library is another institution that belongs to all the people of the community. It contains about 3,000 books well divided between fiction, history, science and other literature. It is open afternoon and evening two days in the week during July and August and on Saturdays during the rest of the year. Mrs. L. A. Jackson is the librarian and during her illness Mrs. J. H. Barrington has had charge of it. The building was constructed and deeded to the town by the late Judge Henry S. Tolman and the books are secured by an annual appropriation

## THE ORIGINAL CABIN.

Used as a Mess Hall and the Land as Picnic Grounds.

Greensboro as a summer resort was first discovered by Vermont people. About 50 years ago a club of young men and women from Montpelier and other parts of the state established a camp on the point of land now known as Birch Point, and long familiar as the farm of John Black, formerly the Whitelaw farm.

This camp is said to have been the first on Caspien Lake. It was founded by Mr. Hubbard of Montpelier on the northern shore of the point and was known as the Hubbard Camp. A little cabin, used as a mess hall, was the nucleus of the camp, and near it the club members lodged in tents.

After the club ceased to use this camp the site was a favorite picnic ground for many years, its large, old forest trees and rocky shore making it one of the most beautiful on the lake.

The site of this camp, with several acres surrounding it, is now Ramblewood, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bancroft of New York city, and their daughter, Miss Jessie H. Bancroft, a director of physical training in the New York public schools.

In 1908, when the place was purchased of John Black, Mr. Bancroft found the cabin, which had not been open for many years, in a surprisingly good state of preservation, and converted it into a cosy refuge for afternoon tea and picnic suppers, with a work bench for handicraft occupations. Mr. Bancroft also made the old boat house on the water's

edge into a study for Miss Bancroft, and the foundations of a bungalow are laid near the cove, the family now living in Wildwater cottage, owned by Mr. Bean, farther out on the Point.

A tanning stone, used by Indians for dressing the skins of animals has been found at Ramblewood, indicating that the Abanaguis (the "Dawn People") who roamed this section before white settlers knew it, were familiar with the beauties of this point.

Montpelier Camp, a very small camp on the southwestern shore of Birch Point, was also one of the earliest buildings on the lake, and still stands, somewhat modified. Mr. Parker of Littleton and Judge W. H. Taylor of Hardwick, built summer cottages on Birch Point many years ago, and Mr. Quimby of Littleton built the cottage now owned by the Rev. Mr. Wismer of Bristol, Conn.

Mr. Bancroft was the first purchaser on Birch Point from outside the state. In 1911 Hon. Winthrop More Daniels, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Mrs. Daniels, purchased a site of several acres on Birch Point, and a little later other property was purchased by members of the Yale faculty.

## POSTPONING OLD AGE.

Overworked, weak or diseased kidneys will often make a man or woman feel old before middle age. Rheumatism, aches and pains in back, puffiness under eyes, stiff joints and sore muscles, biliousness, headache and various other symptoms give warning that the kidneys need help. Foley's Kidney Pills bring a sound, healthy condition and help the kidneys eliminate uric acid and other poisons from the system, which, when permitted to remain, cause dangerous disease. C. C. Bingham.

## UNCLE SAM'S PARCEL POST MAKES Sweet Juicy Meats

available at any table, no matter how remote. Your order for Western Beef or Lamb can be delivered to you within three hours after it has left our refrigerator. Try Spaulding and Parcels Post for Meat that will increase the pleasure and refinement of your summer home.

F. E. SPAULDING

43 Main St.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.



"Dipping the jewels out of the lake To sprinkle them over the land in showers."—Aldrich

By permission of Miss M. E. Stimson.

to welcome you back again. At any rate, you come.

Bliss Perry.

### PEOPLE AT CASPIAN LAKE.

Schools and Colleges Well Represented—The Old Times.

So many are the changes, rather so many are the new arrivals, that it is difficult to give all the names of those best known of the summer people. The following are representative names of those who own cottages, and are constant visitors: Bliss Perry, Professor of English Literature, Harvard; John C. Stone, Author and Instructor, State Normal School, N. J.; S. W. Landon, Educational Head Master, Borden-town Military Academy, N. J. Mr. Landon has been at the lake nearly 20 years, and was formerly Principal of the Burlington High School. Geo. W. Morrow, of Detroit, one of the leading enthusiasts of the National prohibition movement; Benj. H. Sanborn, of Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Educational Publishers, Boston, New York and Chicago. Mr. Sanborn has spent more than twenty summers at the lake, often coming in May and staying until fall. Francis A. Bagnall, Superintendent of Schools, Adams, Mass. Mr. Bagnall was formerly Principal of the St. Albans High School. He has been at the lake for nearly 20 seasons. A. L. Hardy, Superintendent of Schools, Amherst, Mass., formerly Vice-Principal of St. Johnsbury Academy. He, too, has been at the lake for nearly or quite 20 years. Nelson J. Whitehill, Superintendent of School, Hartford. He built one of the first cottages, and has summered here for nearly 30 years. Gilman A. Wheeler of Boston, who, as man and boy, has spent some part of every summer in Greensboro for 39 years; Cyrus Miller, former resident of the Bronx; Charles A. Sibley, Boston; B. A. Hooker, Barre; Fred Harris, New York; the Salisbury brothers, Randolph; Dr. Burney, Yonkers.

Among the more recent cottage people, who are well known outside, and who have done much for the intellectual and social life of the place are: Dr. William Eicheberger, U. S. Naval Observatory, and editor of the Nautical Almanac; Dr. Knight, and Prof. A. F. Gillette, of the Hartford Theological Seminary; Dr. Al-

families of these men. Often, as in other cases, the wives, sons and daughters, are the better half. Although Phi Beta Kappa keys are in almost as much evidence as outing flannels and golf bags, it is a genial and democratic bunch. Occasionally a misfit comes in, but he or she soon finds it out, folds the tent, and steals away.

### VERMONT A Song

My heart is where the hills fling up Green garlands to the day.  
'Tis where the blue lake brims her cup.  
The sparkling rivers play.  
My heart is on the mountain still,  
Where'er my steps may be,  
Vermont, O maiden of the hills,  
My heart is there with thee!

Oh, you may find a prouder dame,  
With jewel at the ear  
And richer robe and louder fame,  
But never face so dear!  
No queen has had for followers  
A bolder train of men;  
And when again the need is hers  
They shall be hers again.

My heart is where the hills fling up Green garlands to the day.  
'Tis where the blue lake brims her cup.  
The sparkling rivers play.  
My heart is on the mountain still,  
My steps return to thee,  
Green-hooded maiden of the hills,  
Lady of Liberty!

Wendell Phillips Stafford.

Kenneth Rice, 16, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burt Rice of Sheldon, died August 10, from infantile paralysis with which he had been ill a few days.

George Godfrey Scott of Randolph, son of Dr. and Mrs. George W. Scott, was electrocuted August 12 when climbing a pole to tighten telephone wires. His foot came in contact with a live wire of the electric plant carrying 2,200 volts. He was a student at the University of Vermont.

Richard Robeson, the 16 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robeson of Pennington, N. J., died at St. Albans Wednesday from blood poisoning, caused by a carbuncle on his upper lip.

We print the news about you.

They found there, too, audiences who could appreciate the best they could give.

The view showing the center of the village in winter time gives a very good idea of the business of the place. In the front is the hotel. On the left is the mill of the Greensboro Grain company. On the right a part of the general store of Cuthbertson Brothers is seen and beyond it on the corner is the store of B. M. Willey.

The oldest firm in the village is the Cuthbertson Brothers and they are credited with doing the largest business of any firm in the village. Forty-nine years ago this business was started by the father of the two brothers, H. M. Cuthbertson and G. M. Cuthbertson, and it has been continuously in the family ever since. Naturally conservative, they buy only goods of proven value and so are able to sell goods that satisfy. Archie B. Cuthbertson, a son of H. M. Cuthbertson, is also employed in the store and this infusion of young blood aids in keeping the stocks thoroughly up-to-date. The Cuthbertsons are identified with other features of the village and have built some very attractive residences which they occupy.

A. E. and L. A. Perrin, associated under the name of Perrin Brothers, is another old firm that for 25 years has been engaged in the manufacture of wagons, sleds and iron work. They learned a trade and were instructed to build right, even if they could not build so fast, and they followed their instruction. Their handiwork can be found in many homes, cottages and on the farms in the whole region about.

The Greensboro Grain company is the new name for a very old establishment that has performed a large amount of work for the people of the vicinity. J. H. Barrington, the young and progressive manager, has associated with him capital from a large St. Johnsbury grain firm and in cooperation with them has built up a very large and successful business among the farmers.

The general store of B. M. Willey is located on the corner, is well lighted and has the most modern appearance of any of the stores. Mr. Willey is an industrious young man who devotes his whole time to his business and he has built up a large and successful business and is recognized as a man always awake to an opportunity to develop the town as well as his own business.

You begin to get acquainted with

by the town. A branch library at Greensboro Bend is also supplied from the town appropriation. This is large enough to allow the library to secure the new books and keep fully abreast of the times.

Loss estimated at \$16,000 was caused when the Gitchell Granite plant at Montpelier was destroyed August 8. It is thought that the fire was incendiary as no fires are used in the plant during the summer and electric power is cut off at six o'clock in the afternoon. About 30 men were employed.

A boulder was dedicated on Stratton mountain on August 10 in memory of Daniel Webster, who in 1840 spoke there in support of William Henry Harrison in the "log cabin and hard cider" campaign.

George Scribner, a Cateleton farmer, 65 years of age, fell from a load of hay Wednesday and broke his back.

## THE CASPIAN LAKE HOUSE

ONLY TWO MINUTES FROM THE LAKE

NO MOSQUITOES  
NO BLACK FLIES



GOOD ROOMS  
GOOD TABLE  
GOOD AIR AND WATER

We are ready to entertain you Summer or Winter. Modern conveniences, Livery and Stage Service.

F. H. DUFUR, Prop.

Greensboro, Vermont