

Exhibit CK-5

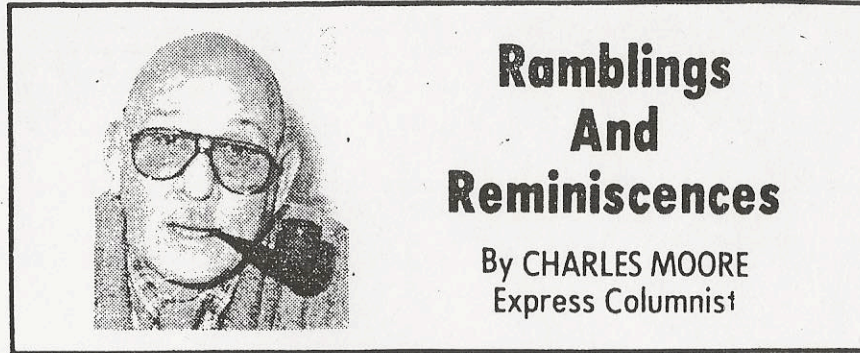
# Willoughby: American Lucerne

As I told all of you earlier; I was expecting relatives (in-laws) from Ohio to arrive and they did and stayed a week and have departed the scene. They had visited the battle sites at Gettysburg and spent a few days on Cape Cod before arriving in Newport to visit us.

We always go through this same thing whenever any of them come to spend some time: what to do to entertain them. After visiting all my childrens' homes and being warmly welcomed, we always end up trying to think of interesting things to do and places to go. As you all know, there aren't too many amusement parks, zoos, museums, etc. to take visitors to see here in the Northeast Kingdom. So after everyone has been filled in on family happenings in Vermont and Ohio since their last visit, it seems as though their interest wanes.

However, everyone who has ever visited here always wants to see Willoughby Lake. I guess this must have started 40 or more years ago with the arrival of the first visiting Buckeyes. I think originally my wife's relatives were just interested in what had happened to their loved one who had been spirited away to this end of the earth. After realizing that there was a degree of civilization here, they then wanted to see something of interest. Only one thing has seemed to be on everyone's agenda and that is to be sure and see Willoughby Lake; guess it is the result of oral advertising but everyone always mentions that they were told not to miss it.

This year and group were no exception. Scenically, Lake Willoughby was the highlight of their entire trip up



## Ramblings And Reminiscences

By CHARLES MOORE  
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to here, and that included up Mt. Mansfield and Smuggler's Notch. They were including Niagara Falls on the way home, so conceivably, the Honeymoon Capital of the world may have topped Willoughby, but I haven't heard and should doubt it.

Which really brings me to the point that I was so slow, as usual, in arriving at.

We, as fulltime and in many cases lifelong residents of the Kingdom, must take the American Lucerne too much for granted. It might be good for all of us who live here year round to take a trip to Westmore and Willoughby once every summer in the company of someone who is viewing it for the very first time. It really is awe inspiring, if the term doesn't sound too trite, and we probably are taking the whole beautiful scene too much for granted.

I guess we all agree that it was a glacier that carved out the lake bed so many, many years ago. Geologists believe, I'm told, that Mt. Hor and Mt. Pisgah were one mountain at one time and that a large vein of material deteriorated to the point that allowed

that covered the area to push all that softer rock to the south end of the lake, forming the high hills beyond.

If you drive the length of the lake every late autumn, as I do, it is usually only to view the fall foliage and hopefully be surprised by seeing a deer scale the sheer rock on the western slope. However, if you go with relatives viewing it for the first time, you never fail to be most impressed by the chorus of "oohs" and "ahs" which make you believe that maybe you really and truly are missing something by having seen it too many times with a jaundiced eye. You are forced to agree that Willoughby is really a gem of beauty lying between its' twin protectors, Hor and Pisgah.

Willoughby Lake is about six miles long and a mile and a half at its widest point and was named after the Willoughby brothers who held the first title on all the lake shore property. The Vermont Lumber Co., long defunct now, succeeded the Willoughby brothers as owners and we understand that all deeds since, on lakeshore property on Lake Willoughby, must still

contain the clause "The Vermont Lumber Co. holds all the mineral rights."

While we were down there viewing the sights with my in-laws, I kept an eye to the skies for a sighting of the Peregrine Falcons, but saw nothing at all the day we were there. I've forgotten which one of the resident mountains is the home of the transplanted hawk family, but seeing nothing, I guess it doesn't make much difference.

Many tourists and world travelers who have viewed the Alps in person are probably the ones responsible for the comparison drawn so many years ago between the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland and Lake Willoughby here in northern Vermont. I've only seen Willoughby, so am no authority on the comparison.

However, it would be hard for me to believe that Willoughby is only a creditable imitator, in any manner, of the Swiss lake. It would seem that Willoughby, in its setting here in the Northeast Kingdom, would have to compare favorably with any lake in any setting anywhere. The day we were there was a clear sunny day, perfect for viewing, and it would be hard to match anywhere.

Lest I be accused of having forsaken my most favorite lake on this earth, Lake Memphremagog, let me say that the views are different. I guess at Willoughby the contrast of the nearly straight up and down cliffs bordering the southern end is what makes the difference between it and Beautiful Waters. They are both beautiful with a host of breathtaking views to be seen everywhere you look, but in different