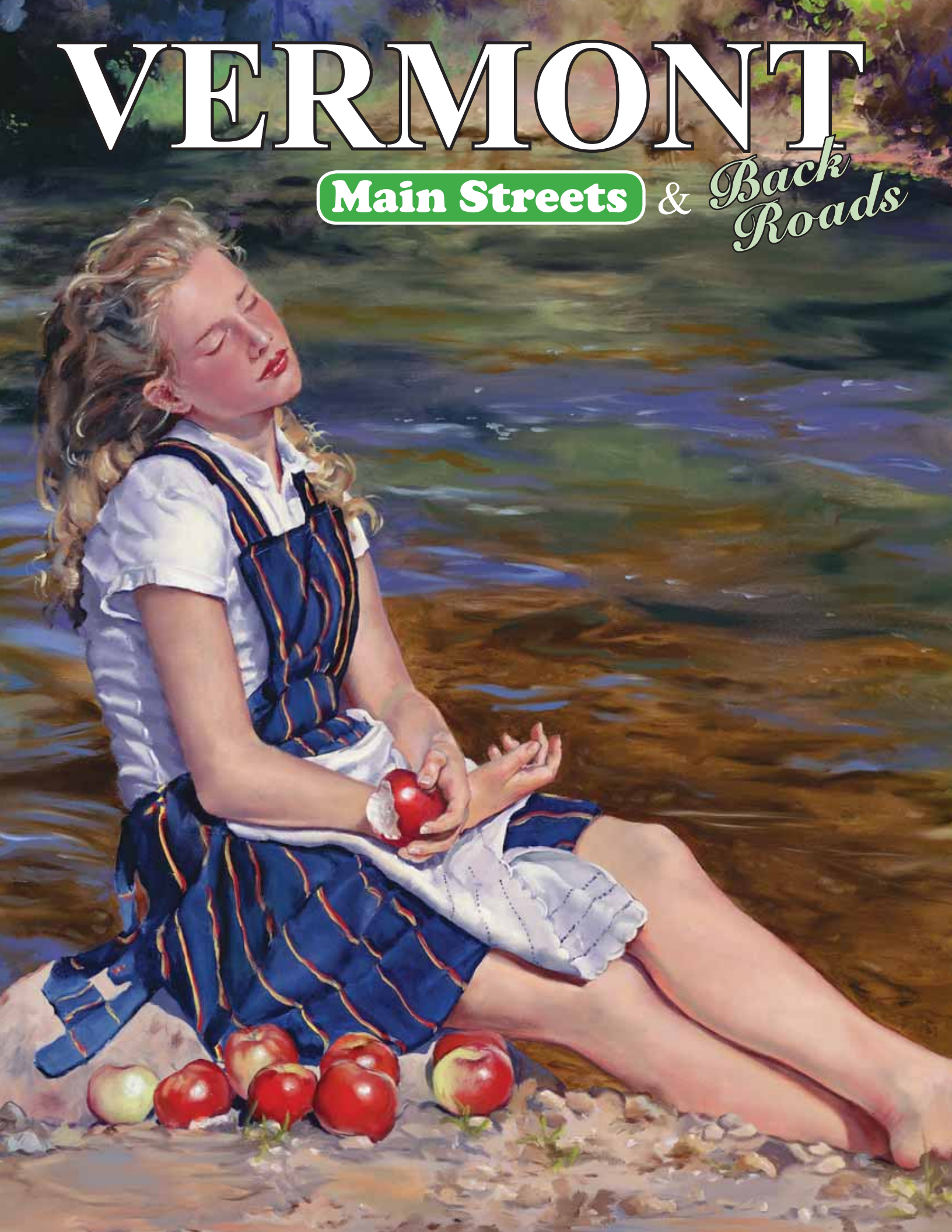


VERMONT

Main Streets

& Back Roads

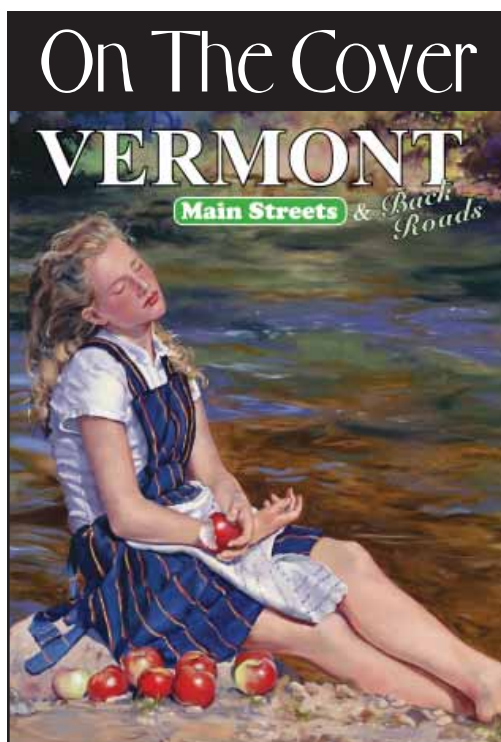


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Design & Printing

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Murray, UT 84123
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Submissions

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Subscriptions

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We have made some changes to Main Streets & Back Roads, on a variety of levels, from the basic design and articles to even the paper we print upon.

Our printer, and our publication, work with the Forest Stewardship Council (FSC) and Sustainable Forestry Initiative (SFI). For those not familiar, this is a more expensive but environment-friendly process that works with foresters and conservationists in the long-term protection of our forests, wildlife, soil & water quality. More information about both groups can be found at our website at www.vermontquarterly.com.

As a new publication, we are always working to improve the current issue, whether by changing the way we print our magazine, or the content within. We would love to hear what you, the reader, thinks and what additions you would like to see.

Thank you to all of our writers and advertisers for their continued support.

Marc Albano

Artist's Profile: Mary Q Cross

Mary Cross has been painting throughout New England for years, from picturesque landscapes to unique portraits, many featuring the young lady seen in these samples of work.

Mary lost the ability to hold a brush due to a severe right-sided tremor that developed after 19 days on one of the most popular medications of its day. After years of relearning her craft, the works you see today are 95% done with her fingers, another 2-5% done with brush and prosthetic devices.

We met Mary at the Rutland show by Chaffee Center For The Visual Arts, held every summer. It was here she unveiled a series of "hay bales" painted in Vermont. "The light looking west is just magic during haying season," notes Cross. "Painting a fragrance is also a strong part of what I aim for. They were gone almost too quickly, but all found good homes."

Many of her portraits feature one particular model she has been capturing for years, seen both in our front page and also Resting On A Rock. "The late summer and Fall light is truly like nowhere else on earth. It is a warm gold especially late in the day. "Resting on the Rock" was in the late afternoon golden light that strongly supports the subject. The model started working with me when she was 13 1/2 years old. She is now 16 and still just as delightful and cooperative to work with. The idea that we live in a place where it truly is possible to meet young people who are still sweet on the inside with no attitude or grown up too early is what I look for most in my models."

For more information about Mary Cross, you can visit her site at www.Q-Cross.com.





Not So Gently Down The Stream

There are certain books that impact upon a young boy more than others, those that prove pivotal in forging their future identity as a man. Whether defined by the times they live in, such as Kerouac's *On The Road*, or by a rebellious nature, such as Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, the boy finds something in the pages that seems written just for him. For me, that was Jack London's *Call of the Wild*.

I loved the spirit of adventure and the rawness of nature that leapt from the pages. Just as children before me read their dime store novels and wanted to conquer the Old West, I wanted to set out into the wilds: man versus nature, relying on nothing but his will to survive.

When the boy becomes the man, fantasy does not so much dissipate, as it mutates into full-blown delusion. It is what makes us look in the mirror and believe that our hair may grow back, or that we'll start heading to the gym tomorrow. Or the next day.

Still the dream to live in the shadows of Lewis and Clark remains, trekking through the wilderness, traversing rapids, and fighting off bears. Reality is more sobering, however, as I find myself trekking through Wal-Mart, traversing relationships, and fighting back hair.

I keep telling the child within, that Daniel Boone would not quit. Huck Finn would take on that adventure. So, in all the grand stupidity that only

a middle-aged man can muster, I head into the Outdoors.

Rarely has one man ever been so foolhardy.

After leaving my last business of twelve years, I took some time off and found myself working at The Great Outdoors in downtown Rutland. A fantastic store, with great people to work among, it was an invigorating reminder of all the things I wanted to do but have stopped doing, or never tried: mountain biking, snowboarding and skiing, climbing, camping and, to my eventual chagrin, kayaking.

Yes, the idea of kayaking down a river with paddle in hand, the captain of my own ship seemed just the adventure I was looking for to recapture my spent youth. After all, how hard could it be? A boat floats, the paddle makes it go forward, and occasionally you need to steer it in a direction. It's not like I had to worry about sharks or series V rapids in most New England rivers, after all.

The store sent me up to North Conway in New Hampshire for a week during a big tent sale and the local Great Outdoors touring center allowed me to borrow a kayak for a half-day. For the record, they mean half-day as in daylight, about 3-4 hours. As you will find out shortly, I was soon to challenge that concept.

They dropped me off at a section of the Sago River in Maine, just over the border, at about 1:30. I knew I was going to be relaxing for a bit, so I brought all the supplies one would expect on such an adventure: iPod, my cell phone, a Swiss Army knife, a container of potato salad, a cigar with matches, and three big cans of beer. I would imagine that the pioneers set across country with a similar arsenal.

It is important now to note what the actual plan was. After all, the kayak center does this all the time, every day, for many years. Rent a kayak, get dropped off, paddle down a few miles, get picked up, go to bar. A simple formula and one that has worked for virtually every tourist that makes their way to the river.

It was not like I am some city boy, engaging the wilderness for the first time. I grew up in Vermont, in the Green Mountain State. I was an athlete, a boy scout, and the local woods and streams of Mount Snow were my home. What did I have to fear?

The guide had told me it should take about three hours. Three hours. Not

since Gilligan has a “three hour tour” been so incredibly bungled.

As I paddled down the Sago, I was incredibly relaxed. There were few people on the river, all very friendly. The scenery was truly spectacular, a serene mountain river shouldered by deep, untouched woods. I felt one with the wild. Man had returned to his roots and I was his emissary.

So, I opened a beer. On my cell phone, I called a couple of friends, some family, and let the current gently roll me down the river, occasionally directing myself by using the paddle as a rudder.

After two beers and a spirited Toby Keith song, I felt ready for some exercise. I stepped up the pace, powering down the river at top speed, passing retirees in canoes and a keg party on a home-made pontoon.

I kept a similar pace for a good hour, easily, which is where I went wrong. The idea of three hours was based upon a “leisurely” run, not some pasty Irish guy looking to qualify for the “Make Believe” Olympics.

I was gauging my time to look for the pick-up point at Mile Marker 15 by three hours, not allowing for the fact that my more rapid pace had made such a calculation quite foolhardy. So, at about 2 ½ hours, I found myself at Mile Marker 17.

Of course, I assumed the river worked just like the highway. Mile markers go both ways, right? Somehow it slipped my mind that there is actually no current when traversing Interstate 91.

So, thinking I was running late, I sped up my pace some more. For about two miles, I hit speeds that nearly hydroplaned my kayak, trying to get to Mile Marker 15 in time for my pickup.

At Mile Marker 19, I realized I was going the wrong way. No worries, how-

ever, as the kayak center had other pickups and there were campgrounds all over the river. In addition, I continued to meet scores of other folk on the river, so I figured I would get out at the next, most convenient spot.

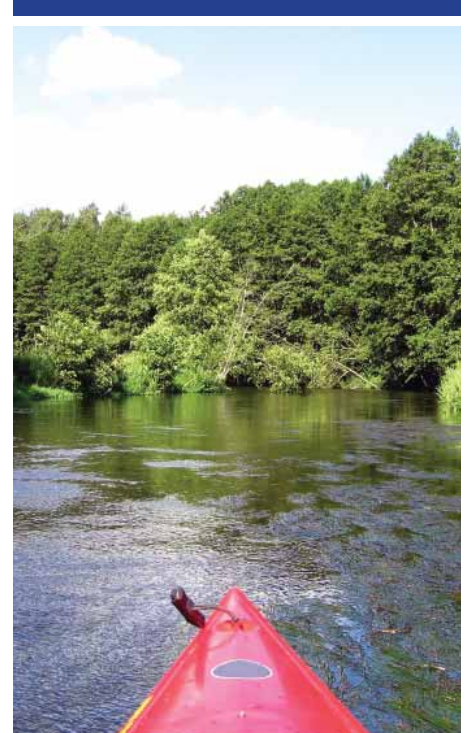
That spot continued to elude me. It was now almost 5:00, and I was exhausted from my attempt at a new water speed record. So, I opened up my little container of potato salad and decided to relax for a while and recuperate. Only after I popped open my third, and last, big can o’ beer did I realize that Mr. Boy Scout had forgot a fork.

But, I was an outdoorsman and a man of the wild, and simply took the pop top from the beer can and spooned the potato salad into my mouth. It was only slightly less disastrous than watching me try to eat rice with chopsticks, but I finally downed the container. Then, I downed the beer.

Just as Popeye had his spinach, my beer muscles were reinvigorated and I continued my journey down the Sago. With each quarter mile, I noted there were fewer and fewer people. It was now about 7:00 and the river was becoming quite unpopulated. It was at this time, I realized I also lost my cellular signal.

As the sun began to set, I noticed a few bugs circling overhead like ravenous vultures waiting to attack. Still, I was prepared, and lit up my cigar, wafting large barrels of smoke in every direction. The cigar had the added affect of pumping some needed testosterone throughout my body, further motivating me forward to some illusive “drop-off” site I had created in my mind.

Yet, now, there were no more beachheads, no more campgrounds to pull over to, and I realized that both sides of the river consisted of steep, ten-foot embankments that I could not possibly scale. Next year was my planned trip to hike Everest, so climbing little hills seemed beyond my scope.



Not since Gilligan has a “three hour tour” been so incredibly bungled.

I continued to fend off the black flies and mosquitoes plus a unique carnivorous bug I nicknamed Pam, after an ex-girlfriend that took an equal amount of blood from me. The sun had nearly set, but up ahead when I saw two dark figures hovering over a campfire.

My first reaction was that of the movie Deliverance and my potential of soon becoming the “other white meat,” but as I got closer I noticed they were two younger women with a small camp set just off the river.

At this point, I had not seen a person for about two miles. I paddled up to where they were situated and got out to get a bearing as to where I was, and where I need to go.

It was only when one of the women reached under her sleeping bag, no

doubt for a can of Mace, did I realize that they may see me as a threat. After all, I had been paddling for some time and was dirty and sweaty and now smelling of a combination of cigar, light beer and potato salad.

After asking some questions from a distance, they invited me to join them by the campfire. Ten years ago, I might have thought of this as a letter to Penthouse Forum, but I was in survival mode. I was lost in the woods with no idea as how to get out.

Unbelievably, the ladies were sitting around their fire cooking a dinner of black beans and salmon. I think they even had spices. Even more fascinating was their possession a bottle of wine with two glasses. Yes, wine glasses. We were dozens of miles from civilization, and I had just walked onto the set of "Sex In The City."

Luckily, they had a laminate map of the area, and I soon realized that I had paddled my way miles past any hope of a boat launch or campground with a phone. After allowing the women to ridicule me for a while with jokes of "men asking for directions," I set off again.

Where was I setting off to, the reader may question? In all my male bravado and mass river-guide experience, I had convinced myself that the river wild must lead me to somewhere, whether another boat launch, a house on the river, anywhere. I just wanted to flag down a car or a Park Ranger, maybe some transient Canadian Mounties.

Only a few minutes back down the river, I became aware of the mass swarms of bugs dive-bombing around me with a renewed vigor. I wistfully recalled the pepper spray I might have received from the campers a mile back, and wondered if it might act as an insect repellent.

I quickly went into my little shoulder pack, looking for anything that might help me ward off the mosquito attack,

as their size was reminiscent more of small birds than insects.

As I took out my Swiss Army knife, I recognized the folly of so many of the utensils it contained. What does one do with a plastic toothpick out in the wilderness? Was I to attempt "spearing" these bedeviled bugs with the miniscule pick? Perhaps I could mount their predatory bodies one by one on the hull of my kayak, like some Viking warrior?

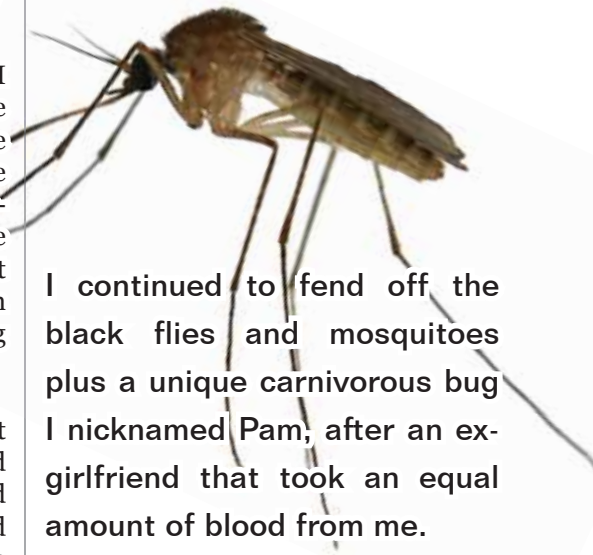
Up until this time, I truly thought that there was no problem, that I could overcome any obstacle that the wild was throwing at me. After all, I had matches and a knife. Out of some elaborate MacGyver fantasy I had concocted, I had envisioned building a little camp on the side of the river and finding my way out in the morning, if worse came to worse.

Survivalist, I came to realize, I am not. In the last decade, "roughing it" had come to represent a lack of room service. Panic was now setting in as, in addition to donating blood by the pint to the local insect population, it began to rain in torrents. If water were not already my bane, the skies themselves were determined to drown me.

The good news was that I was soon left alone by the bugs. The bad news came in a strike of lightning less than one half mile in front of me, just off the riverbed. I soon came to realize that my sitting in the middle of a river with a metal kayak paddle was a demonstration of idiocy on epic proportions.

I directed myself to an embankment with a renewed fervor in an effort to remove myself from this remedial science experiment. I looked in awe at a ten-foot sand ledge that appeared unassailable and questioned how I would possibly get the kayak and my gear up its face.

It's important to recall, I was using equipment loaned to me from my place of work. The idea of letting it float



I continued to fend off the black flies and mosquitoes plus a unique carnivorous bug I nicknamed Pam, after an ex-girlfriend that took an equal amount of blood from me.

downstream never occurred to me. So, I inched the kayak up the side as far as I could and eventually managed to fling it over into the brush on the top.

After scaling up the embankment myself, I then realized I could be miles into the deep woods, and there was no way I could carry the kayak out.

It is curious how the value of the kayak seemed more important than that of my life, so I covered up the kayak and miscellaneous items with as much loose brush as I could muster together.

I should note to the reader that I can be a bit Type A in personality, so the thought of taking my trip without a notepad was simply ludicrous. As is often the case, instead of a notepad, I had my trusty Post-It notes, an invention I hold in the highest esteem.

So, as I bumbled my way through the dense forest in hopes of coming across a road, I continued to peel the light blue Post-It notes and speared them with varied tree branches and shrubbery. This would be my way to find the kayak the next day, an array of pastel sticky shreds of paper, demonstrating the path back. Hansel and Gretel meets Office Max.

The underbrush was especially thick and, having worn only a T-shirt and cargo shorts, my arms and legs were soon cut up in little tiny slices. It was near dark at this point, and it was very difficult to see more than a few feet ahead, but I continued poking branches with Post-It notes as I trudged through the woods.

Approximately one hour later, I emerged into a clearing and a small dirt road. Now, a road may be a bit of an exaggeration as it was quite thin and I envisioned the last person to travel it was probably moving moonshine in the 1930s; however, after some time having been pummeled by trees, bugs and my own ego, I was elated. After all, a road must lead somewhere, eventually.

As I marched up the path, continuing to trip over rocks from lack of illumination, I was in a visibly sorry state. I was bleeding from tiny cuts on my arms and legs and my muscles had begun to cramp. I remembered the old Robert Frost poem about “the road less traveled” and it’s message that the journey was worth more than the destination.

I began to hate Robert Frost.

I continued on the road until I saw lights ahead, and my heart truly leapt. Realizing that it was not an actual stroke, which I expected, I trudged ahead up the driveway and heard a television blaring some show I can no longer recall.

I knocked on the door, and watched as a somewhat frail gentleman moved hesitantly to see who could be walking onto his property at such a late hour. He truly appeared terrorized by my appearance, as I had forgotten that I must now look like an extra from a George Romero zombie movie.

Although he would not actually open the door or let me utilize his phone, he did give me directions to the “main road,” noting it was only a mile or so.

Let us now translate backwoods Maine-speak into English. “Main road” means a road in Maine and has no relevance to pavement at all, and “a mile or so” means so many miles, you may as well head back to the river and hope your body makes it to the Atlantic Ocean.

About two miles ahead, at the top of yet another uphill climb, I realized my cell phone was now receiving a signal, as it proclaimed that I had nine new messages. They were as follows:

1. Dad: Hope you are enjoying your trip, but I am really worried about you heading down the river. Translation: It’s not really your thing.

2. Sister: Dad called, he’s really worried about your rafting trip. Translation: Isn’t there a book about it you could read instead, you dork?

3. Dad: Haven’t heard from you, but I hope all is okay. Call me when you get off the river so I know you are safe. Translation: I assume you will give up early, so call me so I can confirm it and make fun of you later.

4. Alan from The Great Outdoors: We should have seen you by now, but we’ll wait a little longer at the pick-up spot. Translation: Great, another bonehead I have to sit around for.

5. Sister: Not funny, Marc. Give us a call as soon as you get this. Translation: I know you are in a bar, so stop pretending.

6. Alan: We sent one of our guides upstream to meet you as you must have gone too far. Translation: Wow, we got a real idiot this time. How did he ever get a job here?

7. Dad: I am worried and will be calling the State Police shortly. Translation: Your sister and I both think you were in a bar and now probably in jail, but we need to confirm it.

8. Alan: We met some people at a campground that said they saw a pasty Irish guy booking it downstream while trying to eat potato salad with a beer can top. Translation: We’ve now confirmed you are better off lost and not impacting upon society any longer.

9. Pam: I really don’t appreciate your relating me to a blood-sucking bug. If



only you paid more attention to my feelings and (insert buzzing noise). Translation: Dehydration can lead to delusion.

After miles of drudging up and down the back roads of Maine, I finally saw what would become to me the paragon of civilization – a streetlight. Praising Thomas Edison's miraculous powers of invention, I marched up the street in hopes of finding some form of geographical marker to give Alan and his search team.

It was only then did I realize that "streetlight" was a bit of a misnomer, as the illumination came from but one lonely pole, and I was still to find no street. What it lit, I was unable to decipher, as there were still no houses, no pavement, and certainly no 7-11, as I was in desperate need of a Big Gulp. As I came to the conclusion that this light was actually placed here simply to ridicule me further than nature had done already, I decided it was time to admit defeat and return some of the phone calls.

Alan had decided he would drive up and down a particular stretch of road he was convinced I would emerge from, but noted the ridicule I was soon to suffer from my co-workers would be of monstrous proportion. My father seemed happy I was safe, but now a bit petulant that I called during a repeat of CSI Miami, and would appreciate me calling back during a commercial. My sister simply suggested I pick up knitting the next time I felt similarly adventurous. Pam has caller ID, so she wouldn't pick up.

After what appeared to be another ten miles of huffing and puffing, but was probably only three, my winding dirt road emerged onto a beautiful and wondrous sight – pavement. Pavement, to me, meant cars that were not used to haul moonshine or the carcass from a recent hunt – it meant sedans and two-wheel drive and other cars that required an operator hooked on

lattes and muffins. Surely, I was on the brink of civilization and would soon find a convenience store, that true bastion of humanity's evolution from that primordial pit.

Sure enough, I began to hear vehicles at high speeds and now a road "more traveled" was soon to be upon me. Forget this Jeremiah Johnson delusion to live as one with nature, as all I wanted was a Snickers and a Diet Dr Pepper.

As I approached the main road, I looked up to see a convenience store less than a hundred yards ahead. And, to make my embarrassment complete, there stood Alan and one of his men, sipping a coffee and talking on a cell phone.

They waved at me in a nonchalant manner to suggest that I might actually be too stupid to hear and voice actual words. As I approached, Alan handed me the cell phone, as I was soon to discover that my idiocy had already spread upon the company gossip vine. I think they actually awoke people back in Rutland, to question whether or not I was sent up there as a joke.

This particular call would not be the last, nor the least, embarrassing moment of my trip down the Sago. The next day, I drove my truck back to the closest place I could find to where I had beaten down the woods, in an effort to recover my gear and the kayak. I made my way to the house I knocked upon, and found my way even to the place in the woods where I originally had broken through. Tears slowly welled, as I looked less than twenty feet to the right of my wooded trail and noticed a small logging road that literally mirrored my path. All my cuts, the hundreds of bug bites and here was a perfect path all the way down to the river, only feet away.

I continued to peel the light blue Post-It notes and speared them with varied tree branches and shrubbery. This would be my way to find the kayak the next day, an array of pastel sticky shreds of paper, demonstrating the path back. Hansel and Gretel meets Office Max.

I walked down to the river's edge and then over to where I had laid the kayak, now realizing that anyone who took this well-worn path would easily have seen my gear. At this point, I was convinced the boat was gone, and I was soon to discover that it was so.

The only evidence that remained was an awkward, bumbling path of baby-blue Post-It notes, trailing their way through the woods.

It was at this point that I realized that kayaking solo down any river was not for me. There is something to be said about the Buddy System, particularly if your survival skills primarily consist of the ability to dial for pizza delivery. Nonetheless, I decided to leave the Post-Its. Driving back down the highway, I chuckled at the thought of the next person to hike the area and wonder just what type of inept outdoorsman would trudge his way through the woods, peppering branches and shrubs with light-blue pieces of paper.

It's important to leave an impression on people. I know, for that one day, I did as much, although it is certainly not the impression that I would have preferred.

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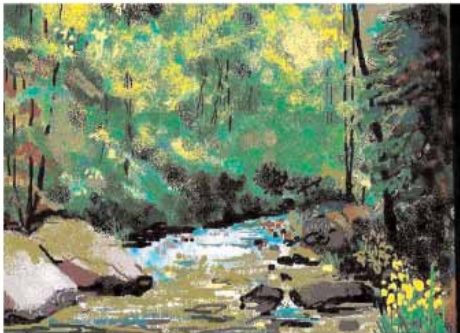
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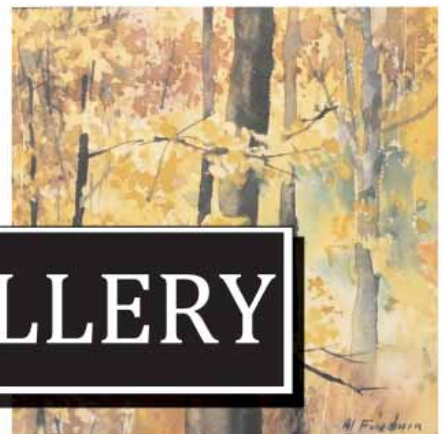
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THE

Reluctant Panther

MANCHESTER, VT

A Luxurious Oasis With An Attention To Detail



Nestled at the foothills of Mount Equinox lies, in my opinion, one of the single greatest travel experiences available to resident and out-of-stater alike.

The Reluctant Panther is a combination of individual style, truly personal service and exceptional attention to detail, from the masterful culinary creations to the individually appointed rooms.

Having traveled throughout the state, from local ski lodges to top resort spa, the list of places within the state that can still marvel me are quite limited. In truth, when entering the property itself I expected a great country inn with quality food and accommodations. There are a variety of higher-end such properties throughout Vermont, and I was looking forward to a nights rest in what I thought would be a basic exercise in quality.

Before I venture into psalms of praise for my visit, there is the traditional "history" that one affords the varied properties we write about from time to time. Certainly, there is quite a bit of history revolving around the region and the property itself, but I had been to The Reluctant Panther before, many years ago.

For the purpose of this particular article, we are going to forego talk of original moldings and local history and, instead, focus on the new owners, Liz & Jerry Lavalley. Transplants

from a suburb outside of Dallas, they purchased the property in the fall of 2005 and it is to them the quality of one's experience at the inn should be credited.

A month after their purchase, the main building was devastated by an early morning fire. With fire departments from surrounding areas rushing to the call, as well as local residents, there was no loss of life; however, the historic main property could not be saved.

In addition to starting their lives anew in Vermont, the Lavalleys would now be building from the ground up. Reflecting much of the integrity of the old building, the new inn features twenty luxury rooms and suites. Each room has an incredibly unique design, many created by local artists and businesses.

I was blessed to spend my evening in the Pierre La Motte Suite which remains, to this day, one of the most fascinating and luxurious rooms I have ever been lucky enough to lay my head.

"Attention to detail" is a phrase thrown out too often, I know, but the special consideration spent through-

out the Pierre La Motte was truly awe-inspiring. Certainly, one is accustomed to antiques and higher end furnishings, but I could not have been prepared for what I would find as we moved from the Living area of the room to the bedroom.

Yes, I admit to being entirely impressed by the oversized bed that took up a sizeable portion of the suite. It required it's own stepping stool to get upon but it's design was incredibly inviting. A feather bed and a down comforter was not altogether unexpected, but I was especially impressed with the assortment of pillows.

We all have a particular pillow in our own bed that remains a favorite; the one we curl up to as we try to gauge those last few minutes of slumber before the blare of an alarm clock and a new day. For some, it is a stiff pillow, for others one that can be punched and bent to fit us perfectly. Upon this bed, fit for Royals, was a selection of pillows that would give any sleeper reason enough to sleep in.

Both the living and bedroom each had their own fireplace and television set, but throughout each room remained a unique collection of classic antiques, from a simple clock on the wall, to a collection of brushes and other fine intricacies one would not ordinarily expect in the most historic of inns.

Still, although history has it's place, the bathroom is not it. Upon entering this private area, one is immediately encountered by a claw-foot tub of a somewhat immense size for any lodging property. It goes without saying, that everyone enjoys a relaxing bath from time to time; however, for men larger than 5'8" and 160 lbs, that opportunity rarely presents itself when traveling.

This particular tub, I believe, was meant for two, which means it was perfect for someone my size, approaching six feet. Upon further examination, I discovered it was built as much for comfort as for size, with a high-tech hydrotherapy system, complete with power jets and more. In further evidence to their detail-oriented approach, one can even open up shutters to view the plasma television in the bedroom.

Of course, the bathroom is also replete with a high-power shower, custom terrycloth robes and toiletries from Crabtree & Evelyn.

Each room is further outfitted with individual brew coffee & tea makers as well as a complete selection of Green Mountain Coffee and Fiji water throughout.

With a couple of hours to spare before dinner, I visited The Panther Pub on the level down below that fit perfectly into the décor the Lavalleys had created. Again, an attention to detail resided in every corner of the bar, from the quality beers served on tap, to the luxurious setting itself.

We sat down for what would remain one of the finest dinners I have had in the State of Vermont. Chef Daniel Jackson, a graduate from the Culinary Institute of America has created an incredibly sophisticated menu that we could not do justice to in just a few paragraphs, so we will be doing a separate piece on the restaurant itself in an upcoming issue. Suffice to say that Chef Jackson and his kitchen complement the excellence one is quickly accustomed to throughout the property.

Until our piece comes out in an upcoming issue, I can not recommend enough this prodigious restaurant, whether staying for a few days or sim-



ply to feast on some of the finest cuisine in southern Vermont.

The next morning I was treated to a tour by Sharon Burnstein, a Lavalley family friend and also their marketing guru. I was incredibly pleased to note that each room maintained the same level of excellence as I had initially experienced in the La Motte suite.

There are no two rooms alike at this property, with designs ranging for any visitor and for repeated retreats. Suites and rooms interconnect in a manner that allows full families to travel together, as well as corporate outings.

Of course, with The Equinox nearby and adjacent to all that Manchester Village has to offer, guests will find themselves ample opportunity to enjoy themselves in between moments basking in the understated opulence of this magnificent country inn.

The original Reluctant Panther was a fine establishment that occasionally lacked in consistency. The Lavalleys have brought with them to Vermont an individual style and commitment to quality that will quickly make the new and vastly improved Panther one of the most luxurious and hospitable properties throughout the state.



A note to readers: there is a lot of data surrounding climate change, both in Vermont and the world at whole. We have made one conclusion overall – that such a change is actually occurring. This article is not about whether global warming exists but, given the assumption of a definitive climate change in recent years (and in years to come), what the impact will be on Vermont and it's population.

In recent months, those that follow both local and world news have been inundated with reports from various governmental agencies, independent panels and so on about Global Warming and what it means.

The issue of climate change is now generally accepted, but what does this mean for the near and not-so-near future of Vermont and its dependency upon its ecosystem? Exactly what changes have occurred already and what can we expect in the years to come?

At the Northeast Forest Experiment Station, over 50 years of climate measurements have been made available. Not surprising, out of 22 different measurements, 14 have dramatically changed, especially in the past five years.

The mean annual temperature has increased 1.8 degrees Fahrenheit while winters have warmed faster than summers and nights faster than days. This has great ecological ramifications, of course.

New plant species are limited by colder temperatures: tree, shrub and perennial species require a certain amount of days below a certain temperature to break their dormancy in the Spring. According to Professor Barrett Rock of the University of New Hampshire, the rate of climate change in Vermont is

faster than neighboring states. "Vermont warming was approximately double the regional warming," states Professor Rock, "both in annual and wintertime trends."

Vermont can expect even nominal climatic changes to affect a variety of industries throughout the state.

Tourism

Winter is a focal point of tourism for Vermont, centering around the ski resorts, snowmobile trails and a general winter Wonderland. According to the Vermont Public Interest Research Group's report on Global Warming, our winter season has already shortened by more than two weeks over the past 50 years.

Warmer temperatures simply mean less snow and although the resort areas have consistently improved their snow-making capabilities, they still require Mother Nature to bring the cold. Although precipitation has increased as much as 30% in the winter (mostly in the form of rain), snowfall has decreased 15% since the 1950's.

Economically, it must be remembered that less snow also means less work hours. It will become increasingly difficult for smaller resorts to handle the climatic and economic woes together.

Storms will become increasingly more violent and erratic as well and, as any Vermonter knows, more rain in the winter means a shorter ski season and a longer mud season. A longer mud season will also cost the State, and therefore it's taxpayers, more to maintain our roads and other infrastructure.

Even our summers will be impacted, with increased heat waves and a higher incidence of storm activity. Increased wind damage and tornado propensity will be coupled by more frequent flooding. Longer periods of warm weather may also increase the potential of forest fires throughout the state.

Foliage season, those few weeks of natural splendor and kaleidoscopic colors, is the second most popular time to visit Vermont. Increased temperatures threaten our colorful Maple trees and their propensity to bring out more brilliant colors.

Sugaring

Cold nights and warm days have always been the key to sugaring success in Vermont. With over \$20 million in annual sales and more than ten times that volume in economic-related im-

pact, Vermont is the nation's largest maple producer.

Higher temperatures means more water vapor and, combined with a shortening season, will seriously hamper our maple industry.

In 1943, Vermont produced between 1-1.5 million gallons of maple syrup. Since 1960, that volume has decreased to less than 500,000 gallons.

Forests

The composition of our forests is also expected to change. Now dominant northern hardwoods will be replaced by an oak / pine mix. In our children's lifetime, maple-dominated woods might give way to forests of oak and conifer, species able to tolerate higher temperatures.

According to the Environmental Protection Agency as much as 30-60% of the hardwoods across the state could be replaced by warmer-climate trees.

Agriculture

It is no surprise that even nominal climatic changes can impact state crops and livestock. Warmer temperatures can decrease soil moisture and shift production patterns north.

In fact, there are very few studies of merit that take into consideration all of the trends and conditions regarding our agricultural system. An increase in ground ozone levels, insect population, precipitation and climate changes will all dramatically impact farmers throughout the country, with Vermont being no exception.

More Bugs

An increase in the state's average temperature also means an increase in our insect population, including a host of more exotic pests. Black-legged, or deer, ticks have been steadily rising in numbers, as has been their propensity to transmit Lyme disease.

Twice as many cases of Lyme disease were reported in 2006 than the previous year, according to the Vermont Department of Health: 29 Vermonters were infected by ticks in 2005, 62 in 2006 and 71 so far this year.

The mosquito population is also believed to be increasing, including species known to carry the West Nile virus and varied forms of encephalitis.

These are, of course, the insects that appear to affect the human population most dramatically; however, a variety of tree-eating bugs also pose a distinct effect on our agricultural assets. Asian beetles, previously unknown in Vermont, are a great threat to our ash trees. The Asian long-horned beetle is particularly known for its maple tree appetite and the wooly adelgid has already infested hemlocks in Brattleboro and Rockingham this past summer.

Warming temperatures may increase other populations of migratory insects; however, our effort to combat this influx is also of concern. Spraying pesticides will lead to greater crop damage, further impacting Vermont agriculture.

Less Birds

The bird-watching industry is a \$50 million a year boon to Vermont. According to the National Audubon Society, Vermont has one of the highest numbers of breeding bird species in the United States.

Our feathered friends are responsible for pollinating plants and dispersing seeds as well. Of greater significance is the fact that they many of these species eat gypsy moths, tent caterpillars and other pests that consume our state's agricultural crops.

Not surprisingly, changing temperatures will also impact current migratory patterns, if they have not already done so.

What can you do lower the damage to our climate?

- **Electricity usage:** When on standby, cell phone chargers, DVD players and other devices burn 5% of America's residential electricity. Unplug when not using.

- **Electricity hardware:** Look for the EPA's Energy Star label, which designates high efficiency in more than 40 kinds of household appliances. Replace incandescent light-bulbs with fluorescent ones.

- **Renewable energy:** Solar technology is becoming more efficient and there are even new state and federal tax breaks to aid in start-up costs.

- **Car:** Hybrids get up to 45 mpg versus that tank in your driveway that gets 18 mpg. It also cuts emissions by about 60%.

- **Travel:** The average domestic flight spews out almost 17000 lbs of carbon dioxide PER PERSON.

- **Leadership:** Get involved with and ask your legislators to pass laws adopting measures that further protect our environment.



A family hikes one of the many trails around the Killington region.



One of the finest resorts in the country, Twin Farms offers 10,000 acres of wildflowers, rolling hills and old roads here. Featured here is a wonderful footbridge that links the resort to the private pub and spa area.



Killington runs the Gondola during foliage season for some wonderful views.



A panoramic view of Killington Resort and the surrounding colors.

It features a variety of Vermont locales. Here are just a few, with a Fall twist.



"Naulakha," the home of Rudyard Kipling outside Brattleboro. It translates to "precious jewel."



Some unusual neighbors in the village of Grafton, The Windham Foundation houses the sheep flock right behind their offices.



ms has over 300
leading nowhere.
the main house



and



The Grafton Village Cheese Company handcrafts artisan cheese renowned worldwide for their quality and taste.

Health

Higher temperatures and a greater frequency in heat waves mean more heat-related deaths and illnesses, particularly among the elderly.

A general warming of this nature can also leads to higher levels of ground ozone, a major component of smog. This air pollution can lead to asthma and reduced lung function, as well as respiratory and eye allergies.

Water Resources

The eastern region of the state is drained by the Connecticut River, while the western half is drained by tributaries that flow into Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. These surface waters provide water for over half the population of Vermont.

With warmer temperatures leading to earlier thaws, the state could be looking at higher stream-flows in winter and spring and lower flows in the summer and fall. Lower flow in the summer could reduce the ability of rivers to assimilate traditional waste levels. Warmer and longer summers could also lead to water quality problems, including excessive plant growth in lakes and ponds.

Furthermore, this dramatic alteration in our weather can lead to damage in the eco-systems of lakes, ponds and rivers.

Vermont's dependence on our environment is great indeed. With a steady influx in tourism for every season, we are dependent upon nature to a far greater degree than many other states.

According to the EPA, by 2100 Vermont may mirror the climate of Atlanta, Georgia. They project that temperatures in Vermont could increase by 5 degrees Fahrenheit, if not more. Precipitation is projected to increase by 10% in summer and fall and from 30-50% in winter months. Other climate models show fluctuating estimates to each side, of course.

Every generation in America has had a fear which slowly creeps in until it becomes overpowering: nuclear war, the "Cold War," Communism, Paris Hilton.

Climate change was a theory a couple of decades ago but even the most conservative of scientific groups now recognize that we are in the midst of a planetary-wide change in weather and environment.

Even now, Vermont is feeling the impact and we can expect a greater increase in erratic weather and the affect that will mean in those industries that are vital to our survival as a state and as a population.


As a population, we are only now understanding the dramatic impact that



A general warming of this nature can also leads to higher levels of ground ozone, a major component of smog. This air pollution can lead to asthma and reduced lung function, as well as respiratory and eye allergies.

a few degrees can make, in any direction. As more figures are released to the public, it becomes increasingly apparent that our state, as well as the planet, is going through a significant climate change.

Individuals and corporations alike must come together in an effort to diminish the impact we are having on the planetary system. The repercussions of letting global warming continue, unabated, will be devastating to each.




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Environmental Updates

GMNF Final Plan Issued

The Green Mountain National Forest has released one of its first comprehensive updates for the forest management of Vermont in nearly twenty years.

One of the most debated issues was the designation of "wilderness," a term assigned to portions of the forest. Such a designation prohibits timber cutting, use of all-terrain vehicles and other is-

ssues. Currently, about one-quarter of the 400,000 acres of forest land is currently designated as "wilderness."

The Forest Service will make individual reviews on linking current ATV trails located on non-wilderness lands.

It was further determined, as a limit to timber cutting, that trees could be cut every 150 years, a significant increase from the previous limit of 100-120 years.

Increase in Red Fox Sightings

After several years of decline, it appears that the red fox is making a comeback in the Green Mountains.

Although there are no formal studies to back this claim, local and state officials have been receiving far more calls about the foxes, including complaints from those owning small livestock and house pets.

Vermont boasts a populations of both red and gray foxes. Whereas the red variety usually live in open terrain, gray foxes live in more forested regions. A strain of fox rabies that sweeps through the state every couple decades is on the decline, so residents can expect a further upswing in the population.



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Vermont Coppers

There has been many the conversation in recent years as to the Republic of Vermont, prior to being admitted as the fourteenth state on March 4, 1791. Regardless where one lands on the Republic issue, one of the more unique facts about our local government was the authorization and establishment of a mint to produce coins, the first American local government to do so.

On June 10th, 1785, the House of Representatives of the Freeman of Vermont granted Reuben Harmon, Jr. a two year exclusive contract to mint copper coins. Harmon was required to post a 5 ,000 pound bond and, upon doing so, set up a mint house in Rupert.

The initial design consisted of a sun rising over the Green Mountains with a plow in the foreground and one of three variations of the motto “Res Publica Vermontensium” (The Republic of Vermont). The reverse side displayed a central all-seeing Eye of Providence surrounded by thirteen stars and the motto *Stella Quarta Decima* (The Fourteenth Star), in reference to Vermont’s wish to become part of the American Confederation.

In later 1786, with his 2 year contract coming due in ensuing months, Harmon petitioned the legislature to extend his minting contract and additional ten years. After some discussion with legislatures, it was agreed that Harmon would retain exclusive minting rights for Vermont coin coppers for eight years, starting July 1, 1787.

There were some fairly radical design changes in the coppers and one theory was this was done to resemble the familiar British copper halfpenny, so that the coin would be more accepted in Vermont and surrounding regions. Many other states, at this time, had established similar mints; however, the levels of production at the Vermont mint were comparably lower. This was, primarily, due to Harmon’s lack of die availability should he run into problems with original dies.

Harmon brought in partners and, eventually, another mint set up in Newburgh took over production. Harmon moved to Ohio and the mint building was later moved to the east side of the main road in Rupert, where it was later used as a residence. It was moved again to the farm of William Phelps at the edge of the town of Pawlet where it was destroyed during some harsh winds in the winter of 1855. The frame is said by locals to remain to this day.

At a time when the area was still contested by the British colonies of New Hampshire and New York, The Republic of Vermont constituted itself as an independent country and, true to spirit, issued it’s own coinage before any of the new American states or their confederation. These coins remain a true favorite for collectors but also represent a landmark reminder as to the independence and spirit of the inhabitants of Vermont in our past.



Politics

Beyond Civil Unions

Recently, the Vermont Legislature decided to form a commission regarding the potential of moving towards gay marriage. In a state that was at the foreground of civil unions, the State's decision to create an exploratory committee allows them to push the issue for another year.

Less heard in Vermont than throughout the rest of the country is the politico-speak "I support civil unions, but not gay marriage." Others go so far as to note they even support equal rights for gays and lesbians, but not gay marriage.

The difference lies primarily in the "eyes of the law." Marriage may certainly be an issue of love and commitment but it is also a point of legal status. It creates a legal, binding relationship between a person and their spouse that transcends religious and political boundaries.

Whereas a civil union in some states may have the same benefits as marriage, these unions do not extend past the State's legal borders.

In Vermont, there is also no residency requirement for civil unions, which allows people from other states to travel here for such a ceremony, a boon to the tourism community. If the couple wishes to dissolve this union, one person in the relationship must establish residency in Vermont for one year. Married couples can dissolve their legal relationship in any state they reside, regardless of the original state married.

Of great significance is that the federal government does not recognize civil



unions, and this has a dramatic impact on taxes, as these couples are unable to file joint tax returns and reap some of the benefits allotted to married couples. This also means they can not receive other varied federal benefits, such as survivor monies from Social Security, veterans benefits, federal sick leave and insurance.

The new ten member commission created by the state is chaired by Representative Tom Little, and they will be holding hearings throughout the state in an effort to gauge the opinions and "will of the people."

This new commissions can expect opposition from varied religious groups that traditionally cry foul on such issues, the same that were vocal about Civil Unions when it was before the House. They are also expected to be listening to advocates and opponents from Massachusetts, a state that has already adopted gay marriage.

Three years ago, Massachusetts became the first state in the union to legalize gay marriage, a legal ruling that remains contentious to this day. Several other states have since passed civil union laws as well, including the traditionally staunch conservative state of New Hampshire.

The question remains is whether or not civil unions have succeeded in bringing the acceptance of gay marriage more mainstream. As is often the case in such contentious maelstroms, the political landscape must also be considered.

Shortly after civil unions were legalized, the state Democrats lost control of the House and many feel that the civil union issue was the deciding factor in many elections. Republicans also garnered an extra seat in the divided Vermont Senate as well as a host of other elections throughout the state.

With the report due shortly before the general election of 2008, we can expect gay marriage to play some role in upcoming politics. For those areas where Democrats are struggling, the questions remains just how vocal they will become on such a hot button issue.

Grandma's Pantry

Poison Ivy

For those of you unfamiliar with this pesky little plant, here are some pearls of wisdom to begin our journey down Vermont's scenic countryside, "Leaves of three, let it be."



If you should happen to unwittingly cozy up to Poison Ivy, toxicodendron radicans, chances are likely that the plant's oil, urushiol (also found in Poison Oak and Poison Sumac) will be deposited on your skin, clothes, or footwear. It has even been known to latch onto dogs thus waiting silently for the unsuspecting pet owners as they give Fido some much deserved affection.

Urushiol is found in all parts of the plant: the leaves, vines, and roots and can remain in an active state once it is spread onto an item for a very long period of time, so beware that same knapsack that you unknowingly set in a bed of Poison Ivy can still cause unwelcome skin reactions for weeks or months later.

If you are unlucky enough to have poison ivy set its mark on you, it can show up on the skin as simply an itchy area to large red sores covering the entire body often in line-type formations. For any serious reaction to the oil, seeking immediate medical assistance is suggested to both allow for relief of symptoms and prevention of infection.

It often takes 12-48 hours for redness or swelling to first occur. Blisters and itching soon follow. Extremely sensitive people may experience these symptoms within hours.

Once you think you have come in to contact with Poison Ivy, some immediate steps to help counter outbreaks are:

- 1) Wash all exposed skin with isopropyl (rubbing) alcohol
- 2) Then wash skin with cold water (warm water will open the skin pores further allowing the oil to seep in quicker)
- 3) And finally wash with soap (using soap prior to step 3 may simply move the oil around on your skin spreading the possibility of rash further)

Some people mistakenly believe that if blisters form and burst, the liquid from them can further spread the rash. It is not the fluid found in the blister which spread this rash but the oil from the plant. If you have not entirely removed the oil, then there is a likelihood in spreading the rash to other areas of your skin or to your friend's skin.

According to herbal lore, where Poison Ivy grows, so too will jewelweed (*Impatiens capensis*). Crushed leaves and stems from jewelweed, which contain Lawson, are reported to counteract the oil's blistering reaction.

Grandma's pantry remedies, which do not replace professional medical care, include (only after steps 1-3 are

followed of course) taking tepid baths with 2 tablespoons salt added, "drying" the rash itself with pure green volcanic clay (kaolin is also used) mixed with tepid water and applied liberally (again soaking in a tepid bath once the clay has dried to remove it and making sure to never scrub the clay off), or applying a paste of baking soda and water.

And while Poison Ivy is reported to have been effectively used by many Native American tribes as an agent to remove warts, treat ringworm, and even as a laxative, avoidance of all parts of this plant is advised.

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.

BUSINESS

In search of: Young, Tech-savvy willing to relocate. Love of maple syrup a plus

In a previous issue, we had an article noting the “aging of the Vermont citizen,” and the exportation of our youth. Recently, state officials announced a plan to lure new young and technically proficient people to Vermont. These plans include a new web-site, email notices and varied events throughout the Northeast.

Their target market are those in their 20's & 30's who either grew up in Vermont or went to school here. According to recent census figures, Vermont has recently become the second oldest state in the nation, raising serious concerns about our current and future workforce.

“Younger workers with a connection to Vermont – including many who came here to attend college – want to live here,” noted Governor Jim Douglas. “As much of Vermont’s current work-

force approaches retirement, many employers are finding it difficult to find skilled workers to replace them. This outreach effort is just one step in connecting young people to good jobs and affordable homes that will bring back to work and raise their families. And it will help us reverse our most troublesome demographic trend – the rapid decline of working-age Vermonters.”

The web portal will feature jobs, housing, recreational and social event notification to potential prospects. State officials are also meeting with Vermont colleges and universities in hopes of enlisting their aid in reaching out to alumni and creating internships with Vermont companies.

“We know that many workers want to return to Vermont to live, work and raise a family,” Governor Douglas said. “By making it affordable for them to do so, leveraging our quality of life and letting them know about the good jobs created here, we can dramatically increase the chances they will return.”

Foreclosures up 24%

In response to Vermont’s cooling housing market, home foreclosures in the state were up 24% for the first half of this year, compared to the same period in 2006.

Previously, home prices were steadily increasing, allowing homeowners to liquidate their properties more easily when needed.

New Airline Coming to Southern Vermont

With the loss of CommutAir from the newly re-titled Rutland-Southern Vermont State Airport, the regional airport recently received two bids in an effort to improve air service.

Pending Approval from the Department of Transportation, Cape Air hopes to take their expertise in smaller markets to the southern Vermont region. “We are very excited with the opportunity to move into this mountain market,” noted Cape Air spokesperson Michelle Haynes.

Cape Air currently services the Cape Cod market as well as the Caribbean and similar specialized regions. Current plans, pending DOT approval, involve three roundtrip flights per day to Boston, more than their Big Sky Airlines co-bidder and the current CommutAir.

In an effort to make airfare more affordable to southern Vermont, Cape Air is planning a \$77 plus tax one-way ticket.

With reduced travel opportunities in southern Vermont from both Amtrak and Vermont Transit, a lower cost airline ticket would be a welcome travel option for visitors, opening up both the Boston market & eastern New England.

Vermont Lags in 32nd In Business

The annual ranking from Forbes Business as “states to do business in” ranks Vermont as 32nd in the country. This is a drop from 30th from the previous year.

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Food & Dining

Hemingway's in Killington

Few restaurants throughout Vermont have received either the amount or the quality of accolades of Hemingway's Restaurant, located just off the mountain access of Killington.

In a testament to both quality service and culinary excellence, owners Ted & Linda Fondulas have maintained for years a dining mecca in the midst of the mountains.

Ted and Linda were inspired by a trip to France in the early 1980's, noting that some of their most enjoyable dining experiences were not in the metropolitan areas, but rather in the outlying countryside. Choosing the 1866 Asa Briggs House, an old resting spot for weary travelers, they restored the property in what is considered one of the best restaurants in southern Vermont.

In an ode to their degrees in English Literature, Ted and Linda named their restaurant after a favorite author; and with a menu that includes game such as rabbit, venison and pheasant, Ernest would be proud indeed.

"We looked to indigenous animals and produce, searching out local farmers . . . and used locally raised rabbits and pheasants," notes Linda. "We were the first restaurant in Vermont to serve farm-raised venison. We still use mostly local products and we use fish from Atlantic day boats instead of flying it in from Hawaii."

With blazing fireplaces in their three dining rooms, the Hemingway's atmosphere is one of both luxury and comfort. The brick-walled Garden Room has a brick floor while climbing ivys rise up the windows with a view of the patio and herb garden.

Downstairs, an old root cellar has been transformed into a stone emporium of fine wines and champagnes. Consistently winning awards from The Wine Spectator, staff and owners alike are well-versed in their extensive stock and are always willing to pull the right

bottle for the right dish. If you are looking for a special, intimate dinner, seating is available in this wonderful room as well.

The menu itself is a delectable array of American cuisine with some classical roots. With so many options teasing the palate, Hemingway's has created a "tasting menu" that also includes a selection of fine wines.

The menu changes based upon the availability of fresh products; however, we were lucky enough to sample their Chestnut soup. Scented with thyme, it includes a maple froth that is the perfect beginning for what is to come.

Fresh halibut was then served with an exquisite combination of mussels,



clams and lobster. This seafood medley was perfectly complimented with a 2005 Cotes du Rhone.

One of the finest dishes I have had in recent years came with our entrée of Vermont Pheasant. Coupled with locally grown mushrooms it was an outstanding compliment to the previous appetizer. It further excelled with the addition of a home-made gnocci that is one of the finest I have ever eaten.

There is a point one reaches in a meal where further consumption seems quite improbable, mine reaching that nadir just before the desert course. Still, as has been the case for us all since childhood, the arrival of a Chocolate Mousse was to make a bit more room. Served with a hazelnut and lemon sponge cake, it was the perfect ending to a perfect meal.

Vermont has a wide array of eating opportunities, from Burlington to Brattleboro, but the ability to find a truly excellent culinary experience is a little more rare. I have always enjoyed a variety of nights out, particularly in southern Vermont, but have rarely been more impressed than with my experience at Hemingway's.

While the cuisine is certainly more than enough to engage anyone's attendance, Ted and Linda further complement their restaurant with an atmosphere and friendly staff unrivaled throughout the region.

After garnering a series of awards over the years, the owners continue to treat their guests with a hospitality and excellence that will bring them further accolades in the future, as well as a steady supply of those folks interested in sampling one of the finest dining experiences in the state.

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Bar Menu

The following is a sampling of local watering holes that we think offer good eats while enjoying a tasty beverage. Enjoy!

Mulligan's in Manchester

Half restaurant, half sports bar, Mulligan's is a great spot to grab a beer on tap and enjoy a nice menu. Their burgers are great, only further complemented by a consistently friendly wait-staff. Their bartenders are even better!

The Marina in Brattleboro

One of the finest menus in the area, The Marina is greatly accented by their staff and their atmosphere. With a bevy of entertainment also presented, the river views combine to create a great dining and drinking experience. Appetizers at the bar are a must – try either the Crab Cakes with mango salsa or the Stuffed Portobellos with crab-meat! Delish!

Sirloin Saloon in Rutland

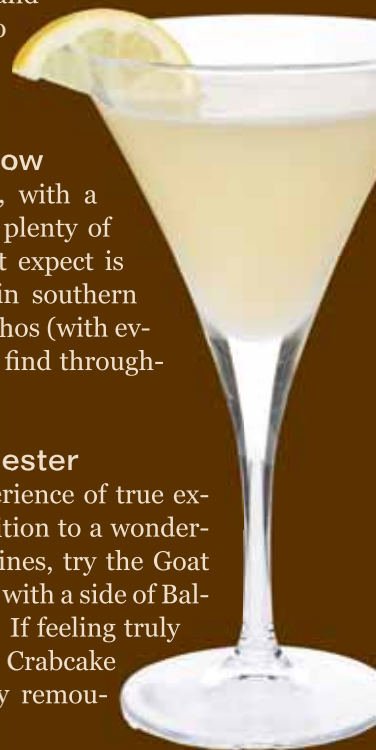
If you love meat, this is the place! But they also have a small bar to saddle up to, and they are happy to serve apps or full entrees here as well. It would be great if the bar were bigger, but it's worth the squeeze for the Shrimp Scampi! They almost always have Prime Rib rocking the kitchen, and a good end cut is always good to wash down with one of their myriad beers on tap.

Dover Bar & Grill in Mt Snow

Exactly what you would expect, with a rocking jukebox, pool table and plenty of bar stools. What you might not expect is one of the best Cheese Steaks in southern Vermont. And the mound of Nachos (with everything!) is better than you will find throughout the rest of the state as well.

The Panther Pub in Manchester

If you are looking for a bar experience of true excellence, this is the spot. In addition to a wonderful selection of fine beers and wines, try the Goat Cheese Flatbread Pizza. It comes with a side of Balsamic Fries that are just perfect. If feeling truly decadent, how about a Lobster & Crabcake Croissant Sandwich with a spicy remoulade? Mmmm.



Restaurant Reviews

Chopin's Restaurant

Route 100, West Dover

Vermont is renowned for its vistas, its wonderful beauty, and an outdoors that allows for a myriad of activities. Although it boasts some excellent restaurants throughout the state, unique cultural dining experiences are rarely on the menu.

At Chopin's Restaurant, in Mount Snow, the diner is given a unique experience in Vermont – a chance to sample what Poland has to offer. Located at The Matterhorn Lodge, one is given a selection of eats not generally found in the Green Mountains.

Joe and his family offer a tremendous hospitality for all guests, and a person feels more like they are visiting old friends than a local eatery. This is good, as my experience with Polish cuisine was virtually nil, so a little guidance from our hosts was a prerequisite.

As it was explained to me, the Polish kitchen has been impacted by cuisine from France and Italy, but also more exotic tables: Tartar, Armenian, Hungarian, Cossack and Jewish.

We started with a coupling of soups: a fresh, revitalizing gazpacho and a very light mushroom soup, featuring mushrooms actually imported from Poland.

A must-have when visiting are their home-made pierogis. We were offered both a meat version and a potato one – I could have gorged myself on the potato pierogis and skipped everything else that was to come. Absolutely wonderful.

We were given a selection of foods for dinner, including a fantastic stuffed cabbage. Sadly, my eating companions finished these off faster than I

could keep up; however, I had plenty of kielbasa and a slice of prime rib to make up for it.

Each of these Polish eating experiences were further enhanced with the knowledge that they are typically made with organic produce, skirting anything made with artificial ingredients.

Chopin's, both in atmosphere and in food, is a great excursion that feels more like you are visiting someone's home, offering a very comfortable experience all the way around.

The Sandwich Shoppe

56 1/2 Merchants Row, Rutland

For those that like to eat good food, there is nothing better than having your own secret place, somewhere to eat where you know you will always get a good lunch or dinner – a meal that you look forward to before opening the doors and feel sated about when leaving.

In downtown Rutland, those in the know get their lunch (and breakfast) at one place that has been consistent in their quality for many years – The Sandwich Shoppe. It is a family-run business that looks like any other deli and luncheon.

Having eaten there close to one hundred times already, I am always greeted at the door as I belly up to the counter. They have a truly massive array of selections for sandwiches (hot & cold), wraps, salads, burgers and more and they make each to order with a selection of sauces, breads and meats.

As a creature of habit, I tend to get similar items each time, including a Cheesesteak that would make Philadelphia proud. My nephew has always been a big fan of their burgers, but I can not recommend enough their meatloaf sandwich.

This is one of those places that grows by word of mouth and requires no advertising. Its advertising is in its service and its quality of food.

Up For Breakfast

Manchester

This breakfast hot-spot is a wonderful exercise in supply and demand. A small supply of seats and a great demand for, perhaps, the best breakfast in southern Vermont.

As if finding an egg (scrambled, of course) at the end of a scavenger hunt, it is important to know the locale of Up For Breakfast, as I walked by it twice in my search for an early-morning cup of coffee. Upon viewing the menu, though, it seemed a necessity to sample some of the fare this small dining establishment had to offer.

Since that morning, I have been back a half-dozen times and will continue to return. I found my great cup of coffee, in addition to freshly-squeezed orange juice. I also found some blueberry pancakes that were in exercise in lack of restraint. Fresh blueberries were rampant throughout, virtually bursting through the batter. Topped with some fresh Vermont maple syrup, I actually felt healthy from the abundance of fruit.

Their French toast is even better, made from a sourdough bread; however, nothing can compare to their homemade corned beef hash, a true testament to a hearty breakfast.

Still, if meat is not how you start your morning, you may want to try their Purist; an egg-white omelet loaded with fresh vegetables. I suggest mixing the Purist with the hash, rounding out that most important first meal of the day.



As millions of Americans reach for that first mug of java in the morning, they may want to look at the health benefits of tea, an industry on a steady rise.

Tea may rank as the most popular drink in more countries than any other beverage, but in the United States it has only recently started its rise in popularity. National sales have climbed from \$1 billion to over \$5 billion in just the past decade, according to the Tea Council of the United States.

One reason for this increase is the budding popularity in the mainstream for green tea and specialty teas. Also, tea shops have sprung up throughout the U.S., currently numbering over 1,200.

There are a variety of teas to fit any palate, as noted below:

Black Tea is the most popular type and is fully fermented. This variety, in most consumer tea bags, hails from all over the world and has a very robust aroma and flavor. Many who drink this stronger tea add milk, lemon, and/or sweeteners. It is the most caffeinated and has about half the “kick” of a cup of coffee.

Green Tea makes up about 10% of the world's tea and is not oxidized like its counterpart above. Each green tea has its own aroma and taste and is usually consumed without any additives. It is an acquired taste and



has about a third the caffeine of a cup of coffee.

Oolong Tea is a mix between black and green teas and generally has a fruity, roasted taste and is great on its own. Some cultures believe it lowers cholesterol and blood sugar, as well as speeding up metabolism.

White Teas have less caffeine than any other in the family and are considered very high in quality and, also, difficult to find. It is less processed than green or black teas and is renowned for its large amounts of cancer-fighting antioxidants. This is brewed white tea, folks, not the stuff processed and served in bottles.

Yerba Mate is not exactly a tea, as it's from the holly family; however, it is often served in finer tea rooms and is a great digestive aid.

Pu-erh is less known in the U.S., but is renowned for lowering blood-alcohol levels and flushing toxins.

Rooibos is a caffeine-free brew from South Africa that is packed with antioxidants. It's not officially a tea, but is well known for its ability to reduce stomach cramps.

Herbal Teas are, in fact, not teas at all. They contain no tea but rather an amalgamation of herbs. Generally, they have no caffeine and include flowers, leaves, roots, nuts, bark and fruit.

Where To Get A Good Cup of Tea

The Twilight Lounge
Brattleboro

Dobra Tea Room
Burlington

Rose Arbor Tea Room
Chester

Marble West Inn
Dorset

Governor's Inn
Ludlow

Moscow Tea House
Stowe

Inn at Saxton's River
Bellows Falls

Health Benefits

According to a recent study by Harvard Medical School, tea boosts a person's immune system. Coffee had no such affect. It also showed that blood cells from tea consumers responded 5x faster to germs than coffee drinkers.

In a study by the American Heart Association, people who drank about 19 cups of tea per week were less likely to die after a heart attack.

Traditional tea comes from Camellia sinensis, an evergreen plant native to China's tropical Yunnan province.

Legend has it the first tea was drunk in 2737 BCE. It did not make its way to America until the late 17th Century. By 1720, tea had become an prosperous trade item between England and its Colonies.

A Vermonter's How To Guide To Making Candles



Candles have become a pricey commodity in recent years, as they have evolved from a source of illumination when the power goes out to a spiritual knick-knack with a wide array of flavors.

In addition to saving quite a bit of money, making your own candles can be an enjoyable pastime.

What you need:

Wax (such as remnants from other candles), a mold, and a wick.

Steps:

- 1 Melt the wax in a double boiler until it reaches a liquid temperature that can be poured.
- 2 Pour the liquid wax into your mold, leaving a couple inches available from the top. Depending upon mold, you may need to tilt it to get even distribution.
- 3 Tap the mold on a hard surface. This will release any air bubbles remaining in the wax.
- 4 Use a stick, toothpick, etc. and poke it into the candle wax with the wick.
- 5 The candle will shrink as it cools. Top off the wax to the original level of mold.
- 6 Put the mold and candle in refrigerator. 10-15 minutes should do for basic candle molds.
- 7 Upon removing from fridge, turn the mold upside down for candle to slip out.

8 The candle will look a little "raw." You can spray it with shoe polish (or candle spray) or even polish it with a pair of nylons.

9 Untie the wick and trim to just above the candle.

10 The bottom of candle may still be a little uneven. You can even this out by placing it on a hot plate or similar apparatus.

Special tips:

- By using a hairdryer and heating candle when completed, you can design and decorate as you see fit. For example, once heated, roll in a glitter.

Note:

- Children should always be supervised by an adult.
- Never leave a lit candle unattended

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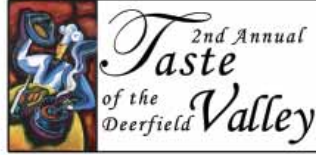
Upcoming Events

Celebrate the Valley, Inc.

www.celebratethevalley.com

2nd Annual Taste of the Deerfield Valley September 15, 2007

Local Restaurants offer samples of their food offerings at Mount Snow. Enjoy local crafters, live music, an auction and activities for the kids!



2nd Annual Walk of the Santas Weekend December 7-9, 2007

Join the Mount Snow Valley community as they attempt to break the Guinness World Record for the largest Santa Gathering. The weekend will include special discounts for Santas, a Scavenger Hunt and more!

2nd Annual Grand Race Memorial Day Weekend, 2008

Competing for the Grand Prize of \$1000, teammates will travel by foot and by car in this fierce and exciting road rally. The race will take teams over 60 miles throughout the beautiful Deerfield Valley of Southern Vermont. As with the popular tv show, teams will compete in fun, thrilling but mentally and physically challenging events along the way.



**For more information go to:
www.celebratethevalley.com**

Celebrate the Valley is a non-profit organization run by members of the Mount Snow Valley community. Our goal is to showcase our valley through events & entertainment that celebrate the beauty and richness of our valley. Part of the proceeds of all of our events are contributed to local charities and other non-profits. We are always looking for people to help us with our mission. We have fun and its a great way to give back. Email info@celebratethevalley.com if you're interested.

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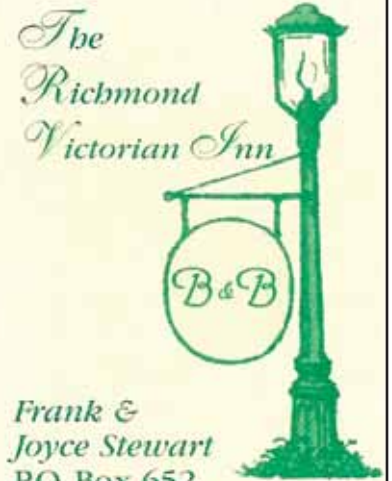
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