

50 YEARS of the *Stowe* REPORTER

1958 - 2008

December 11, 2008

A week in the life of the Stowe Reporter

BY TOM KEARNEY

The beginning and the end of the week occur simultaneously at the Stowe Reporter.

Thursday is when our newspaper hits the street, and that's when we start work on the next week's newspaper. We barely get to hold our week's work in our hands before we roar into the next week's business.

This is an explanation of how our newspaper works — a week in the life.

In some ways, it's impossible to convey the craziness inherent in running a newspaper. We move thousands of words in a narrow window; we deal with all sorts of calls and contacts — please keep my name out of the police blotter (we don't do that), why wasn't my kid's name in the youth hockey roundup (not every kid can fit into every roundup), why can't you come to Burlington for my press conference, did you get my e-mail last week about my company's new fragrance (sorry, but you're from New York, not Stowe, and that was 2,000 e-mails ago).

Nor can we capture the off-the-wall fun that newspaper offices always are. Our office is full of people who tell stories for a living, so the tales and jokes never stop.

Many of the people on staff have



PHOTO BY GLENN CALLAHAN

Stowe Community Church on Main Street has become a symbol for the entire community.

Town of Stowe should take the first bow

BY BIDDLE DUKE

We've come a long way in the past 50 years, but so has Stowe. Thank you, Stowe; we are proud of you.

Twenty-five years ago, the then-publisher wrote: "There is an old axiom in the newspaper business that a community deserves the newspaper it gets. We think Stowe deserves a first-class weekly, and we are doing our darnedest to publish just that. If, indeed, the Stowe Reporter has in any way measured up to our aspiration, then it is you, the community of Stowe, that should be taking the first bows."

Twenty-five years later, we could not say it any better. It is you, Stowe, who have made it all possible through your support and encouragement over the past 50 years.

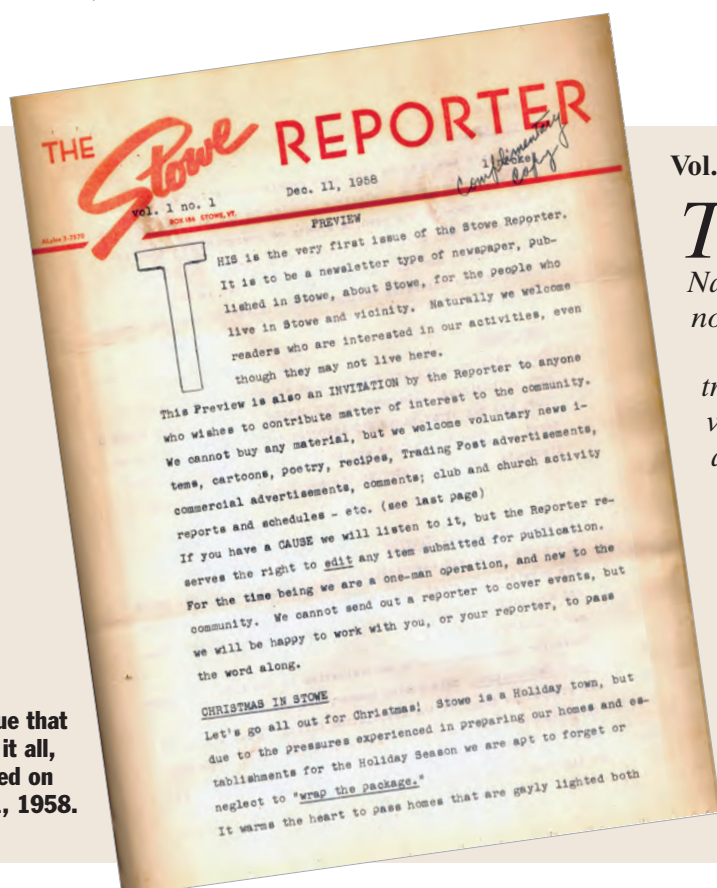
The Stowe Reporter's history — not quite all the 2,600 or so issues in its 50 years of continuous publication — resides in the basement of the Stowe Free Library in a little, well-lit room reserved for those and other archives.

To delve through them is not a journey through Stowe's lengthy history, just the last few generations. I could not get enough of it. The pages of the paper are filled with familiar and important people and names, and sifting through those years is like eating peanuts. I couldn't stop.

But this is a newspaper, and the editor tells me I have limited space. So here's just a little of what I found.

SEE 'HISTORY,' PAGE 2

SEE 'A WEEK,' PAGE 10



The issue that started it all, published on Dec. 11, 1958.

Vol. 1 No. 1

This is the very first issue of the Stowe Reporter. It is to be a newsletter type of newspaper, published in Stowe, about Stowe, for the people who live in Stowe and vicinity. Naturally we welcome readers who are interested in our activities, even though they may not live here.

This Preview is also an INVITATION by the Reporter to anyone who wishes to contribute matter of interest to the community. We cannot buy any material, but we welcome voluntary news items, cartoons, poetry, recipes, Trading Post advertisements, commercial advertisements, comments; club and church activity reports and schedules — etc.

If you have a CAUSE we will listen to it, but the Reporter reserves the right to edit any items submitted for publication.

For the time being we are a one-man operation, and new to the community. We cannot send out a reporter to cover events, but will be happy to work with you, or your reporter, to pass the word along.

Christmas in Stowe

Let's go all out for Christmas! Stowe is a Holiday town, but due to the pressures experienced in preparing our homes and establishments for the Holiday Season we are apt to forget or neglect to "wrap the package."

It warms the heart to pass homes that are gayly lighted both...

Stowe Reporter's 50 years

'HISTORY,' FROM PAGE 1

Early days

The Stowe Reporter was started in 1958 by Dorre Hanna and Martha Ball. It was a two-page, letter-sized mimeographed sheet, 5 cents a copy, \$4 a year for a subscription.

As a benchmark, the Mountain Co. at that time had three T-bars, the single chair lift on Mt. Mansfield, and the Big Spruce complex, which had been completed in 1954.

Right out of the start house, the paper provided commentary and a platform for community discussion. The first issue featured a punchy

piece about the importance of Copley Hospital's new wing. Apparently, due to its cost among other issues, there were opponents of the project, to which Hanna wrote: "We trust... that the 'dissenters' will be quartered in the old Copley hospital in their time of need."

The first issue also included a note about young Helen Beckerhoff's jewelry. Forty years later, among many other civic duties, Helen served on the town select board.

In 1960, Alex Nimick, a creative advertising guy from New York who was a frequent visitor to Stowe, cajoled Russ Spring, Mary Bourdon and Trow Elliman at a party to recklessly splurge and buy the paper.

The terms were \$500 down and \$500 to be paid within a month.

Nothing much changed during the first five years, with the paper remaining essentially a one-person operation. Editor Dorre Hanna was succeeded by Randy McAusland then Beverly Willis.

From the beginning, the Reporter was local, local, local — even more so back then. But every now and again, national events supersede everything else, as it was Nov. 22, 1963, when the editor ran a front-page editorial on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Sometime in the early 1960s, Mary Tweedy became one of the larger stockholders when her contribution of a much-needed typewriter was converted into shares of the company.

very recently, any of the staff had ever had any newspaper experience. What they learned, they learned the hard way, by the seat of their pants.

One of the paper's biggest advertising breakthroughs came when Pete Dresser agreed to try listing an actual property for sale in his real-estate ad. Until then, local real-estate advertising was of the business-card type. Never again.

As real-estate ads took hold, it's no wonder that development and growth, along with skiing and ski racing, became the central topics in the paper for decades. "Suburbia, here we come?" was the June 6, 1977, headline that greeted a proposal for development on what was then the Lemaire Farm.

Trow takes over

In 1965, Bev Willis threw in the towel. At that point, she was almost unbelievably writing, typing and printing the paper all by herself on a small offset press in the basement of her house in Moscow. She also had six children and a husband to look after.

The towel landed smack in Trow Elliman's face. All of the original group had by then dabbled, on a part-time basis, at management and wanted no more. The paper was grossing about \$9,000 a year, and consistently lost money.

It was under these conditions that Elliman agreed in 1965 to give it a try, with the understanding that he could eventually purchase the majority of the stock.

Major changes came rapidly. The company sold its old press (as an anchor?) and rented office space on the second floor of the old Shaw Building (the present site of Union Bank). In the summer of 1965, the Reporter printed its first issue in its current tabloid format and jobbed out its printing. The company also purchased its first typesetting equipment. After paying \$8,000 (borrowed) for the new machinery, Trow recalls the salesman saying, "Good luck. You know, most weekly newspapers never make it."

This is probably a point to explain that neither Trow nor, until

Community connections

But community news has remained the lifeblood of the paper. Some themes run through the decades — sports games, marriages, births, new businesses, obituaries, elections — and so have many of the names.

Rusty Dewees appears in 1974 as a high school drummer performing with Doug Wu on the bassoon. Rusty, as we know, became an actor and performer, and recently stepped in on drums with Grace Potter's band at the Rusty Nail.

Also in 1974, a 35-year-old Johannes von Trapp, who would go on to take the helm at the Trapp Family Lodge, appears on the front page as a politician and a Democrat, running against Republicans Red Hooper and Giles Dewey for the county's two seats in the Vermont House. The Republicans won both seats. That was back when Stowe and Lamoille County were staunchly GOP. The county has gone Democratic recently; as for Johannes, the last I checked, he was more red than blue.

A Nov. 6, 1980, letter to the editor from Kermit Spaulding was a gem if you're looking for stories on how things never change. His letter 28 years ago commended Stowe's field hockey team for making the state finals. But the officials' "lack of composure" not only cost Stowe the win, the Stowe community leader

said, "it removed the joy of winning from a fine West Rutland team." Just a month or so ago, Kermit was at the fall 2008 state finals when another officiating snafu cost Stowe the win, again. And that generated another gracious letter from the former House sergeant-at-arms.

The Reporter's editorial page was historically conservative. Upon Ronald Reagan's election in 1980, the editorial declared "it somehow makes us proud to be American," calling the Jimmy Carter years "creeping socialism."

During the 1970s and 1980s and 1990s, the Mountain Co. added five double chairs, gondolas, and snow-making; real estate boomed; condominiums and time-sharing made their appearance; and developments soared. As Stowe grew, so grew the Stowe Reporter.

norm in the early 1990s. Paid circulation grew proportionally, with copies now going to more than 24 states and a number of foreign countries. Our circulation fluctuates between a low of 4,600 to more than 5,500. The cover price rose steadily over the years, reflecting the ever-increasing cost of printing, paper and delivery, hitting 50 cents in 1993, and 75 cents in 2008.

The big shift in advertising came sometime in the 1980s for the newspaper in the Ski Capital of the East: Summer advertising increased to the point where it exceeded winter advertising.

Local, local, local

Editorially, the Reporter has never tried to compete with The New York Times or the Wall Street Journal. A lady recently came into our front office to grumble about delivery problems; furious, she said the only reason she buys the Reporter is for the calendar of events. "If I want to read a newspaper, I read The New York Times," she said. To which the editor replied, "Well, you won't find much about Stowe in The New York Times."

Stowe and its neighboring communities are what we have covered for half a century. Our survival depends on it. It's why a few people pull into our little parking lot in the dark every Thursday morning all year long to get their copy hot off the press before heading to work.

There is tons of news in our own back yard — although, over the years, the news has changed. The paper at one time — the mid-1970s through the 1990s — devoted an entire section to ski racing. At one time, Stowe hosted huge international professional and amateur competitions, and such greats as Jean Claude Killy, Tyler Palmer, Kenny Corrock and Otto Tschudi competed here. In 1976, Stowe hosted a World Pro Tour downhill on Spruce Peak. For many in town, those were the heydays of the '70s and '80s: a major professional tennis tournament in the summer, a polo league and tournament, a professional bicycle race over the Notch and around the mountain. New people were moving to town and, if Arthur Kreizel and others

have it right, to a Stowe that didn't take itself so seriously.

Here by choice

In the mid-1990s, I was working for a newspaper company in South Carolina. It had sent me to live in Argentina, of all places, where it owned an English-language daily

newspaper. After two years down there, I returned, and decided to look for a small newspaper to buy. I'd watched my bosses at the time work out small newspaper deals; the economics seemed straightforward, and the rest I thought I knew. After six months of searching here and there with the help of a newspaper

SEE 'HISTORY,' PAGE 14



2000 — SKI MUSEUM The Vermont Ski Museum opened in the historic Stowe Community Meeting House at 1 S. Main St.



1987 — MARIA VON TRAPP DIES The legendary baroness and her family made Stowe their home after leaving Austria.

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1968 — GONDOLA Stowe Mountain Resort installed its original Gondola lift in 1968. It was replaced in 1991.



1974 — THE SPIRIT OF STOWE A hot-air balloon was flown from Stowe to Boston in 1974 to promote the town's Winter Carnival.



1980 — TRAPP FIRE The original Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe was incinerated in a nasty fire in 1980.



1984 — REC PATH OPENS One of the bridges that carries bicyclists, walkers and skaters across the West Branch of the Little River is on its way to installation in 1984. Surveys show the rec path is one of the most popular attractions in Stowe.

1984 — FLOOD In June, flood waters inundated parts of Stowe, causing more than \$300,000 in property damage.

1984, Feb. 9 — Ski racer Tiger Shaw competes for the United States at the Olympics, again.

April 12 — The brainchild of Anne Lusk, the Stowe Rec Path opens.

June 14 — Flood of 1984 causes \$3 million in property destruction.

1986, April 13 — Last day of operations for the Mansfield single chair. Forerunner detachable quad is installed. This was the first detachable quad in the East. It replaced both the fabled Mt. Mansfield single and double chairs.

• First Stowe Lake Balloon Festival.

1987, April 2 — Baroness Maria von Trapp dies at age 82.

1987 — Stowe Land Trust formed.

1988, Feb. 4 — Mayo Farm purchased by the town government for conservation, recreation, farming, events and community purposes.

1992 — Stowe Trolley System established.

1993 — Mayo Farm Road connector built (paved in 1997).

1994, Feb. 3 — The Shed burns (fire was Jan. 26).

1994, March 10 — Stowe Playhouse & Rusty Nail burns.

2000 — The Vermont Ski Museum opens in the historic Stowe Community Meeting House on Main Street (built in 1818).

2003 — Ground is broken on \$400 million Spruce Peak Hamlet development.

2005 — The Jewish Community of Greater Stowe opens its community and worship center in Stowe.

• Big Spruce double chair comes down, and is replaced by the Sensation high-speed quad. The Big Spruce Double, built in 1954, was the first double chair in Vermont.

2006 — Over Easy Lift across Route 108, connecting Spruce Peak and Mt. Mansfield, opens.

2007 — After more than a century of operations, the Moscow General Store and Post Office closes, and is converted to housing.

2008 — Luxury Stowe Mountain Lodge at the base of Spruce Peak opens, followed by Spruce Camp, the new Spruce base lodge.

IN
about Stowe:
stories and
comments

CHIMING

You can't please all the people all of the time

Greg Popa joined the Stowe Reporter in 1986 as photographer/reporter. He was managing editor from 1991 to 2000, and has been editor of the Stowe Guide & Magazine since 1991.

The voice over the intercom filled "The Sanctuary," the nickname that a former Stowe Reporter employee gave to the large, window-lined office that I shared with publisher Trow Elliman. "You've got a live one, Greg!"

The worst way to start a Thursday, I thought, picking up the phone. "Good morning, this is Greg."

The caller's anger was palpable. "Why did you change my engagement announcement? Bah! You screwed the whole thing up."

"Perhaps you ought to tell me who this is, and we can go from there," I said, reaching for that day's paper and turning to Stowe Notes as this still-hysterical woman continued to curse me for ruining her special announcement. Scanning the small item, which ran no longer than 75 words, nothing seemed out of order. Must be a misspelled name.

"Your stupid newspaper can't get anything right. I knew you'd screw this up, too," the woman bellowed.

"Ma'am, what is the trouble here?"

"It's Pa., not Penn. Why couldn't you just leave it alone."



"You're kidding me, right? You're calling to complain about the abbreviation for the state of Pennsylvania?" As she continued to question everything from my intelligence to my manhood, I remembered that my one and only change had been to correct the state abbreviation to comply with Associated Press style, one of the many style guides newspapers use to ensure some level of consistency.

I reiterated my position for the umpteenth time: "The correct abbreviation for the state of Pennsylvania is Penn., not Pa."

She remained unmoved. "I'm going to have my fiancé come down there and kick your ass!"

I'm proud to say that I lost my composure, told her to "Bring it on," wished her good day and hung up.

The mother called next. That didn't go well. I had upset her sweet little girl who, and this is almost too unbelievable, showed up in my office doorway at about the same time as Mom hung up on me. The "little girl" didn't seem very sweet to me between her angry accusations and shouting.

Meanwhile, Trow disappeared. I asked the young woman to leave. A few minutes passed. The intercom buzzed. "Greg?" Pause. "The fiancé is on the phone."

Not a hopeful sign. Usually adept at calming angry people, from worried locals afraid of appearing in the police blotter to sources claiming they were misquoted — and everything in between — I'd lost any desire to call upon my skills.

Not with this family. Not this fiancé. I remained defiant.

"I'm gonna come down there and kick your ass!" Click.

Despite the bluster, this man I'd never met didn't instill much fear in me, but I knew little actual

work would take place that Thursday. An hour or so later, after the story had been recounted numerous times throughout the building, I grabbed the AP Stylebook and turned to the page that listed state abbreviations. My eyes scanned the entry.

N.D.
Okla.
Ore.
Pa.

We remember when Stoweflake neighbor burned

Barbara and Marion Baraw, whose family owns Stoweflake Mountain Resort and Spa.

For our family, changes in Stowe have been many. We settled in 1956 when the "Ski House" was built on Cape Cod Road. In 1963, part of the family moved permanently when the original Stoweflake Inn was built.

From the beginning, Stoweflake was home and business for the Baraws. Founders Stu Sr. and Beatrice, their son Stu and Marion worked and lived in the main lodge until their homes were built on the grounds. Second son Chuck and his former wife Barbara resided in the ski house while their home was built. At that time, Cape Cod Road was dirt with little traffic and Stoweflake's neighbor to the north was the Meadows Motel.

It was 3 o'clock one cold November morning during the

first snowstorm when an ear-shattering "Boom!" lifted us out of our bed. Out of our windows, we saw a brilliant red glow. We wondered what part of our lodge was missing! Once outside, we discovered it wasn't our lodge in a blaze, it was the Meadows Motel.

Then the story evolved from scary to humorous. The new owners of the Meadows had a substantial insurance policy on the property, and decided to collect.

The three city slickers thought the only law enforcement — the town constable and county sheriff — were too sleepy to react. Little did they know a deputy sheriff was alert at a nearby establishment. At the sound of a siren, leaving their gas cans behind, they took off in their car, which was not equipped to handle snow. The deputy sheriff was in hot pursuit close behind.

Missing the turn at the intersection Cape Cod Road and Weeks Hill Road, the car slid into the barn across the street. One man was injured, but the other two hightailed it across the field, stole a car, and took off again. Approaching the intersection of Weeks Hill and Mountain roads, they lost control again, landing in the Golden Eagle's yard.

With two cars down and two injured, the last man standing ran into the woods behind the Golden Eagle, leaving a visible track. Early the next day, he was apprehended with little effort.

Cape Cod Road is now paved and, along with Mayo Farm Road, a busy bypass. The town has grown from sleepy to bustling and sheriff and constable to a professional police force.

As for Stoweflake, under the direction of Chuck Baraw, now CEO and president, the inn has evolved from a modest lodge into one of America's premier luxury



Barbara Baraw

Congratulations

on your Golden Anniversary

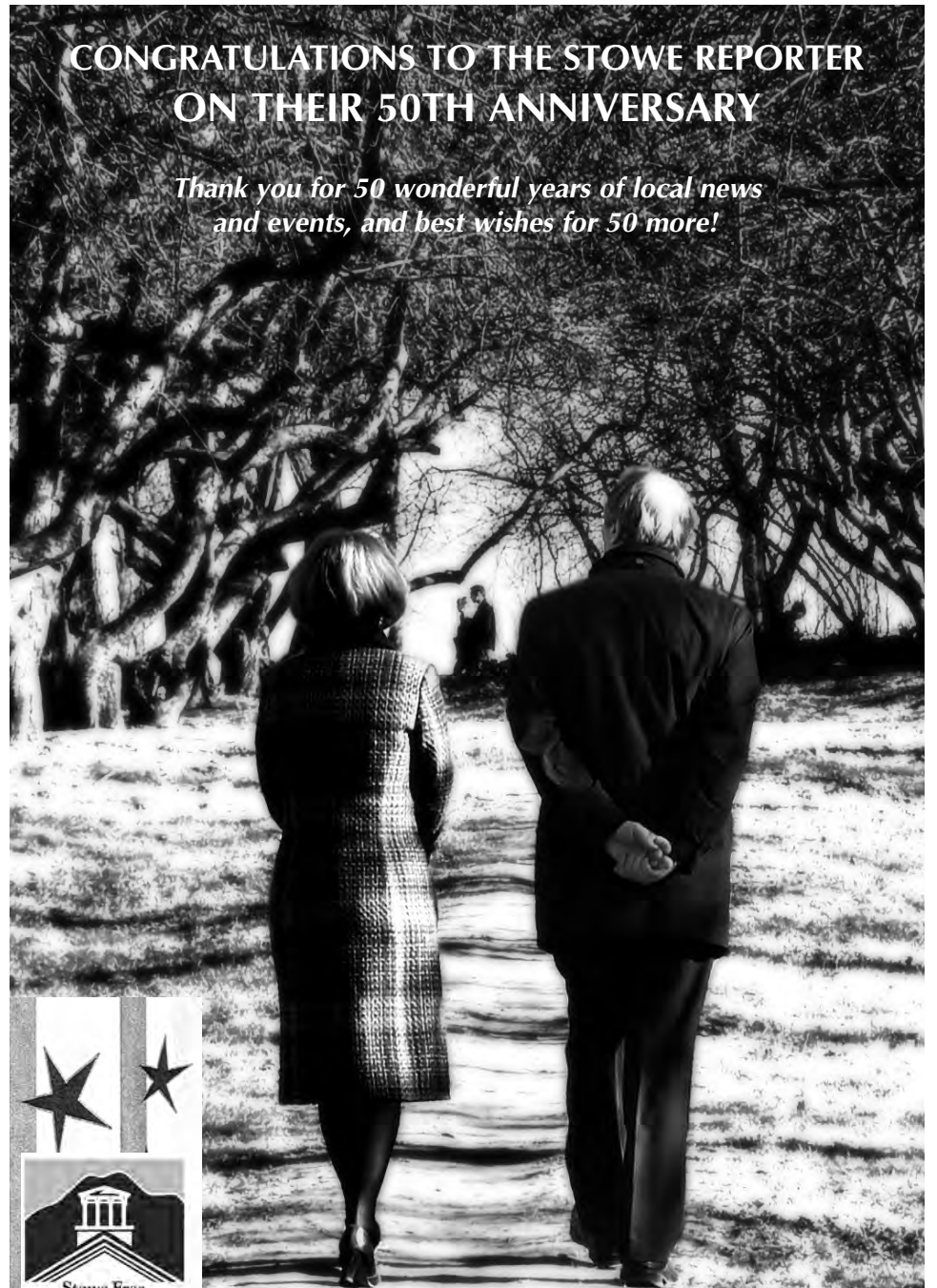


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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE STOWE REPORTER ON THEIR 50TH ANNIVERSARY

Thank you for 50 wonderful years of local news and events, and best wishes for 50 more!



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Access the complete archives in print of The Stowe Reporter at the Stowe Free Library; call ahead, and we will pull issues for you.

resorts and spa destinations. The resort boasts a conference center, 120 guestrooms, 60 townhouses and two award-winning restaurants. He lives on property with his wife and wedding sales specialist, Amy.

In the past decade, Sheri Baraw (Chuck's daughter and general manager) and Scot Baraw (Marion and Stu's son) have been an integral part of the resort's success. From their family's modest beginning in 1963 to the AAA four-diamond property that it is today, Stoweflake has become a preferred destination for discerning travelers worldwide.

Life went on at La Bicoq, and in Stowe

Kitty Coppock of Stowe:

Among many Stowe's treasures are the remarkable and memorable people who live and have lived here. Many are gone but fond memories remain.

Cypris and Jean Jaubert owned La Bicoq, where the Blue Moon is now. La Bicoq was much smaller then — perhaps ten tables and a small bar, an exotic bistro dimly lit with candles and adorned with beaded curtains.

Cypris and Jean were quintessentially French. Jean, the waiter and bartender, was an accomplished artist, small and wiry and full of Gallic charm. Cypris, the chef, was quite simply a ball of fire and Jean adored her, as did we all.

One of the specialties of house was a divine Coquille St. Jacques. One wonderful night, it seemed that everyone wanted it. Jean had just returned to the bar after deliv-

ering orders to the kitchen when pandemonium ensued. Sounds of crashing pots and a great deal of imaginative French filled the restaurant. Then Cypris stalked into the dining room, threw her apron on the bar, and announced "Coquille St. Jacques, Coquille St. Jacques! I will NEVAIRE cook another Coquille St. Jacques."

Then, with a rattle of beaded curtains and a slam of the door, she stomped off into the snowy night. In the silence that followed, Jean shrugged, and poured us each another cocktail on the house. We all went home that night well served, if a little hungry.

The next day, Cypris was cheerfully cooking Coquille St. Jacques and life went on at La Bicoq.

People didn't take themselves so seriously

From longtime Stowe resident and Topnotch Resort founder Arthur Kreizel, who now lives much of the year in Mexico:

Firstly, the Stowe Reporter is great today. We had some fun when it first started with Alex Nimick. Those were the days of crazy jinx. The day when the owner of (Smugglers) Lodge came down and shot some streetlights out, as he was angry with the electric company.

We lived on "Driftrock" curve. When the lights went out, we knew a car had hit the light post and was in the snowdrift.

My brother and I met lots of nice people. It was a great time in Stowe, when we did not take ourselves so seriously.

Quiet weeks connect us to the essence of home

LeeLee Goodson of Stowe:

Here in Stowe, these few quiet weeks that follow the flamboyance of foliage, but precede the glitter of winter, speak most deeply to me of home. The town in this interseason period resembles a beautiful woman of a certain age — without her makeup. Her bone structure is still good, but she shows a little wear. And that's just fine with me. A mood of frank honesty prevails at this time of year, an honesty that is masked by the glamour of ski season and the false promise of summer.

This is a time for locals. We drive unwashed cars, wear practical clothes, and talk to one another about our lives and struggles.

I've grown up in this town and have known many such people; some still here, others gone now, who have shaped the character of Stowe. We've had our upstanding citizens and our eccentrics. We have multigenerational farm families and intellectuals who have chosen to live in obscurity here. We have quiet philanthropists and those in need.

In short, this is our town. This is our paper. These are our disparate points of view. But now especially, when the leaves are down and the ground is bare, we all experience

the austere beauty that binds us together and reminds us of our deep New England roots.

Happy 50th anniversary, Stowe Reporter.

School board protest: women in pantsuits

Marion Kellogg's Stowe High School memories:

Frank, the new math teacher, and I arrived in Stowe in 1953. The school board was toying with the idea of a union school with Waterbury, with Dr. David Bryan making a presentation at a meeting.

That idea was soon dropped, but in the 1960s I joined the board in time for the big statewide push for unionization. Carroll Pike, Tony Ciaraldi and I spent many evenings with members of the school boards of Morrisville and Lamoille County North. After we opted out of that, we had more meetings with the Morrisville board.

I learned to use a slide rule to figure tax rates, as pocket calculators weren't available yet. Stowe's tax rate then was less than half that of neighboring towns. Ultimately we decided to go it alone, with a very high cost per student, taking



our chance on the future.

Where to build the school? We nixed putting it where the Jackson Arena currently is: not enough space for the building, not to mention the playing fields, which were wet most of the spring. Moreover, girls' sports needs were just beginning to be considered. (I recently overheard someone complaining that we hadn't gone for that location!)

Another point against that location was its proximity to the shops in the village. Students had been competing as to who got the most "points" for shoplifting from Lackey's, Shaw's and Leahy's Ski Shop.

Okay, the area of Village on the Green? Good perks but too close to bars, the Shed and Three Green Doors.

Our biggest effort was the Mayo Farm; Tony Ciaraldi and I spent many hours in the milk house, trying to persuade the Mayos to sell. No luck.

Carroll Pike (Mert's father) retired from the board after 40 years of valuable service.

One bitterly cold January evening in 1970, board member M.J. Shaw and I plotted and carried out a revolution: wearing pantsuits, not skirts, to a board meeting. Next year, the schoolgirls were permitted to wear pants to school.

In March 1973, the high school students carried their books — knapsacks were not "cool" — and walked out of Old Yeller and headed up the Mountain Road to their new school.

In short, this is our town. This is our paper. These are our disparate points of view. But now especially, when the leaves are down and the ground is bare, we all experience the austere beauty that binds us together and reminds us of our deep New England roots.



great years of providing a valuable link and source of information to those of us who call Stowe home.... or a home away from home.

Stowe
Area Association

Congratulations *Stowe Reporter!* From all your friends at the Stowe Area Association
www.gostowe.com

CHIMING
about Stowe:
stories and
comments

Arden Magoon issues definitive word on winter

Charles Lusk, a Stowe Select Board member for many years:

It would have been a fall day in the early 1960s, certainly no later than '64. Selectman Dale Percy descended the steps of the Memorial Building, wherein he might have been performing some civic obligation, or a bit of banking business that would have entailed some deer-hunting discursions with Kermit Spaulding.

In any event, the enterprising Percy encountered Craig Burt, the Maharajah of Stowe, owner of the last of the great sawmills in town. (And author, by the way, of the indispensable "We Lived in Stowe," which you should own, if you care at all.)

Perhaps there was a precursive chill in the air; we all know how fall days can pull us in either direction, depending. Anyway, their encounter led to a discussion of the upcoming winter, calling upon the customary harbingers — woolly bear caterpillars, the height of wasps' nests above the ground, the predictions of the venerable "Farmers' Almanac." They had resolved nothing when Arden Magoon approached the sidewalk.

"Arden," cried the Maharajah, "what kind of winter do you think we're going to have?"

Magoon needed no time to reflect. "I think we're going to have a long, cold winter," he stated.

"What makes you think so?"



asked Burt.

"Well, aren't they all?" replied Magoon. "Aren't they all?"

And that's the whole truth.

Our sense of community has been lost

Beverly Gonyaw-Lemery, who operates a small farm on Barrows Road:

Stowe has changed a lot over the past 50 years. When I was growing up, there was more open farmland, dirt roads; you knew your neighbors. People helped their neighbors; you could leave your doors unlocked, your keys in the ignition. People respected others, their land; they were raised with values, ethics and morals.

There was a local barbershop, country store, funeral home, gift shops with local crafts. People knew one another, cared about one another, respected one another.

Today these values, traditions, are lost. You see more real-estate signs and less open land. What used to be a local is turned into a second-home owner; most of the true locals have moved, passed on, or we have forgotten about them.

The stories that they could tell, the history; it is lost only to create the mini-city, but keep the country charm.

You cannot have both. Yes, times change but the "good old days" are long gone. There is more crime; you do not know your neighbors; the trust and respect are long gone. The taxes have gone up, driven by the real-estate market of turning the farmlands into new housing, more business — and yet the town is no better off.

The laws change, the rules

change and yet no one knows what they are, who to turn to in a moment of need. We make ourselves feel better by charity events, yet the people that they should help the most are the ones left still hurting.

There was once a sense of community, and yet that is lost. Do we really know what that means anymore — community?

For 50 years, paper's been part of business life

Johannes Von Trapp, head of Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe.

The Stowe Reporter has been a part of our business life for 50 years now.

I remember back in the late '60s, when we were starting the cross-country ski program.

Trow Elliman very kindly offered to do a centerfold in the Christmas issue with our whole trail map on it, and we did that for a number of years. I remember seeing people skiing around with this trail map gradually disintegrating, and that is what led us to do a better trail map and one that was protected against moisture.

The changes in the paper have been equally phenomenal. It's become a very excellent small-town paper. Politically I must say it is a bit on the liberal side for me, but, who knows, that may change, too, as the owner matures (who knows — I did!).

Congratulations on your anniversary celebration!



Many thanks for memories, and assignments

Elinor Earle of Stowe:

Having contributed to the Stowe Reporter for more years than I care to divulge, it is an honor to participate in its 50-year celebration, no small feat given the state of weeklies in America today.

While much has changed in Stowe over these years, one constant has remained the same. Like clockwork, every Thursday, our eagerly awaited local newspaper appears on the counter at Lackey's, on cluttered grocery store shelves and in a myriad of assorted outlets as if by magic, momentarily drawing our heterogeneous community together in a common pursuit: reading the latest news fit to print.

Once more of a social register, a who's who of who was doing what with whom and where, the paper has evolved into a highly regarded source of informative news. Those who still long for the social dynamic have only to turn to Nancy Stead's Seen Around the Mountain to unearth what the movers and shakers are up to.

One of the most rewarding aspects of writing for the Reporter has been the opportunity to meet so many extraordinarily talented people, as well as to explore Stowe's fabled past. Some of my favorite interviews include the legendary Vermont basket maker Newt Washburn; Ned Lang in his capacity as an unparalleled cabinet



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**TO THE
STOWE REPORTER**

on chronicling 50 years
of Stowe's activities and events.

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Anniversary
Stowe
Reporter...**

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The skiing drew us to Stowe in the mid-1950s

maker; nationally acclaimed artist Carol Jones; Johannes von Trapp, hotelier and founder of America's first cross-country ski center; dairy farmer and conservationist Merton Pike; the gifted artist Rett Sturman; and, of course, my dear neighbor Charlie Lord, who etched the original face of Mt. Mansfield in the 1940s as an engineer with the Civil Conservation Corps.

Greg Popa, friend and former longtime editor of the newspaper, always must have been hard-pressed to find someone to write about Stowe's past, for he would assign me historical pieces about topics of which I knew absolutely nothing. This included the early ski pioneers and Austrian ski instructors (nearly blasphemous to have been so ill-informed), the Summit House, the ski train and the Foster Place.

One of the most rewarding pieces was "Restricted," a discovery process that exposed the darker side of Stowe during its early hospitality years.

Other satisfying assignments dealt with cultural events, including many sterling exhibitions created by the Helen Day Art Center and the audacious West Branch Gallery in its infancy. Belatedly, thank you, Greg, for encouraging me to plumb the incredibly rich and varied history of our town and its citizens.

Well, here I've done it again, run well over the meager word limit allotted by Biddle Duke. Nonetheless, thanks for the memories — and the assignments, too. Here's to another 50 years!

Watching local racing heroes was a real thrill

Jed Lipsky is a Stowe logger and, with his wife, Annika, owns the Stowe Inn and Tavern.

My early experiences in Stowe have had a profound and lasting effect on my life.

As a young skier in the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club in the 1950s, watching local alpine racing heroes like Marvin Moriarty and Betsy Snite take on the best Olympians in the world during the 1957 American Internationals remains one of the most thrilling sports memories of my life.

The wonderful family vacations spent at Parker and Dottie Perry's Green Mountain Inn certainly was the nostalgic seed that inspired me to buy and operate the Stowe Inn many years later.

But ironically, it was probably Arlene Allen who may have influenced me most. While she was serving breakfast at the inn, we saw her husband, Andy, pulling out from the Mountain Road with his log truck loaded with snow-packed yellow birch and hard maple logs, headed to Burts mill located behind the inn. Arlene beamed with pride as she shared with me her family's history and love of the woods. The "romance of logging" has been pushing me for the last 40 years.

Finally, I want to share memories of starting polo in the late 1970s with John Bourgeois, who went on to really put Stowe Polo Club on the map.

He was able to bring players from around the country to enjoy Stowe as a destination for polo. At the same time, he developed many locals — like Chip and Dean Percy, Jay Bowen, Margret Collins, Chris Francis, Adam Strong, David Galland, John Tewhill, and Richard Sprea and many others — into players. We all really miss John and the legacy he created.



Trow Elliman is former owner of the Stowe Reporter.

When Biddle Duke asked me to write something for this 50th anniversary issue, I was at first flattered. Flattery quickly turned to desperation. Fifty years is a long time. Where to start? What to cover? What were others doing?

With Biddle's blessing, I have now limited my recollections to the prime years of the single-chair lift, roughly from 1958 to the mid-60s, though the single chair kept running until 1986.



The thing that attracted us to Stowe in the mid-1950s was the skiing. (A motivation that I suspect was not too unique to many people now reading this article.) Stowe's population at that point was approximately 1,300. (My facts are subject to a weak memory, so please bear with me.)

But the small size of Stowe was, in itself, a plus that added to the rural charm and attractiveness of the area.

We were quite obsessed with skiing and felt Stowe was the pre-eminent ski area in the country. We were familiar with Aspen (Vail didn't exist), but still Stowe and the Vermont ambiance were our first choice. (It was not till later that we discovered the joys of summer in Vermont.)

In the years prior to moving into our house, Claudia and I usually stayed at Ten Acres, run by Darby Chambers. Darby, who later became a town selectman, was then renowned for her cooking. On any given weekend, three-quarters of her clientele were repeat customers, and the place was frequently sold out.

Our social life rotated around Ten Acres; the new Topnotch, owned by Dick Hood and Don Sholly; and the Foster Place, featuring Wogs, Boston Brahmins, the Aga Khan and Myni's fresh doughnuts. (Incidentally, it was not called Foster's Place, as it is incorrectly labeled today.)

Probably the top ski lodge of the time was the Mountain Company's Lodge at Smugglers Notch. To the strains of Austrian zither music, they were known for hosting celebrities such as the Kennedy clan. The Den, next door to the Lodge, was a popular after-ski hangout for much of the ski school.

In town, Parker Perry's Green Mountain Inn, along with the bar at the Whip (named for his wife, Whipple), was also popular. Otherwise, outside restaurants were few to none, with only Giroux being (usually) open off-season.

Before settling in Stowe, we frequently commuted overnight from New York City via the Chalet Car, which hooked on to the Montrealer. It was run every Friday night in season by the Amateur Ski Club of New York. The ASCNY founder, Roland Palmedo, incidentally, built Stowe's single chair in 1940, then the longest chairlift in the world.

The Chalet Car was an old, refurbished private railroad club car, with army-type double-decker bunk beds, and serviced by a porter and bartender. We would

arrive at the Waterbury Railroad Station early Saturday morning, usually after little or no sleep, and pick up our car.

Most of us used a local farmer, who, for \$5 a week, would store our car in his barn, then deliver it, heated and running when we arrived.

The return trip Sunday night was marked by one unusual twist; the Chalet Car would be switched off so that it arrived at the much more convenient Grand Central Station rather than Penn Station. The habitués could then stumble directly into their offices by 9 a.m.

...

By the time we actually moved to Stowe in 1960, I yearned for a simpler, healthier, outdoor lifestyle. I was 32, Claudia 27, and we had two small children.

The essentials we sought were already in place — the rural beauty of the land, small-town life and values, a wonderful coterie of Vermonters and flatlanders alike, and, of course, THE MOUNTAIN, in all its glory.

And, I should add, Vermont was then an independent, rock-ribbed conservative state, led by Republican Sen. George Aiken.

In looking back, we have wonderful memories of the Stowe we settled in and embraced some 50 years ago. I still remember my first meeting with Craig Burt and other directors of the Union Bank. I was at the time head-down, digging out an old septic tank. When I looked up, there was an older gent dressed like a farmer (or lumber baron, as it turned out), and a couple of younger gentlemen dressed in dark business suits. Somehow they must have liked what they saw. We got our first loan for what was to be the Stowe Cottage Club. Our development (I use the word loosely) amounted to wandering the property and plunking down ski poles at what seemed like logical house sites. Zoning, land planning and the Stowe Land Trust were still far in the future.

One story that comes to mind is of two taciturn Vermont carpenters who were working on the outside of our house. They quietly stopped work to watch me as I attempted to burn out a bees' nest in a nearby brush pile. I threw gasoline on the pile, lit a match, and tossed it. When the resulting explosion knocked me flat, one of the men remarked: "Last time I seen that done, the fella lost his arm." It took me a while to realize that it's probably a good idea to ask for a second opinion. In Vermont, cautionary warnings were not always forthcoming.

Along the same line, V.Z. Reed, when leaving the Mt. Mansfield parking, was stopped by the venerable mustachioed ticket-taker Claude Adams: "It none of my business, but, thought you'd like to know, your rumble seat's on fire."

...

After a few winters with 100-plus days of skiing, I began to teach in the ski school and Claudia seriously took up ski racing.

At that time, the Sepp Ruschp Ski School had a large contingent of über-Austrian skiers such as Karl Farhner, Pepi Gabl and Othmar Schneider. They were all gods to us on skis, and otherwise good friends. Ski School Director Kerr Sparks and his assistant, Gary Fisher, kept us in line and gave us our marching orders for the day. Kerr, formerly with the 10th Mountain Division, was consid-



FILE PHOTO

Trow Elliman roars his way down the alpine slide.

ered a hard taskmaster, but one who "always looked after his boys."

In those days, thanks to C.V. Starr and Sepp Ruschp, there were big-time international ski races hosted by the Mountain Co. It was quite a sight to see the likes of Jean Claude Killy, Karl Schantz, Andre Molterer and Tony Sailer cruising down the Nose Dive. (Not necessarily all at the same time; I'm a little fuzzy on my dates.) The local stars, including Billy Kidd, Billy Woods, Rip McManus and Marvin Moriarty, were also very much on hand.

Prior to one of these races, Marvin, who had grown up on the Mountain, pioneered a new, faster downhill route that cut straight through the original Seven Turns. Although downhill was considered a top-to-bottom-type race, control gates were then inserted, perhaps for the first time ever on the Nose Dive.

Claudia even got into one of these races and ended up with quite a bit of CBS-TV exposure. The race was a downhill on the Nose Dive. Claudia had a very high starting number, near the end of the international field. But when you saw it on TV, CBS had her running completely out of order toward the beginning of the race. The reason soon became obvious: They wanted a good wipeout.

You first saw her in the distance, coming toward the camera tower below Shambles, while the announcer excitedly talked about "the young Stowe housewife and mother of two." Claudia momentarily disappeared from sight in a small gully, then suddenly burst out, hurtling directly toward the camera, cartwheeling wildly, arms and legs flailing through the air like a rag doll. She finally slid under the camera tower. CBS had its picture. Claudia survived.

Call it a wipeout, eggbeater, or yard sale, Vic Coty made them into an art form in his weekly movies. Vic collected his material by hiding on a blind corner of the

Sterling trail and filming the hapless spills of beginners. He would later narrate his movies at the Akeley Memorial Building, aided by ski instructor Mike Hughes.

Mike was also filmed doing his rather flamboyant airplane turns and other hot-dogging down the National. The public — including his earlier victims — loved it.

...

Mt. Mansfield was then serviced by the single-chair lift (plus the all important blankets and personally owned raccoon coats.). Lift lines were endless, with many fine-honed techniques developed for beating the system. Topnotch annually gave the infamous Silver Chisel award, much to the Mountain Company's displeasure. It was finally retired by Willie Benedict prior to the building of the double.

There was also Pansy Prince's wedding at the Octagon. Many guests skied down well after dark, presumably after a glass or two of champagne. I can remember what at first looked like bare spots on the snow, only to realize they were fallen bodies. I do not think the Mountain Co. was overly thrilled with that occasion, either.

These were but some of our personal memories of a fun and wonderful bygone era. Yet to come were the heady beginnings of the Stowe Reporter, along with the tremendous growth of the community as a whole.

...

In closing, I would be remiss if I didn't mention my concern for the present political and economic crisis now facing Stowe and, for that matter, much of Vermont. Our beloved town and state has become seduced by welfare thinking. We are drowning in property taxes and rampant socialism.

Let us hope that future leaders will somehow find a way to rectify this situation in this otherwise uniquely beautiful corner of the world.

The essentials we sought were already in place — the rural beauty of the land, small-town life and values, a wonderful coterie of Vermonters and flatlanders alike.

50 YEARS of the Stowe REPORTER

Dec. 30, 1960
The Stowe Reporter publishes a Charles Addams cartoon, done especially for the newspaper.



Cover - March 1966

April 16, 1959
The Trapp family is going to be the subject of a Rodgers & Hammerstein musical. The Stowe Reporter's editor got the news from Dorothy Kilgallen's column and tried to check the information, but the family was all away, and a Miss Glynn knew nothing.

Aug. 3, 1960
The Stowe Reporter spells out its function and policies: "to give you the inside dope, when we can get it. We avoid argument but believe in discussion." The newspaper has free circulation and low-priced ads (paid in cash).

Oct. 13, 1959
"Mrs. Maria Trapp" attended Boston premiere of "The Sound of Music."

Dec. 18, 1958
This edition of the paper is free "for the sake of our advertisers." D.M. (Dorothea) Hanna is the editor. Stowe still had a milkman and eggman making deliveries. Harry Pike retired after 27 years as town clerk, 43 years as village treasurer. Highway maintenance, which was \$750 a year back in the lumber and farming days, is now up to \$10,000 annually.

March 16, 1961
The Stowe Reporter starts its Yankee Trader; it will no longer take "for sale" items in Bulletin Board. Now, those items will cost 50 cents for four lines, plus 10 cents for each additional line. And there's a new policy on letters to the editor: They must be signed.

Stowe has 520 postal patrons.

January 1959
Miss Zelta Norcross at the Fountain has a scrapbook with first Stowe newspaper: The Evening Sun (1937). Jan. 10, 1959: Mrs. Craig Burt has a complete set of those newspapers. The first Lamoille County paper, Christian Luminary, was published in Stowe in 1830. Hiram Mott started the Stowe Journal in the 1970s; it merged with the Morrisville paper.



Cover - March 7, 1974

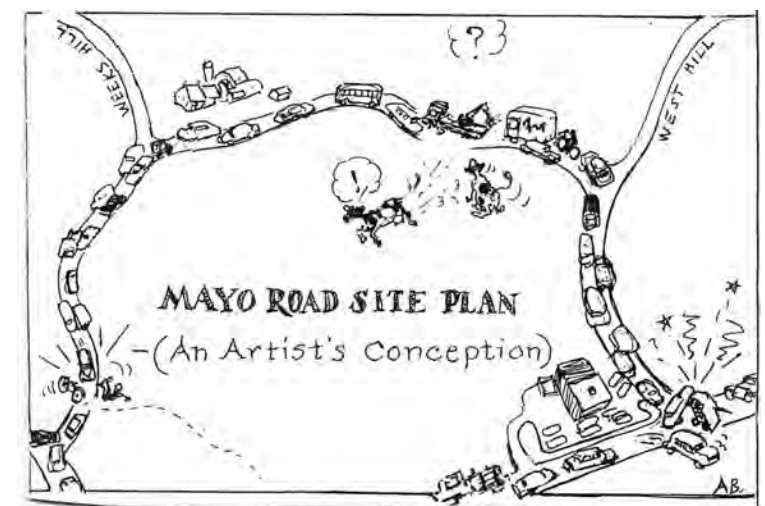
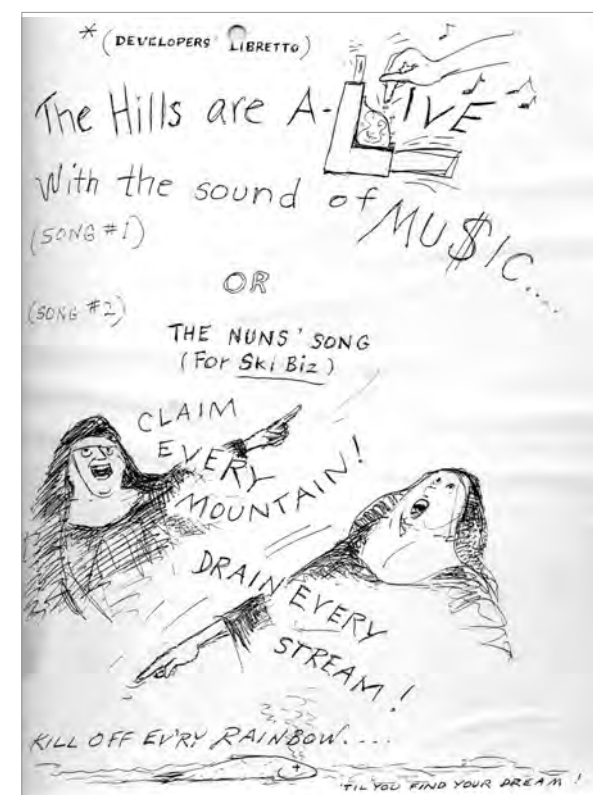
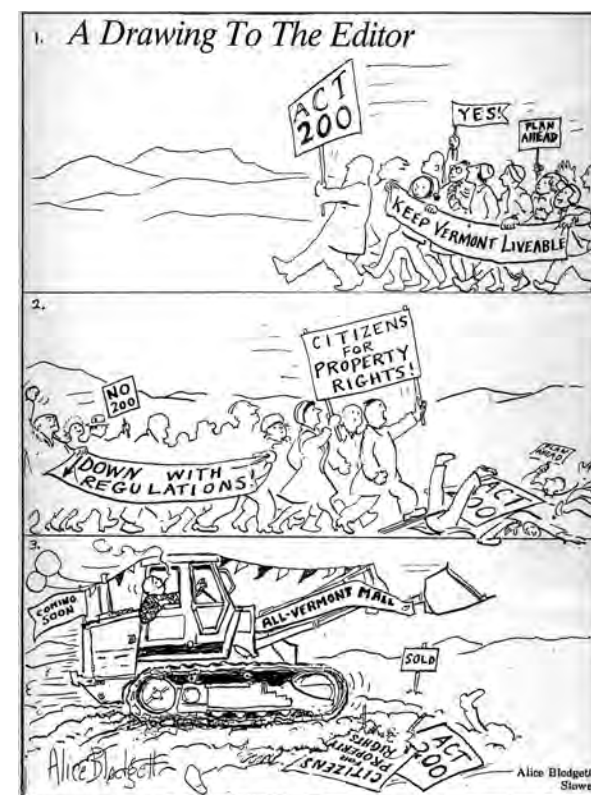
March 2, 1961
A ski bum sets fire to a barn.



Cover - September 13, 2001

Aug. 24, 1961

The poliobile is coming to Stowe on Aug. 29.



Alice Blodgett drew cartoons in an unusual style, with unique insights into Stowe. At far left is a series about Act 200, a landmark growth management law Vermont passed in 1988. Development interests opposed it. At near left, Blodgett ripped developers by amending lyrics from "The Sound of Music," the musical based on the Trapp family, which settled in Stowe. Above, Blodgett's view of a Stowe traffic-congestion solution.



Cover - April 24, 1997

Jan. 7, 1961
The Stowe Reporter is under new management: Alexander Nimick, with Russell Spring as editor, newcomer Trowbridge Elliman on ads, and Robert and Mary Bourdon. D.M. Hanna continues as managing editor and Martha Ball as business manager. The new management promises a "fair and informal" weekly community newspaper. Also, Attorney General-elect Robert Kennedy and Edward Kennedy and their families are visiting Stowe. Right under that story is the fact that Mrs. Hope Stewart has three llamas at her home.

Dec. 11, 1958
From the first issue of the Stowe Reporter: "Stowe is not just a commercial-decorated village but a village of warm and friendly homes." There was a Garden Club, Stowe Woman's Club, Stowe-Mansfield Association, and a contest for decorations (3 prizes for homes, 3 for businesses). Maxlyn's Restaurant and '90s Lounge opens at Main and Mountain Road.

New Copley Hospital dedicated Nov. 23; X-ray room has a plaque: "The People of Stowe" (recognizing donations from Stowe); 42 beds. Ads were in The Trading Post (25 cents a line) The Stowe Reporter cost five cents ("one nickel - the vanishing buffalo"); 26 weeks by mail for \$1.30 plus 78 cents postage.

A week in the life of the Stowe Reporter



PHOTO BY TOM KEARNEY

Assistant editor Jesse Roman conducts a telephone interview in the Stowe Reporter's newsroom.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

strange areas of expertise. Recently, that led to an invitation for one editor to be someone's Lifeline on "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?" although the person didn't make it that far.

The company is also filled with people who live in many parts of Lamoille County, who understand life here, and who have earned a place in its collective memory. Often, you have to wait to find out what that place is. For instance, assistant editor Jesse Roman worked here for a year before we learned he's the all-time leading scorer for the Peoples Academy boys' basketball team, with 1,402 points.

So, here's our story. Since I'm

the newspaper's managing editor, I'll show up in this article — but I promise not to pull any punches, and I promise not to quote myself.

Thursday, 10 a.m.

For the news staff, this is where the week begins.

Wednesday is an early-starting, all-hands-on-deck day of putting out the newspaper. Thursday is more leisurely. Reporters and editors and photographer straggle into the office between 9 and 10 in the morning, grab our papers — the Stowe Reporter and Waterbury Record — and see how things turned out.

Publishing our weekly is something of an act of faith. Once we finish assembling each of our pages on the computer screen — ads, text,

headlines, photos, everything — we transmit the electronic file to Upper Valley Press in North Haverhill, N.H. There, invisible to us, production people convert the electronic page files to printing plates, print the newspaper, and truck it back to Stowe by about 5 in the morning.

Thursday morning, we get to see it at the same time our readers do.

After thumbing through the paper, we gather to plan the next week, and beyond.

This story covers the period from Nov. 6 to Nov. 13.

Our news planning meeting starts at 10 a.m. In the room are Tom Kearney, managing editor; Jesse Roman, assistant editor; Lisa McCormack, reporter; Glenn Callahan, photographer; Michael Corcoran, reporter for the Waterbury Record; and Kim Whalen, the production manager and our chief designer. Usually there are Biddle Duke, the publisher (he owns the newspaper); Maria Archangelo, associate publisher of the Reporter and editor-publisher of the Waterbury Record; and Marina Knight, our Web editor. The only news-staff member not present is Evelyn Wermer-Frey, our community editor; she handles everything from calendar information to Stowe Notes. But she works only on Monday and Friday.

Kearney's rule of thumb is that we can plan maybe 65 percent of what we do. The other 35 percent falls out of the sky, and we had better be ready to catch it. That pattern will be played out this news week.

Jesse Roman starts the discussion; he's doing the cover story for our Scene section. Usually, the story's about something coming up in the community — art exhibits, house tours, shows. Jesse's story is



FILE PHOTO

Pre-computer news staffers used electric typewriters to turn out their stories.

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PHOTO BY TOM KEARNEY

Advertising representative Mike Duran talks with a client about an upcoming ad schedule.

about deer hunting; rifle season will start two days after we publish. Jesse went through a hunter seminar at the Fly Rod Shop in Stowe.

We're a little worried about photos for the story. We have a couple from the seminar, but none strong enough to be the cover photo. We agree that, if we don't have other

options, Jesse will dress up in his hunting gear and pose for a photo-illustration.

Jesse's also planning a story about the financially struggling ice rink in Morrisville, and a look at lagging efforts to raise \$4 million privately toward a new \$6 million Jackson Arena in Stowe. He also

wants to know what's up with a Southwestern-style restaurant planned by Jack Pickett, a noted chef who writes a food column for the Stowe Reporter. Pickett said during the summer the restaurant would open in the lower village, but that hasn't happened; what's up?

Lisa McCormack's agenda includes a Stowe physician who's closing her walk-in medical clinic, Asian Week at Stowe Elementary School, a new Morrisville after-school child-care program, and Morrisville's plans to dress up for the holidays to draw tourists.

Glenn Callahan has a full slate of photos — Veterans Day ceremonies in Stowe village, the physician, Asian Week, and a couple of features. Plus, he also works on photos

that arrive from the community — Stowe Notes, youth hockey, what have you.

Sports is a little thin this week; it's between seasons for high school sports, but we have some ideas and hope one or two of them will click.

Booked for our Business section is a column by local commentator Tom Evslyn, and Michael Corcoran's story about development along Route 100 between Stowe and Waterbury. We will also hunt for a good explanation of why the federal government is altering its bailout of American International Group, the huge corporation that owns Stowe Mountain Resort.

Those are the bones of a good edition for us. But, as things turned out, some stories had to hold for a

week; they were overtaken by more pressing news, and we had to change our plans.

Thursday, 11 a.m.

As news reporters hit the phones or head out for interviews, the production staff is finishing its cleanup from last week's maelstrom, and getting ready for the next one.

While Kim Whalen, the production director, was at the news meeting, Lindsay Harper, assistant director of the production department, and Kristen Braley were putting away electronic copies of advertisements, pulling out ads booked to run the following week,

SEE 'THE WEEK,' PAGE 12



Ann Cooke was promoted to business manager this fall after Joan Joslin retired; Joan had spent 23 years on the staff.

PHOTO BY TOM KEARNEY

From One Reporter to Another Happy 50th

For the past 37 years The Valley Reporter has been pleased to work with The Stowe Reporter to provide coverage of the Green Mountains from Stowe to the Mad River Valley. We look forward to many more years ahead, because really...you don't look a day over 29. :-)

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Before the days of computerized page layout, exacto knives and racks of border tape were how you made a newspaper look special.

FILE PHOTO

Kristen Braley, Lindsay Harper and David McLaughlin, from left, assemble pages electronically on Wednesday, production day.

PHOTO BY TOM KEARNEY



A week in the life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

and filing away the electronic pages for the Nov. 6 edition.

David McLaughlin, a production staffer who's also our webmaster, finished loading content on stowereporter.com. He'd done the loading on waterburyrecord.com last night.

Lisa Locke, traffic coordinator for the advertising department, is running through ad-insertion orders for the Nov. 13 edition, alerting the production department to which ads will be pickups from prior weeks, which will come from advertising agencies or other newspapers, and which have to be made from scratch. The advertising deadline is not until Monday at 5 p.m., but the sooner we get a handle on the work flow, the smoother the week will go.

Advertising

The advertising department does what it always does: work the phones and hit the streets.

Greg Popa, the sales manager, oversees strategy and planning for the ad department, and works closely with the four advertising representatives.

Mike Duran, Beth Swann, Lou Kiernan and Dave Cousins each has a long list of accounts over a wide territory. Their job is to work with advertisers on schedules and designs that give maximum benefit to the businesses, to help them tell their stories in the most effective ways.

Our ad representatives offer a broad menu of choices.

Businesses can advertise in either or both of our two newspapers, on our three Web sites — stowetoday.com, stowereporter.com,

and waterburyrecord.com — and in the semiannual Stowe Guide and Magazine.

Businesses can also easily advertise in more newspapers through an arrangement called the Burlington Area Newspaper Group. That advertising cooperative includes newspapers in Charlotte, Shelburne, South Burlington, Williston and the Mad River Valley, in addition to the Stowe and Waterbury papers.

Business

Ann Cooke replaced Joan Joslin as the business manager when Joan retired this fall, after nearly a quarter-century of overseeing the company's finances.

Ann tracks billing, payments and expenses with help from Tracey Mooney, assistant to the business manager. They handle verification that ads have run, communicate with advertisers, handle payroll, and pay the newspaper's bills.

Friday, 9 a.m.

Evelyn Wermer Frey, the community editor, starts her weekly effort to make sense of the mountain of e-mails we get about community events and calendar information.

Evelyn compiles the weekly calendar in our Scene section — it averages more than 150 inches in length, not counting photos and the Looking Ahead column she also writes as a sidebar to the calendar. The column points people toward noteworthy events coming up within the next couple of weeks, or concerts for which you might want to buy tickets now. She also writes Curtain Call, an update on what's happening in local theater.

And she cranks out Stowe Notes,

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Reporter is 50!

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have contributed to its success.

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coffee and the Stowe Reporter.



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the place where people tell the community about births, engagements, weddings, school achievements, craft fairs — all manner of community news.

Evelyn also turns press releases into news briefs, handles many obituaries, and deals with letters to the editor, religion news, and myriad other parts of the newspaper.

Her work needs to be completed by Monday night, so other departments can allocate space for the information she has turned out for this week.

Friday, 10 a.m.

Time for the weekly staff meeting, where everyone who can gather in the production department to talk about things we all should know — who's on vacation, what extra project we're working on right now, progress toward our new Web sites.

This week, we start to focus hard on the 50th anniversary section you're holding in your hand.

We also work through the schedules for the Thanksgiving holiday week, how we're going to cover photography assignments while Glenn Callahan is in Germany for two weeks to visit his wife's family, and schedule checks of our annual Stowe Brides and Weddings magazine, which is almost ready to go to the printer.

Monday

It's crunch time for the ad department; deadline is at 5 p.m., and has to be observed. If we bend it, it fouls up the fast-moving train that is our production process on Tuesday and Wednesday.

On the news side, things are changing.

Lisa McCormack can't talk to the Stowe physician who's closing her clinic until Friday, so that story will have to wait.

For Sports, Jesse Roman has



PHOTO BY TOM KEARNEY

Every Thursday, Suzanne Zisselsberger loads up her car with newspapers at the office, then starts her delivery route.

found a Stowe teenager who's part of an ice-dancing pair headed for the Eastern Sectionals this week, and if they do well there, they're headed for nationals. We don't get much chance to write about ice-dancing, so this story will be fun.

In addition, awards are pouring in for the Stowe High School boys' soccer team, which won the state

championship for the second straight year, and that's a nice story.

The other big change involves a fresh state health study near the sprawling asbestos mine in Eden. It closed 15 years ago, but a preliminary look indicates that people who lived within 10 miles of the mine have higher-than-normal rates of lung disease and lung cancer. Plus,

erosion has started to wash asbestos downstream.

Jesse Roman and Tom Kearney jump on that story, which turns out to be a front-page piece this week, and promises to be a long-running issue for our staff.

Tuesday

Kim Whalen, the production manager, receives an electronic report on advertising — the size of every ad, any page-placement requirements, whether the ad is in color or black-and-white, and so on.

She runs that data through a program that allows her to make her own jigsaw puzzle, placing ads on scale-model pages for the entire paper, and configuring it to be slightly more than half advertising, leaving slightly less than half the space for news.

She also gets reports from Archangelo and Kearney about news-space needs in the Waterbury and Stowe papers, respectively, so

she knows how much space to leave for things such as obituaries and columns supplied by local churches.

Whalen does the ad layout for the Waterbury Record first, because it will be the first paper out the door to the printer; then she does the Stowe Reporter. By early afternoon, Kearney gets page dummies for the Reporter, so he knows how much space is available

Before Kearney goes home Tuesday night, the Scene section will be completely laid out — photos, columns, the calendar, cover story, Stowe Notes, arts briefs and what have you.

Wednesday

This is an all-hands-on-deck day. Kearney is the first one in the office, usually arriving at 5:30 a.m. He starts moving pages that are completed or partially so — the

SEE 'THE WEEK,' PAGE 14



FILE PHOTO

Stacks of Stowe Reporters, fresh from the printer and ready for delivery.

STOWE BARBER SHOP

The place to go when things get hairy!

◀ Ron Holbrook
BEFORE & AFTER

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Congratulations and Happy 50th Anniversary Stowe Reporter!

We salute you and we sincerely thank you.

-Kathy & Kenny

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"Grab A Growler"—1/2 gal
"#1 Microbrew Sampler!"

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Canadian Bacon, Hollandaise,
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PUB SPECIALS*

MONDAY: Ribs 'N Beer **\$11.95**
TUESDAY: Pints **\$3.00**
WEDNESDAY: Entertainment & Margarita 'N Nachos **\$10.95**
THURSDAY: Burger 'N Beer **\$9.95**
FRIDAY: 45¢ Wings

#1 WATERING HOLE
E X T R E M E Ski 'N Boarding Flicks

1996 RESTAURATEUR OF THE YEAR
A Recognition of Quality Service to Vermont's Hospitality Industry

*VARIES WITH THE SEASON

A week in the life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Opinion page, the letters page, then the business section.

His job is to stay ahead of the production department, so the production staff has pages to work on all through the day — no big gaps in work flow.

As production assembles pages, the printouts are checked by Lisa McCormack, Jesse Roman, Michael Corcoran, Archangelo and Kearney. We're all looking for errors — everything from an editing mistake to a factual goof to a typo, from a font failure to an ad that's the wrong size.

Then, Lisa Locke checks off the final printout, initials it, and the page is dropped into our printer's electronic mailbox.

Most weeks, we're finished by 4 p.m. We can delay for late-breaking events, such as sports playoffs, but everything needs to be out the door no later than 7.

Thursday

This is Suzanne Zisselsberger's day. She handles newspaper circulation — making sure the newspapers get where they're supposed to be, when they're supposed to be there. She piles bundles of papers into her car, labeled for delivery to stores and hotels all over the region. Many copies are delivered by mail, and that work is handled by our printer.

By 9, the news staff starts straggling in. We look at our week's work for a few minutes. Then it's time to start over.

Many good people came and went. While it is impossible to mention them all, the Reporter was fortunate to have a string of talented young women who picked up the reins.

'HISTORY,' FROM PAGE 3

broker (yes, such people exist), I began to call publishers in Vermont (my wife is a UVM grad). I caught Trow on the first few rings. About eight months later, in May 1998, I owned a weekly in Vermont.

The growth since then has been steady. In January 2007, we launched the Waterbury Record, reviving the weekly that U.S. Sen. Patrick Leahy's family had run — but by then town had gone half a century with no weekly newspaper of its own. The community welcomed us warmly, and in every way it has been a bright spot in the past two years.

The lion's share of the credit for the Reporter's growth goes to the community. In the late 1970s two familiar advertisers began appearing in a familiar spot. Pall Spera Realtors and Carlson Real Estate have paid for at least one reporter, if not two, per year for 30 years with their ads on pages two and three.

In addition to loyal advertisers, that growth also took some good people here at the Stowe Reporter: Marilyn Dewees, who for a long time was Trow's unflappable right hand on the business side of the operation, which means she did everything from paying the bills to sweeping snow off the front steps; Joan Joslin, who replaced Marilyn, and spent 23 years as the staff's mother hen and tough taskmaster; Greg Popa and Pete Hartt, two able editors who ran the paper in the '90s and the early part of this decade; John Zicconi (who now works for Gov. Jim Douglas), whose dogged reporting of Act 60 in the mid-'90s earned the paper tremendous praise. There were many others: Sporty



2005 — JCOGS The Jewish Community Center of Greater Stowe opens on Cape Cod Road.



2007 — MOSCOW GENERAL STORE The town loses a landmark when the village store closes.

Bell, Linda Adams, Janka Heath and Debbie Merrill among them.

We are now a staff of 21. Ann Cooke heads the business end, while Tom Kearney is the managing editor and Maria Archangelo the associate publisher and editor of the Record, which is operated out of our offices on School Street.

These are the people who really do the work, make most of the decisions, and actually put out the paper every Thursday.

People often ask what I do, as publisher, which is a good question.

The answer is a little of everything. For a time in the '90s I was the editor, and even when I hired editors like Hartt and Popa, I probably drove them away because I couldn't let go of their job. But, mostly, I manage the growth of the company, financed largely from the operations of the paper (and the Stowe Guide and Magazine) themselves. I've resisted the temptation to grow (or perish) at a faster rate, by throwing more money at the paper than could be justified by short-term earnings. With hindsight, it was probably just

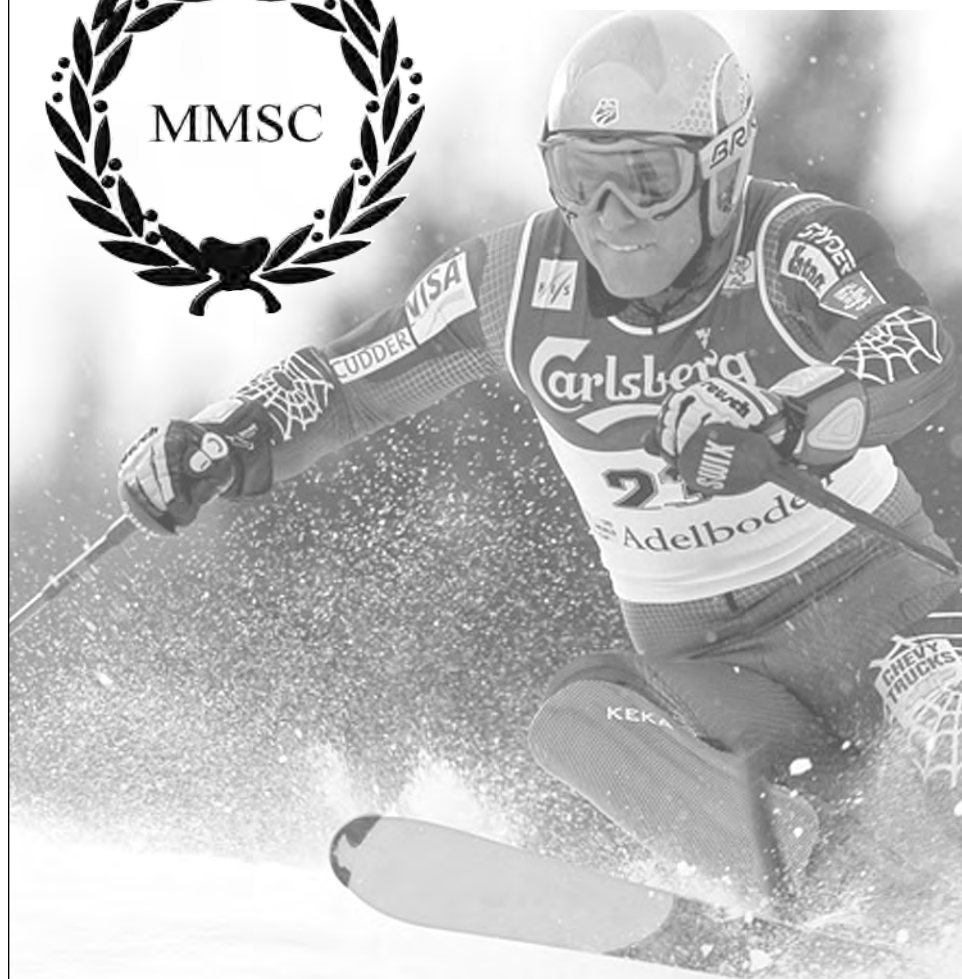
as well as the paper has grown organically with the market.

We certainly have made mistakes, but, as Trow said wisely when I bought his operation: Good judgment comes from experience, and experience comes from bad judgment.

Being publisher has allowed me a interesting vantage point and otherwise helped me serve the community in which I live by choice. Before getting carried away, let me thank each of you who has made the Stowe Reporter what it is today.

CONGRATULATIONS

to the STOWE REPORTER!



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Winter/Spring 2008-2009

Looking forward, in spite of it all

BY BIDDLE DUKE

So, what's ahead? It's always hard to plan for the future, but these days it's even tougher.

The combination of the severest economic downturn in a century, combined with tough times for newspapers in general, are enough for any publisher to be losing sleep, hair and everything else.

Even as newspapers vanish and shrink, however, they remain vital to life in a democracy and particularly vital in smaller communities. We seemed to be dodging every negative trend at dailies — a downturn in circulation and advertising — until the economy went south earlier this year.

After we launched the Waterbury Record in 2007, I recall several people commenting to us that the

paper made them feel complete as a community. Perhaps that's a little overblown, but no one else — no other source — is providing more news of neighbors and friends than small-town newspapers. Web sites and dailies simply aren't devoting resources to report proposed local subdivisions, petty crime sprees, marriages, sports games and the chain stores wanting to open up.

The demand for what newspapers do seems to be increasing, even as the pressures on them rise. Stowe has doubled in size in 25 years, as has the Stowe Reporter. With the town's growth has come a growing need for a sense of community, a vision for that community, and certainly an ongoing dialogue about it. But newspapers rely on advertising revenue to finance their work, and advertisers now can put their message everywhere — on restaurant placemats, countless area maps, Web sites, and even grocery store receipts.

What newspapers perhaps need to do more than ever is to make the case that they are an important service — in addition to being a wise marketing choice.

The other day, for example, a friend contacted me urgently about getting an item in the newspaper, and I recalled how I'd seen his business advertisement on the grocery receipts. It is an unwritten rule in the business not to say, "Glad to run your item, and it sure would be nice if you advertised every once in a while." But that's what I was thinking. Here's the hardest part: I can't make that pitch because the next week that same guy might appear in the police blotter.

Lately, we have cut back. The economic downturn has led to the

reduction of our news staff by two full-time writers, which means fewer pages, fewer stories, and meetings and games that we cannot attend.

Honestly, telling stories, and helping others tell them too, is why I got into the business. So cutting back breaks my heart. But that's what's going on, everywhere.

In the meantime, the world is going to the Web. So are we. For most papers, including ours, the Web has been a big financial hole, as spending on creating decent Web sites exceeds revenue generated from advertising on them. That's been the case for the Reporter. So far.

Our latest Web incarnation, going live this month, will be highly navigable, highly functional, searchable (archives and all) and attractive. Among the many upsides of a decent Web site is that our out-of-state readers can get the news as it's published, rather than fuming at us and the post office when they receive their papers weeks late with pages and sections missing (Note: This is not the fault of the Stowe Post Office, where employees bend over backward to deliver our paper on time).

Like everything, this recession will pass. When it does, the trend at the paper we believe will continue: increased local readership and strong advertising support from businesses that value both the reach of a newspaper and its role in the community. And a continually improving Web site, reflecting the vitality and sense of community of this town we all call home.

Biddle Duke is publisher of the Stowe Reporter.



PHOTO BY GLENN CALLAHAN

The staff of the Stowe Reporter. From left are Tom Kearney, Lou Kiernan, Dave Cousins, Mike Duran, Lisa Locke, Tracey Mooney (at rear) and Lisa McCormack, Greg Popa, Maria Archangelo, Glenn Callahan, Lindsay Harper, Kristen Braley, Jesse Roman, Marina Knight, Michael Corcoran, Ann Cooke, Beth Swann, Suzanne Zisselsberger, David McLaughlin, Kim Whalen and the publisher, Biddle Duke.

Even as newspapers vanish and shrink, however, they remain vital to life in a democracy and particularly vital in smaller communities.

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TO THE STOWE REPORTER



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the Stowe Reporter
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