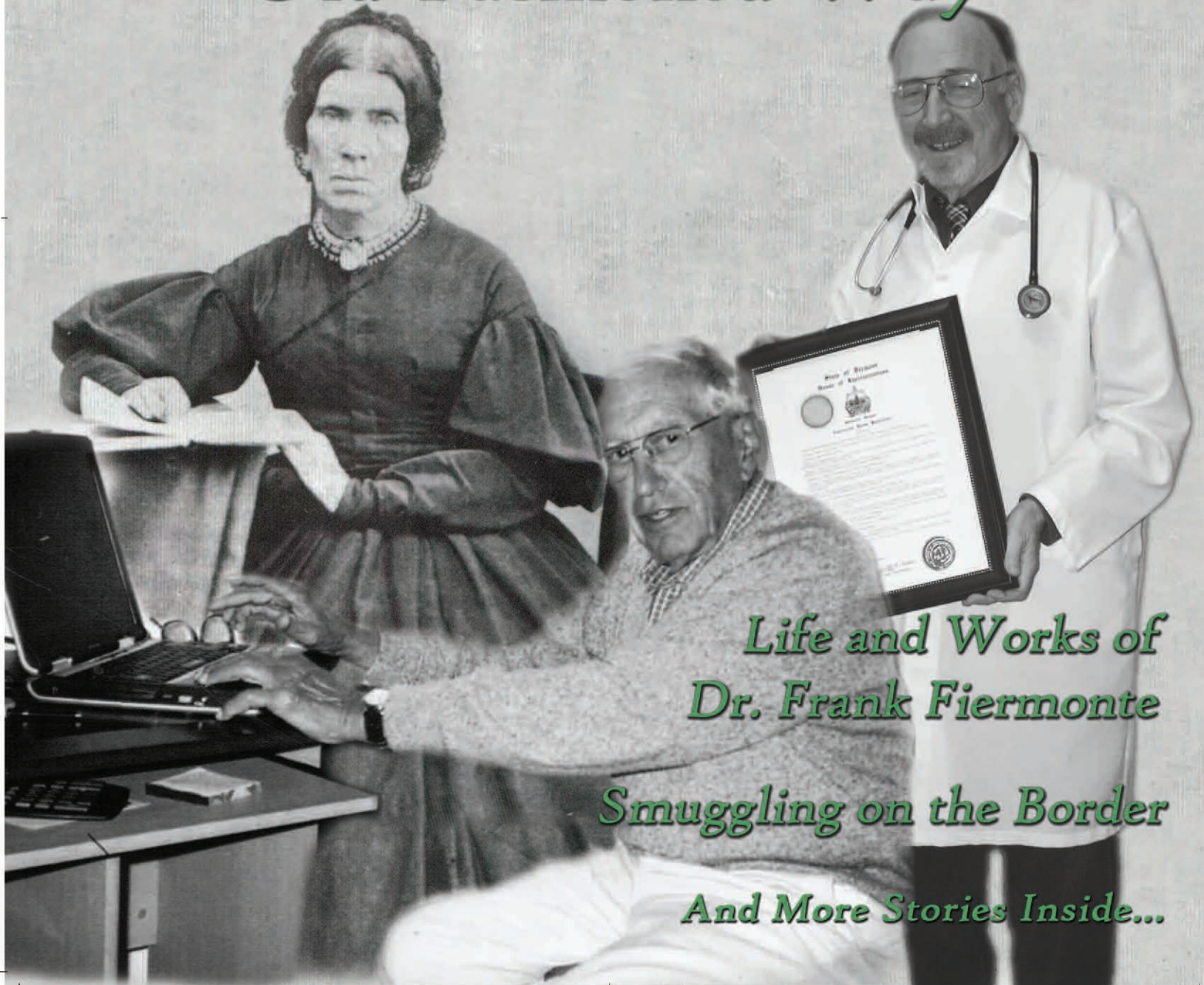


Vermont's 
Northland Journal

Memories and Stories from Vermont's Northeast Kingdom and Beyond

*Practicing Medicine the
Old-Fashioned Way*



*Life and Works of
Dr. Frank Fiermonte*

Smuggling on the Border

And More Stories Inside...

Vermont's Northland Journal

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Mission Statement:

The purpose of *Vermont's Northland Journal* is to preserve and share the history of Vermont's North Country in a nonpartisan manner. The publication also serves as a forum for groups dedicated to preserving the history of the region.

While this publication does not have a Letters to the Editor page, we do provide space for people to share their own historical memories.

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Cover photo: This issue of the *Northland Journal* includes the first segment of a series about early healthcare in the Northeast Kingdom. On the cover are three doctors who were either born here or who practiced here. One of them is Dr. Rachel Allyn. Although she grew up in Charleston, Vermont, during the 1800s, most of her career she practiced in Lowell, Massachusetts. Dr. Frank Fiermonte (at his computer) cared for patients at his home office on Main Street in Derby for many years. He is still alive and well and living in Florida. Dr. Gilles Bouchard lives in Stanstead, Quebec, but for decades he cared for patients on both sides of the border. These are just some of the caregivers who will be spotlighted in this series. Photos from the Scott Wheeler Collection.



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PUBLISHER'S DESK



Publisher Scott Wheeler

Photo by Michael Piazza courtesy of Yankee Magazine

A Canary in the Mine: Early Medicine in the Northeast Kingdom

When I was a child, I was like the canary in the mine. Canaries were once used to determine whether a mine shaft had poisonous gasses seeping into it (the canary died if there was gas). I was the canary in our family, neighborhood, and school as the youngster, so it seemed. If there was something contagious going around, whether it was the flu, mumps, or chicken pox, I was typically one of the first among the people in my world to contract it. By keeping an eye on me, people in my life could see what illness might be lurking around. Was I coughing, hacking, retching, or was I breaking out in bumps or lumps? Being a canary was a job I certainly did not enjoy.

Thinking back, although I was the canary, I don't recall my parents running me or my siblings to the doctors or hospital every time we had a cough or even a

slight injury, as many parents seem to do today. Oh, if time and home remedies—such as my mother's all-time favorite remedy to battle chest congestion, Vick's VapoRub (to this day I think of my mother and my childhood when I smell it)—didn't cure us, they'd take us to have us checked out. One of our doctors was Dr. Charles Schurman Jr. who practiced in Newport. Although I had my share of illnesses and injuries growing up, not once did I break a bone or require an overnight in the hospital.

Apparently I served my time as the canary well because since childhood I can say I have lived a blessed life. At 50 years old, I still haven't broken a bone, nor has an illness or injury forced an overnight hospital stay. For that matter, I seldom even get sick anymore—knock on wood. I'm no longer the canary in the mine. I credit luck and relatively clean living for my health, but I also credit my doctor, Dr. Robert Wood of Derby, for helping keep me on this side of the sod. I haven't brought him an injury or illness he hasn't been able to cure. Most of his work, though, is instilling within me the importance of preventive healthcare to head off more serious issues. I credit him for keeping me upright and breathing to enjoy life, hopefully for many more years.

My wife, Penny, and I worship Dr. Wood, and we love his wife, sidekick, and manager of his office, Kathy Wood. Their practice is a throwback to an earlier time in medicine, a dying

form of family medicine, all too often replaced by cookie cutter practices owned and consolidated and dictated over by an institution. When Dr. Wood looks at Penny and me, he sees more than symptoms and diagnoses. He knows our stories, and he knows us from the community, all which help him to treat us and to keep us healthy.

Most of all, Dr. Wood, who walked away from a lucrative career as an anesthesiologist for a career as a family practice doctor, understands the balance of truly listening to his patients, and utilizing the wonders of the ever-evolving medical technology. "Caring" is more than just a word or mantra for Dr. Wood, but he also isn't afraid to tell his patients what they need to hear whether they want to hear it or not. Although we love Dr. Wood, his job is not to make us happy. His job is to help make us well when we are ill or injured, but as important, he educates us on how to remain healthy as long as possible.

When I think back in time, I remember how devastated my mother was when her beloved doctor, Dr. Everett "Jeff" Davis, retired. My mother worshipped him. He was a doctor my mother trusted, a doctor who helped her through difficult times. I'm sure if my mother were alive today she'd say she never had a doctor like Dr. Davis before him, or after him. Very possibly she'd be alive today if he hadn't retired and subsequently passed away. At the time, I didn't understand her pain

(Continued on page 38.)

Honoring World War II Veterans on June 6th



This is a photo of a gathering of World War II veterans who were honored by the *Northland Journal* a few years ago. Photo by Christopher Roy

On September 2, the world will celebrate the 70th anniversary of the end of World War II. With each passing year, there are fewer Americans alive who served in that war. On June 6th (the 71st anniversary of the D-Day Invasion), *Vermont's Northland Journal* will honor the veterans of this war at a gathering at the Goodrich Memorial Library on Main Street in Newport. If you have a WWII veteran in your life, please let them know about this event. The event, which is free and open to the public, will begin at 1 p.m. People with questions can contact Scott Wheeler, publisher of the *Northland Journal*, at (802) 334-5920, or email northlandjournal@gmail.com. Although not required, if you are a WWII veteran and you plan to attend, please consider contacting us so we have an idea how many veterans plan to come. WWII veterans are also encouraged to bring memorabilia of their war years to share with the public.

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At 94 years old and now living in Florida, Dr. Frank Fiermonte is still revered in the international border region in and around Derby, Vermont. For Dr. Fiermonte, who retired from medicine in 1983, and many doctors of his era, being a doctor was more than a job, it was a mission. This article, written by Pat Hunt, was first published in the July 11, 1979, issue of the Newport Daily Express. Next month, in another article, Dr. Fiermonte will reflect on the changes, pro and con, he has seen in healthcare in his time, including the arrival of many lifesaving vaccines and the changing role of the family doctor. —Scott Wheeler, Publisher

For 33 Years “Doc” Cured Derby’s Ills

by Pat Hunt

Ask a country doctor what it’s all about and you’ll hear how it used to be—rounds of house calls on barely passable back roads in mud season, sleepless nights and home deliveries, eggs and vegetables for payment from patients.

His symbol was his little black satchel, ready to pick up at a moment’s notice.

When Dr. Frank Fiermonte arrived in Derby, he set up his practice in the parsonage.

“Every town had to have a doctor, and when a friend told me Dr. Carter died in Derby, I came up and looked the town over,” Fiermonte said. “It was the sunset over the mountains as I stood in Baxter Park that sold me.”

The town showed its appreciation to the doctor and his wife by honoring them with the Lions Club Community Award this year [1979].

“People who love people—help people—care about its children,” is the way toastmaster Kermit Smith introduced the Fiermontes at the recent Lions banquet. “All here have seen for the last 33 years this man moving about the hills, highways and byways of the Northeast Kingdom.”



Although Dr. Frank Fiermonte has been retired since 1983, his reputation lives on in Orleans County to this day. This is a photo taken of Dr. Fiermonte during the middle years of his profession. Photo courtesy of Dr. Fiermonte

“Of course, no one said much about mud season back then, and coming from New Bedford (Massachusetts), it was just a colloquial expression to me,” Fiermonte said. “But I soon found out that during mud season I’d better make my calls early in the morning before the roads softened up.”

One evening he received a desperate call from a man in East Holland—“Come see my wife; she’s worse.” Earlier in the day the mud had been coming down by Tice’s Mills and Doc was reluctant to retrace his steps, but

the caller assured him he could get through all right.

“I made it to Tice’s Mills, then up to Wheeler’s Corner where a lady met me with a horse and wagon to take me to the patient’s house,” he said.

“I told her how thoughtful it was to have sent her down to meet me.”

“‘Oh, no one told me to come here,’ she said. ‘I’m on the party line, and when I heard him tell you you could get though, I just knew you couldn’t.’”

Fiermonte rented his home and office for \$25 a month. Dr.

Carter's widow offered to be housekeeper for the new doctor.

"She knew all the people and could tell me how to get to any house or farm miles around," he said.

"Bumpy roads could come in handy sometimes," he said, talking about picking up a patient with a kidney stone who was hollering with pain. "You didn't depend on an ambulance in those days."

"By the time we got to the main road, the pain was gone, and at the hospital he passed the stone," Fiermonte said, noting the bumps had done the job, "A cure used to be to have the patient jump rope, so riding those roads did the same thing."

In the 1940s, a 15-cow farm could support a growing family, and any good-sized town could support a physician in a most modest manner, according to Dr. Leo Seagal, a colleague of Fiermonte's. He added that baked goods, vegetables, and eggs as payments were not unusual.

"We also got a lot of maple syrup—maybe worth more than if we'd been paid," Lucille Fiermonte said.

She met her husband when he was interning at St. Anne's Hospital in Fall River, Massachusetts, where she was a nurse. They were married a year after he began practice in Vermont, continued to live in the parsonage, and in 1948 their first child, Judy, was born.

"In those days we played a lot of cribbage waiting for the phones to ring," she said of the early years when she worked at Orleans County Memorial Hospital. She



This photo of Lucille Fiermonte was taken in 1940 in front of St. Anne's Hospital in Massachusetts.

Photo courtesy of Dr. Fiermonte

also went with her husband when he delivered babies.

"At that time no one went to the hospital for babies or anything else unless they were dying," she said.

"House calls day or night were routine and expected,"

Fiermonte said. "Once a patient called me and I asked him to come to the office. He said he couldn't get there because of the snow.

"How was I supposed to make it to his place, I wondered," Fiermonte laughed. "But when office calls were only \$2 and house calls \$3, it was cheaper for people to stay home and save gas."

In 1952, the Fiermontes bought a large home in Derby Village where he practiced and lived.

One day while treating a patient at the office, the doctor got a frantic call from a mother. "Come right away!" she pleaded. "Joe ate rat poison in the barn!"

"I grabbed my bag and a stomach pump, leaving my patient in the office, and drove as fast as I dared along the rutty roads to a farm near the border."

As he dashed in the door, the distressed mother turned to her son who was crying at the kitchen table, and said, "All right, now tell the doctor what you told me."

Not daring to look him in the face, Little Joe sobbed, "I didn't eat rat poison. I just wanted to see



For many years this home on Derby's Main Street was the home of Dr. Fiermonte and his practice. This photo was taken in May 2015.

Photo by Scott Wheeler

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how quick you could get here in case I did.”

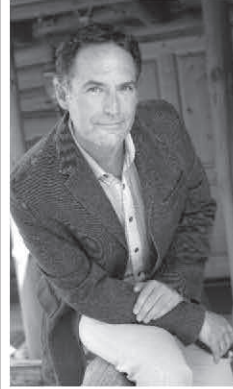
The Fiermonte family grew. Paula and Phillip were born, and all three children went to Derby Academy and graduated from the University of Vermont.

During this era, medicine progressed at a rapid rate, and Fiermonte believed that if you stayed in the country, you could get stagnant. So he began using his days off, Wednesdays, to go to the medical meetings in Sherbrooke, except in the summer when golfing on Wednesday afternoons took priority.

He continued his education first in cardiology and coronary care, and in the 1960s, he studied anesthesiology at the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont in Burlington. He served as an anesthesiologist at North Country Hospital until recently.

The doctor’s wife made her own contributions to the community, recognized when the Lions Club presented the joint award to the couple.

Lucille Fiermonte was praised not only for her nursing, but also her educational work. She had been a PTA officer, was instrumental in raising funds for the Derby Academy band, was a troop leader for Girl



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Dr. Les Lockridge and his office manager, Danielle Wright, welcome Kathryn Mathieson (left), a Psychiatric Nurse Practitioner, to the practice.

A message from Dr. Lockridge: When I left the Ivy League I came here with the intention of providing the best standard of care for cancer and blood diseases to the Northeast Kingdom. But I have received so much more. It has been a privilege to know and treat patients here with the methods I learned and used at Yale, Brown, and Dana Farber Cancer Institute, tailoring that treatment to your lifestyle.

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Scouts, chairman of the Derby Health Council, and served six years on the North Country Union High School Board. Now she devotes much time to hospital auxiliary work and serves as chairman of the gift shop.

In 1976, the country doctor moved his office to the city. No longer would his home and office be side by side, but on the other hand, changes in the medical profession and more sophisticated



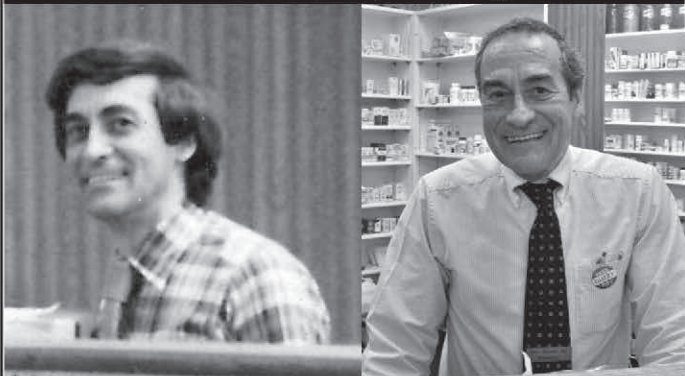
Dr. Fiermonte and his now late wife, Lucille.
Photo courtesy of Phil Fiermonte

technology brought a need for closer association with the hospital. Now the country doctor practices in a new office in the Medical Arts Building in Newport. ■



Dr. Fiermonte and his children, Judy, Paula, and Phil, in 2003.
Photo courtesy of Dr. Fiermonte

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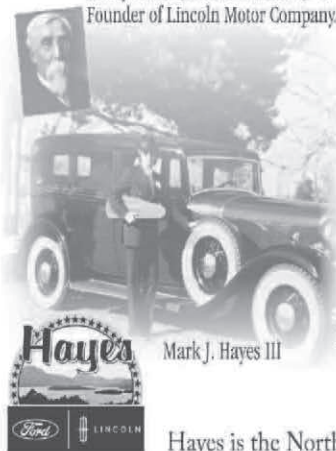
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Dr. Frank Fiermonte was honored by the Lion's Club in Derby in 1979. The following is a speech given by the now late Dr. Leo Seagal of North Troy. It was provided to the Journal by Dr. Frank Fiermonte.

Dr. Leo Seagal Honors His Friend and Colleague, Dr. Frank Fiermonte

It's my honor and privilege to say a few words about my lifelong friends, Dr. & Mrs. Fiermonte. I'm going to talk about little episodes in his life that maybe some of you do not know.

Dr. Frank appeared here in October 1945, a single man. How he escaped all you single gals in this area is beyond me. He opened his practice that year in Derby Center using the Congregational parsonage as his home and office. Mrs. Carter, the widow of Dr. Carter, who practiced in Derby Center before Frank, kept house for him for almost a year.

Dr. Frank continued his love for baseball, which he had played in school, by playing third base with the Derby Line Town Team, who played at Baxter Park. How good his batting average was I do not remember, but knowing Frank I'm sure he did well. He played with the team a few years.

Dr. Frank appeared here at an interesting era medically. It was just after the so called horse-and-buggy doctor and the advent of antibiotics. From 1914 to the mid-20s, medical schools over the country produced a great number of doctors. And in our Northeast Kingdom, because of poor roads and poor travel facilities, it ended up that each town or large village had a doctor of their own. At that time, economically a 15-cow farm could support a growing family and a good sized town could support a physician in a most modest manner. Vegetables and eggs as payments were not unusual, and I can assure you that the fees in those days were very very low.

So, with Dr. Lapierre in Beebe, Quebec, Dr. White in Stanstead, Dr. Davignon in Rock Island, Dr. Larose then Jasper Knox in Derby Line, Dr. Parlin in the Charlestons, Dr. Macbride in Island Pond, Dr. Templeton in Irasurg, Dr. Buck in Barton, Dr. Cleasby in Orleans, and the group in Newport, which at that time consisted of Drs. Piette, Rublee, Schurman Sr., Peabody, and Emmons, we had a lot of doctors in this area, and so without even considering the physicians in my area of the Northeast Kingdom you can see there was quite a bit of competition for a new young physician in Derby Center. It was not exactly easy for Dr. Frank to get

started, but with his innate brightness, knowledge of medicine, his feeling towards all people, and his wonderful sense of humor, he persevered and succeeded in his profession.

In 1946, he married Lucille who made him a lovely wife and who was a great aid to him throughout his career. They continued to live in the parsonage where Frank had his office. In 1948 their first child, Judy, was born. At that time we first met Dr. Frank's lovely parents and Lu's lovely mother.

During these years Dr. Frank, like the rest of us, made house calls all over the area for the ill and the housebound. He learned what snow would do to our highways and he knew what the mud season meant in the spring when our roads become an impenetrable morass. He learned how we lived and he learned who we were. Dr. Frank had his share of home deliveries, which often meant a whole night without sleep. Dr. Frank did a beautiful job in the area, and it was not long before we in the medical profession realized we had an outstanding physician in Derby Center.

In 1952, Frank and Lu bought that lovely home in Derby Center where he practiced and lived until just recently. I could never pass that house day or night without seeing a long line of cars in front of his office. There he had a beautiful office and home while living there. Paula and Phillip were born and brought up along with Judy. They all went to Derby Academy and all graduated from the University of Vermont.

During this era, medicine progressed at a rapid rate and Dr. Frank was foremost in this area in continuing his education and keeping up with the progress. At first it was cardiology and the use of the electrocardiogram and coronary care, and Dr. Frank became quite an expert at all this. Dr. Frank had the intelligence and the desire to keep up with all facets of medicine.

In the 1960s he went away to the Medical Center of Vermont and took up anesthesia and had an excellent training in that field. He did just about all our anesthesia at the North Country Hospital

until the arrival of the present anesthesiologist. Soon afterwards the rates for malpractice insurance for a part-time anesthetist became so prohibitive that Dr. Frank had to give it up. I know of no anesthesiologist that I would rather have if I had surgery than Dr. Frank. And I'm sure any of us here who ever had anesthesia by Dr. Frank would feel the same way. I know our local surgeons enjoyed his work very much and miss him badly now.

In 1976, with his children grown and gone from the area, he moved his office to the Medical Building of the North Country Hospital, from which location

he could better serve the people of our Northeast Kingdom.

During his career Lucille has always been beside him and was always helping him over the many rough spots that occur in a physician's practice and doing a great job in bringing up the children.

This is no eulogy or retirement speech; it is just a friendly pat on the back for a fine physician and his wife, and we can visualize many more fruitful years for Dr. Frank in the medical profession.

But wherever Dr. Frank lives or practices in the future, to me he will always be Dr. Frank of Derby Center, Vermont. ■



A Pinch of This, a Pinch of That

by Theresa Perron-Janowski

Growing up on a farm with my gram had its benefits. One of those benefits was having cousins living next door and in walking distance. I have fond memories of Audrey, Claire and I scurrying on a summer Saturday morning to get both their chores and my chores done around the house, so that we could saddle up the ponies and go for a long trail ride through the woods and fields.

We would talk the night before and map out our chore duties and discuss which house we would do first, Gram's or their mother's, my Aunt Dorothy. Bright and early in the morning, we would come together as a team and do each other's chores, sharing the work and having fun doing it. Rugs that needed to be beaten, floors swept, dusting, watering flowers, and help with changing beds. Whatever was on my grandmother's agenda for the day, I became her helper. She taught me a lot about work ethics, sharing the responsibilities, and how to do the job right the first time!

In the evening after dark, the cousins would all gather at Gram's and play kick-the-can. There were so many places to hide at Gram's house, and she had the big barn spotlight that illuminated the darkness making it a tad easier for locating cousins hiding around dark corners. We placed an empty can in the middle of a stick-drawn circle on the ground. We gathered around this circle and one cousin would

become the seeker, and was the one who had to find those that were hiding; all the rest were runners. When someone kicked the can, everyone would scatter and hide waiting for the seeker to find them. The cousin who was seeking would look carefully, trying to find someone hiding around a corner or in a dark spot in the tall grass or behind a tree. I was always afraid when I was the seeker; I was afraid of the dark and I still am. When the seeker found someone, it was a race back to the circle. If the seeker got there first they would call out your name, and the one that was found had to then go stand in the circle and wait for someone to release them. If a runner got there first, the runner would kick the can and go hide again. When the seeker wandered too far from the circle, someone could run from a hiding place and kick the can, releasing all who were trapped in the circle. The game started over. We played for hours!

Claire and Audrey were raised on the same farm as I was and lived next door to my grams. We all had our dreams of what we were going to do when we grew up. We had lots of conversations about those dreams and the older we got the more serious those conversations became. I remember one conversation that Claire and I had. I was going to graduate before

(Continued on page 14.)

Reflections of Growing Up the Son of a Beloved Doctor

by Phil Fiermonte

I feel very fortunate that my father chose Derby, Vermont, to begin his practice as a young man, and that he decided to stay there throughout his career. I will always be grateful for having been around some of the most decent and generous people while growing up in Derby.

Practicing medicine in a rural area in those years was a very different experience than it is today. It was more than a job; it was what you did pretty much 24/7. I remember my father being at the hospital early in the morning seeing patients (and in later years performing anesthesia). His office was in our house and he had office hours in the afternoon during weekdays combined with house calls, would take a break for dinner with the family, which often involved him talking on the phone with patients while he ate his dinner. Then he'd go back in to the office and see patients until there were no more to see. My sisters and I would knock on his office door every night to get a hug from him and to say goodnight.

I remember going on the back roads with him to Holland, Morgan, East Charleston, Newport Center, and other Northeast Kingdom towns when he made house calls. I really liked going with him on those house calls.

In those days the family doctor would know an entire family, their family's medical histories, and much about their social situation. My dad delivered babies in people's homes, performed minor surgery in his office, was an excellent diagnostician, and often played the role of psychologist as people who knew him for years were comfortable confiding in him. And every kid who saw him will tell you stories of that invisible dog in Dr. Fiermonte's office that barked so convincingly. He was great with kids.



Phil Fiermonte with his father, Dr. Frank Fiermonte, going on a house call.
Photo courtesy of Dr. Fiermonte

And as busy as he was tending to the medical needs of the community, he always seemed to be able to make time to throw the baseball or football in the backyard, to see my ball games, and to teach me how to hit a golf ball.

My mother, a registered nurse, assisted him in the early years, and later on he hired Claire Currier, a physician's assistant, who was an invaluable part of his practice. Claire organized the office, set up his appointments (he finally got rid of office hours in the 1970s), worked up patients, did his billing, and much more. She and her family were like family to us.

I know my dad looks back very fondly at his years practicing medicine in Derby, and with lots of love for the people of that great community. Those were the days. ■

Publisher's note: Phil Fiermonte is now a key member of U.S. Senator Bernie Sanders's staff.



Long retired Dr. Fiermonte and two of his children, Phil and Judy Fiermonte. Phil is a key member of Senator Bernie Sanders' staff, and Judy is a psychologist in Santa Rosa, California. Not in the photo is Dr. Fiermonte other child, Paula Fiermonte, who is a clinical research nurse in San Francisco. Photo courtesy of Phil Fiermonte

her, and we had made a promise to each other to get an apartment together and become hairdressers. Well, we didn't get an apartment together, and I'm not a hairdresser, although there are times I do feel like pulling my hair out!

Audrey became a teacher and taught at Cambridge Elementary School. And actually, last year, my grandson Simon had her for a teacher and he still thinks she was the best teacher ever. She knew how to challenge him, build his confidence, and make learning fun.

Claire did become a hairdresser. She also married Denis Michaud, who became the second-generation farmer at the East Hardwick farm once owned by Denis's parents, Yvon and Marie Michaud—Canadians who moved to the United States and bought the farm in 1954. Claire worked in her home hair salon, as well as helping with the farming. The farm grew from 250 head of cattle to almost 1,200 today, which includes the calves and heifers. Claire and Denis's three sons all went off to college. All three returned to the farm with agricultural degrees, and the farm grew to what it is today—now managed by these three sons, their wives and children, making it a fourth generation farming business. Today their farm has come a long way from just milk deliveries. Many times I run into Claire at Currier's Market where she is delivering dairy products for the store to sell.

Their farm is home to Kingdom Creamery of Vermont where it produces ice cream, yogurt, and soft-serve ice cream. The Michauds also have a maple sugaring business and the maple syrup they produce is used in all the maple products that they produce—which is why I am writing this little story. I have discovered the finest ice cream in the Northeast Kingdom!

Kingdom Creamery ice cream comes in many flavors including Valiant Vanilla, Classy Chocolate, Stately Strawberry, Majestic Maple, Courtly Coffee. And the frozen yogurt flavors are Brilliant Blueberry, Princely Peach, Perfect Plain, Regal Raspberry, Stately Strawberry, and Valiant Vanilla. Out of all the ice cream flavors, my favorite is Sugar on Snow; a vanilla ice cream with swirls of real maple syrup running through it, making it my all time favorite ice cream!

Claire has posted lots of recipes on her website



Claire and Denis Michaud and their three sons.

(kingdomcreameryofvermont.com), and I thought it would be great to share a couple of summertime recipes with you. June is dairy month so be sure to pick up your favorite dairy products this month to celebrate our hardworking farmers—and sneak in a tub of Kingdom Creamery Sugar-on-Snow ice cream and some yogurt into your shopping cart; you'll be glad you did!

Banana-Yogurt Smoothie

1 cup Kingdom Creamery of Vermont plain yogurt

1 medium frozen banana

1 tablespoon of honey (I suggest *you try maple syrup too*)

1/2 teaspoon of vanilla extract

Other frozen fruits such as peaches or strawberries can be added or substituted. Blend until thick in a covered blender.

Fruit & Yogurt Shake

1 -8 oz. can peach halves (*I would use packed in its own juice*)

1/2 ripe small banana

1/2 cup Kingdom Creamery of Vermont plain yogurt

1/2 teaspoon vanilla

1 cup ice cubes

In a blender container combine undrained peaches, banana, yogurt and vanilla. Cover and blend until smooth. Add ice cubes, cover, and blend until frothy. Makes two 1-1/4 cup servings. ■

House Calls at the Provost Farm

by Lise Provost McDonald

There were nine of us. Sturdy little farm children who occasionally got a high fever, and passed it among ourselves. If the fever lasted too long the decision was made to call Dr. Fiermonte. There would be a flurry of cleaning an already clean house ... the Doctor was coming and there was this anticipation he would make everything better. I remember him literally at my bedside. All the way up the stairs, down the hall to the room I shared with my sister. I had to be pretty ill, but it felt so special to have him there!

As time went on he asked that we come down to the living room. So we would camp out on the sofa, waiting with great anticipation about whether this would be a time when we would need *une pecure* [a shot]. Somehow if you got *une pecure* you felt his home visit was justified.

After the visit there was the payment for the home visit. My mother would sit at the desk, open the checkbook and write out a check. Sometimes if a calf had just been sold at the commission sales she would hand him cash. It was a time when delivery and payment of healthcare were far more simple than today.

With time there were no more house calls. We went to his office on Main Street—the office that was attached to his home, the home where my best friend lived.

Before Quebec's 1970 implementation of National Health Care, the family doctors from both sides of the border were available for house calls. The border and the delivery of health care were pretty much seamless.

My mother, Regina Provost, who lives in Derby, recalls a spring Sunday in 1964 when my dad, Richard Provost, had been seen at home by Dr. Bonin. Dr. Bonin, lived in Stanstead, Quebec, and after a couple house calls, was treating for pneumonia. After a couple weeks without improvement, the family and Dr. Bonin decided to call Dr. Fiermonte.

Both Dr. Bonin and Dr. Fiermonte came to the farmhouse on that Sunday afternoon—two MDs from two countries, one French speaking, one

English speaking. Together, on that Sunday afternoon, they advised and made arrangements for a transfer to Bishop De Goesbriand [Hospital], in Burlington.

I wonder how complex it would be to duplicate that type of care coordination in today's healthcare system. ■

My Memories of Dr. Fiermonte

by Kimberly Bean Sheltra

I remember having to have my eyebrow area stitched up. I was about 11 years old and Dr. Fiermonte told me I had to be very still. I lay on a table, and he put one of his small dogs on me and said I had to keep patting the dog. He cleaned and stitched it up and all the while I patted that dog.

The other memory I have is when I worked at Ames Department Store and at Kinney Drugs. When Dr. Fiermonte came in he would ask me how I was doing. We celebrated the same birthday, and he always mentioned that to me when I saw him. I miss his wonderful hello and smile. ■



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The HALO Foundation: The Wright Family Uses Their Tragedy to Help Others

by Stephen P. Marsh
Chairman, President and Chief
Executive Officer
Community Bancorp. and
Community National Bank

Ulric Wright and I both grew up in the Kingdom, so naturally our paths crossed several times over many decades. We first met as pre-teens playing baseball on opposing teams, and eventually ended up playing on a regional all-star team together. Ulric had that “aw-shucks” kind of grin and was a pleasure to be around.

As time went on, we occasionally rivaled one another at sporting events and sometimes found time to talk and laugh in more social settings. As happens in life, I moved to Massachusetts and Ulric stayed here and married Mary, the love of his life. When I moved back here to work at the bank, I would run into Ulric and Mary from time to time. They were always happy, and even though they weren’t blessed with material things, it didn’t seem to matter. They had each other and life was good!

Unfortunately, in 2011, Mary was stricken with cancer and passed away, and it was a very sad time to say the least. And to make it worse, about a month later, Ulric passed away from congestive heart failure, although I always thought that it was from a broken heart. Not a very happy ending, but as Paul Harvey



The Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation arose out of the life, love, and death of Ulric and Mary Wright.

Photo courtesy of the Wright family

always said, now we have the rest of the story.

Ulric and Mary had children, good children with “aw-shucks” grins. They work hard, are polite and smart and have chosen partners and great friends wisely. And from this terrible tragedy, the loss of both parents in the prime of their lives, they were determined to make something good come out of it. They rallied their extended families and created the Halo Foundation.

The Halo Foundation was formed to provide financial assistance to families from the Northeast Kingdom faced with unforeseen expenses related to illnesses which require

numerous doctors’ appointments and medical services. The Wright family understands the hardships of coping with the worries of illnesses and wish to lessen the burden of those who would also have to worry about how to pay for traveling expenses. And boy, are they successful! Their creativity is only surpassed by the enthusiasm that they and their many friends exhibit while running fundraisers supporting Halo. They are a true pleasure to behold, and I am in awe when I see them in action. This spring, Dirty 40 Races, a series of gravel road races held to raise money entirely for the Halo Foundation, will hold a race in Burke to continue their mission of “love of cycling, love of community and love of charity.” I can’t wait to see them succeed!

The name of this column is “Community Matters.” Ulric and Mary Wright’s family members and friends get that. What a great legacy to pass on. Ulric and Mary would be proud!

Thank you for taking the time to read my ramblings. Please feel free to stop in when you are in the Derby office. It is always a pleasure to see old friends, and I always welcome the opportunity to meet new ones. ■

This article first appeared in the winter 2015 installment of Community National Bank’s quarterly newsletter.

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Sinatra is 3 years old and has lived his life on a chain. He is so happy to be free of that now and can't wait to live in a home of his own with his new loving family. Could that be you? He is good with cats, loves people and he is working hard on his house training, but will need a little help with that. He is good in a car, seems to be ok in a crate also.

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Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation:



Three of the four Wright sons and their partners: Back row, from left to right: Chad, Matt, and Todd. Front row from left to right: Amanda Wright, Cassy Moulton, and Hillarie Wright. Missing from the photo is Benjie Wright.

When Mary E. Wright of Derby died of cancer, her husband, Ulric Wright Sr., was devastated. He died two months later. Family members say he died of a broken heart. In despair at their loss, the couple's four sons and their partners founded the Mary E. Wright Halo

Foundation, a foundation dedicated to helping people with cancer. Unlike many organizations, nobody involved in the Halo Foundation is paid, and 100 percent of the proceeds go toward helping people with cancer. The group also donates time helping people with cancer, whether it is mowing a lawn, or piling firewood.

To contribute to the fund, send donations to Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation at 1073 Upper Quarry Road, Newport, VT 05855.

If you'd like to volunteer or learn more about the Halo Foundation, call (802) 334-7553 or email halofoundationNEK@gmail.com. Also check them out at mewhalofoundation.org or at www.facebook.com/mewhalofoundation.

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Indian Doctress Molly Orcutt: Treating Her People and European Settlers

by Scott Wheeler

Before European settlers arrived in what is now the Northeast Kingdom, this was not a medical no-man's land. The Abenaki and other Native groups relied on Mother Earth and all she had to offer, much which grew around them, to care for their people.

Historical accounts suggest early European settlers both feared and revered the Natives they found living in the area, and it is likely the Natives had many of the same feelings toward the settlers. A short book called *Missico Valley*, written by Samuel Sumner and published in 1860, makes mention of how a band of Natives helped a group of settlers in Troy survive their first winter. Native medicine also proved beneficial.

Several families moved into Troy and Potton [Quebec] in 1799, and in the winter of 1800, a small party of Indians, of who the chief was Captain Susap, joined the colonists, built them camps on the river and wintered near them. These Indians were represented as being in a starving condition, which probably arose from the moose and deer (which formerly abounded here) were destroyed by settlers.

One of these neighboring Indians, a woman called Molly Orcutt, exercised her skills as a healer, and her introduction to the whites was noteworthy. Molly,

known as the "Indian Doctress," resided some miles off near Lake Memphremagog. There was no doctor in the settlement, no "pain extractors" or other patent medicines, nor anyone with the expertise to manage difficult cases, such as the one described below.

A man had fallen into a great fire that was burning in a Dutch back chimney in the room. One hand was so badly burned that the tendons and ligaments were exposed. It was feared that the man would lose the use of his hand. Molly was sent for, and she came. Her medicine included a warm milk punch of her own formulation. When the patient recovered remarkably, Molly's fame as a doctress grew further.



Indian doctress Molly Orcutt used the natural world to cure the ills and injuries of her band and some early settlers. Nobody knows what Molly looked like, but this is a sketch by Bea Nelson of Derby showing how she may have looked.



This is another sketch by Bea Nelson, this one showing Molly Orcutt making some of her medicine.

The following is an excerpt from a diary entry of an early settler to the community of Jay, a community next door to Troy. It depicts the fear some settlers felt toward the Natives.

At the time of the War of 1812 there was great excitement at one time caused by someone reporting that Indians were now camped on Owl's Head, a mountain in sight of the settlement of Jay. Of only six families it made such a panic among them that all but Grandfather's folks left town at once. Grandma

had a tow and linen warp in the loom and was anxious to get it woven as the children needed these summer clothes. The report was the Indians were going to make a raid on the inhabitation.

Ancestors of these early settlers live in the region to this day, and it is likely that some of the ancestors of Molly's band, who helped the early settlers, walk among us as well. There are also people living here today who still value the healing qualities of Mother Nature. ■

Dr. Rachel Allyn: A Pioneering Physician

by Scott Wheeler

The Northeast Kingdom of Vermont is in no short supply of people who have gone on to do great things in the world. For instance, Newport Town native Charles Adams founded the Boston Bruins, brought the National Hockey League to the U.S., and helped build Boston Garden among other successes. Henry Leland, founder of the Cadillac and Lincoln automobile companies, was a native of Barton. Both men led colorful and prosperous lives.

Lesser known, but no less deserving is Rachel Allyn, born in Charleston, Vermont, one of that community's first settlers. By most accounts, she was neither colorful nor wealthy, and many people are unaware she played a vital role in the American medical field. In 1857, she became one of America's pioneering women doctors, dedicating her life to easing the suffering of those around her.

Dr. Allyn was born on April 25, 1810, in the town of Navy (Navy was later renamed Charleston). She was the daughter of Abner and Anna Allyn. In 1802, Abner traveled from Barton to Charleston and cleared a plot of land. The following year, in 1803, he and his wife, along with their six-month-old son, Alpha, moved to Charleston and began homesteading, making them the community's first non-native settlers.

Life in the Kingdom brought many trials to the early settlers. They relied on the bounty of the land to survive and suffered the wrath of long, cold, snowy winters. But the price of the land was cheap in Vermont's last frontier. At the age of six, when her father fell ill, Dr. Allyn went to live much of the rest of her growing up years in Danville, Vermont, with her aunt, Mrs. Amos Clement. For a time, she attended the Orleans County Grammar School, located where the Orleans County Historical



Dr. Rachel Allyn of Charleston was a pioneering woman in the world of medicine. Photo courtesy of the Charleston Historical Society

Society and the Old Stone House Museum are now located.

Dr. Allyn was a strong Christian woman who spent most of her adult life in the Lowell, Massachusetts, area. From an early

age she showed a great empathy for people and an interest in helping people. Her professional career began not as a doctor but as a teacher. She was one of the very first women in Vermont to pass newly adopted teacher certification exams. Yet it was medicine that beckoned. She enrolled in the New England Female Medical College. While many Americans were comfortable with women performing the role of midwife, the idea of certifying them as doctors made many people uncomfortable. In 1847, Elizabeth Blackwell did the unthinkable by becoming the first American woman doctor. After a time, Allyn abandoned tradition and left the college designated for women and enrolled in a Boston medical college that accepted both men and women. In 1857, Rachel, along with three other women and 16 men, earned the title of “doctor.”

The following are excerpts from Dr. Allyn’s journal. The entries clearly show her role as a doctor extended far beyond curing illness and treating injuries. They reveal a person who dedicated her entire life to comforting others. The doctor never married nor had children. Her diary entries seem to suggest she saw patients as more than injuries or illnesses, but an extension of her family.

February 2 1861: Paid house rent for last month \$2. Visited Mrs. E. age 84. Is suffering from neuralgic old age. Visited Mrs. N. Left med., 25 cents...



An early view of West Charleston.

Photo from the Scott Wheeler Collection

May 31: Called before midnight to go to case of obstetrics at Mr. Lander’s bleachery. Birth about 2 o’clock – daughter. Mrs. L. apparently doing well at 9 o’clock though exhausted. Went to church. No eve meeting as there was Union Sabbath School Concert at Huntington Hall.

June 29: Took bills and settled with patients. Bought at Baxters’ cloth for dress and skirt. Paid \$1.25. Bought at Youngs’ mitts veils, thread, handkerchief, braid. Paid \$2.30. Bought at Page and Puffers cakes of Sterns soap, \$.50; also two pounds of sugar, \$.31. Called on Mrs. Page. Found her and child doing well. Dined there. Took the obstetrical fee, \$5.00. Got things together at home for packing.

December 1: At half past 12 Rene Kinney died after much suffering (inflammatory rheumatism). I laid the body out, assisted until near noon. Came home. Had been sent for to go to

Mr. McDuffee’s. Found George approaching his end on earth. He begged that I should never leave him. I stayed and tried to soothe his sufferings.

December 2: At about half past 12 George died having given us comforting assurances for him to die would be a gain. His hope, he prayed, was alone in Christ and he was going home. I laid out his body and spent the rest of the night there.

December 3: Waited on Mr. Hull and did other things for the family. Got Mrs. Adams to make a green wreath to lay upon the coffin. Arranged the body in the coffin with green leaves and snow drops. Attended the funeral at 5 o’clock eve after which I assisted Dr. Bass in taking sutures to close the eyes. Went to Huntington Hall to hear George Curtis Esy lecture on “The Way to Peace.” It was a fine lecture, but it was dull. Called at Mr. D. Promised to go in early next morn.

December 4: Went before light to assist in packing the coffin and getting the family ready. They started with the body for Berwick, Maine, at 7 a.m. I stopped at the house, cut and pared some defective sweet apples, brought them home, baked apple custard and baked some for sauce. Mr. and Mrs. Kinney came for me to go out to make morning purchases and material for robe for Rene. Mrs. K returned and took dinner with me. I then went to Mrs. Fuller's to meeting of the female moral Reform Society. Eight to 10 present.

December 6: Went to Mr. Adam's for wreath. Took calfskin boots to Father Butterworth's. Paid him \$.70 to mend them. Then went to No. 52 West Union Street to see Mrs. Wait. Lanced an abscess, \$.75. Went to Mr. Kinney's. Assisted in arranging the robe and flowers, had very beautiful ones. The body had kept well and looked beautiful. Rev. Mr. Webber officiated at the funeral at 2 o'clock. I went to the grave and returned and took supper with the bereaved parents. Left some medicine for Berte who is not recovered from the effects of scarlet fever 6 weeks ago. Came home. Brought beans and pork ready for next day's dinner.

March 8, 1884: Made calls. Went to P.O. and a little while in prayer meeting. Then went to see the H. boy. Found him with oppressive dysphonia; had taken cold from imprudence. Thought him in great danger of bronchial pneumonia. Took hold heroically to lessen the fever and remove the oppression, but saw omens of bad treatment, lack of good nursing, and quackery. A spiritualist mesmeric Dr. came before I got away. As I was alarmed about the case, I stayed two hours. I think I was the means of saving the child's life.

June 7: Seven years ago today I took the degree of M.D., and today I have a full share of cares of the profession, yet I do not regret my choice.

June 9: Spent last night with Mrs. M. Gave her uterine tonic. Left without signs of labor at present. Made friendly calls. A Mr. and Mrs. _____ called to secure abortive services and got in return as good a moral reform lecture as I was capable of giving.

June 17: Spent last night with Mrs. M. Daughter born 5 o'clock this morn weighing eight and a quarter pounds. Left mother and child doing well

after having vaccinated the two older children. Mrs. M. paid for services the past month \$7.00. She being a soldier's wife was considered...

September 30: Another would-be called lady came and had a long talk about dislike of being confined with children. Had 3 times had abortions produced – admitted that it had destroyed her health. I gave her another moral reform lecture.

Following a long, distinguished career, once Dr. Allyn retired she moved back to Charleston, where she lived with Rosetta (Allyn) Gray. On July 11, 1903, Dr. Allyn died at the age of 93. She is buried in the Bly Cemetery in Charleston. ■

Information for this article, including diary excerpts, was obtained through the generosity of the Charleston Historical Society and the vast knowledge of its treasurer, Richard Colburn. Other material was gathered from the book, Vermont is a State I Love, compiled by Esther Buck Hamilton in 1978. Its chapter on Dr. Allyn was written by Evelyn Allyn McDonald, Dr. Allyn's great-great niece.



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Medical Care on the Vermont Frontier

by Daniel A. Métraux

Recently, while shopping at a store in Greensboro, I happened across the latest issue of *Time* magazine. There was a picture of an infant on the cover with the caption, “This baby may live to be 142 years old.” The gist of the article inside was that huge advances in modern medicine and new techniques to slow the aging process may further increase human longevity.

The early settlers of Orleans County in Vermont had none of these advantages. They were a hearty lot, but for many, life was short and brutish. Cold houses with poor indoor heating in long frigid winters, inadequate clothing, vitamin-deficient diets, and the almost complete absence of medical care made life treacherous. It is said that accidents and sickness were to be more feared than Indians or even wild animals. Awful toothaches were also feared as infected teeth had to be pulled with a crude and perhaps rusty hook by a trusting spouse or friend. Each town had experienced women who served as midwives and nurses, but that was about the extent of medical care that was available.

One of the early pioneers of medicine in northern Vermont was Dr. John Monroe of Wheelock. He published a brief medical guide in 1824 that became the most respected household authority for disease treatment for many decades. According to the *The History of Greensboro* (1990), “Monroe had studied under other doctors, as was the custom, but drew much of his expertise from living with the Indians, and most of his remedies were herbal. He stated firmly that for every ailment that nature thrust upon man or beast, she also provided a remedy in the fields or woods.

Every household had a collection of herbs drying in the attic and numerous bottles of brewed concoctions in the cupboard. Dr. Monroe confidently prescribed cures for such diseases as cancer, smallpox, and consumption, and even such things as inflammation of the bowels (probably appendicitis) and canker rash (probably measles). He helpfully provided a recipe for a ‘salve that would cure any sore.’”

Diseases were rampant throughout the 19th century. Epidemics of “spotted fever” (meningitis) were all too common. Many children died as a result of contracting diphtheria, dysentery and measles. Mothers often died in childbirth. The great killers of 1800s were tuberculosis, typhus, pleurisy, pneumonia, “malignant” sore throat (streptococcal sore throat) and smallpox.

We learn from the Greensboro history book that accidents could be even more frightening than diseases. Working on farms and using farm machinery as well as machinery in the many small factories and mills found in each township could be very dangerous. In addition, there are many written records of people who became crippled for life from falls, injuries caused by farm animals, blasting powder (far more dangerous than dynamite), firearms, and falling trees. An Orleans County newspaper printed in the 1860s reported several such accidents each week and often added the ominous statement, “He will probably die.”

Surgery was very primitive on the frontier and it often entailed greater risk than it was supposed to cure. There was little understanding of infections and bacteria. General anesthesia was unknown until at least 1846 in Vermont. The only common drug in use was quinine for malaria.

By the end of the 1800s, patent medicines became very popular in northern Vermont. Many of these medicines consisted of herbs and alcohol and quite often small amounts of cocaine and even morphine. They were sold through magazine ads, mail-order catalogs, and traveling medicine shows that came through Vermont. *Sears Roebuck* catalogs in the early 1900s featured ten pages or more of such remedies as Dr. Hammond’s Nerve and Brain Pills, a Wonder Heart Cure, and Dr. Rowland’s Lung Restorer.

While there were growing medical schools in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia from the late 1700s on, there was virtually no medical training available in northern Vermont. There were no national or even state boards of licensing, and people who wished to become physicians often apprenticed with an established doctor to learn the basics of

delivering babies or setting broken bones. It was rare for towns in Orleans County to have a practicing doctor. In the 1880s, Greensboro had two medical students, Harlan Hill and Douglas Soule, who apprenticed under Dr. W.F. Templeton of Glover. But other doctors were far and few between.

It was not until the early 1900s that modern medicine and modern medical practices came to Vermont. ■

Daniel A. Métraux is Professor of Asian Studies at Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia. He has been a frequent visitor to his old family home in Greensboro since the late 1960s. He was the 1974 founding editor of the Hazen Road Dispatch, the journal of Greensboro Historical Society. Métraux is a frequent contributor to Vermont History.



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Northeast Kingdom Council on Aging, a Yankee Tradition

by Helen Chantal Pike

Linda and Sandy Sloan huddle on the living room sofa, reviewing the latest request for a ride Linda will need from Rural Community Transportation to take her from her Derby home to a Morrisville specialist, a round trip of 80 miles.

Afflicted with severe Lyme’s disease, the dietary restrictions that go with trying to manage that disorder, and a long-term degenerative bone malady that is impacting both knees, it’s hard to imagine that just last summer Linda could do daily walks with her beloved companion poodle, Gabe.

Yet this year, it is all the 68-year-old retired international teacher can do to manage the stairs in her split-level home. Gone is her physical stamina.

Gone, too, is much of her life savings to help pay the balance for all the medications she needs.

What hasn’t gone is the advisory role Sloan continues to perform since taking Linda’s case three years ago. Said Linda, “I would be lost without her help.”

So would thousands of other residents in Orleans, Essex, and Caledonia counties who, over the years, have discovered how much of a vital resource is the Northeast Kingdom Council on Aging, the legal entity that assumed sponsorship of the Area Agency on Aging for Northeastern Vermont in 1979.

“Our mission is to help older Vermonters and those with disabilities live with dignity and independence in the setting of their choice,” explained Lisa Viles, Executive Director.



Sandy Sloan sometimes drives more than 100 miles a week to meet with homebound clients.

Photos courtesy of NEK Council on Aging

Coming off a 35-year anniversary in 2014, the private organization made the decision to activate its legal name as the Northeast Kingdom Council on

Aging. The move serves two purposes. One, the change better reflects the relationship the NEK Council on Aging has with its sister agencies, many of whom are known as the Council on Aging for their regions.

Two, as a nonprofit corporation, the NEK Council on Aging has a broad focus to help residents, caregivers, and extended families find new directions for living well. "In fact, those last five words are the tagline we're using," Viles added.

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"Living well" runs the gamut from lifestyle options such as fitness classes, volunteering, caregiver self-care, and well-balanced meals. Historically, Project Seniors, the agency's initial name as planned by the Northeastern Vermont Development Association, began by serving lunch in St. Johnsbury. In 1973, it was the second senior dining program in all of Vermont.

In 1996, the council's nutrition initiative affiliated with the nationally recognized Meals on Wheels America.

Today, many of the independently run community kitchens prepare and serve lunch to be enjoyed at on-site dining rooms while also make the meals that are delivered to homebound individuals, including post-surgery patients recovering at home. Vegan diets are also accommodated.

The other side of the coin is care options. They are more extensive. There are the multi-part workshops on how to attend to someone with dementia; at-home help; food-and-fuel assistance; LGBT advocacy; respite grants, transportation, the Veterans Independence Program, and unbiased advice about Medicare and Medicaid health insurance.

Most of the care options are based on assessing individual needs and determining if residents qualify for assistance under state and federal programs. Anyone can initiate a conversation about receiving care services by calling 1-800-642-5119.

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“Used to be we squirreled around looking for programs to help people,” recalled Sloan, who began her working career in Hartford, Connecticut’s insurance industry before moving back to the Kingdom to raise her two daughters.

“Now we spend a lot of time helping residents fill out the paperwork they need to submit to receive the services that have sprung up,” she said. “And, being an ear.”

Sloan and her fellow case managers who work out of Newport and St. Johnsbury can average 100 miles a week on their vehicles as they coordinate care for residents who’ve chosen to live somewhere in the Northeast



NEK Council on Aging client Linda shares a moment with Gabe, her companion animal.

Kingdom’s ruggedly beautiful 2,072 square miles. The NEK Council also maintains offices in Island Pond and Hardwick.

Marking her own career milestone last month with a 27-year tenure, Sloan believes in the work she is doing.

“We help people,” she said. “We get to see the immediate difference in their lives when we match them with what they need to maintain their independence.

“It doesn’t get much better than that.” ■

Helen Chantal Pike is Director of Development and Communications at Northeast Kingdom Council on Aging in St. Johnsbury.

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Looking for Genealogical Help

I’m trying to identify the parents of my great-great-grandmother Harriet M. Bailey, who was born in Barnet on June 25, 1820. (My mother left me some family notes that indicate that the “M” is for Mina, but I have not been able to confirm that.)

At that time, there were two Bailey families in Barnet. One was Jesse Bailey, who married Betsey Gilbert in 1818. The other was Enoch Bailey, who married Mary Aiken in 1808.

And, Philander Bailey of Peacham married Anna Minor in Barnet in 1804. But, I have not been able to place them in Barnet in 1820.

Harriet married Jacob Bailey Lovejoy Jr. in Hardwick in 1848.

These are my only likely leads. But Harriet’s parents could have been an entirely different couple. Thanks for your help.

Best Regards,

David Allen
5303 Schureck Court
La Grange, KY 40031-9632
Davesinky@bellsouth.net

Space Research Corporation: Dr. Bull's Salesman Speaks—Part 4

by Scott Wheeler

Never in his worst dreams did Arthur Aiken of Glover think his dream job would lead him to a jail cell, possibly for an extended stay. But that's where he found himself in April 1978—in a New York City jail with a heroin addict for a cell mate.

“I will never forget the sound of the heavy steel doors clanking behind me as I was escorted deeper and deeper into the prison,” Aiken said. It was a different world than he'd ever experienced before.

How did Aiken, a well-known and well-respected businessman, a man employed by Space Research Corporation (SRC), and later by Space Research Corporation International (SRC-I) in Brussels, Belgium, end up in a prison cell facing federal charges and possibly a stint in federal prison?

Between the early 1960s to 1979, Dr. Gerald Bull headed up SRC on a 6,000-acre tract of land that straddled the international border at Jay, Vermont, and Highwater, Quebec. A wide array of munitions—long-range artillery shells and big guns and cannons capable of delivering their deadly cargo with pinpoint accuracy—were developed and produced there and sold around the world. SRC also conducted research and developed technology for many peaceful purposes, including space missions and to help air traffic controllers better do their jobs at airports around the world.

Aiken was hired by SRC in 1964 as one of its first 20 employees—a number that would grow to about 200 employees. His primary role at the border compound was Materials Manager. In 1976, Dr. Bull opened SRC-I in Brussels, Belgium. Aiken began traveling the world selling Dr. Bull's technology, including artillery systems.

Life was good for Aiken and his wife, Linda, and their daughter, Kelly, and son, Tim, during his time with SRC and later in Belgium. Business sometimes took Arthur Aiken away from home for days on end. Work brought him into contact with government and military officials around the world. In the latter half of the 1970s, his work took him and others from Space Research to South Africa to meet with officials of that country's government. The South African

Army needed weapons and technology to battle the Marxists in Angola.

“South Africa has a wonderful climate, sumptuous steaks, beautiful country side and a receptive population,” Aiken recalled. He also enjoyed the people.

Dr. Bull wanted to work out a deal with the South Africans; however, Aiken, who was involved in working out the details of the sale, including insuring its legality, said Dr. Bull was fully aware of the United Nations' arms embargo against the South African apartheid regime. Not only was he aware of the embargo, but Aiken said he wanted to ensure his company didn't violate it. He said Dr. Bull had no interest in destroying his reputation or suffering the wrath of the United States government. Dr. Bull looked for ways to work around the embargo without violating it.

Members of the South African government also toured the compound at Jay, Vermont, and Highwater, Quebec. Following is an excerpt from a book titled *Arms and the Man: Dr. Gerald Bull, Iraq and the Supergun*, written by William Lowther. The excerpt seems to confirm Dr. Bull was fully aware of the embargo and wanted to avoid violating it.

On April 7, just before they left, they signed a contract to buy 35,000 ERFB 155-mm shells with an option on 15,000 more. The contract was between Paragon Holdings Ltd., a Bull “box” company named after the old plantation house in Barbados, and Colet Trading Establishment, a Liechtenstein front often used by Pretoria.

Before the end of that month, Bull met with the State Department's Office of Munitions Control in Washington. He wanted to make sure that if he had his shell casings made again by Chamberlain [Manufacturing] in Scranton, there would be no restrictions on exporting them in that rough, inert state. He was assured there would be no restrictions because rough nose forgings were not considered weapons. Just to be absolutely certain, Bull followed up the meeting with a letter, and was again reassured in a written reply. Later, the Munitions Control Office was to say it thought the shells were destined for

Israel. On April 30, 1976, Bull ordered 53,000 155-mm rough-cast shell casings from Chamberlain.

Soon after, Bull flew to South Africa. He liked the South Africans. He found them direct, no-nonsense types who immediately impressed him with their knowledge of artillery and their penetrating interest in his work. Bull was impressed by South African advances of the 155-mm cannon, particularly the work they had done on mobilizing the weapon. But he was much in advance of the South Africans when it came to ballistics, and he was shocked at the aged equipment they were using on their testing ranges.

Aiken explained the movement of the shell casings, which were eventually transformed into live rounds before they arrived in their final destination in South Africa.

“SRC-I (Belgium) purchased from SRC (Highwater) 155mm ERFB projectiles,” Aiken said. “SRC (Highwater) procured from the U.S. Army Arsenal forging plant in Scranton, Pennsylvania, the rough shell body forging. These forgings were transported by truck to Highwater, Quebec, and exported from the USA at the port of North Troy, Vermont, located on the public highway from North Troy to Highwater. The forgings needed to be recorded as exported from the USA; if the forgings had entered via the entrance on the U.S. side of the SRC compound then the Canadian content provision would not apply. The machined shell bodies were shipped from Canada to Belgium. At a later point the unfinished rounds were filled with high explosives, and with a fuse in place the round was complete.”

Aiken said he and others at Space Research were diligent in meeting with the proper authorities in each country the product passed through to assure the movement wasn't violating the embargo. Each step, according to Aiken, received proper approval. Dr. Bull understood SRC-US and SRC-Q were prohibited from shipping munitions and technology directly to South Africa because the U.S. and Canada had signed onto the United Nations embargo. However, the country of Belgium had not agreed to honor the embargo, which Aiken said meant SRC-I in Belgium wasn't prohibited from shipping munitions and technology to South Africa. He also noted although SRC-I was founded by Dr. Bull, it

was a Belgium-registered business, and not registered in the U.S. or Canada.

To sum it up: “The U.S. company [SRC-US] was looking at a sale to a Canadian company [SRC-Quebec], and the Canadian Government was looking at a sale to a Belgium company [SRC-Quebec to SRCI],” Aiken said. “And the Belgium government was looking at a sale [from SRC-I] to South Africa.”

According to various books and documentaries recorded on Dr. Bull and Space Research, it seems elements of the United States government were aware of, and possibly even quietly approved of, Dr. Bull's transactions with South Africa. This was plausible. After all, the South Africans were battling in Angola against a traditional American enemy, the communists. How the transaction was exposed to the world, including to the media, is a topic of debate. The following is one explanation as written in a book, *Bull's Eye: The Assassination and Life of Supergun Inventor Gerald Bull*, written by James Adams and published in 1992.

On August 22, 1977, the trusty vessel Tugelaland [a large transport ship] picked up 10,560 shells at New Brunswick and headed for the SRC base in Antigua. While taking on some additional cargo there, a crane dropped its load into the hold, splitting open one of the containers of shells. This might not have been too alarming, particularly since the vessel was cleared to go to Barbados, but then one of the dockers, in a casual conversation with the skipper, discovered that he was actually headed for South Africa. Although the dockers allowed the ship to leave, the trade unions on Antigua refused to handle any further SRC shipments and started publicizing the case.

Dr. Bull and some of his associates were soon under the scrutiny of the U.S. Government. One of the men leading the investigation was the now late Larry Curtis of Derby Line, who at the time was an investigator with the U.S. Customs Service.

“When it all came down it was very unpleasant,” Aiken said, adding his arrest in New York City was directly related to Curtis' relentless investigation, an investigation which took him around the world. “My arrest was the result of a warrant brought by Larry

Curtis for the purpose of questioning me to gain information of the business of SRC and SRC-I.”

By the time Aiken arrived in New York on that fateful day in April 1978, he was fully aware that Space Research, especially Dr. Bull, was under investigation, but he said he had no idea what was waiting for him when the plane he was aboard landed.

“I arrived at Kennedy Airport on a Sunday evening and heading through immigration,” Aiken said. “When the inspector entered my name into the computer, he immediately called the U.S. Customs Service. They verified my identity and subsequently arrested me. The U.S. Customs agents transported me to a New York prison where I was held overnight for a court appearance on Monday. The holding area of the prison was full with no room left for an additional holdover. I was lodged in the regular prison and booked in with convicted prisoners.

“Finally, I was put in a cell with a heroin addict. There is no place to hide in a prison cell. The guards were able to observe you at any time through a small window in a solid, steel door.

“The following morning breakfast was cafeteria-style. I decided to pass on breakfast and was quickly told to go and fill my plate with food and place my plate on the table for anyone who wanted extra to eat. Shortly after breakfast, an announcement came over the intercom that the cell was going to the brush making area. I said that I did not need to go since I was not a prisoner. I was being held there because the holdover area was full. The prison guard told me to get in line and go. He had no such information.

“In the early afternoon, I was taken to meet my lawyer and then on to the court appearance. I was released on \$50,000 bail into the custody of the U.S. Marshall.

“I was put on a flight to Burlington, Vermont. U.S. Marshalls met me in Vermont and advised me that I was not to leave the state of Vermont. They wanted to know my whereabouts if I left the North Troy, Newport, Derby area.”

Aiken explained what led to the charges against him.

“Part of my job was to hire engineers employed by SRC,” he said. “These individuals came to Brussels, Belgium, for travel documents and work instructions to wherever they were going. Those traveling to South Africa required a visa. For the safety of the individual, it was better to handle the visa on a separate document and have no South African stamps in the passport. An engineer contracted for some work in South Africa got his visa stamped in his passport. He went to the U.S. Embassy and told them that he had lost his passport and received a new passport. Not wanting to carry two passports, he handed me his passport with the South African visa stamped in it so I shredded it, hence the charge of destruction of federal property. I often ask myself the question, why was the engineer not charged with perjury?”

“When agreements were reached and I had no more information to give, I was offered a plea agreement. I pled guilty to a misdemeanor charge of destruction of federal property—a passport. I was fined \$500 and released.”

Although not interviewed by Mr. Curtis during his short prison stay, Aiken said he was interviewed by him two or three times during the investigation into Space Research. He still bristles when he thinks about Curtis’ methods of interrogation.

“He was not a sincere person,” Aiken said. “I felt that he was attempting to direct my answers to his probing questions in a direction that he wanted them to go. During the questioning he always made sure that I was aware of his ankle pistol by crossing his legs so his trouser cuff would ride up exposing his pistol.” Aiken was only one of many Space Research employees questioned during the investigation.

Aiken got off easy, but Dr. Bull and one of his associates wouldn’t be so lucky.

Part 5 of this series will appear in the July issue of the Northland Journal.



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The following article is included in the book Daisy Dopp's Vermont, which is edited by Elka Schumann and published by the Orleans County Historical Society in 1983. It first appeared in Daisy's column in the July 19, 1966, issue of the Newport Daily Express. Daisy and her husband, Jim, farmed on Route 122 in Glover where Elka and Peter Schumann and the Bread and Puppet Company are located today. The article is used in the Northland Journal with the permission of the good people of the Old Stone House Museum. To buy a copy of Daisy Dopp's book, send a check or money order for \$9.00 (price includes mailing in the U.S.) to the Old Stone House Museum at 109 Old Stone House Road, Brownington, VT 05860, or pick up a book at their gift shop.

An Old Time Project—Bootlegging in Vermont

by Daisy Dopp

Back in the days of Prohibition it was not unusual for rumrunners, as they were called, to operate through this area of Vermont.

Our first experience in rumrunning began during a bad storm of snow and hail just before winter set in. We were sitting around the table after the chores were done for the day. The wind was howling around the buildings, dashing the slush and snow against the kitchen windows. Suddenly, there was a roar of laboring engine, and the lights from a car showed the rain and snow coming down in front of the vehicle.

Jim was smoking his pipe contentedly after a hard day's work. "That outfit won't go far up the Heights tonight," said he. "Only a stranger would be foolish enough to try it." (It was in the days before the roads had even been scraped here, only rollers were used.) Shortly after, there was an imperious rap at the door. Jim came back inside and spoke to the boy who was helping us. "Bundle up good and we will get the team and see if we can get these foolish fellows headed back where they belong."

About a half hour later our boy rushed into the house, "Jim says to call up Burl and tell him to bring down his team; it will take them both to get the car turned around and headed back.

"You know," he added shrewdly to me, "there is something funny going on. When Jim went to hitch the horses on the ex in front, that man reached down and snapped the number plate right off the car so we couldn't see the number. Said it was just in the way. Those folks sure don't know much about Vermont this time of year. They have got on light summer coats and shoes with rubbers. They are wading around in the snow like that. They do not like it a little bit and they are swearing mad."

About an hour later, Jim came into the house and tossed a \$10 bill into my lap. It was a small fortune then; we seldom saw one of those. "I'd like to earn one of those every night for an hour's work. They are sure loaded heavy; I have a feeling it might be a load of booze. They said money was no object if we would pull them to the top of the Heights. I would not abuse Rex and Roxie like that for any amount of money." I nodded agreement.

Later on we heard of others who got fabulous sums for taking loads up Sand Hill, but we did not mix with them much. However, our curiosity let us to give chase once in a while to see what went on.

One night after the movies, there was the screech of a siren and we lurched to one side just in time to allow a big car to clear ours as it passed closely followed by another. Right behind them was a police car with an officer standing on the running board with a gun in his hand. He took a shot at the tires on the car ahead, but missed. They dashed toward Glover at a mad rate of speed. This was too much for Jim so we went in hot pursuit. Opposite to what is now the Barton dump the first car started a smoke screen, which cooled the rest of us down to nearly a stop. By the time the smoke was cleared away the second car refused to let anything pass by crowding each one that tried into the ditch. There was a Grange meeting or dance in town and the startled inhabitants in Glover Village watched the strange actions of the cars as they sped through the town. The police car pursued car No. 2 up the old dugway road and up Sheffield Heights. We turned in at the farm in disgust and heard later that the load of booze went up the Greensboro Road and that the second car was only a decoy.

Another time to our great surprise and embarrassment, we found ourselves piloting a load

of booze along the Square Road, but for a time there was no place to go but ahead. Late one afternoon we were on our way to visit friends. We were near the place where the two boys lived, who caused so much talk in town recently. When we saw a friend across the field Jim gave three friendly taps on the horn as a greeting. To our surprise and horror out from behind the bushes beside the road rolled a big car heavily loaded, that tailgated us. We realized we had unwittingly given them a “follow me” signal, and there we were serving as the unhappy pilot.

We turned off the main line to where we were going and looked back to see what the car would do. It stopped uncertainly, hesitated, and then took off like a scared cat, across the square.

We did not go home until long after dark and we felt sure we would be stopped. We were so right. Down in the hill waited a car with men standing beside it with flashlights waving us to a halt. Not a word was spoken as we sat meekly while they played the lights over us and the car. As our faces were lighted, we heard a muffled snort and several snickers as they recognized the culprits who had got their illegal bounty out on the road with no one to help them in case of trouble. With a disgusted grunt (but with some relief, I imagine), they waved us on our way.

In the future we were careful not to give any more strange signals as we had no desire to get entangled with smuggling.

One summer there was a big black Lincoln which used to go past quite regular. It seemed to get along fine, but as it often happens sooner or later, something goes wrong. When we saw the long dark car tearing up the hill and heard the powerful police car in hot pursuit, we knew that time had come. It was dusk, but we could see from the farm that it was going to be overtaken. Not being able to see as well as they desired, Jim and the boy went up the road where they could get a better view. Mother and I sat in the house with the lights out, hoping to at least hear something of interest. Finally we heard footsteps coming down the highway and never dreamed it was not our men. We could hear low voices but could not understand them. I yo-hooed softly, but got no response.

Prohibition Articles Bring Back Memories

Gentlemen:

Someone gave me a copy of your April 2015, Volume 14, *Northland Journal*. Let me tell you it was the most interesting reading I’ve done in years.

I lived in Lowell, Vermont my first eleven years of life. My Dad was sheriff of the town. That eleven years was between 1916 and 1927. Those big Cadillac or Lincoln cars loaded with booze were quite common then. I could have added a few more stories to yours. Route 100 through Westfield and Lowell and Eden was a popular route for running booze from Canada in those days.

Incidentally, I am 98 years old now.

Sincerely,
Hugh Stannard
Camillus, New York



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Just then our collie dog tore up the road snarling fiercely. "What ails Rover? What a foolish dog not to know his own master." Then I thought I'd play a trick on Jim, so I shouted, "Take him, Rover." Our collie was half Airedale and a fine watch dog. He let out a roar and obeyed. To my horror, I heard a yell and a volley of oaths. I could hear two men as they leaped over the woven wire fence, cursing as they went. I realized I had made a boo-boo and a bad one. They were strangers and I began to try to call my dog off, for I feared they would shoot him. I could hear uneven footsteps, crashes in the bushes, and wires squeaking when they ran into the second wire fence. I heard splashes of water as they went into the brook. Rover put them down the brook and across the road and into the sugarplace before he came back and lay down near me, his tongue hanging out and panting hard.

Within a few days the news began to drift back. Two young men came out on Dexter hill, red-eyed, lost, their clothes torn, and they were very unhappy, having lost their car and its load. By way of the party line the neighborhood knew about the mistake I'd made intending to dog our own men. They thought it

funny, but the bootleggers failed to see the joke. They were lame and badly shaken. One was especially bitter because the dog had taken a good sample of his pants before he could get away from him.

On another occasion, a group of men was standing together by the Lyndonville Creamery, during Prohibition days, watching traffic pass. It was in the spring and the roads were not yet settled. Said one, "Here comes a fellow the police are going to stop someday. See how the load settles down on the springs. He is pretty bold the way he goes through not waiting for night. Remember how we watched that same gray car last spring? He'd make several trips and then we wouldn't see him again."

"Yep," said the man beside him. "I'll bet my shirt he has a good valuable load on today."

A third man who hadn't said a word so far gave a chuckle. "I'd like to be around if the police stop him," he said at last. "Everyone is going to be surprised. I worked for that fellow for more than a year on his farm. He doesn't dream you are watching him. That load you men are so interested in is going to St. Johnsbury. It isn't booze. It's some of the best Vermont maple syrup you ever tasted." ■

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Looking for Information about Richardson and Gelo Families

I am searching for information on Francis Gelo. Family notes say he was born in Canada but give no further details on that. He was married to "Mary," and family notes say she didn't speak English. That leads me to guess she was French or Native. The surname may have gone through some changes. I'm trying to push through the brick wall for further information. Any help would be appreciated.

I do have information on the son that I am descended through:

Thomas Gelo was born 23 December 1835, St. Albans, VT, died 30 July 1909, Lowell, VT, married 21 March 1858 in Georgia, VT, to Mary Richardson.

Mary was born 21 July 1839, Clarenceville, Quebec, died 5 April 1917, Lowell, VT. Mary's parents were both born in Ireland. Samuel Richardson was born 1820 and his wife, Sarah Clement, was born about 1814, died 21 September 1888.

I am interested in learning about the Richardsons and hearing from my relations of either Gelo or Richardson families.

Thank you to anyone who might be able to lend a hand!

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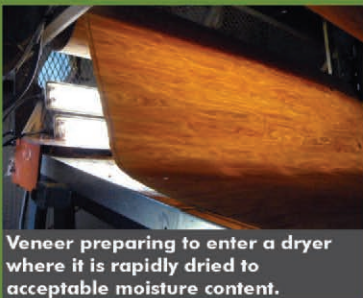
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Christine Drown: Memories of the Women Christian Temperance Union

by Scott Wheeler

At 88 years old, Christine Drown, who has passed away since this interview, only vaguely remembered Prohibition. She was born on May 16, 1911, to the late Arthur and Lillian True. She later married Romanzo Drown, who was more commonly known as Mandy. Ms. Drown has been a lifelong resident of Newport.

She remembered that her mother was involved in and possibly at one time was the leader of the Women Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) that met at what was the Congregational and Methodist Church on Third Street in Newport. Drown couldn't remember how active her mother's chapter was, but she remembers her mother going to the meetings at the church that is now the home of Newport United Church.

"They were awfully against liquor," Drown said. "It was such a sin."

Many members of the WCTU wouldn't associate with people who did drink. They believed that good Christians didn't drink or didn't associate with people who drank. The chapter that her mother belonged to was just one of many around the state and the country, Drown said. They pushed for Prohibition because of what they saw as being the bad things alcohol did to people and their families.



Newport was a hub of smuggling activity during Prohibition, but there were some people who supported the ban on alcohol. Photo was taken circa 1920.

Photo from the Scott Wheeler Collection

Drown said her parents taught her at a young age about the evils of alcohol. They didn't approve of alcohol, and they didn't think kindly of people who abused it, and even less of those who bootlegged it into this country from Canada.

"Alcohol caused a lot of trouble," she said.

The bootleggers were wrong for what they did, she said. However, she added, that doesn't mean she doesn't understand why people did it.

"Times were tough. People did it to make money." There weren't many jobs to go around, so some people would do anything to make money."

She knows firsthand how poor many people were. In earlier years she worked for the overseer of the poor. It was the overseer's

job to try to make sure people who needed food got some. She saw how destitute and desperate some people were. And her father worked at the City Farm that at the time was on what is now the City Farm Road in Newport. People who didn't have any means to support themselves lived there until they could.

"The city took care of them," Ms. Drown said. Death was the only way for some, especially for the elderly residents, to ever leave the farm.

Many years following Prohibition, Drown said she still doesn't like alcohol. "I'm not in favor of it because of what I was taught while I was growing up." However, she said she isn't against people drinking in moderation as long as they don't abuse it. ■

Memorabilia from the Women's Christian Temperance Union

by Scott Wheeler

While helping her niece identify some items that she found in a house that has been in her family for generations, the now late Frances Flanders of Windsor came across a document that she recognized from growing up during Prohibition. It is a pledge card of the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU).

In a lengthy article in the April 2006 issue of the *Northland Journal*, this author wrote about Flanders, who was born in Newport in 1912, to Anson and Martha Clark, about growing up in Newport, the daughter of a lawyer. Her father was an officer with the U.S. Customs Service.

The following is a portion of the article that mentions the WCTU:

The Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) actively promoted temperance and openly fought against alcohol and advocated for Prohibition

laws. Like many Vermont communities, Newport had a WCTU chapter...

Members of the WCTU also tried to win over the hearts and minds of the young girls to come to support an anti-alcohol stance. If she recalls correctly, Flanders said, she was nine or ten years old when she and a group of other girls were convinced to "take the pledge," a vow to forever from then on abstain from the use of alcohol.

"While we likely all were in general approval of the idea and were sincere in our intentions, I am sure we didn't grasp the significance of our pledge," the Windsor woman said. "I don't recall any follow-up education that might have reinforced the idea. Some of the older girls may have reacted differently, but I have no awareness. We were aware of the white ribbon as a symbol, but I don't remember ever wearing one." And besides that, she laughed, she doubts many of those young girls lived out their lives by the oath that they swore to uphold. ■

INVITATION

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Name.....

Address.....

Women wishing to join the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) signed one of these pledge cards vowing to never drink alcohol. Cards courtesy of Frances Flanders



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(Continued from page 3.) Publisher's Desk

of losing her doctor; after all, all doctors are the same—at least that is what I thought.

Within a couple years, I'll likely feel the pain my mother felt when her doctor retired. This time it's my doctor, Dr. Wood, who plans to retire. I'm already considering my options, but with a shortage of doctors in the Kingdom, and the continued flight of doctors from the region, I and the rest of Dr. Wood's patients might have few options. I'm more inclined to find another private practice doctor and not one who owes his or her loyalty to an institution. There are still a few private practices around, such as one owned by one of our longtime advertisers, Dr. Leslie Lockridge of Newport. His private practice is thriving and growing in these difficult times. In addition to providing primary medical care for adults, he is a Yale-trained oncologist (a doctor who treats people with cancer).

Life is ever-changing in the world of healthcare. At one time, probably until the 1950s, just about every community had its own doctor,

and many had more than one. Back then, many of these community doctors, such as Dr. Frank Fiermonte, who practiced at his home office on Main Street in Derby for many years, and who is featured in this issue of the *Journal*, were there for their patients from birth to death. They cared for the sick and the injured, brought babies into the world, and often performed minor surgeries. For many of these doctors, medicine wasn't only their job, it was their mission. The lives of the doctors and their patients were closely intertwined, sometimes for decades.

This issue includes the first in a series about early healthcare in the Northeast Kingdom and some of the old-time community doctors who worked to keep the people of the region healthy, and to repair them when broken.

The healthcare series is dedicated to the good works of the Mary Wright Halo Foundation, a one-of-a-kind foundation based in Derby. When Mary E. Wright of Derby died of cancer, her husband, Ulric

Leslie Lockridge, M.D.

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Mindy Starr, CME, is a Medical Practitioner—Examiner and Occupational Medicine Administrator with seven years of occupational medicine experience and 14 years in the medical field. She is the co-owner of NEKMC.

Bruce Latham, DO, an Occupational Medicine Doctor, brings with him 35 years of experience. He also provides primary care medicine at the clinic.

Debra Lawes, RN, is the Occupational Nurse at Columbia Forest Products and brings with her 20 years in occupational medicine.

Shirlene Geoffrey, LPN, is an Occupational Nurse with 15 years in occupational medicine and 25 years of experience as a nurse.



Mindy Starr, CME (left), and Shirlene Geoffrey, LPN, along with Dr. Bruce Latham.

Dr. Lockridge is a member of the board of directors of the New England Chapter of the American Cancer Society.

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Wright Sr., was devastated. He died two months later. Family members say he died of a broken heart. In despair at their loss, the couple's four sons and their partners founded the Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation, a foundation dedicated to helping people with cancer. Unlike many organizations, nobody involved in the Halo Foundation is paid, and 100 percent of the proceeds go toward helping people with cancer. The group also donates time helping people with cancer, whether it is mowing a lawn, or piling firewood.

To contribute to the fund, send donations to Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation, 1073 Upper Quarry Road, Newport, VT 05855. If you'd like to volunteer or learn more about the Halo Foundation, call (802) 334-7553 or email halofoundationNEK@gmail.com. Also check them out at mewhalofoundation.org or at www.facebook.com/mewhalofoundation.

We at the *Northland Journal* commend the Wright family and friends for all the good they do through their foundation. Their decision to turn an

unspeakable tragedy into something so good is something we can all learn from.

An article about Ulric and Mary Wright is on page 16 of this issue of the *Journal*. ■



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