Dancing and Skating at the Red Wing

The Evolution of the Derby Road

Don Mullally: A Radio Legend

AND MORE STORIES INSIDE...
In This Issue

Publisher’s Desk ............................................. 3
Dancing and Skating at the Red Wing ................. 9
Believes Farm Boys and Gals Need More City Life Gaieties  15
Birth and Death of the Derby-Port Drive-In—Part 2 of 2 .... 16
Genealogy .................................................. 19
Life as a Prisoner of War in Nazi Europe—Part 2 .... 20
Third Geneva Convention for Prisoners of War During WWII 20
Red Cross News, July 1, 1944 ............................. 21
Red Cross Visit to Stalag Luft IV ......................... 23
Voting is a Privilege ..................................... 25
Don Mullally: A Northeast Kingdom Radio Legend ...... 28
John Vining: Newport’s Very Own Andy Griffith Passes Away . 33
100-Year-Old Movie Shown at the Haskell Opera House 34
Before and After a Fire .................................. 35
The Very Severe Covenanters of East Craftsbury, Vermont 36
Memories of a Train-loving Kid .......................... 38
Porsches Fill the Northeast Kingdom .................... 39

Cover photo: The Red Wing dance hall was built by Earl Hackett on the Derby Road in Derby in 1950. It is now the home to the Elks Lodge. Dancers (in the insert photo) take to the dance floor at the Red Wing. Both photos courtesy of Carl and Norma Hackett.

QUESTIONS?

• NEW Subscriptions
• CURRENT Subscriptions
• ADDRESS Changes

Call our Office Manager,
Emily Brugman, at (802) 487-0254 or email: subscriptions@northlandjournal.com.
Or send address changes to: Vermont’s Northland Journal, PO Box 812, Derby, VT 05829.

SEVERAL GREAT LOCATIONS!

Waterfront Plaza in Newport • 802-334-0200
Newport Derby Road, Rte. 5 • 802-334-5880
Route 5, Lyndonville • 802-626-1117
Northgate Plaza, Morrisville • 802-888-5565

hoagiespizzapasta.com
Dr. Robert Wood: A Medical Legend Retires

An Orleans County medical legend retired on August 10. Dr. Robert Wood, who operated a patient centered, old-fashioned medical clinic in Derby, decided it was time to complete his long, distinguished career in medicine. His humble practice was located at the junction of Route 5 and the Beebe Road.

My wife, Penny, and I worshipped Dr. Wood as a doctor, and we loved his wife, sidekick, and manager of his office, Cathy Wood. It only seemed fitting their practice was based in one of Derby’s older homes. Their practice was a throwback to an earlier time in primary care medicine when the practice of medicine was focused more on patients and less on the business of medicine and making large profits.

Dr. Wood and Cathy, who is a trained nurse practitioner, arrived in the Northeast Kingdom almost three decades ago. For the first decade or so, Dr. Wood was in the lucrative medical specialty of anesthesia. In time, though, he walked away from big money and job security to return to school to pursue a career in adult internal medicine care. Being a primary doctor was a lifelong dream. For that matter, he told me more than once he thought he was born a generation too late. He yearned for the days when healthcare was more about caring for people and less about profits and government bureaucracy and control, when patients were more than a number.

Born in the wrong generation or not, Dr. Wood adapted well to this generation. He understood the importance of truly listening to his patients, but he also appreciated the wonders of the ever-evolving medical technology. However, he refused to bury his face in a computer or another computerized gadget while talking to his patients. Instead, he looked into their eyes. For him, his patients were more than symptoms. He knew their stories and he treated them as people, not a series of symptoms. I never brought him an injury or illness he couldn’t treat.

Yes, Dr. Wood truly cared about his patients. He cared enough to tell them what they needed to hear whether they wanted to hear it or not. Although we loved Dr. Wood as a doctor, his job was not to make us happy. His job was to help make us well when we were ill or injured, but just as important, he educated us on how to remain healthy as long as possible. Educating people about wellness is an important role for an accomplished primary care physician.

Another of the many things I loved about Dr. Wood’s clinic was he owned the practice, one of the few doctor-owned practices in the region. There was no overlord ruling over the practice. And when it came time for an appointment, patients always knew who they’d see—Dr. Wood, not another practitioner who they

(Continued on page 40.)
Advertise in Vermont's Northland Journal

There are several fine publications in the Northeast Kingdom but there is only one publication designed to preserve, share, and promote the history and culture of the Kingdom.

When you advertise in the Journal you do more than promote your business—you are helping preserve the history of the Kingdom, Vermont’s last frontier. As important, you are helping support a publication that gives people, especially the more seasoned residents of the region, a forum to share their memories and stories.

The Journal is history told by the people who lived it. The more support, the more stories that will be preserved for eternity.

To learn more about advertising, call Scott at the Journal at (802) 334-5920 or check out our reasonable ad rates on the Journal’s website at www.northlandjournal.com

northlandjournal@gmail.com

Genealogical Queries Wanted

Please mail your genealogical queries to Scott Wheeler,
Vermont’s Northland Journal, P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829

There’s no place like home.

See how we can help.

- Home Oxygen - Stairlifts - Walking Aids
- Scooters - Bathroom Safety - Sleep Therapy

KEENE MEDICAL PRODUCTS
80 Commons Drive, Newport, VT
(802) 334-5160   www.KeeneMedical.com
Equipment Rental Sales & Service
Construction Equipment & Supplies
• Aerial Lifts • Landscaping Equipment • Excavation
• Equipment • Skid Steers • Concrete Tools • Welders
• Tractors/Loaders/Backhoe • Pumps • Generators
• Powerwashers • Compressors • Party Supplies
www.vt-rental.com Toll Free 800-339-8011
802-334-8011

Animal Kingdom
Pet Grooming, Unique Gifts & Pet Supplies
Michele Judd
Derby, VT 05829
www.DerbyAnimalKingdom.com

Dirty Dog?
15 minute wash and towel dry for $15
Or visit Snicker’s Self-Serve Pet Wash:
Walk-in $12
Nails Clipped: Walk-in $10
802 766-5461

Blanchard Oil
OIL ~ KEROSENE ~ DIESEL
PROPANE ~ PLUMBING
24-hour Emergency Service
(802) 754-2389 * (802) 754-6985 * (877) 825-2389
www.blanchardoil.com

Inland Gas-To-Energy
Keeping your lights on
with renewable energy
At Casella we believe nothing is garbage, everything has value. So, today we’re conserving, renewing and turning your waste into clean energy.

To schedule a tour of our Landfill Gas-to-Energy landfill, please call (802) 334-8300.
Mental Health, Addictions, and Intellectual/Developmental Disabilities Services

www.nkhs.org
Check our employment opportunities at

NKHS provides services to children, youth, families, and adults challenged with:

- Addictions
- Family stressors
- Chronic mental illness
- Behavioral and/or emotional issues
- Developmental and intellectual disabilities
- Other mental health psychiatric needs

Emergency and crisis stabilization services are available 24-hours a day, seven days a week to residents in the Northeast Kingdom.

Serving the people of Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom since 1960.

You could have advertised your business here!
Call for our rates. 802 334-5920

BIG SALE! Now is the time!

SAVE UP TO $700* ON

Harman, Quadra-Fire, & Heat & Glo gas pellet & wood stoves.

*See store for details.

SALES SERVICE INSTALLATION

Heat & Glo Quadra-Fire Harman

FARMYARD STORE ALTERNATIVE HEATING & POWER DIVISION
SALES - SERVICE - INSTALLATION
Derby, Vermont
802-766-2714

Come visit our Kitchen and Bath Showroom

10% OFF Omega Cabinetry for the month of October.

Sticks & Stuff
42,000 sq ft of showroom
We have what you need, from a hammer to a professionally designed kitchen or bath. Our staff can help you.

FREE Professional Kitchen and Bath Design Service
Customer satisfaction is our primary goal.
If you qualify for Medicare, you qualify for the SASH program, free of charge! SASH partners with agencies already working in your community to make sure you can age safely at home, and connects you to activities going on in your area. To learn more visit www.sashvt.org, or call your local SASH provider, RuralEdge, to get in touch with a SASH Coordinator in your area!
**Desrochers Crane Service**

Providing Service to Vermont & New Hampshire Since 1974

802-766-4732 / 800-287-4732

Robert  Randy  Norm
802-673-8845  802-673-3950  802-274-0259

---

**Thompson’s Redemption & Convenience Center**

Bagged Tobacco ~ Beer ~ Wine

ASSORTED FROZEN DRINKS

New England & Green Mountain Coffee

3731 Route 5, Derby, VT

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 6-8, Sat. 7-8, Sun. 7-6

**Great Service & Low Prices**

• Full Service Gas
• ATM • Ice
• Propane
• Kerosene/Diesel

766-2522

---

**3588 US Route 5**

Derby, VT 05829

802-766-8092

---

**Walt’s Sales & Service**

1972 RT. 5, Derby, VT 05829

(802) 766-5583 • www.waltsvt.com

---

**Conley Country Real Estate and Insurance**

179 Main Street, Derby, VT 05829 • Office (802) 766-2401

Toll Free (800) 243-2401 • Fax (802) 766-4731

---

Idyllic country setting with gorgeous mountain views. 45 acres of peace and quiet with plenty of pasture and trails for horses. Cozy 3-bedroom log cabin has loads of charm and yet all the conveniences of refinished hardwood floors, updated bathrooms and kitchen, System 2000 heating system, security system and more. Move in tomorrow. $189,000
The year 1950 was a big one on the Derby Road. It was the year Don McNally, a vaudevillian entertainer and World War II veteran, along with his wife, Irene, and a couple partners, constructed and opened the Derby-Port Drive-In Theatre. It was also the year Earl and Gladys Hackett built the Red Wing dance hall (now the Elks Lodge) almost directly across from the drive-in.

The dance hall was run by the Hacketts’ son and his wife, Carl and Norma Hackett of Derby.

“We enjoyed running it together,” Carl said. “We enjoyed the people.”

“Many of those people are all gone now,” Norma bemoaned. Also, she said, for the most part much of the art of dancing has also been lost. “Now all the people do on the dance floor is stand there and wiggle.”

Earl Hackett was known as an agricultural giant in Vermont. According to Carl, his father, at his high, owned 56 farms throughout northern Vermont, with a total of about 2,000 cows. (A story about the life and times of Earl Hackett and his dairy empire will appear in a future issue of the Journal.)

The Red Wing wasn’t originally located on the Derby Road—a three mile stretch of Route 5 that connects the communities of Derby and Newport. Initially, it was operated by the Royer family on Route 5 in Irasburg, about a mile outside of the village of Coventry. To the best of Carl’s recollection, his father bought the farm, along with the dance hall, in 1948.

Thinking back almost 70 years, Carl said his father bought the property not to become a dance hall owner, but because of the dairy farm also located on the property. The dance hall was an added benefit.

It was at that dance hall where Norma Leland, a native of Evansville, caught Carl’s eye. However, things didn’t go quite as he’d planned. He said typically he had no problem getting a young woman to dance with him, but when he approached Norma, she turned him down flat. Their paths crossed again, though, when Norma was working at Jay’s Snack Bar in Derby (where the
Cow Palace is today). He struck up a conversation with her, and one thing lead to another. They married on May 5, 1951.

A year or so after the Hacketts bought the Red Wing, fire destroyed the dance hall. Although charges were never pressed, Carl said the fire was set by a disgruntled employee. Instead of rebuilding the dance hall in the same location, they decided to move it closer to home. Carl’s parents bought a small parcel of land on the Derby Road, which at the time was an agricultural region, from Bill and Iola Kelley a short distance from the village of Derby. The Kelleys grew vegetables on a large parcel of land on that section of the road. They sold their crops from a roadside farm stand, which was located almost directly across the road from the fledgling drive-in.

Before the Hacketts began construction of the new Red Wing, Earl Hackett was approached by state officials about building a small building on the corner of the parcel of land he’d bought from the Kelleys. Once completed, in 1950, the building served as the local barracks of the State Police.

“We went across the street from where the Elks is today to Ken Coutts’ restaurant [located at Kennette’s Cabins], and we sat in the booth and we made the deal with the state people. We told them we’d build it, and a month later it was done and they (the State Police) moved in.”

As a side note, Carl explained that the name “Kennette’s” came from combining Ken’s name and a portion of his wife’s name, Annette.

“Four carpenters from Quebec built it,” Carl said. “The Frenchmen took about a month to get it done.”

The barracks was located in that building, which was altered...
and enlarged throughout the years, until several years ago, when a new, much larger barracks was built down the road, near the intersection of the Derby Road and Crawford Farm Road. Right Wheels, a car dealership owned by Todd and Cindy Willis, now operates out of the former barracks. See Right Wheel’s ad on page 7.

Construction of the Red Wing also took place in 1950. However, construction couldn’t begin until they first obtained the proper permits.

“It was a simple process,” Carl said. “We got the permit in no time at all.” He cringes to think about the bureaucratic red tape it would take to build the complex today. “Today it would be a difficult time.”

The building, which he seemed to recall being 102 feet long by 66 feet, was built quickly using Earl Hackett’s ten-man construction crew, along with members of the community. A sizable number of those who helped out his father’s crew worked during the day at Butterfields, a tool manufacturing plant in Derby Line (the plant is now known as Tivoly). “One night there were 52 carpenters working on it.”

Once completed, dances were held every Saturday night. People came from near and far to dance and socialize. It was a festive place. Much of the music was courtesy of regional talent, including The Melody Men. At least one member of that band, Bernard Matthews, is still alive today. He is in his 90s.

For several years, the Hacketts opened the hall to roller-skaters on Sunday afternoons and evenings and on Tuesdays.

In 1958, the couple built a home for themselves directly in back of the police barracks. Some people might say they had the safest house in town.

There was little in the way of unruly behavior at the dance hall, Carl said. Besides that, if anybody did get out of hand in or outside of the hall, the police barracks was located right next door.

“We had a good relationship...
with the State Police,” he said. However, he said sometimes living directly next to a police station brings its own problems. More than once, a prisoner escaped the barracks. “A couple times they [the escapees] tried getting in the house.”

Carl and Norma talked about so many of the great times they shared with family, friends, and even strangers at the dance hall. However, too often good things must come to an end. By the late 1950s, the Hacketts said they could see life changing in the world, including here in the Northeast Kingdom. People danced less, and it appeared more people wanted to mix alcohol with entertainment. However, the Red Wing was an alcohol-free establishment.
“It’s probably one reason we started losing people,” he said. “People wanted to dance where they could drink.”

They sold the dance hall to the Elks in 1960. “When we sold it, the last year it didn’t make enough profit to pay for upkeep and repairs,” Carl said. They continued to live in their house next to the dance hall until the early 2000s.

Although Carl’s health no longer allows him to dance across the dance floor with his bride of 65 years, they love reminiscing about the days when they danced the night away at the Red Wing and in many other dance halls around the region.

Much has changed along the Derby Road since the Red Wing was built in 1950. That stretch of road has been transformed from a center of agricultural activity to the region’s commercial center, but the building which was once home to the beloved dance hall is still the vibrant home of the Elks.

(Photos continued on page 14.)
This aerial photo, taken on August 15, 2016, was shot from a similar vantage point as the 1950s era photo on page 10. Check out NEK Drone, owned by Josh Newcity, on Facebook.

Photo by Josh Newcity

The tiny building that the Hacketts built for the State Police in 1950 has been expanded throughout the years. It is now home to Right Wheels, a car dealership owned by Tod and Cindy Willis. Note the building directly in back of the car dealership. That is where Carl and Norma lived for decades, raising their three children there.

Photo taken by Scott Wheeler in August 2016

The Red Wing Dance Hall turned Elks Lodge today.

Photo taken by Scott Wheeler in August 2016

**Summer Residents, Take the Journal Home With You!**

Buy a subscription of the Journal and have it delivered to your home-away-from-home in VT. Then after vacation, we will send the Journal to your permanent residence and you can read the Journal 12 months a year, not just during the summer!

Send a check or money order for $25 (for delivery in the U.S.) to Northland Journal P.O. Box 812, Derby, Vermont 05829. Or order online at www.northlandjournal.com Be sure to provide both addresses.
Believes Farm Boys and Gals Need More City Life Gaieties

If you’re going to keep ’em down on the farm you’ve got to give farm gals and boys more of the gaieties of city life and that is just what Hood producer, Earl Hackett, is doing away up in a remote northeast corner of Vermont near the Canadian border.

Earl, who is the owner of some 24 farms covering 10,200 acres located in the Vermont towns of Holland, Derby, Coventry, Newark, Morgan, Charleston, Brighton, Irasburg, and Lowell, knows that grandpa might have been content to do his dancing in some old barn but not the farm youngsters of today.

Hood producer Hackett knows farm youngsters. He has a son and two daughters. He learned from experience that the farm boys and gals of today want to trip the light fantastic on a modern dance hall floor with all the fixings, and that is the reason why he built the RED WING right in the middle of rolling farm land in the northeast corner of Vermont.

You could put the beautiful and spacious RED WING dance hall on the outskirts of any big city and it would compare favorably with other metropolitan “bright spots.”

Earl’s hobby has always been to make something out of nothing. He first took an old dance hall and remodeled it. This was destroyed by fire. Then he built the RED WING and he turned it over to his son to manage.

Since then Earl faced the same problem that other farmers in this section have been battling—a labor shortage. He had to have the help of his son on his farms so he turned the management of the RED WING over to someone else, but he still keeps a careful eye on the operation of the dance hall.

Visitors to this remote section of Vermont might think it mighty strange to see this type of dance hall sitting right in the midst of nothing but rolling farm land but Earl Hackett could tell them that it is rural “bright spots” like the RED WING that are helping to keep the youngsters down on the farm.

A Fond Farewell

The Northland Journal was founded almost 15 years ago. Theresa Perron-Janowski of Perron Graphics in West Glover has been our graphic and layout designer much of that time. As Theresa departs the Journal following this issue, we thank her for dedicating so many years to it, helping us chronicle the history of Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom. In addition, we wish her well in her future endeavors.
When the drive-in was built in 1950, it was a tranquil period in this country’s history, other than the Korean War. Life in the country changed dramatically in the 1960s. President Kennedy and his brother Robert were assassinated. Dr. Martin Luther King also was felled by an assassin’s bullet. War raged in Vietnam sending protesters to the streets. It was also a time of sexual freedom and movies turned to violence and sex to attract an audience. Not McNally, though. He refused to show movies that parents wouldn’t feel comfortable bringing their children to watch.

Some theater owners hired other people to select what movies were shown in their theaters—not Don McNally. Not only did he choose the movies himself, but he also tried to watch them first because he didn’t always trust the ratings.

A devout Christian whose beliefs trumped any amount of money, he refused to compromise his beliefs and integrity when it came to the movies he allowed shown at the Derby-Port Drive-In. He refused to show anything over the rating of PG. He wanted no part in polluting and corrupting the minds of people, particularly young people, and this often meant losing out on the opportunity to make large sums of money that he could have made if he’d loosened his moral standards.

“Many parents told me at the time there was such a radical change in the morals in movies that they never had to ask their teenagers what was playing at the drive-in when they wanted to go. They always knew the movies were family-type movies. In fact, the theater was advertised as ‘Your Family Theatre.’”

When the theaters opened McNally and his partners received much of the profits. That changed in time. For example, when they showed My Side of the Mountain and Sound of Music for five
nights, the movie brought in $4,500 for the film company and they made a meager $450 for the same period of time.

McNally was proud of his bargaining talents, something that he said he inherited from his father. More than once the movie companies tried to strong arm him into accepting unacceptable offers or unacceptable movies. He told how one time he told one of the movie companies, “When you own this theater you run it like you own it. While I own it, and when I own it, I’ll run it.” He stubbornly refused to play some movies, such as *Around the World in 80 Days*, because he felt that 20th Century Fox was being unrealistic—their offer allowed for the theaters to make very little money. Instead, the movie company was going to pocket much of the proceeds.

According to McNally, the drive-in was the first business in the state where people could buy Dr. Pepper, his personal favorite soda. Getting it, though, wasn’t easy. When he first approached the Texas-based soda company they refused him, saying that the cost of shipping it to northern Vermont was too great. However, he said that once he told a company official his wife was from Texas, the company immediately agreed to make arrangements for the drive-in to sell the brand. And sell it they did.

He used the soda in multiple promotions. For example, in one promotion he sold the soda in disposable cups for 20 and 40 cents depending on the size. Or they could buy a 16-ounce soda in a Dr. Pepper glass for 60 cents. The promotion was so successful, the first time around he sold 3,000 16-ounce sodas in three weeks. A similar promotion using Coke was as successful.

Although the cost of attending the drive-in was minimal, there were plenty of people who went to practically any means to get in for free. Since children 12 and under got in for free, it was amazing how many youngsters stopped aging at 12 years old. Many people insisted year after year that their child, some of them well into their teens, was only 12 years old.

On the opposite end of the age scale, adults 65 years and older...
were also admitted for free. Some 50-something-year-olds aged a bit at the gate so they could get in for free. Seldom if ever was the age of any of the people, who said they were 12 or younger, or 65 and over, ever questioned. McNally figured if they could live with themselves, who was he to ask?

Some people, particularly teenagers, went to extraordinary measures to get in without paying. Some were left off on a road that ran in back of the theater property to sneak up over the bank. Meanwhile, the driver of the car paid to get into the theater where they’d meet up with their friends who had come up over the bank—that is, if Don or his roving patrol didn’t catch them.

Others stuffed themselves in the trunks of vehicles and rode through the entrance with the driver paying his or her own way while the passengers in the trunk got in for free.

One thing that people still wonder about to this day is how McNally managed to catch so many of them, even after they thought they’d made it in safely. While some people still chuckle about how they managed to get in without paying, more often than not, people talk about how they were caught sneaking in. They were either caught as they came out of the tree line as they sneaked up over the bank, or as their friends popped them out of the trunk of the car. Even the cover of dark wasn’t enough to guarantee them success.

McNally said, in reality, he would never have turned a teenager away if he or she didn’t have the money to see a movie.

As his parents did with their vaudeville show, he said he’d let them in for free, particularly Derby youngsters, hoping they’d someday become paying patrons. However, he didn’t like them sneaking in, and he’d often kick them out.

McNally was known to show up at a parked car at all the right times, or wrong times, depending on how one looked at it, just to see if everybody was watching the movie. One sign he looked for were steamed-up windows, a sure sign that the occupants were not watching the movie. Many young lovers who got a bit carried away with romance and forgot the movie they’d gone to watch, were brought back to reality by the sound of Don’s flashlight rapping on the window, or worse yet, its beam shining in. Other times he
would stand on their bumper and shake the car, letting the couple know that he was there.

By the late 1970s, McNally and his partners began to see the writing on the wall. There were fewer movies he was willing to show at his theater, and television had taken a toll on the movie industry. He felt he and his partners had two choices—lessen the restrictions on movies they showed or get out of the business. In early 1985, the men decided to tear down the Derby-Port. They divided the property and sold it all, and the screen that had shown thousands of films since it was built in 1950 came tumbling down on Monday, May 13, 1985. An end of an era had come to the Derby Road and the entire region.

The publisher of Vermont’s Northland Journal, Scott Wheeler, is also the author of the 120-page book, Don “Sleepy” McNally: From Vaudeville to Drive-In Pioneer. In addition to telling the story of this beloved entertainer, the book is filled with memories and photos of the drive-in. See the ad for the book on page 12.

In this space we will print genealogical queries that have to do with the Northeast Kingdom and those that cross over the border into Quebec. These queries should be concise and structured to obtain responses that will fill in the missing parts of your family history. Our readers’ knowledge of local history is very extensive. Their combined talents should be very useful to all genealogists trying to get to their “roots.”

If you wish to respond or submit queries, please contact David Lepitre: dlepitre@abacom.com or P.O. Box 484, Derby Line, VT 05830-0484. A self-addressed stamped envelope should be included with written requests for information.

Living in the Winnipesaukee region of New Hampshire, it was rather surprising to me to learn of the connections between Orleans County in Vermont and central New Hampshire in the 1830s.

A certain Lyman W. PIPER, with no history, just appears and marries my great-grandfather’s sister Elizabeth Ann DAME here in Laconia, NH, on September 28, 1845. The 1850 U.S. Census then shows Elizabeth living with her mother and her 3 children: Ellen J., William, who died early, and Frank. Of father, Lyman W., there is nothing more, but in 1860 there is a 3-month-old Lyman W. PIPER in Laconia, NH. His father is Nathaniel PIPER, who was born in Morgan, VT, about 1832. In 1870 Nathaniel is living in Worcester, MA, and Nellie J. (Ellen J.) is living with them. When Frank married in 1883 he lists Nathaniel as his father.

My supposition is that Nathaniel was the younger brother of Lyman, and that Frank, who was one year old when Lyman disappeared, considered Uncle Nathaniel as his own father.

The Land Records in Morgan show that a Nathaniel Piper bought two lots (at what seems to be a tax sale) on the 7th of November 1829 (Lot 13, 1st Range, Lot 12, 2nd range; Page 213, Book 2) for $13.44. He later sells these lots undivided to Clarissa Cooley of Barton, daughter of Israel ALLEN, and Gaires ALLEN and Lydia P. READ wife of Mathew READ of East Windsor, children and heirs of Israel ALLEN (November 11, 1830, Pages 215, 216, Book 2).

Obviously this Nathaniel is not my Nathaniel, but perhaps the father? And the mother? A mother, Jane PIPER, sold Lot 1, 2nd Range to son Josiah S. PIPER in 1831. This same lot was sold by Nathaniel PIPER to John PIPER in 1836 (Pages 482 and 447, Book 2). Then Nathaniel senior leaves for NH with Nathaniel Junior and my Lyman W.? A Jane PIPER, born in 1784 and who died on 29 December 1842 rests in the Clark Cemetery in Morgan.

Just to make things more interesting, a Josiah S. PIPER, born about 1832 in Holland comes to the Laconia region, serves in the Civil War, and now rests in a Laconia Cemetery. And my great-grandfather Thomas later married for a second time a woman whose father is John SWAIN, who was also in the land business in Morgan between 1831 and 1838. Three daughters Mary Ann, b. 28 April 1828, Catherine August, b. 17 January 1832, and Abigail, b. in 1834 or 1835, were born in Morgan. The daughter Ellen who married my Thomas was born here in New Hampshire in 1845. There seem to be more Nathaniel PIPERs floating around as well, indeed enough to populate a small town. Can anyone help me sort them out?

Barry Dame, bdame@myfairpoint.net
by Scott Wheeler

Drifting underneath his parachute, Harley “Sam” Bly of Newport realized his days of freedom were coming to an end; after all, this parachute jump wasn’t for entertainment. He’d soon land in German-occupied Austria, delivered directly into the hands of the enemy.

A member of the United States 15th Army Air Corps (precursor to the Air Force), 464th Bombardment Group, Bly served as the top turret gunner on the B-24 Liberator bomber, which was shot down by enemy ground fire, forcing the crew to bail out.

A beautiful, clear day in May 1944, any hopes he had of escape were dashed when he saw a group of angry civilians—at least one brandishing a pitchfork—and a small detachment of German soldiers, awaiting his arrival. His first priority, though, was to focus on landing without breaking his legs or neck; after all, he’d never parachuted before.

“I remember in training we learned to land standing up then roll backwards,” Bly said. “That’s what I concentrated on doing. When I hit the ground I just rolled backward to get out of the chute. I knew I didn’t want to meet the civilians with a fork. I went right up to the soldiers and surrendered.”

Airmen knew they typically stood a better chance of survival surrendering to the military than to civilians, many who were angry about the continued allied bombardment of their communities. Soldiers were expected to treat prisoners of war according to the rules of the Geneva Convention. Civilians

---

Third Geneva Convention for Prisoners of War During World War II

**Prisoners of war must be:**
- Shown respect at all times.
- Allowed to notify their next of kin and the International Red Cross of their capture.
- Allowed to correspond with relatives and to receive relief parcels.
- Given adequate food and clothing.
- Provided with shelter equivalent to those of their captors’ troops.
- Given medical care.
- Paid for any work they do.
- Sent home if seriously ill or wounded provided they agree not to resume active military duties afterwards.
- Quickly released and sent home when the war is over.

**Prisoners of war must not be:**
- Forced to give any information except their name, rank and serial number.
- Deprived of money or valuables without a receipt and guarantee they will be returned at the time of release.
- Given individual privileges other than on grounds of health, sex, age or military rank.
- Held in close confinement, e.g., solitary confinement unless they have broken any laws. They can, however, have their freedom restricted for security reasons.
- Be forced to do military or dangerous or unhealthy work.
were not bound by those rules, and sometimes they took their vengeance out on captured airmen.

When he surrendered, he said the German soldiers treated him in a military and respectful manner. He wasn’t beaten or abused in any form.

The pilot and crew of the B-24 all survived, but they were scattered about the countryside. Eventually they were all rounded up. Bly was transported to a local police station. He has no memory what community it was, or if he ever knew.

“They questioned me,” he said. “They wanted to know what group I was from. I told them according to the Geneva Convention I only had to tell them my name, rank, and serial number. They said, ‘If you don’t tell us, we are going to shoot you.’ I said, ‘Take me out and shoot me because I won’t talk if I’m dead.’ He continued to refuse to talk. The other members of his airplane crew were also jailed.

At 96 years old, Bly admits his memory isn’t the best on some of the smaller details. He seems to recall he was locked up in a local jail for a week to ten days before being transported by train on an overnight journey to a prisoner-of-war camp. Time has robbed him of his memory about which camp he was interned in, but his online war records confirmed to this writer he’d been imprisoned in Stalag Luft IV. The camp, which was located in Grosstychow, Prussia (now Poland), was for enlisted men. Officers were kept in a separate camp.

When he arrived at the camp, which was surrounded by two fences topped off with barbed wire, he said the camp was brand new.

“I was interrogated again, including what outfit I was in,” Bly said. Like the questioning he got when

---

**Red Cross News, July 1, 1944**

Many letters continue to be received from American prisoners of war, and their families, thanking the Red Cross for the weekly food packages and other supplies furnished to the men. Frequently, moreover, the men ask their families to make monthly contributions to the Red Cross, which, in some cases at least, are intended as direct payment for the supplies furnished.

To clarify the situation once again, the food packages, clothing, and certain comfort articles supplied to our prisoners of war and civilian internees abroad are paid for by the United States government. The American Red Cross supplies all medicines, medical equipment, dental supplies and dental equipment, medical parcels and orthopedic equipment. From its own funds the Red Cross also provides the initial capture parcel, which is a collapsible suitcase containing about 50 items of immediate need to the newly captured prisoner. The American Red Cross, moreover, sustains the whole apparatus for Procurement and shipping of the supplies which are moved abroad; and it contributes about $200,000 a year to defray, in part, the expenses of the International Committee of the Red Cross.

Prisoners often write about receiving food packages and other supplies contributed by British Commonwealth societies. These supplies are furnished to American prisoners under a reciprocal arrangement between the British and American Red Cross societies. Occasionally, British prisoners receive American Red Cross supplies when their own are not immediately available. Many times in the past two years, American prisoners located temporarily in camps and hospitals containing mainly British prisoners have likewise drawn on British and Canadian Red Cross stocks.
he was originally taken prisoner and at the jail, his answers were based on his rights outlined in the Geneva Convention—name, rank, and serial number. There were no beatings. Once the questioner had gotten all he thought he was going to get from him, he was assigned to a barracks.

Documentation shows the first prisoners arrived at the camp on May 14, 1944. Although Bly wasn’t likely one of the very first prisoners, he arrived soon after the first group. In the early days of his stay, he said there were only six to eight men to a room. This gave them plenty of room to move about. That quickly changed, though, as more prisoners arrived at the camp. Soon there were about 24 people to a room, with the men sleeping on triple decker bunks. As far as he is concerned, life wasn’t too bad in the camp, considering they were prisoners of war.

When many people think about a German prisoner-of-war camp, they often think about the 1960s–’70s comedy sitcom, Hogan’s Heroes. On the show, the commandant of the German prisoner-of-war camp, Colonel Wilhelm Klink, is a blustering, naive Luftwaffe officer who obviously deep down likes his prisoners, although he routinely threatens to have them shot. He never follows through on his threat. Also on the show was Sergeant Hans Schultz, a dim-witted, overweight middle-aged soldier who wanted no part of the war. He just wanted the war to end so could return home.

Meanwhile, the prisoners, including the ranking officer, Colonel Robert Hogan of the United States Army Air Corps, regularly come and go from the camp through a tunnel, carrying out military operations, including blowing up bridges and armament factories. If Sergeant Schultz caught the prisoners up to no good, instead of complicating his life by having them arrested and possibly shot, he’d quickly exit the barracks saying, “I see nothing! I hear nothing! I know nothing!”

Camp life at Stalag IV was not like life at the television Stalag 13, Bly said. “The commandant was more business than on Hogan’s Heroes.”

As for the guards at Stalag IV, “All the guards were older men,” he said. “I think it was the case that they did what they were told to do and that was it. They weren’t bad guys. We were all Air Force and they knew their Air Force was being depleted so they respected us.”

Although the guards and prisoners didn’t socialize and the guards carried rifles, he said he got the idea most of them had no desire to shoot them. For that matter, from what he could tell, most of them wanted no part of the war. They went about their job just like any other job, including conducting roll call once or twice a day, forcing the prisoners to line up outside the camp so the guards could count them. Periodically the guards searched the barracks, including flipping over mattresses, in search of contraband and evidence of an escape plan.

Thinking back more than 70 years, Bly said he never heard his fellow prisoners talk about escaping. It wouldn’t have been logical at that point in the war to risk their lives trying to escape, Bly said. He added he certainly doesn’t think any of the thousands of men eventually housed at the camp ran a Hogan’s Heroes type of military operation from the camp. Most of the prisoners knew the war was nearing an end, and it wasn’t if the Allied forces would win, but when. He suspects one of the reasons the guards treated the prisoners well was because they also understood the end of the war was near, and they didn’t want to do anything heinous they’d have to account for after the war.

The prisoners lived on starvation rations: barley soup and a slice of bread in the morning. “The bread was sour,” he recalled. “It made me lose my appetite.” On the other hand, he said, “You’d eat anything you could get a hold of.”

Later in the day, they were fed the meager contents of Red Cross packages.

“There was only enough for one packet for two men,” Bly said. In addition to small amounts of canned and dried food items, the packets also included instant coffee, instant milk, sugar, and cigarettes. Cooked potatoes were also routinely added to their diets.

As far as he could tell, the guards ate no better than the prisoners. After all, by this point in the war much of Germany was facing a massive food shortage, including within the ranks of the military.

“In some respects I think we ate better than the guards,” Bly said. “Our food came from the mess hall, but as far as I could tell, the guards just ate pieces of that bread.”

The worst enemy in camp was boredom. Other than keeping their barracks orderly, most of the men
had no duties. Pacing around outside was a favorite pastime of his and many of the other men. However, they knew enough not to get too close to the fence for fear of getting shot by one of the German soldiers stationed above in one of the watch towers that overlooked the camp.

To pass the time, many of the men, including Bly, played cards. Since they didn’t have cards, they made some using the containers their Red Cross rations arrived in. His favorite card game was cribbage (the cribbage board was also made from a Red Cross container). Instead of gambling for money, they often used the few cigarettes that were included in the Red Cross rations.

Boredom and worry about the future occasionally got to some of the men, Bly said. Everybody helped one another through these periods of weakness.

“In the POW camp everybody worked together,” he said. “If somebody was down in the dumps, somebody would do or say something to cheer them up.”

Life livened up a bit in early February 1945 when the prisoners began to hear the distant rumble of war. Approaching Russian forces were battling German forces who were trying to hold their ground. Come nightfall, the battle of the big guns lit up the horizon, giving hope to the prisoners that liberation was near. However, with only a few hours’ notice, the guards prepared their prisoners to exit the camp on an 86-day, 600-mile march of suffering—a march that became known as the Black March.

Part 3 of this series will appear in the November issue of the Journal.

---

The following is a portion of a report issued by the International Committee of the Red Cross following a visit to Stalag Luft IV on October 5 and 6, 1944.

Red Cross Visit to Stalag Luft IV

**Camp Leaders:**
- Sgt. Richard M. Chapman (American)
- Sgt. Victor R. Clarke (British)
- Camp Leader elected but not recognized by the Commandant: Sgt. Francis Paules (American)

**Strength:**
- 7,089 Americans:
  - 2,146 in camp A
  - 1,959 in camp B
  - 1,913 in camp C
  - 1,071 in camp D
- 886 British: 606 British Isles
- 147 Canadians
- 37 Australians
- 22 New Zealanders
- 8 South Africans
- 1 Norwegian
- 2 French
- 58 Poles
- 5 Czechs

**General remarks:**
- The first 64 arrivals entered Stalag Luft IV on May 14, 1944. Two weeks later, Stalag Luft IV was officially opened. Since then the strength has continually increased by arrivals of small groups of about a hundred men, until July 18th and 19th, on which date the strength was doubled by the arrival of 2,400 Americans and 800 British from Stalag Luft VI. The strength reached the present figure by groups coming from Wetzlar and, each week from Budapest… Except for the medical personnel, the chaplains and 9 privates of the British Army, the prisoners are all American and British NCOs.

**Situation:**
- Stalag Luft IV is situated about 20 kilometers to the south of (Belgard) and is placed in (the center of a) clearing…

**Accommodation:**
- The camp is divided into five distinct parts separated by barbed wire fences. Camps (compounds) A, B and C contain Americans only. Camp D contains American and British. The main camp (vorlagar) includes the infirmary, food and clothing storerooms. Today, Stalag Luft IV has twice too many inmates. The men are housed in 40 wooden huts, each hut containing 200 men. The huts are only partially finished; new arrivals are expected and more huts are being erected. The dormitories have been prepared for 16 men in two tiered beds. But there are not sufficient beds for some rooms contain up to 24 men each. At camps A and B, a third tier of beds has been
installed, whereas beds have been removed from camp D. There is not a single bed in camp C and 1,900 men sleep on the floor. 600 of them have no mattress, only a few shavings to lie on. Some have to lie right on the floor. 600 of them have no mattress, only a few shavings to lie on. Some have to lie right on the floor. Each prisoner has two German blankets.

None of the huts can be properly heated. The delegate only saw five small iron stoves in the whole camp. Some of the huts in camp D have no chimneys.

Each camp has two open air latrines and the huts have a night latrine with two seats. The latrines are not sufficient as they are not emptied often, the only lorry for this work being used elsewhere.

The prisoners have no means of washing; there are no shower baths as there is only one coal heated geyser in the camp of 100 liters for 1,000 men. Fleas and lice are in abundance; no cleansing has been done.

**Food:**
The German food is no worse than at other camps. The first day of the delegates’ visit, the men had received bad meat, which was however, taken back again and the next day the meat was quite fresh. On the other hand, prisoners cannot check the distribution of rations, the official weekly menus not having been posted in the camp.

Each camp has a kitchen for preparing German rations, except the main camp (Vorlagar). Each camp has five or six cooking utensils, holding 3,000 liters; these utensils are sufficient for cooking German rations, but there are no means of cooking food from collective consignments, which it is forbidden to prepare outside the kitchens.

---

**Genealogical Queries Wanted**

Please mail your genealogical queries to Scott Wheeler, Vermont’s Northland Journal, P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829

---

**Dr. Don E. Harris** has over 30 years practicing both chiropractic and clinical nutrition. He has successfully treated 1000s of patients for a wide variety of conditions, both musculoskeletal and serious systemic illnesses. At the University of Illinois he lectured health students on how nutrition, lifestyle, and environment today can effectively treat disease and not just address the symptoms. Working with your primary care physician and other health care professionals can have dramatic, positive effects on most of today’s diseases. Each visit with Dr. Harris either for chiropractic or nutrition is comprehensive averaging one hour. Every patient deserves the right and respect to be treated as a human being and not just a number.

**Offering chiropractic and clinical nutrition for over 30 years!**

**Chiropractor**
- Headaches
- Neck pain
- Shoulder/Elbow Pain
- Sports Injuries
- Low Back Pain
- Sciatica
- Knee Pain

**Clinical Nutritionist**
- Cancer
- Heart Disease
- Diabetes
- Irritable Bowel/Crohn’s/Colitis
- Autoimmune Disease
- Fibromyalgia
- Weight Loss/Management

Now located in the Wellness Center building (the former Prouty and Miller building) located at the intersection of the I-91 Access Road and the Crawford Farm Road.

802-334-3000

---

**Workout with Sharon Stewart**

Whether you are just beginning your fitness journey, or you are a seasoned exercise enthusiast, Sharon will make it worth your time and money. She has 30-plus years as a personal fitness trainer working with all ages and all fitness levels.

**Monday through Friday - 5:45:** Early morning workout at Newport Municipal Building

**Monday & Wednesday**
- 8:30 a.m.: Weight training at Kingdom Racquet & Fitness
- 12 p.m.: Running Tabata at the Newport Municipal Building
- 4:15 p.m.: Kingdom Racquet and Fitness

**Tuesday & Thursday**
- 8:15 a.m.: P90X at Freedom Physical Therapy
- 9 a.m.: Water Tabata at Freedom PT

**Friday**
- 8:30 a.m.: Weight training Kingdom Racquet and Fitness

**Saturday**
- 8 a.m.: Workout for Hope at Newport Municipal Building

**Sunday**
- 8:30 a.m: Newport Municipal Building

If you have questions, call Sharon at (802) 578-8762

sharonneedlemanstewart@hotmail.com
Voting is a Privilege

by Virginia Downs

Election Day never ceases to thrill George and Sarah Hollos. It is a powerful reminder of the freedom they sought when they escaped from Hungary. When they go to the St. Johnsbury polls on November 4, it will be the 30th anniversary of the day they decided to flee their country when Soviet tanks rolled in to crush the Hungarian Uprising.

“We wanted a decent way of life for our daughter,” Sarah explains. “But we never dreamed we would be so fortunate when we left as to find the happiness we have in this country… When I go to vote I always remember how things were when we left Hungary,” George says. “You had no choices as a voter back then.”

In 1948, the political turning point in Hungary, George relates the Communist party gained power by rigging elections, transporting voters from poll to poll to cast ballots over and over for the Communist candidates.

George speaks of his amazement at the system he found in this part of the world. “I’ll never forget the first time I voted here. It was a very moving experience. Every time I vote now it is an important event for me.” He is puzzled by American voter apathy. “I can’t get over people not feeling it is important to vote on candidates and issues that have such an influence in their lives.”

For the Holloses, now enjoying the beginning of retirement years in St. Johnsbury, and for their daughter Klari Emmons and her grandfather John Batky, 86, in their Canadian homes, the memories of the 10-day Revolution are bittersweet. Life held promise briefly. Then in the pre-dawn hours of November 4 the dream of independence died as Soviet troops returned to put down the Uprising.

Sarah recalls the anguish the family suffered before facing the fact that they must start a new life elsewhere. “My mother suggested that we should flee while the Uprising was gaining momentum and the borders were open, but we envisioned a neutral and free Hungary so we stayed.” It was not an easy decision to leave your country and culture, your relatives and friends, reflects the attractive brunette. There is deep sadness in her expressive brown eyes as she recollects, sometimes halting in search of the right word. “We had our freedom, we thought, through the Revolution. We should have known better. The Soviet Union was not about to give up its grip on our unfortunate country.”

For George, leaving Hungary at that time meant sacrificing professional plans, which he had worked so hard for, finishing his master’s degree in engineering just before the Uprising erupted. “I had a good job and thought if leave what am I going to be? I will lose my profession.” He and Sarah had met and married in 1949. It was the year following George’s release from nearly six years in Soviet prisons and labor camps as a result of World War II service. They had a five-year-old daughter, Klari. Life seemed full.

War and its aftermath had been a fact of life for much of the couple’s lives. Both their fathers had been drafted by the German army. As George puts it,
“We Hungarians were forced to fight a cause that was not our own.” George’s father died in military service, his mother lost her life in a bombing raid, his sister was taken away with her fiancé who was accused of spying for the British and was never seen again. One of Sarah’s brothers also died in the service. At 16, she and her mother lived in terror during a one-month siege of Budapest by the Russians when many women were abducted.

George saw action in the fiercest battle of the Eastern Front when the Russians finally broke through the German lines at Stalingrad. He was captured in Voronesh, imprisoned with thousands of troops on a frigid January day. Herded into converted horse stables, they lived for weeks without food or medication. Of 100,000 prisoners, only 10,000 were still alive in March when they were moved into boxcars to a prison camp. George had been the only one in his unit to survive.

A short, physically fit man, his hair nearly white now, George Hollos has a face remarkably unlined for one who has lived nearly half of his life in stress and privation. You sense an irrepressible exuberance for life beneath his calm exterior. He shrugs his shoulders stoically when he speaks of the bitter disappointment he and his fellow prisoners felt when they were held by the Soviets long after the war ended. “You see,” he explains quietly, “the Russian casualties left them with little manpower, only the very old and young. So they needed the labor of the able-bodied prisoners.” There was another reason for the delayed release, he adds. “The Communist party had not consolidated its position in Hungary. They knew if we prisoners went home we would not vote for the party. We had seen the suffering of the Russian people, the injustices done them, and the primitive economy of the Soviet Union.”

The scars of her war experiences were still very much with Sarah on October 23, 1956, when the Uprising ignited in Budapest. “I was terrified of the gunfire and begged George to stay away from the demonstrations.”

Then came the fateful morning of November 4. “I woke up with a sudden jolt,” she remembers. “I lay on my bed listening to a strange but somehow familiar distant murmur. Then suddenly I knew. It was the thundering of heavy artillery. I remembered that sound too well from the war years.”

On that morning the Holloses and Sarah’s parents knew finally that there was nothing left for them in Hungary.

Plans to escape meant working silently in guarded moments, being careful not to arouse the suspicion of neighbors who might inform.

One day Sarah learned from a coworker that a truck driver was making a trip to the Austrian border the next afternoon to pick up food shipments and could be hired to take them and another family.

On November 28, they shut the doors forever on their beloved home. “It was a gloomy day and rain was falling when we walked toward the Hungarian border,” George says. They took refuge in a barn that night and continued their flight the following day.

“I shall never forget that day,” Sarah relates. “It was our seventh wedding anniversary and there we were trudging along toward the border, cold and footsore.” Suddenly shots rang out. Hungarian soldiers on horseback galloped toward them and they were taken to the border patrol station. There the commander interrogated them then gave them surprising news. They were to stay quiet until nightfall when they would be released.

“You see, the Hungarian army was against the Russians and went along with the Uprising,” Sarah explains. While telephone repair crews worked outside the border station, a young soldier played his
accordion loudly to cover up the cries of the other escaping family’s six-week-old baby. Then at night the Hungarian soldiers patrolled the area in search of any lurking Russians and led the families to the Austrian border and into freedom.

“That was a joyful day for us,” George says. “But then our two month struggle began to get our visas.” With 200,000 Hungarians flooding into Vienna, the United States quota of 34,000 filled quickly. “We had to look for another way to go over the ocean,” he explains. That way was through the Canadian Embassy where they discovered that engineers among the refugees were in demand.

“We had only $15 for the five of us when we arrived in Montreal,” George says. “So we had to take whatever work we could find right away.” He worked as a toolmaker using skills he had acquired in his labor camp days, Sarah became a finisher in a tailor shop, her dad a hospital orderly, and her mother a baby sitter.

Hungarians are not lazy people,” Sarah says with a smile. “We have a reputation for liking to work hard and wanting to better ourselves.” Within a year after disciplining themselves intensely to speak, read, and write English, their fortunes began to reverse. George took a job as a foreman in a plastics factory then went on to engineering positions after finishing home study in electronics nights. Sarah returned to her secretarial career. Gradually John Batky was able to turn his lengthy background in art into an interior decorating business.

The Holloses finally realized their dreams of living in the United States in 1968 when George was hired as an engineer by the Fairbanks Weighing Division of Colt Industries in St. Johnsbury. They became United States citizens at last.

The Holloses’ spacious home on Mt. Pleasant Street richly reflects their Hungarian heritage. The walls glow with arrangements of folk art plates along with handsome Batky paintings.

When Sarah’s dad, widowed some years ago, comes to visit from Canada, he searches immediately for any concerts or art exhibits in the area. The Hungarian love of the arts is very much a part of the family’s lifestyle. A few years ago the Fairbanks Museum gallery featured an exhibit of Batky paintings.

In the late afternoon, the rooms fill with the pungent aroma of garlic, paprika, sauerkraut, and pork brewing on the stove. Such family favorites as Szekely Gulyas, a hearty goulash, are invariably served when daughter Klari comes home. Married to Paul Emmons, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Emmons of St. Johnsbury, she visits often from Nova Scotia where she and her husband manage a travel business.

George and Sarah Hollos have plunged wholeheartedly into community affairs. They have both served deacon duty in the South Congregational Church which is a major focus of their social life. When ETV auctions need volunteers, they’re on hand. George is an enthusiastic Mason and Kiwanian. Sarah enjoys her part-time sales clerk job at Hovey’s, meeting the public and dealing with fine clothing.

Friends sometimes comment on what a shame it is that they had to endure such hardships. “Then I say I think it was better to have had the experience,” Sarah reflects. “This way we know the difference and appreciate tenfold what we have here.”
Don Mullally is nothing short of an institution here in the Northeast Kingdom. The 88-year-old is still on the air at WSTJ-AM 1340 out of St. Johnsbury weekday morning, spinning albums—yes, vinyl albums. He’s the only one who still does that at the station. For almost 65 years, Mullally has been playing music and spreading the word about community events, local sports, and broadcasting that the clouds will lift and sunshine is expected later in the day.

His favorite LPs? Sinatra, the big bands, and some of “the girls”—Doris Day, Patty Page, and Rosemary Clooney. He had a Bing Crosby album on the turntable, to play some Irish tunes to celebrate the recent trip to Ireland of the station owner, Bruce James, his own Irish eyes smiling.

On air here since 1952, Mullally’s arrival came just a few years after the station’s founding owner, Dean Finney, launched the radio station in a former farm manure pit foundation. He remembers when the bomb shelter was installed in the station.

Mullally explained that the FCC required the station to put the underground bunker in, complete with water supplies, bunk beds and other needed supplies, as well as a generator. The bunker was built so the station could provide communications if necessary during an emergency. It was the Cold War, another time, but he was there, working as a DJ, and he knows just about all the history connected with the radio station and Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom, which has been his home since he was a little boy.

Born in West Somerville, Massachusetts, his father worked as a bakery supervisor and his mom worked as a buyer for a department store in Boston. The family moved to Montpelier, Vermont, where he began school. They moved to St. Johnsbury when he was still in grade school, where he attended the Summer Street School through eighth grade. He then attended St. Johnsbury Academy.

His family were Vermonters, said Mullally, and he’s happy he was raised here. He has never wanted to be anywhere else.

“We came back to Vermont when I was probably two or three,” he said in an interview at his St. Johnsbury home in August.

His mom worked as a buyer for a St. Johnsbury department store. His dad worked at Fairbanks Scales, and was instrumental in bringing in the union. “That didn’t settle too well with some.”

Mullally was a little too young to serve in the military during World War II, but he enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1946, the year after the war ended. He served stateside, getting a taste of being part of a radio gang while in the service.

“The war was over, but I was on the radio gang and I thought, ‘Oh wow, this is going to be great,’” he recalled. His time in the Navy was short-lived. Returning to the academy in late 1947 to finish out his education, he officially graduated in 1948. He attends both the 1947 and 1948 class reunions.

After graduation, Mullally studied radio and television. He thought he would pursue it as a
career, but said some of the technology, including telegraphy, was not his thing. He worked at a furniture store in town, Curran Furniture, as a salesman, and also at Hovey’s Men’s Shop. In addition, he worked at Lauren Phelps Music Shop, which also sold men’s clothing. For a time, he also worked at an auto service shop in town, Goldberg’s Auto Service.

The original radio station went on the air July 10, 1949, and Mullally said he came on board a few years later in St. Johnsbury, in 1952. Except for a stint at a radio station in Glens Falls, New York, Mullally has been on the air in the Northeast Kingdom most of the past 64 years.

As hard as he tried, he couldn’t quite put his finger on how it was he came to first start working at WTN, the original radio station in St. Johnsbury. Once he was there, though, he said things “just blossomed,” and he found his spot for the rest of his career.

Though he’s been on the 6 to 9 a.m. shift for years, when he first began, he was on the night shift. He said he “didn’t know anything about it, but I loved to read.” He credits a teacher at St. Johnsbury Academy, Miss Dorothy Clark, with imparting to him his love of reading. “I adored her,” he said with a smile. “She got me interested in talking and public affairs, and it all just blossomed from there.”

For the past quarter century, Mullally has worked for Bruce James, who bought the station in the mid-'90s. Under James’s ownership, Don and his daughter, Lynda, had a father-daughter show for a few years, which he recalls fondly, saying they were one of the only father-daughter shows he recalls.

There was a time, though, that Mullally retired from his career in broadcasting to serve a four-year stint as a side judge in Caledonia County. Although he said he enjoyed serving as a side judge, when he turned 75 years old, he was required to retire from that job. However, he wasn’t about to sit back and do nothing. He was still a young man, at least in mind and spirit. That’s when he came out of broadcast retirement.

James, who is also the president of Vermont Broadcast Associates, was thrilled to have Mullally back, he recalled.

“Having grown up in the Northeast Kingdom, Don Mullally was the radio announcer I listened to as a young child,” James said. “He set the example as to what an announcer should sound like and how interviews should be handled. As my radio career developed, all announcers were measured by the bar Don set. I was so happy when Don told me he would come back to radio following his retirement as Judge.”

James added, “I didn’t know this until after I hired Don to come back to radio, but Don grew up with, and went to school, skied, and palled around with my aunt and mother in St. Johnsbury, making Don a part of our personal family. Our entire radio group looks up to Don as senior statesman and mentor.”

Mullally isn’t only a legend in the Northeast Kingdom. He is a Vermont legend who is even known far beyond its borders.

“This last fall at the Vermont Association of Broadcasters’ annual awards banquet, Don was introduced as Vermont’s longest serving radio announcer, making him the senior statesman of all.
Vermont broadcasters,” James said. “We are so proud and happy to work with Don each and every day. Don is a very important part of our radio family and we love him to pieces.”

Mullally has received many broadcasting awards and accolades, including being inducted into the Vermont Broadcasters Hall of Fame.

“I am affectionately known as the voice of the Northeast,” Mullally said humbly. His greatest reward, though, is the love of his family. He and his late wife, Vel, who he lost a few years ago, had three adult children, and he proudly ticks off what each is doing, where they live, and shares details about his grandchildren, too.

Of his broadcasting career, Mullally said, “What started out as a lark, I guess, turned into a vocation and a lifestyle. I never gave it a second thought! I just enjoy the people, and have enjoyed the people I get to meet thousands of them, really. I’ve met all the governors going back to the late Dean Davis.”

However, if things don’t change soon, one governor he’ll never meet, at least while he is in office, is the current governor, Peter Shumlin. He is not seeking re-election come the general election in November.

In the early days of his radio career, he even met President Eisenhower when he was on a re-election campaign visit to Franconia, New Hampshire. The radio station had a microphone that had the call letters WIKE on it (WIKE is one of Bruce James’ sister stations in Derby. For decades, WIKE was located in Newport). That was the microphone they sent Mullally to cover the event in which the president was speaking. There was a problem, though. Mullally didn’t have press credentials to be at the event, and there were Secret Service all around that could have easily removed him. He remembers being intimidated, but he said when the president saw the microphone with his nickname on it as part of the call letters, “IKE,” he took the microphone right away and spoke into it, Mullally recalled.
“He held it right in his hand!” he said. It’s a moment in his career he remembers crystal clear. “I can’t remember what year it was… I was scared to death!”

There are parts of any job one likes more than others. For Mullally, he recalls with deep fondness the approximately 20 years of being on the road covering high school sports with his co-workers. He covered football, basketball, and just about every other sporting event at St. Johnsbury Academy and Lyndon Institute. He also covered some of the many sporting events held at other schools.

“The kids were always so tickled to see somebody covering their games,” Mullally said. He was on the road about every night during sports seasons.

Mullally has a deep love of those he works with, and many of those he worked with in the past. They are like a second family to him.

“They are the number two love of my life,” he said of his radio family.

Number three in his list of loves is the Caledonia County Fair, which he has been a director of, having been recruited decades ago to announce the cavalcade one year when the announcer was nowhere to be found, an opportunity he said panicked him at first. The man showed up at the last minute, so he didn’t have to fill in.

The president of the fair, Dick Lawrence, was only in sixth grade when he said he first remembers meeting Mullally. That year the Lyndonville Rotary Club presented Lawrence with a Holstein calf, which he went on to show at the Eastern States Exposition. Thinking back to that day makes Lawrence sentimental, as the old friends talked on the radio live on a recent morning about the fair they both love, spreading the word for locals about this year’s special events.

Mullally is a fixture and a lifelong friend to the fair, Lawrence said. He is devoted to preserving its agricultural roots, and is a great supporter of the community spirit that keeps the fair vibrant. Throughout the years, Mullally helped with many other
broadcasting duties at the fair, many as a volunteer. Today he is often seen on the golf cart wearing goofy sunglasses, offering rides and smiles to all he passes. He helps out at a few of the children’s events, including the ice cream eating contest, and the pig scramble, which he announces for and adores.

For Mullally, volunteering at the fair goes back to the ’50s, about as long as his radio career. “I’ve always loved it,” he said of his fair volunteerism every August. He has served as an active director.

He is a friendly sight who people love to see, said friend and longtime fellow fair director, Tom Warren, who is also a neighbor of Mullally’s. Every morning of the fair, Warren, who has known Mullally since his own high school years, said Mullally visits the farmers who bring their livestock, thanking them for being there.

In recent years, Warren lost his sight for about a year and a half before surgery restored it. Every morning, no matter the weather, Mullally trudged across the street when he came home from the radio station and read Warren the entire Caledonian-Record newspaper to keep him up on sports and local affairs.

“It was really special that he would do that,” said Warren, who worked at the radio station as a young man, where he first met Mullally.

“He’s been a great friend,” Warren said. “He is a terrific person. Don has a wonderful sense of humor, too. He takes everything in stride.” He said Mullally keeps his views on politics independent, and never is biased in his announcing, a true professional in his work, who he said still never misses a beat.

“His mind is still crystal-clear and very strong,” Warren said. “He’s just a wonderful person and a great man to know. He has a heart of gold. You could never meet a nicer person. He never pretends. He doesn’t have to because he is sincere.”

Dick Therrien, who works as a sales manager at the radio station with Mullally, said, “He’s the one person we all just love to see. We all just think the world of him. He’s always got a smile on his face, and he’s a happy little guy.”

Therrien remembers how excited Mullally would be covering his high school games back years ago. “He’d get so excited the numbers would about come off the game boards!” Therrien said. “He’s always been a great community supporter.”

Mullally’s love for his job and for the communities the station serves has not gone unnoticed.

“He’s a legend,” Therrien said. “He’s always done a great job every day. We hope he stays forever.”

May the voice of Don Mullally continue to echo across the sound waves of the Northeast Kingdom for many more years to come.

Amy Ash Nixon, who lives in Kirby, is no stranger to the Vermont writing world. In addition to contributing to the Northland Journal, she is a reporter for the Caledonian-Record in St. Johnsbury.
Andy Griffith portrayed the sheriff of the fictional community of Mayberry on the 1960’s sitcom, The Andy Griffith Show. He was a congenial sheriff who used words, not force, to enforce the law.

On August 6, the region lost a legend—its very own Andy Griffith. John Vining of Derby passed away at 74 years old of natural causes. He served as an officer on the Newport City Police Department for more than three decades. Known as a kind, caring officer who often chose his gift for gab instead of force to resolve challenging situations, John was without a doubt one of the most, if not the most, beloved police officers to ever walk the beat in Newport. His story was spotlighted in the February 2005 issue of the Northland Journal, the year he retired.

Never one to wear his hair closely cropped with a ridge down the middle—a military style more fitting of the combat zone than in the community policing of a small Vermont community (some police officers do this)—John said he used his gift for gab and sincere interest in people to cool tempers and solve crimes. Most people, even those who an officer is trying to arrest, will respond much more favorably to this kind of treatment than being confronted in a hostile manner, he said.

“I never liked the idea of using physical intimidation,” John said. “But that style works for other officers. If you’re going to take on somebody and be confrontational, you’d better be able to back it up.”

He also poked a bit of fun at himself about another reason he took the talking route a bit more seriously than other officers.

“I’ve never been a fighter, but I’m a good talker,” John said. “I always figured I could spend time talking, trying to work things out and diffuse situations, rather than just going in and saying, ‘Okay, you’re under arrest, come on, let’s go.’”

John didn’t set out to become a police officer. While pursuing a degree as a teacher at Lyndon State College, he worked as a dispatcher at the Newport Police Department. One night his life took a sudden twist. Arriving at work to man the radios, he was handed a handgun and told to patrol the city—without any law enforcement training. One could say that night was the end of his pursuit to become a teacher, and the beginning of a journey to becoming one of the region’s best known lawmen.

He had a particular appreciation for the young people of the region. A lot is said about the shortfalls of today’s young people, but John chose to focus on the good.

“There are a hell of a lot of good kids out there doing good things,” he said. Officers have a lot of opportunities to point young people, especially those lacking good role models even at home, in the right direction. For that matter, upon learning of the retired officer’s death, many people shared stories about how he’d helped them out during difficult times during their lives, and guided them in a positive direction.

He also told how he enjoyed working with young officers and bestowing his years of wisdom on them, although he readily admits not all of them wanted to listen to him right after they graduated from police academy. The following is his greatest bit of wisdom that he offered officers:

“One of the biggest things I told new officers is not to ever lie or twist the truth about what happened. If you can’t say for sure, lose the case. Don’t lie because you’ll lose more than the case, you’ll lose something you can’t get back—your respect.”

John didn’t just preach honesty and respect. He lived it. Rest in Peace, John. Thank you for your service.
Jerry Hunt was a storekeeper in Derby Line during the early years of the twentieth century. He was also a traveling salesman, but on May 22 of this year, in his home community, he was remembered for his starring role in the silent movie A Vermont Romance. An interested group of people watched the movie at the Haskell Opera House, including several descendants of Mr. Hunt.

Filmed in 1916, the movie is the first feature film ever made in Vermont. The Vermont Archive Movie Project (VAMP) and the Vermont Historical Society partnered on the digital restoration of the film to create a high-definition version. This viewing is part of a statewide tour presenting the film with live piano accompaniment and a panel of experts, in six large venues and 12 small ones throughout Vermont to celebrate the film’s 100th birthday.

The movie was commissioned by the Vermont Progressive Party (affiliated with Theodore Roosevelt’s national Bull Moose Party) and its newspaper, The Vermont Advance. Scenes were filmed in Burlington, Grand Isle, Newport, St. Johnsbury, White River Junction, Rutland, Chester, and Bellows Falls. This fueled interest from theater owners from all corners of the state to host screenings. The plot is a fairly standard silent melodrama with no apparent political bent. The film is both a romance and a scenic tour of Vermont. It tells the tale of Dorothy, a country girl who befriends a rich girl and two city gents [one who is played by Jerry Hunt] who are out for a drive in the country.

Upon the death of her father she loses the farm where she lives and works. Almost penniless, she moves to Burlington to find work, and her adventures begin. Filming began Wednesday, June 21, 1916, and was completed 10 days later! The first screening of the film was held Saturday, September 16, 1916, in Burlington to an audience of 4,000.

Following the showing of the movie in Derby Line recently, there was a question and answer session with panelists Anne Blackmer of the Vermont Archive Movie Project; Bob Hunt of West Glover, a great-grandson of Jerry Hunt; and Scott Wheeler, publisher of Vermont’s Northland Journal. In addition, 88-year-old Pat Hunt of Morgan, who was married to one of Jerry’s grandsons, Paul Hunt, shared her personal memories of Jerry Hunt.

Publisher’s Note: A lengthy article about Jerry Hunt and the community of Derby Line was published in the January 2016 issue of the Northland Journal.
Dear Scott:

I read in the *Northland Journal* you want “before” and “after” pictures. I have some of our home here in Coventry.

We bought this place in 1961, and the night before we moved in it was gutted by fire. We had sold our home on the Webster Road and had to move out, so we loaded up our furniture and moved into the barn. It wasn’t used for cattle. The grainery was our bedroom, and the milk house was our kitchen. It’s a good thing it was summer. It felt like camping.

We built the addition onto the house, all downstairs on one floor, because I didn’t like two-story buildings and no way out. The fire went right up the stairs in the old house.

Arland was working at Ethan Allen at the time. They let him have a month off. With lots of family and friends, we got the new addition built in a month. Our oldest girls started school that fall from a new home.

Katheryn Macie

Publisher’s Note: If you have “before” and “after” photos of your Northeast Kingdom home and/or property, please send them to Vermont’s Northland Journal, PO Box 812, Derby, VT 05829. Or email them to northlandjournal@gmail.com. Please include a short article to go along with them, even if only a paragraph.

Join us in stories, photographs, information, and just plain conversations about what is going on here in the Northeast Kingdom! Vermont’s *Northland Journal* is on Facebook!
Over a century ago the village of East Craftsbury was dominated by a church whose teachings were so severe that its followers were denied many of the very basic pleasures of life. The Covenanter Church refused to allow the consumption of alcoholic drinks, the voting in any elections, or even the use of an organ in church. The church has long since disappeared from Craftsbury, but its history is quite interesting.

East Craftsbury and portions of neighboring western Greensboro and Glover were settled by people from Scotland during the early decades of the nineteenth century. Many farmers and tradesmen came directly from Scotland to Greensboro and Craftsbury and quickly created numerous farms and businesses that often thrived in the severe climate of northern Vermont. With them came many elements of their culture including their church.

The Covenanters were originally groups of Presbyterians in Scotland in the 1640s that were bound by oath (a covenant) to sustain each other in defense of their religion from outside attack—principally from Anglicans in England. Historian Edmund S. Morgan writes that they believed that “every nation or people... existed by virtue of a covenant with God, an agreement whereby they promised to abide by His laws, and He in turn agreed to treat them well.” To achieve salvation in heaven, they had to live in a pure world, but because the world was manifestly impure, they felt a compelling obligation to do battle with its impurities. God demanded perfect obedience. Man must live a pure life free of sin and contamination and must in no case associate with people who engage in any sinful activities.

The Covenanter (Reformed Presbyterian) Church of East Craftsbury was a hard and austere place that demanded many sacrifices from its members. The first Covenanter group in Craftsbury was organized as early as 1816, but the primary impetus for the Covenanter movement came from the Rev. Robert Trumbull—a preacher from Cambuslang, Scotland, and later, Wilbraham, Massachusetts—who was one of the very first settlers of Craftsbury in 1788.

The Rev. Trumbull was originally a member of the Congregational Church but, according to the text, The Reformed Presbyterian Church in America (1888), Trumbull “was never satisfied with this body of Christians on account of their heterodox views respecting the atonement of Christ and their loose practices in many ways. He earnestly desired and ceaselessly labored to secure a return to puritanic orthodoxy.” After 1816 the Covenanter society in East Craftsbury grew rapidly and became a thriving church in East Craftsbury with the later waves of migrations from Scotland.

Miss Mary Jean Simpson of East Craftsbury, who died in 1977, had clear memories of the Covenanter Church in her village. “It was a plain and beautiful church with simple design. It had French wallpaper, a high pulpit, and side pews and elders. It was a Scottish church whose members believed in a
very strict worship service. There was no organ in the church; in fact, there were no man-made instruments allowed except a tuning fork. There was a dignified and reverential service. Each person had his own psalm book and sang psalms from them. There was no choir of any kind since each person was expected and encouraged to use his or her own voice. Sunday was kept as a day of complete rest and prayer. No one was permitted to pursue any occupational activity of any kind and fancy outings or other forms of merriment were not encouraged. There was a mid-week prayer meeting on Wednesdays at the parsonage.”

The church began to lose members in the late 1800s and early 1900s. One problem was the prohibition of voting or holding public office. Young male members were especially alienated by these and other restrictions. Gradually, more and more Covenanters abandoned their church in favor of the United Presbyterian Church in East Craftsbury which had an organ and allowed men to vote.

The source of information for the next few paragraphs is the booklet, East Craftsbury’s 75th, copyright 1981, “an illustrated narrative of the United Presbyterian Church on the anniversary of its acceptance by the Presbytery of Vermont, 12 July 1906.” (Prepared by Bruce Shields with assistance of Isabel Urie and Janet Urie and published by the Session of the East Craftsbury United Presbyterian Church.)

The last Covenant Reformed Presbyterian (RP) minister in East Craftsbury, the Rev. John C. Taylor, was able to keep the church united and strong during his tenure which began in 1873. However, after he died in December 1905, what was left of the congregation split into two factions, and on July 12, 1906, the church enrolled with the Presbytery of Vermont. The two congregations—the RP Church and the UP Church—attempted to co-exist until it was no longer possible. “The RP church was by early 1909 no longer able to support a pastor.”

The UP Church met for the last time in the old building on February 2, 1909.

The question then was what to do with the old church building, which was located on the “northeast corner of the intersection… of the South Albany and Greensboro roads” in East Craftsbury. “The parsonage (now known as Casa Mia) was diagonally across the intersection.”

The National Covenanter Church refused to sell the land and church to the United Presbyterian Church. “Oral history has it that a cooper wished to purchase the old church… Mr. John W. Simpson thought it unfit that such a building should be devoted to the manufacture of beer barrels…” As the village’s leading citizen, Mr. Simpson “purchased the property to give to Craftsbury Academy with certain restrictions as to use. By 1911 the old church had been pulled down and re-erected as part of the physical plant at Craftsbury Academy on Craftsbury Common.”

The groundbreaking for the United Presbyterian Church in East Craftsbury, which still stands today, took place on May 27, 1909, and on June 25, the cornerstone was laid. It was dedicated on January 26, 1910.

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.
Memories of a Train-loving Kid

by Wes Merriam

When I was a kid, I lived near the Boston and Maine, and Canadian Pacific railroad track in North Troy, Vermont. A local freight train traveled from Newport to Richford, Vermont, on weekday mornings, and back to Newport in the evening. I loved steam locomotives, and understood how the steam pushed the big piston back and forth, which then turned the big drive wheel. On the other hand, I was frustrated being unable to see how an automobile engine worked.

At any rate, right after supper, the Newport to Richford train would arrive and I would go up and stand and look lovingly into the fireman’s side of the locomotive. The fireman let me climb up and into his side of the cab. He taught me “thrill of thrills”—how to shovel coal into the firebox evenly to get a hot, steam-producing fire. Of course, eventually, the engineer let me drive the train.

After a few weeks of my firing the locomotive, the fireman told me on Saturday a work train dropping heavier duty rails would be working toward White River Junction. Bigger trains would soon be traveling, carrying much-needed wartime freight between Boston and Montreal. This was in 1944 when it seemed like the war would never end. The work site was 28 miles west of North Troy and he said if I would fire the train, I could drive it back to North Troy!

At 7:00 a.m. on Saturday, we started toward the work site. Firing was easy for me until we arrived and hitched the engine to a heavy-duty steam crane. Next they hooked on a 6-inch heavy-duty hose to the engine’s steam chest. We started to drop rails, and I shoveled coal that was in 10–15 lb. sizes just as fast as I could—ALL DAY LONG!

Oh, yes, and on the way home I drove that train way too fast. I tried to slow down, but by the time I got that baby stopped we slid by the station and on into Canada half a mile or so. I brought it back into the siding. I was so tired I staggered home from the station. My face and arms were black with coal dust and soot. My folks were at the supper table and I proudly told them that firing, and hopefully working up the scale to engineer, was going to be my lifetime career. They said, “Fine, just as soon as you finish college. Now, get washed up and have some supper.”

I didn’t mourn very long because steam locomotives were rapidly being replaced by much more powerful diesel engines, anyhow!

Advertise
in Vermont’s Northland Journal.
The Journal is history told by the people who lived it. The more support, the more stories that will be preserved for eternity.

To learn more about advertising, call Scott Wheeler at (802) 334-5920.
Porsches Fill the Northeast Kingdom

by Scott Wheeler

Porsches are a rare sight in the Northeast Kingdom, a region where pickup trucks rule the roads. However, between June 19 and June 25, almost 1,000 of these luxury cars converged on Jay Peak Resort in Jay. The event was hosted by the Porsche Club of America. Many of the attendees toured the Northeast Kingdom, including a sizable number of them who took part in a parade from Jay to the Haskell Opera House in Derby Line where Scott Wheeler, publisher of Vermont's Northland Journal, served as the guest speaker. Many of those who attended the week-long gathering spoke about the beauty of the region and the wonderful accommodations provided by the resort.
didn’t know, and who didn’t know them. And because he didn’t operate with a stopwatch mentality, he didn’t rush his patients.

Although the Woods were not slapstick funny, both had a great, dry sense of humor. One “funny” event, which wasn’t funny at the time, was when Cathy was sitting at her desk with her back to the window talking to a patient. Suddenly the patient let out a scream and lunged at her. As it turns out, the patient had seen something Cathy hadn’t seen, and she was trying to protect her from it—a speeding car was about to crash into the office, directly where Cathy was sitting. However, instead of hitting the clinic, the car crashed into a tree directly in front of the office window. Although the Woods and the patient were left unscathed, the occupants of the car suffered non-life threatening injuries.

The Woods gave their patients a year’s notice to allow us to transition to new doctors. I knew there was a shortage of primary care doctors in Orleans County, but it wasn’t until I needed to find a new doctor that I realized the acuteness of the shortage. It’s likely some patients struggled to find a new doctor, or at least one that truly provided patient centered care. Unfortunately, it seems a growing number of people are being forced to leave the region for their healthcare needs. Yes, there are some fine doctors in the region, but there aren’t enough of them. Also, many people, including myself, not only want patient centered care, they want to have a doctor who plans to stick around for years, and not be here today and gone tomorrow.

After much contemplation, I decided to put my life in the hands of Dr. Leslie Lockridge and his crew at his privately owned clinic on Union Street in Newport. Dr. Lockridge is both an oncologist (care for people with cancer), and an adult internal medicine doctor. He knows full well that he has big shoes to fill for the many patients who transferred from Dr. Wood’s practice to his clinic. He knows this because Dr. Wood was Dr. Lockridge’s personal doctor. Like me and my wife, along with most of Dr. Wood’s patients, he worshipped him for his medical talents.

My last visit to Dr. Wood was on August 2. As usual, he poked and prodded me, and he took my blood pressure and such. We also talked about how he and Cathy were feeling about his impending retirement. They kept it no secret they feel bad for their patients, some who’d been their patients for many years. On the positive side, though, he and Cathy are looking forward to traveling the country visiting their three grown children.

Penny and I wish the Woods a very happy retirement. Thank you so much for your service to your patients and to the community. Both of you are truly legends within the region’s medical community.
Bringing together those who care for all:

**Hematology/Oncology**

Treating adults

**Internal Medicine**

at Brown University.

Nick Maclure, MD, who owns Keene-Willows Medical Practice, practices both in the Hematology/Oncology and Internal Medicine practices at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute

Bruce Latham, DO, a Family Practice Physician, brings with him 35 years of experience.

Teri March, APRN/ND, a nurse practitioner, who is trained in both conventional medicine, and naturopathic medicine—healthcare emphasizing prevention and the self-healing process through the use of natural therapies. Conventional medicine or naturopathic medicine, or a combination of the two—the choice is yours.

Kathryn Mathieson, Ph.D., is a psychiatric nurse practitioner. Medical and mental healthcare is often inter-connected. Kathryn is here to meet the mental health needs of the people of the region and connect with her clients, helping them find the strength to overcome mental health challenges.

Visit us online to view our entire inventory, meet our agents or browse the MLS!

---

**Century 21 Farm & Forest**

NORTHEAST KINGDOM HEMATOLOGY ONCOLOGY, PLLC

Where old-time medical care and state-of-the-art care coexist

Leslie Lockridge, MD, who owns the practice, arrived in Orleans County in 2006. The Yale-trained physician who has worked at such prestigious intuitions as the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, and as an assistant professor of medicine at the Brown University. He practices both adult Internal Medicine and Hematology/Oncology (treating people with cancer and blood disease).

The clinic is located at 637 Union Street, Newport, VT 05855.

To make an appointment call (802) 334-7177. Office hours: Mon. - Fri. 9 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.

---

**Lot C**

Offering 4 acres, wooded, shared driveway, power and view potential, $27,500. #4499038.

**Lot A**

Offering approximately 4 acres, open & wooded, power on site, shared driveway, $24,500. #4499026.

Lot B offers 2.5 acres, shared drive, wastewater permit, northern view potential, $27,500. #4499038.

Lot C offers 4 acres, wooded, shared driveway, power nearby, sold on deferral. $21,500. #4499053. Nick Macleure.

**Lot B**

Offering 2.5 acres, shared driveway, wastewater permit, northern view potential, $27,500. #4499038.

**Lot A**

Offering approximately 4 acres, open & wooded, power on site, shared driveway, $24,500. #4499026.

Lot B offers 2.5 acres, shared drive, wastewater permit, northern view potential, $27,500. #4499038.

Lot C offers 4 acres, wooded, shared driveway, power nearby, sold on deferral. $21,500. #4499053. Nick Macleure.

---

**Derby**

- **Lot A** offers approximately 4 acres, open & wooded, power on site, shared driveway, $24,500. #4499026.
- **Lot B** offers 2.5 acres, shared drive, wastewater permit, northern view potential, $27,500. #4499038.
- **Lot C** offers 4 acres, wooded, shared driveway, power nearby, sold on deferral. $21,500. #4499053. Nick Macleure.

---

**Derby**

- Great visibility, 2 lots totaling 4.7 acres, 2 entrances, acres of parking and yard space. Main building is 12,697 sq. ft., office, show room, repair shop, storage plus additional cold storage on second floor. Smaller detached 2-bay shop. Newer 2,500 sq. ft. storage building has 2 built-in Conex containers for sealed storage. Move or expand your business here! $395,000. Nick Maclure. #4491438

---

**Morgan**


---

**Norton**

- Love the outdoors! This home is for YOU! Located across the road from Great Averill Pond you can take advantage of fishing, hunting, snowmobiling, 4-wheeling, kayaking, and so much more. Just 6 years young with 2 bedrooms, 2 full baths, chef’s kitchen, cathedral ceiling in living room, air exchange system, 2-bay garage, and lovely landscaped lot. AND it sells completely FURNISHED at $169,000! Dave Kennison. #4499445

---

**Derby Line**

- Looking for a career change? Take a look at this Main Street café business. Rachel’s Teapot currently serves breakfast and lunch 6 days a week in a 25-seat restaurant. All up to code. Sale includes furniture and equipment. There is potential for expansion should the business grow! Good visibility and high traffic count being near border crossing. Start your new career today! Just $15,000. Connie Isabelle. #4478887

---

**Leading the way in the Northeast Kingdom**

802.334.1200 • 800.273.5371 • 802.626.4222

5043 Rte. 5, Derby Road, Derby, VT • 234 VT Rte. 114, East Burke, VT

info@farmandforest.com • www.farmandforest.com

Visit us online to view our entire inventory, meet our agents or browse the MLS!
Traditionally Italian done uniquely in Vermont.

Let us cater your gathering, large or small. We take the worry out of it!

Open for lunch and dinner:
Tuesday – Sunday 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Friday and Saturday 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

www.vtpiecompany.com

Traditionally Italian done uniquely in Vermont.

Perfect for large parties!

802-334-7770  4278 US Route 5, Derby, VT 05829

Let us cater your gathering, large or small. We take the worry out of it!

Open for lunch and dinner:
Tuesday – Sunday 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Friday and Saturday 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

www.vtpiecompany.com

ASKING FOR HELP IS NOT IN HER NATURE…

MAKING SURE SHE GETS IT IS IN OURS.

One out of every seven Americans — old, young, middle-aged, infirm or disabled needs home care. We are dedicated to that one in seven. Home care preserves the self determination and dignity of the individuals who need our assistance. Our services are available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week to assure that you are receiving the medical attention you deserve.

For more information about home health care and hospice services, contact us at 802-334-5213, or, visit us online at www.oevna.org.
We make it possible for you or your loved ones to remain home, offering personal care, companionship, and homemaking assistance. Our mission is to help individuals live with independence and dignity.

NEKHC caregivers are trained, professional, and insured. We provide all employment, oversight and tax obligations for our employees.

Scheduled In-Home Services are available 24 hours a day, seven days a week and holidays in Orleans, Essex and Caledonia counties.

Adult Day Services are available in Newport at The Meeting Place, Monday through Saturday.

On the web: www.nekhc.com or find us on

Call 802-334-7604
Come visit Dave and Beth Bouffard and staff. They know what their customers want…

QUALITY, GOOD PRICES, and SERVICE WITH A SMILE

Derby Village Store
Call (802) 766-2215 • Main Street, Derby
Re-elect
Vicki Strong
to the Vermont House
Orleans–Caledonia 1
Albany, Barton, Craftsbury, Glover, and Greensboro, and the Caledonia County towns of Sheffield and Wheelock.
★★★★★★
A Strong Voice of Reason
It’s been a privilege to serve you in the legislature for the past six years, keeping your best interests in mind. Remember to vote on November 8th.
Let’s make a difference together.

Paid for by friends of Vicki Strong

GREAT SAWMILLS. SHOCKING VALUE.
Premium band sawmills from only $4397.
Get your Free Info Kit!
Toll-free 800-661-7746 Ext 660
Derby Line in the days of dirt roads.

Brown’s Drug Store was founded in 1889 and has been doing business in Derby Line ever since. More than a hundred years later pharmacist and owner, Buzzy Roy, is still doing business with the old-fashioned, yet never outdated, belief that the customer is more than a number; the customer is a friend.

Shop Brown’s for all your prescription and over the counter needs. A visit to Brown’s is more than a visit to a store; it’s a journey into an important part of Derby Line’s past.

BROWN'S DRUG STORE
40 Main Street, Derby Line, Vermont 05830 (802) 873-3122
A Long, Proud History in Newport

Founded in 1957, Columbia Forest Products is North America’s largest manufacturer of hardwood plywood and hardwood veneer products. Columbia’s decorative interior veneers and panels are used in high-end cabinetry, fine furniture, architectural millwork and commercial fixtures.

A Bit of History About the Newport Plant:

Built in 1945 by Arthur Rice as Lakeside Plywood, it was bought by Atlas Plywood in 1951. It was shut down between 1956 and 1958, at which time Douglas Rice restarted it as Indian Head Plywood—with two other mills in Vermont, Rochester and Bethel. Reginald Sherman led a conversion effort from plywood to a veneer mill in 1961; at that time the basement floor was turned into a production area. Columbia Corporation bought the mill in 1966 and has operated as a veneer mill ever since.

115 Columbia Way
Newport, VT 05855
(802) 334-6711
2016+17 Season Passes Now on Sale

Adult Passes
$449 from Jay Peak Only (Midweek)

U29 Young Adult Season Pass for 19-29 year-olds
$559 Jay Peak + Burke

College Passes
$249 from Jay Peak Only

Rates go up after October 10th, 2016

Purchase your pass:
jaypeakresort.com/SeasonPass | (802) 988-2611