

If rocks and ledges could talk they'd say there have been a lot of changes on Morse Farm over the years. I'm Burr Morse, third generation of Morse's to work this farm. My grandpa Sidney bought the place from Arthur Bliss back in 1948. Bliss was a dairy farmer and so were Grandpa Morse and my father Harry Morse, Sr. My father had a different vision for the place, though; a vision that included "stretching" his six generation Vermont maple sugaring roots and building a retail store but to "pull it off", the dairy cows had to go. That was 1966 and I sit here in the year 2011 watching brightly dressed skiers glide by outside my window.

My father passed away in 1999 having seen, worked, and lived several layers of his vision: a vegetable farm, grazing beef cows, and tourists from all over the world coming to learn about maple sugaring. He never saw the skiers but he'd approve because a ski center resided late in his vision. He'd also be proud that two of his sons and a grandson work fulltime to keep his vision alive and make it even bigger.

Tommy Morse, the grandson, is the vision's future. He keeps the beef cows grazing, sugars the maple trees, and, yes, welcomes skiers and tourists. Yup, if the rocks and ledges could talk they might say "well done"...they'd also stick around to see what happens next.

Burr