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WAITING FOR WARBLERS

DOWNTOWN BRATTLEBORO: An International Dining Tour

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From the editor



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pring brings a rejuvenation of the mind, the body, and the spirit, which is why we have chosen this quarter to concentrate on personal health and health care.

We also welcome a new columnist, Lauren Gilpatrick, who will be adding to our pages a wonderful section on bird-watching.

This issue marks our one-year anniversary and a full-time move to the Brattleboro region. With each new columnist, and each new article, we look to improve on the quality of our writing and our coverage, in an effort to provide our readers with a unique and new publication to complement other local readings.

As always, we welcome creative and constructive advice as we begin putting together our Arts & Entertainment publication for the Summer.

Regards,

Marc Alhann

Artist's Profile: Anna Vreman

When creating my colorful paintings of the Vermont landscape, I use my memories and photos of places I have seen along with a healthy dose of imagination. My intention is always to capture how I feel about what I see – the actual arrangement of buildings, trees, hills and such is not as important. I especially like to play with the colors of the sky, mountains,



and water on Lake Champlain. Although many of my newest works are in acrylic, I like to experiment with a variety of watermedia.

My paintings have been included in numerous juried and invitational shows in galleries throughout Vermont, including the Bryan Memorial Gallery in Jeffersonville, the Basin Harbor Resort in Vergennes, the Helen Day Art Center in Stowe, and the Southern Vermont Art Center in Manchester. I received the Ruth Bottomley Award for Watercolor in the Northern Vermont Artist Association's 70th Annual Juried Show. I have been listed in Who's Who in America and Who's Who of American Women.

Originally trained as an electrical engineer, I have made the transition from scientist to artist with the enlightened instruction of a number of local and nationally-recognized artists.

My work can be found in the Frog Hollow Vermont State Craft Centers (in Manchester, Middlebury, and Burlington, VT) and at the Champlain Collection in St. Albans, VT. My web address is www.AnnaVreman.com.

A Vermonter's How To Fulle To

Get in Shape for SPRING

ew Year's resolutions always seem like a fine time to commit to getting in shape, but for those of us in the Northeast preparing for cold and gloomy weather, this may not be the most optimal date to start setting fitness goals.

So, what better time to get outdoors and get active than when the snow begins to melt, the days get longer and the sun rewards us for our endeavors?

Here are some helpful hints to get you started on your Spring Makeover:

1. Be realistic: when was the last time you lost 10 pounds in a month? Leave the miracle goals to the workout mutants on late-night television commercials. Set a rational goal, whether to lower blood-pressure or cholesterol levels. When you secure a balance to your health, your weight will also find a healthy balance.

2. Do some research. Fitness is a national industry and, between magazines and the internet, finding a good & healthy diet or a new cardiovascular activity is only a key

stroke or page flip away. Find the diet or activity that interests you the most and is best for your personality, not the one that works for Chuck Norris or Valerie Bertinelli.

3. Have fun! Pick up a new sport or bike even a few miles a day. If you are doing nothing right now, even 20 minutes of daily activity is going to do you a world of good.

4. Pick a partner. Roping in a friend of family member is a great motivation to keep on track with your goals and your activity and/or diet. Competition is always great, and camaraderie also adds to any experience.

5. Clean out that fridge! Shop for healthy foods and snacks, read those labels. Simple, yet healthy, changes in your diet will change your energy levels as well as your waistline.

6. Be patient. Don't expect a cover shot on Sports Illustrated in 30 days. Eat and live healthy and the rest will follow. Focus on your lifestyle, not the mirror.

Plant a Garden for Spring

Few things warm the winter heart more than the onset of flowers and greenery that arise during the spring months.

1. Plant perennials for a spring flower garden, as there are few early blooming annuals.

2. Plan your garden colors, whether single or multi-colored, according to taste and to the colors surrounding the garden.

3. Accent your garden with spring flowering shrubs and bushes: azaleas, rhododendrons, forsythia, flowering dogwoods, etc.

4. Plant annuals, such as primroses or pansies for future spring blooms.





Build a Gourd Birdhouse

1. With a fully-dried gourd, drill a hole large enough to for the birds you wish to attract to nest within. Make sure to use a dust mask as the mold and seed dust can cause respiratory issues.

2. Drill smaller, additional holes in the bottom for drainage.

3. Clean out the insides fully with a metal spoon or similar tool.

4. Cut the stem off and affix an eye screw into the top which you will use to hang your new birdhouse.

5. You will need to seal with polyurethane to protect your birdhouse from the ravages of rain.

6. You can choose to leave as is or paint the exterior but do NOT paint the interior, as the chemicals may be hazardous to your aviary friends. Feel free to decorate as well.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE - VERMONT

Grandma's Pantry

A Spring Cleaning

hite winter snows melt away preparing for a new green season. As warmer winds blow, the smell of thawing earth drenches the air with its pungent aroma. Robins arrive from their southern rest displaying the tell tale sign that winter's deep freeze is over. Spring has finally arrived.

For many households of the past, and some of the present, this is the time for annual "Spring Cleaning". Cleaning during this season is not just about maintaining some order and cleanliness of the home, but renewing health and energy. Windows are opened to let in fresh air, the winter's wood smoke is scrubbed of walls, and a vinegar wash (studies show that vin-

egar kills mold, bacteria, and germs) is liberally used to clean every nook and cranny of each room.

Spring cleaning is not just for houses, though. Our own temple, the human body, is also in need of special care after the darkened winter months. Tonics, those invigorating and restorative medicines, come heavily into play during springtime to renew one's energy, rebuild blood circulation, and prepare the body for summer hay-fever concerns. The following suggestions should not be confused with professional medical care and should you find yourself with any symptom of illness, seeking a doctor's opinion is suggested.

A fresh reminder of just how much the human body needs water is heard is the rushing of rivers and brooks and their deafeningly roar after a hard winter freeze. It is imperative that we drink enough water to maintain normal body function. The amount can vary depending on gender, size, level of activity and so on, but generally doctors suggest 9-13 cups daily.

Winter months make heavy work for the liver (the largest internal organ responsible for among other things, breaking down toxins within the body) and kidneys (two organs with numerous functions, including control of blood volume and regulation of blood pressure). By giving the liver and kidneys extra boosts during springtime, one awakens the body and restores balance.

Renewing ones energy can be approached through a regime of proper daily intake of specific foods and removal of foods which tax the organs (saturated fats including meat, butter, and cheese). Many herbal and food preparations perform more than one job at a time including purifying or strengthening certain areas of the body while adding much needed nutrition to restore specific balance.

Spring cleaning for the human body often begins on the lawn (those not treated with poisons). Folklore states that Dandelion greens, Taraxacum Officinal, are one of the best ways to nourish and tone the kidneys while also purifying the blood. In addition to being a diuretic and alterative, dandelion greens provide calcium, magnesium, vitamins A and C, and iron. Grandma's pantry included boiling young greens for 10 minutes and adding a splash vinegar and raw diced garlic to boost the healing properties.

The liver is assisted by ingesting sulfur rich foods including garlic (raw if possible), chives and spring onion. Studies further suggest that a focus should be placed on eating appropriate amounts of foods which contain omega-3 fatty acids and alphalinolenic acid (ALA) : fish oil, canola oil, flax seed and English Walnuts to name a few.

Folklore teaches that spring and summer hay-fever can be lessoned if the kidneys and liver are strengthened with foods rich in Vitamin A or B and potassium. It is also believed that ingesting 1 teaspoon daily of locally made honey assists in building up tolerances for local pollens.

In addition to diet regimes, getting out into nature, breathing the fresh air, and experiencing the renewal of life around us are wonderful ways to welcome the season and renew one's spirit and health. Happy Spring to all! Sabrina Thomas is a native Vermonter with a passion for the natural world around her and all folklore associated with it. She is a professional educator at both the college and elementary levels.

The concept of Grandma's Pantry originated from the memories of Sabrina's childhood and the countless days and nights spent with her Grandmother working with food and cure alls from the kitchen pantry.

Sabrina may be reached at sabrinaatvt@ hotmail.com



Spring 2008 ◆ Main Streets & Backroads



n previous attempts to demonstrate either a misdirected sense of accomplishment or a lacking masculinity, I've tackled snowboarding, camping, ice-fishing and kayaking. With each of these feats, I found myself in combat with both nature and my own inadequacies: however, I never felt in mortal danger. My latest escapade would pit me against not only one of my greatest fears, but also the gravitational pull of an entire planet.

I have had a fear of heights for as long as I can remember. I recall falling off a bunk bed as a child, but in recent years I have come to terms with this fear. By coming to terms, I mean that I believe it is a totally rational fear. Falling from an advanced altitude leads to broken bones or death. Why wouldn't I be afraid of such an outcome? I also have a fear of hungry lions, large asteroids hitting North America and Dick Cheney running for President. Still, in my continued effort through this column to test myself and try to be more active in the outdoors, I would find a great personal vindication in jumping out of my first plane.

I traveled down I-91 to a little field that many readers may have passed over the years and signed up with a friend for my first jump. The price was reasonable although I felt a little trepidation by the sign that noted all payments must be in cash or credit card and in advance. Normally, I would make a joke about both patron and check bouncing simultaneously, but my fingers are already tightening up as I try to recall the remainder of this story.

My friend and I were then given a waiver to sign, which seemed a bit silly to me. If the chute didn't open, the odds of me suing for a sprained ankle were minimal. I chose to go with the "tandem jump," which involves having another person attached to your back. After explaining my fear of heights to the owner, I requested the largest, toughest guy on his payroll as my tandem partner. I am not a small man and I figured it would require a certain amount of strength to actually get me out the door of the plane.

We were then ushered into a small room with a television and what looked like an old Betamax video player. We watched an hour-long movie involving the safety features of skydiving, with actors right out of the 70's. I guess since gravity hasn't changed since Nixon, there was no reason to update the film.

It was, I admit, a little disconcerting that my training involved bell-bottom pants and a soundtrack from bad porn, but I wasn't as worried as I realized my tandem partner was going to be doing most of the work. My job was simply to scream like a little girl and memorize the role of the "reserve chute."

We walked over to the plane and the crew, which included our tandem guys, the pilot and a "video-grapher." It was his job to document our adventure for an additional fee, so that we could prove to others our manliness. They were even going to set the video to music we chose. Although my original choice was "Learning to Fly" by Pink Floyd, I should probably have gone with something more edgier to drown out the high-pitched screams that would cause canines around Western Massachusetts to bleed from their ears that fateful day.

I geared up in my manly, prison-style orange jump-suit and met my tandem though, I remained silent while Bhodi McTokesAlot and I went through some last minute drills.

Of most importance was the Flavor Flav-size watch attached to his right hand, the altimeter. It was the most simple of technologies, showing in thousands of feet the height we would be at and, of course, the red area where we must deploy the parachute. Of course, my guide had decided to go the extra mile and affix one of the skull and cross-bones labels used by poison centers at the bottom to demonstrate what happens if the chute is not deployed.

It was at that time that I decided that, should something go wrong, I would kill my tandem partner way before the ground got the chance.

As the plane took off, I marveled at the brilliant marketing scheme of the owners. They had provided us with a plane that actually made you want to jump out of the door at any height.

I looked over to the other instructor and he began speaking to me, although I could not hear anything. I was convinced that he was giving me last-minute instructions and was frantic to understand what he was saying. Of course, with an open door and at over 10,000 feet, I couldn't hear anything. I became immediately unnerved that I missing the "Big Secret" required to survive this jump. Just when I was about to start screaming, he jokingly voiced he was kidding, as he was only "mouthing," a joke they played on all newcomers.

I pledged to run him down with my car, first chance, should I survive.

We inched towards the open door, the first team to jump. I did not ask to be first, did not need to be first, did not want to be first. In fact, at this time, I was fine with the pilot taking my place and taking my chances on being able to land the plane myself. I took my fingernails and actually

As the plane took off, I marveled at the brilliant marketing scheme of the owners. They had provided us with a plane that actually made you want to jump out of the door at any height. Skydiving was to be less a test in bravado than an opportunity to escape the confines of this flying coffin.

partner, lovingly nicknamed Bhodi. In retrospect, I believe he gave himself this nickname. I was unsure which bothered me most: that the man with my life in his hands was nicknamed after the Patrick Swayze character in Point Break, or that he smelled like Jeff Spicolli in Fast Times at Ridgemont High.

Living in Vermont, cannabis is as familiar a smell as patchouli and pine, but I was not particularly happy having Cheech or Chong be responsible for my life. Like any good coward, Skydiving was to be less a test in bravado than an opportunity to escape the confines of this flying coffin.

Our pilot sported one of those trucker baseball caps with the slogan "The South Will Rise Again," a slogan I was familiar with from my travels past the Mason-Dixon line. Ordinarily, this onset delusional state that Rebel forces might stage a late comeback would further frighten me; however, given his advanced years, I believe our pilot was simply recognizing a regimental loyalty. held onto a small bolt near the door, as if there was any chance that this would keep me within the safety of the airplane.

I could vaguely hear a Vincent Pricestyle laughter from behind me and hoped for dear life that marijuana was the only thing Bhodi smoked that day. With that, we were out the door, tumbling endlessly towards the planet.

I recall being told you hit 200 miles per hour almost immediately, but the fear I had was diminished with only a couple of tumbles. Just as the Eric Estrada double in the video told me to, I opened up into a position that straightened us out and we began to free-fall.

To this day, I still remember the juxtaposition of fear with a unique serenity of feeling that I was, in fact, flying. It seemed like minutes, but I was later told that this wonderful sense lasted less than 20 seconds. For this tiny slice in time, I forgot about the earth rushing up to meet me or the stoner strapped to my back. I felt like I was simply floating.

I was awakened from my bliss by Doobie Howser on my back sticking the altimeter in my face. I should note that at 200+ mph, a hand and altimeter do not just sit in front of your face but rather provide an unending supply of striking blows to your forehead and goggles. I did not particularly need either a concussion or empirical evidence of the ground rushing up to my impending demise, but before I could think to complain, my partner had pulled the cord.

It is difficult to accurately detail what being body-slammed by gravity feels like; however, I do have a newfound respect for professional wrestlers and crash test dummies. As a skydiver is essentially in a full-body harness, one is immediately jerked back when the chute is fully open

Of greater concern to me was the actual feeling of gravity again, the force responsible for both keeping us sequestered on Planet Earth and my irrational fear of heights. If slowly descending towards the ground was not enough, realizing that our drop zone was right next to a major interstate became painfully evident to me. I recalled the waiver and a mental image of my eulogy containing the terms "hood ornament" and "road-kill" in the same paragraph.

Heights were certainly an issue for me, but it was neither this fear nor the orange pastel clothing I would die

in that were my greatest concern. At a couple of thousand feet up, the product tester for High Times strapped to my back decided that we were now buddies. He regaled me with story upon story of instances that had gone wrong in his previous jumps and I was a true, captive audience. As I pretended to listen, I questioned which was more painful: the conversation we were having or dropping to the planet below by cutting my own line.

We gracefully descended to the ground where I am proud to say we landed legs up. I was overjoyed to have Bhodi off my back, literally and figuratively. Although he left the plane after us, my friend had landed seconds before and we did all that manly chest-thumping one does in moments like this. I believe I even posed for the "hero shot," hands on waist, chest extended. This was particularly interesting as seconds before the hero shot, I was checking my pants to ensure my clothing was as unsoiled as before the jump.

All in all, this adventure was by far the most extreme and most satisfying to date. I overcame a great fear and expanded my sport repertoire at the same time. Even when I fly commercial now, I actually look at the clouds and ground below me in a different way than I did before. Of course, when flying as a passenger, I need only worry about boozer pilots and the seven stale peanuts that now constitute an airline meal.

Our excitement level remaining high, we departed the airfield, forgetting my promise and desire to run down one, if not both of the tandem instructors. As my friend and I slowly made our way back to Vermont we, in true Zen introspection, stopped at nearly every gentleman's club from Springfield north. Sometimes, after all, men must celebrate their testosterone levels with single dollar bills and overpriced pitchers of beer.



ach generation tends to reminisce about how things were in a time long ago: the nickel soda or candy for a penny, gas prices hovering at a dollar, and so on. Part of the human condition has always been to remember times better off than they are now.

When I look at my nephew and other children today, I increasingly wince at their disconnection from the natural world that I recall with my own youth. As a Boy Scout, camping was a wonder for me and my friends and I would hike throughout the various woods of southern Vermont whenever we had the chance.

For a few weeks every summer, I might be lucky enough to head to Camp Waubanong outside of Brattleboro, where we would lose ourselves in the adventures of the outdoors.

Today, children are more likely to find themselves in computer camps or weight-loss centers than gathering around a campfire, roasting marshmallows. It is not a lack of opportunity that tends to limit our children from their contact with nature, but our fear for their safety, perhaps.

My grandparents used to speak about how they would travel by bike or by foot three hours to a local swimming hole or a "child-made" fort created by their friends. Even I recall being able to simply leave the house in the morning and return for dinner, allowing me time to spend with my siblings and friends fishing, exploring and discovering. We would follow a stream in Dover miles in each direction, or hike old logging trails with only the protection of a pen-knife and a walking stick.

Our children today are tied down less by their Xbox controllers than by the fears of their parents. Bombarded by tales from the media that leave children in a strangle-hold by their parents, our kids find themselves unable to adventure out past their own lawn.

Today, we fear strangers and sexual predators, traffic and television, violent video games, Lyme disease and Avian flu. Urban growth and suburban sprawl have slowly reduced much of our access to true nature, but it is our fear that has chained our children indoors.

We can not blame our kids' captivity on our desire to protect them, but we can look for safer methods to introduce our kids to the natural world that is slowly disappearing from all of our lives.

Vermont, and greater New England, are home to a myriad of summer camps for any outdoor enthusiast. Whether one-week riding schools, or month long camping adventures, there are many opportunities for parents to reintroduce the wonders of the outdoors to their children.

This does not mean that such a re-introduction would not be of benefit to the parents as well. As Spring moves into Summer, it is the perfect time to start planning even a weekend camping or daily fishing trip with the kids.

Whether residents or tourists, we can agree that our joy of Vermont resides in its natural setting and the beauty we receive from it. We can only hope our children can learn to appreciate it as we do and not because they are viewing it from the couch, watching The Discover Channel.

Waiting for Warblers

By Lauren Gilpatrick

any Vermont folks feel it this time of year, a lifting of an invisible weight, accompanied by the sudden urge to be outside. As the snow begins to melt away and the days grow longer, we sense the season change before we see it do so.

Birds are no different.

Spring migration is an important annual event for many species of our feathered friends. They have an innate sense to return to breeding grounds just as we have the sense to get out and make up for all those lost days of vitamin D synthesis. For instance, many warbler species winter in Central or South America and make the journey to and from here twice a year. That's pretty incredible considering that most weigh less than a half an ounce! Here in Vermont we are fortunate to see many spectacular Wood Warbler species return each year. The Green Mountain State has a mix of deciduous hardwood and coniferous forests interspersed with streams and ponds and that make for excellent warbler breeding grounds. There are twenty-five pages of the Parulidae family (wood warblers) in the Eastern field guides alone. Their names range from the obvious (Black-throated Blue Warbler, Yellow-rumped Warbler, Black-throated Green Warbler) to the obscure and mysterious (Magnolia Warbler, Mourning Warbler, Nashville Warbler). The list goes on and on, too many to name and describe on this page. I suggest picking up a field guide and flipping through the warbler pages.

As a dedicated bird nerd, I distinctly remember each moment I spot a new warbler species. In particular, I have a vivid recollection of the first time I saw a Blackburnian War-

bler. It was early May; I loaded up the dog, donned my rubber boots and binoculars then headed into Woodford State Park. I remember hearing a bird I'd never heard before, sort of a high, sharp "teetsa teetsa teetsa" song that sounded not unlike a squeaky wheel. It was floating down from high above.

Now, my dog has been birding with me for years and she knows me well enough to recognize when I'm going to take a while. She grunted softly as she lay on the fiddlehead-covered forest floor, ready to wait out the necessary minutes until the mystery bird showed itself. Birding often takes patience: once you hear birdsong, it can take anywhere from five minutes to however long you are willing to wait for a bird to show itself. Many species are shy and will only come out after they feel a bit more comfortable. After all, we are the guests in their woodland homes and can't expect them to rush out and greet us. It is often well worth the wait. After a few quiet minutes, a small, flaming orange and black bird landed on a nearby branch like a forest prince, holding his head up to sing the same song I had heard. He was breathtaking.

Blackburnian Warblers have unmistakable plumage and are the only North American warblers with orange throats. Named after the English naturalist Anna Blackburne, the 5 inch bird has white sides on the tail, a broad white wing panel on black wings (females have two white wingbars), an orange-yellow eyebrow and a light crescent under the eye. The side and flanks are streaked as the orange throat gradually fades to a yellowish white belly. Eye-catching masters of high branches, these colorful little critters delight the senses as they twitter about gleaning insects from the treetops.

This spring, I recommend loading up the dog or kids (or both), donning your rubber boots and binoculars and heading out to the Vermont woods to go birding. There are many field guides out there to choose from and looking up what you see can be half the fun. You don't have to be a trained ornithologist to enjoy the winged world. With a little patience you are bound to see something colorful and commemorate the arrival of spring that the Wood Warblers so brilliantly announce.

Lauren Gilpatrick is a Wildlife Biologist and lives in Southern Vermont. A native of Maine, she received her B.S. in Wildlife Biology from the University of Montana and has spotted over 200 avian species across the nation. She encourages people to consider their role in the ecosystem and how their daily choices might affect wildlife habitat. She can be reached at: lgilpatrick@hotmail.com.





THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE - VERMONT





body, mind & spirit

Chew On This food for thought

ptimum health doesn't always come from eating well. To achieve our health goals we also need to adopt a healthy philosophy, starting with a balanced approach to all aspects of our lives.

As nourishment does not always reside on a plate and, in the spirit of spring and rejuvenation, I'd like to address a more primary food. This diet includes those calories that make our lives worth living and nourish our souls. We all need something to do, something to hope for and something or someone to love and if you aren't happy with what you see, perhaps some changes are in order.

relationships:

Throughout our lives; we encounter many peoples: family, friends, teachers, lovers, co-workers, and acquaintances. Just as there is no diet right for everyone, there is no perfect way of relating that works for all people, so it is important is to cultivate those relationships that support your individual needs, wants and desires.

physical activity:

Exercise is imperative as our body thrives on it. The challenge is to find the type of exercise you like the most, and do it often. Exercise can be simple and modest like climbing stairs instead of taking the elevator, investing in a trampoline, elliptical trainer, walking the dog or kid, or a 30 minute hike. Make your activity a simple, daily habit that keeps you active.

spirituality:

Nutrition of the soul is extremely healing and powerful and finding meaning in our life and our activity is an important role in wellness. Any spiritual participation, whether that be traditional religion, meditation, eastern or new age philosophy can help us find our place in the cosmos. These practices make us feel like we belong. Staying in tune with the universe is being in the flow of spirituality.

career:

It seems that very few people, often overcome by a lack of direction or a feeling of powerlessness, enjoy their working life. This is certainly not a nourishing lifestyle and, regardless of the food we eat, if we dislike our daily life, it can drain us of our health and vitality. It is important to identify our strongest interests and somehow incorporate them into a career.

Of course, bills need to be paid, but that does not mean you can not improve how you work. Give some thought as to how you can improve the job you are already in, and maybe apply for that raise or ask for different hours. Small changes may be enough to give you a new and positive outlook.

Spring is a perfect time of year for reflection and rebirth and we've put together a few recipes for you that can help bring an alignment to your health as well as some sustenance for the body. Here are a couple recipes that are nourishing and cleansing for the body and mind. The better you eat, the clearer you can be on your intentions.

Make it easy soup

You only need enough liquid, whether water or stock, to let the vegetables float. Take at least 6 different vegetables and chop into bite size pieces. The combination I love is:

♦ Cauliflower

Tomatoes 2 whole or 1 can

◊ Carrots

♦ Greens, such as a Swiss chard, or Kale

◊ Onion

Add seasonings to taste such as 1 tsp thyme, salt or salt substitute (as spike and pepper). Simmer for at least one hour. This soup tastes even better the next day when reheated. Feel free to add: a scoop of cooked rice, preferably brown, chopped-up left-

over chicken, fish, or tofu.

Or just serve with crusty whole grain bread or a delicious whole grain muffin.

Breakfast Scramble

A great morning start to your day involves a breakfast scramble, without the eggs for a light cleansing meal; however, if you prefer eggs, use 1 or 2 for texture and then load up on veggies.

1 cup broccoli florets cut into bite-size pieces	1
¹ / ₂ cup peppers, your color of choice 1 cup leftover cooked greeps such	¹ ⁄2 block firm tofu or 2 eggs. If you opt for eggs, add last to the remaining veggies. 1 tsp Turmeric
	Salt and pepper to taste OR add cayenne for spice.

First sauté onion, broccoli and, if you choose, tofu (note: it takes longer for tofu to cook than eggs) until lightly golden on medium high heat in 1 tbsp canola or olive oil and 1 tsp sesame oil. Add the rest of the vegetables and/or eggs. Cook until eggs are cooked and you have yourself a healthy breakfast. Leftovers are good by themselves or sautéed up with some cooked grains.

Fresh Herb & Spinach Salad

A wonderful way to enjoy your herb garden! Serves 4 and takes only minutes.

- ♦ 3 cup fresh spinach
- ♦ 1 cup arugula
- ♦ 4-6 celery
- ♦ 6 mint leaves
- ◊ ¼ cup flat parsley leaves
- ♦ ¼ cup basil leaves

♦ 1/4 cup dill ♦ 2 scallions, thinly sliced ♦ pinch salt, to taste ♦ 1 T olive oil ♦ 1-2 t lemon juice

Wash the greens well. You can dry with a kitchen towel. Chop ingredients above into bitesized pieces but feel free to add and subtract specific to your own herbs. Toss everything together, except lemon juice and oil. When tossed, drizzle oil and lemon over the salad, toss again, and serve.

Feel free to add to this recipe as you desire. For a heartier meal, chicken or salmon might be a great addition.

Sieglinde Joyce is a practicing Holistic Health counselor in West Dover, VT and can be reached at 464-2846 or healthy@ sover.net. She will help you fill out your initial health history form online and do your consultation right over the phone.

Sieglinde works with you to accomplish health goals such as weight loss, fighting fatigue and depression and improving overall family or personal health.

Downtown Bratileboro

An International Dining Experience

here are few places in New England, let alone Vermont, which provide a diner such an international pantheon of culinary options as does downtown Brattleboro. Within just a few blocks, one can enjoy the unique cuisines of India, the MidEast, Thailand, Greece, Italy, the Orient and much more.

Shin-La 57 Main St

Shin-La has been a staple of spicy, but inexpensive Korean food for decades. It may look like a pizza shop, but with specials such as Kimchi Chinqau (spicy hot kimchi stew with pork, tofu and rice), shu mai (steamed dumplings) and ko ki (sliced sirloin), there is an eclectic mix of offerings easy on the taste buds and the wallet.

Shin-La also serves sushi and a couple of nice choices of Japanese and Chinese beers.

The Thai Garden High St & Main

The Thai Garden is one of those little treasures you find yourself craving every couple of weeks. They offer a great selection for the vegetarian and carnivore alike. Their vegetarian coconut soup is unbelievable but they have an incredibly extensive menu that will take you quite a few visits to get through.

You will love the food but drop in for a Thai Iced Tea or the wonderful Peanut Sauce as well.

Sarki's Market 50 Elliot St

Stopping by Sarki's on my way home has become a weekly tradition for me, as I love their Kibbee wrap. This is one of my favorite lunches around Brattleboro or anywhere else, and I love the combination of cucumber sauce with the Lebanese meatloaf. It can be messy towards the end from the juices but delicious. Their falafels are another welcome break from the standard lunch fare. Try a side order of grape leaf wraps, a healthy addition to any of their items.

Fireworks Restaurant

Fireworks only recently opened and has been a welcome addition to the Brattleboro restaurant scene. Italian food may seem a bit run-of-the-mill but this place has a great flair and a great meal for the price and palate alike.

Their Salt & Pepper fried calamari is fantastic, with a nice, flaky crust. Too often, fried calamari seems a bit greasy and soaked, so this was a welcome surprise.

Still, the soup served (Sopa de Lima) is perfect – chicken broth with feta cheese, fresh cilantro, lime and avocado, with plenty of chicken! Went perfect with the Stella Artois served on tap.

The Indian Palace

Quite simply, some of the best bread I have ever eaten! They have a full selection and I have yet to go wrong with any order, but I highly recommend the Garlic Naan. Furthermore, if you are a fan of eggplant, you will find few dishes that utilize it's unique flavor and texture as well as their Baingan Bhartha, served in a perfect curry.

Other great dishes include the chicken tikka masala. For fans of Indian cuisine, there are many different levels to spice and spicey, so utilize your servers before ordering a spicy dish. You may be in for quite a surprise!

Amy's

For dessert, you will find few sweets as tempting as those served at Amy's Bakery Arts. Although they boast some great sandwiches and salads, it's the tasty treats that will keep you coming back, from delectable chocolate truffles to the myriad of fresh pastrys to satisfy any craving you might have.

Mocha Joe's

It may seem strange to include Mocha Joe's in this write-up, but a good coffee is needed after any fine meal. This fair trade coffee comes from all over the world, of course, from the mountains of the America's to Africa and Indonesia. The staff is always friendly and Mocha Joe's is a hotbed of good conversation and aromas any time of the day.

Downtown Brattleboro is a walking town, a community that is alive from early morning to late at night. Museums, shopping, galleries and more add a vibrancy that is only further enhanced by some of the most unique, and satisfying, small restaurants in southern Vermont.

There is much more to see, and eat, than what is written above, but we hope this gives you enough motivation to sample this vibrant downtown neighborhood and discover a renaissance in food and community unparalleled for its size and location.



t r a v e l

Brattleboro Bovines!

onsidered one of Vermont's TOP 10 Summer Events, Strolling Of The Heifers marks it's 7th Annual Parade & Festival the weekend of June 6th-8th. The theme of this year's agricultural celebration is "Live Green," and the weekend's festivities will focus on protecting the environment.

One-hudred flower-bedecked bovine beauties will amble up Main Street in downtown Brattleboro, followed by renowned entertainment from bag pipers to baton twirlers to floats and more.

For more information, visit www.StrollingOfTheHeifers.org





The Grand Race in Mt Snow

elebrate the Valley in Mount Snow is bringing back The Grand Race to the Valley, Memorial Day Weekend, May 24th.

Competing for the Grand Prize of \$1200 (Grand + \$200), teammates will travel by foot and by car in this fierce and exciting road rally. The race will take teams throughout the Town of Dover and areas north, south, east and west in Southern Vermont. As with the popular TV show, teams will compete in fun, thrilling but mentally and physically challenging events along the way.

The race will be limited to 50 teams at a cost of \$100.00 per team. Each team must consist of 4 people. For more information or to sign up, contact info@cel-ebratethevalley.com, or feel free to call James Angus @ 802-380-8297





travel

Dust off you motorcycle for the first annual Vermont Rally June 6th, 7th and 8th at the **State Fairgrounds in Rutland!**

remont offers some of the most scenic motorcycle touring in the world. Spring is not known to be Vermont's best season but for motorcycle enthusiasts, it is wonderful. Fresh mountain air complimented by budding greenery and rushing brooks, streams and rivers offer a great way to infuse stale lungs suffering from cabin fever with a fresh spring air.

Spring is the time for Motorcycle enthusiasts to begin winding their way up and around the Green Mountains. Deep breaths of fresh air, complimented by the smooth acceleration of a modern day metal steed is just what the doctor ordered to shake off the cabin fever that has built up over a long winter season. Then, descend back down into historic downtown Rutland and enter the Vermont State Fairground. Fore more information, contact:Dirk Nakazawa, 802-747-8989, emaildirk@verizon.net or visit VermontRally.com



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t r a v e l

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The Council also offers these free information resources:

 Vermont Arts Calendar: the only statewide, comprehensive database of arts and cultural events.

• ArtMail: the Council's biweekly e-newsletter covering arts issues from across Vermont and around the country.

 Vermont Arts Directory: a searchable database of Vermont artists, non-for-profit arts organizations, arts related businesses and service providers.

For more information about all the Vermont Arts Council has to offer, visit our website, www.vermontartscouncil.org.



a creative state

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A Political Art-Form

ee Sanderson was born in New York City and trained as an artist from an early age. His father did classic oil paintings and billboards and was well known for those scantily-clad female mascots on the noses of army aircraft in the service, such as "Battling' Betty" and "Piccadilly Lilly."

Lee would travel Europe with his rock band "Django" after completing his time at The School of Visual Arts (NYC) and then, with his eye on raising a family, move to Westminster, VT wit his high school sweetheart. Although he initially spent his time building fine furniture, it wasn't long before he began drawing editorial cartoons for the Burlington Free Press, The Brattleboro Commons and the Westminster Gazette. The Brattleboro Reformer soon picked him up and he has been working there ever since.

"A town like Brattleboro needs a cartoonist documenting the wild antics of {this} most progressive town, generally tick-





ing folks off and keeping people honest," notes Lee. "Sometimes I fee like I'm doing God's work: saying what needs to be said, putting noses out of joint and having fun doing it."

"Each cartoon begins on a very big piece of blank white paper and ends up in thousands of newspapers and on-line around the world," Lee continues. "Cartoons are powerful. Editorial Cartoons are a negative art-form, but I try to mix in some aspects of the joy and the trials and tribulations of living in Vermont."

For more of Lee Sanderson's work, visit www.leesanderson.com



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