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Note to Subscribers

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Give VERMONT LIFE for Christmas

Christmas Song, 2
by Richard Stoehr
Illustrated by George Daly

Human Hibernation, 4
by Roland Wells Robbins

Vermont Goes to Washington, 8
by Baukhage

Lake Steamer, 12

Vermont Junior College, 14
A Picture Story

School for Grown-Ups, 22
by Bradford Smith

Christmas at Peach Brook School, 26
by Dorothy O. White

Merry Christmas, 26
from Norman Rockwell

Mad River Glen, 30
by Baird Hall

Ethan Allen, 34
by William A. Buck

Kendall Runs Again, 38
by Tennie Tousaint

Mount Ascutney, 42
by Catharine Cushman

Vermont Cereal Makers, 46
by Vrest Orton

Moselsios, 50
a Picture Story

Production for Winter, 54
by Abner Coleman

Country Dance, 58

Cover by Mack Derick
The Post Boy has been enjoying his new winter footwear. He takes especial comfort in it when he recalls the agonies he used to suffer with cold feet. Real honest to goodness cold feet, not referring to a state of mind. When feet offer such a proportionately large area to the cold cold ground as his do some kind of insulation is obviously needed but in the early days neither feet nor houses were insulated. Take those leather boots they used to wear even with the nice wool stockings Grandma knitted. They were so stiff no self respecting foot could enjoy itself, and rubber boots ... the man who invented the deep freeze idea got his inspiration we know from sloshing in the snow in rubber boots. The P.B.'s father always had cold feet and as a result suffered all winter from that heathenish trouble called "chill blains." You youngsters probably never heard of them, much less suffered with them, but we can report that they made your feet burn, itch, and ache, all at one time.

Our paternal ancestor spent much of his winter time not keeping his feet warm; just trying to get them warm. When he did not have them in the oven of the kitchen stove he encased them in felt shoes. Too late for his comfort we found out what might have seemed obvious in the first place. It was a matter of circulation as well as insulation, and high laced shoes which we wore and worse, the elastic ankle chokers called "Congress" tops on father's felt shoes, simply isolated the pedal extremities. Just left them out in the cold. (In passing could anyone guess why they called them "Congress" tops? But we better not get into that.)

Perhaps our worst time was when the collegiate atmosphere demanded heavy-soled shoes and no rubbers. Waterproof shoes they called 'em. Water proof your eye. And how the chill blains did thrive and sing. A bit later galoshes might be worn providing they were un buckled so they'd jingled as you walked. By then foot comfort was looking up.

**GOLD IN THEM THAR TREES.**

In Vermont at least figures in the millions, especially as applied to incomes, are about as rare as roses in January. So when the P.B. read that recent figures showed that our forests yielded something over 17 million dollars last year he kept on to see what S. P. Wild had dug up. Like most people we thought that big lumber companies owned the greater part of the state's woodlands. It's not so we're glad to say. Three eights of the two thirds of the state covered by trees belongs to owners of less than 96 acres.

What's more the average cash yield of those acres last year was the tidy little sum of $11 per acre. What the P.B. want's to point out is that when you—gentele reader from without the state but harboring the hope that some day you'll be inside on your own land—when you read of a farm for sale including quite a patch of woodland, don't pass it off without consideration except as a possible headache. These forest roving tree boys in the government service say an average woodlot of the 96 acre size mentioned above, properly handled, considering timber as a crop, offers a potential income of a thousand dollars a year. What's more the harvesting time is just about from now on when there isn't much else that has to be done. Parenthetically, from where we stand, we can't quite see any time on the farm looming up with any large sign on it reading FREE. At any rate the tree boys are going around telling the tree owners what to do and how to do it and there are plenty of good demonstration places they can point to. Woodsmen that spare ripe trees flunk the course.

**ARE VERMONTERS DIFFERENT?**

In the November number of Holiday Dorothy Canfield not only points out that they are but she gives some very logical reasons how they got that way. It seems to be mostly the same old mouldier that's been at work since time began, environment. She finds that, in general, the early settlers were better educated than those of other settlements and perhaps because of that they were able to change their means of making a living when changing times made the old means obsolete. From potash to timber to lumber and from sheep to cows. From the kind of houses they built they were not over burdened with riches and she especially mentions the lack of servants' quarters. They were used to doing for themselves and didn't get the master and servant attitude. There might be a girl to help but she was one of the family and often really became just that if there was a son of proper age.

Our romantic soul is leading us away from the matter at hand, which this article’s mention of servantless houses brought to mind. It seems that we are now back in some such era as far as houses go. We've looked over plans of houses by the score since the war. You can't miss them in household magazines and Sunday supplements to say nothing of the books that tell you how to build and what. Not a maid's room in one that we can recall. A shelf for cookbooks in the kitchen instead. All of which bears out Dorothy Canfield's idea, or at least her suggestions, that we are now as a nation somewhat embracing the kind of life once lived in Vermont. The Post Boy could add evidence observed in his travels. Look at the men whose training would formerly have demanded they seek white collar jobs, now engaged in various kinds of manual work out in the country with not a white collar outside the bottom bureau drawer.

And while we're at it have you ever noticed the growth of a tar paper shack into a real cottage in some new clearing in the woods? The P.B. has watched several such and always wished he had the nerve to ask questions. These settlers often pick spots where they start at scratch with woods to clear and the first shelter is certainly primitive. The first spring there's a garden fenced in with cut saplings, and probably a small flower bed out front. By the second fall there's a baby and another half has been added to the house so there is a ridge pole and it doesn't look like a shed any more and there's a stone chimney instead of the rusty stove pipe and better paper siding and painted strips to hold it smooth and real door and window frames. Probably a small porch, and another building much like the original shack, with a cow and a pig and some chickens sharing its hospitality. And so on until today there's a second floor and clapboards on the sides and a real porch and—we hate to say it—a real patch of lawn with a neat flower bed along the side of the house. Maybe we'd better stop. Feeling as we do about lawns and the mowing thereof it might be that the repeat cycle has started going too far. At any rate there seems to be evidence of a return to something that Vermont once experienced which may help in today's welfer.

*VERMONT Life*
Christmas Song

from the Christmas Cantata

by Richard Stoehr

We sing the joy of Christmas, its beauty and its glory, the

splendor of its story, the wonder of its peace. We sing the joy of

Christmas, its lights above us gleaming to hearts grief laden streaming with
sol-ace and sur-cease we sing the joy of Christ-mas, the Christ-child in the man-ger to

shiel us from the dan-ger of ever-last-ing woe. We sing the joy of Christ-mas, the

Vir-gin maid who bore him, the choirs of an-gels o'er him the

hearts of men a-glow. We sing the joy of Christ-mas, the mem-ories it

brings us, the hap-py songs it sings us to hold us in its thrall. We

sing the joy of Christ-mas, its streams of grace o'er flow-ing its

star of knowl-edge show-ing God's mer-cy to us all.

VERMONT Life 3
Was HUMAN HIBERNATION practiced in Vermont?

The author says no . . . and tells why.

by ROLAND WELLS ROBBINS

Ten years ago elderly Elbert S. Stevens of Bridgewater Corners, Vermont, brought to light the strangest of New England's stories and legends—an account relating to human hibernation practices in Vermont long ago. The story was found recorded in an unnamed and undated newspaper clipping, pasted in a scrapbook kept by Mr. Stevens' mother many years ago.

The author has investigated this controversial subject and has uncovered new and enlightening information.

It was a dry, hot, typical Indian summer day when I drove into the small village of Bridgewater Corners, Vermont, and inquired for the residence of Elbert S. Stevens.

Courteously a villager pointed across the road to a long, two-storied, flat roofed building, with an awkward second floor piazza across its entire front, and said, "That she be—but y' won't find Elbert thar. Sold the place sev'ral years ago, went ter live with his gran'son—whatcha want Elbert fer?"

"Where would I find his grandson?" I asked.

"Lives over near Springfield, Vt., can't tell y' more—stop off at Davis' Store in the village—might know that."

Mr. Davis is a tall, middle-aged man and runs the general store which his father operated for many years before him. His answer to my inquiry was startling, "Elbert's living in Woodstock—at the Windsor County Jail." For a moment Mr. Davis permitted me to grope for a fitting approach to this embarrassing situation, then chuckled, "Ain't as bad as it sounds. The Bridgewater selectmen got together with the trustees of the Windsor County Jail and worked out an agreement so Elbert could get board and sleep at the jail for $1.25 a day. Not bad, heh?, like to move my whole family in for such rates—can't feed them for that—even at wholesale prices."

It was a large, unshaven, elderly man who scuffed into the Windsor County Jail's reception room where I was waiting and somewhat suspiciously asked, "Who wanted to see Elbert Stevens?" I introduced myself and stated that I was much interested in the strange tale of Vermont's human hibernations. I understood that the only known record of such an undertaking in Vermont was in his possession.

"That's right, pull up a chair and I'll tell ya all about it."

"I'm eighty-two years old. My mother lived to be ninety—figure I'll live to be ninety, too—but ya didn't come for that."

"Well sir, for many years my mother kept a scrapbook. She filled it with poems, recipes, doings around Bridgewater Corners, deaths, births—anything a'tall that interested her. In the scrapbook she had a clipping from an old newspaper—no name or date on it—tells the story of freezing up folks in the winter.

"About 100-125 years ago a mountain family living some twenty miles from Montpelier took six of their members, four were oldish and two younger, but crippled up—none of them could earn their vittals—and froze them up for the winter.

"Seems they jugged them up and stretched them out on the earthen floor of their log cabin 'til their bodies got stiff. Then they carried them out and laid the stupored bodies on the snow and left them to freeze solid in the bitterly cold night. Next morning the men folk nailed together a large, sturdy box and left them to freeze solid in the bitterly cold night. Next morning the men folk nailed together a large, sturdy box and loaded it on a sled. They put straw in the bottom then laid three bodies in. Put a cloth over the faces, another layer of straw, then the other three bodies. Another cloth covered these faces, more straw, then a heavy cover was nailed down—they had to nail it solid to keep the wild animals from the bodies.

"A yoke of oxen hauled the sled to the foot of a ledge where the box with the bodies was left. The men folk covered it with spruce and hemlock boughs and left it for the snows to cover and bury beneath drifts—sometimes twenty feet high. The kinfolk forgot all about that box and its frozen bodies for the rest of the winter.

"Then one day, just before spring corn-planting, they gathered at the ledge beside the big box, which had been a winter coffin for some of the family members, and the men folk began chopping the ice and brush from the cover.

"Ain't been down to the barbershop lately."

"Look," someone said, 'they're coming to!" They let spirits trickle between the now twitching lips. Soon they could swallow and more spirits was given them. Then their eyes opened, and they sat up in their tubs and talked.

"They were taken out, helped to the house, fed a good meal and put to bed. Next day they were up around as well as ever—in fact seemed somewhat refreshed by their long sleep. Couple of days later they were planting spring corn."

I was somewhat spellbound by this firsthand account of the strangest story I had ever heard. For moments I was silent. Mr. Stevens broke my silence. "Well, is there anything else you want to know?"

"Mr. Stevens, would you permit me to inspect the scrapbook and its account of this story?" I asked.

"Ain't got it here—it's stored with my other effects in Bridgewater Village."

"Would you mind if I took your picture before I leave?"

"Looking like this?" he questioned as he stroked his unshaven face. "No siree. Ain't been down to the barbershop lately. Food here ain't too good—been laid up most the week with dyspepsia."

Several weeks after my visit with Mr. Stevens I included his account of Vermont's human hibernations in my talks.
and lectures on rural New England. I was astonished at the response it created, typical of which was, "Ridiculous," "Shocking!" "I don't believe it," "Now I'll tell one," "It sounds like Poe."

Yet often, and in the same breath, my interrogator would query me for more information concerning the hibernating procedure—they were not content to believe that the story contained no truth. For that matter, neither was I ready to discredit the story—at least not until after I had acquired more knowledge of its background.

It was several days after Christmas when I again journeyed to the Windsor County Jail at Woodstock and inquired for Mr. Stevens.

"Elbert Stevens has not been with us for several weeks. I understand he's living in Rutland," the sheriff informed me.

I retraced the thirty miles I had just travelled from Rutland and checked the city's hotels for Mr. Stevens. It was to no avail. I called at the police station and inquired for knowledge of the city's rooming houses. I stated to the desk sergeant my desire to locate an elderly gentleman who in recent weeks, had moved from Woodstock and supposedly was living in Rutland. By a fortunate coincidence the police captain overheard our conversation and politely interrupted to say that several days earlier an elderly man answering my description inquired for rooming house accommodations, "Said he had been living in Woodstock—at the Windsor County Jail."

I thanked the captain for his information and made my way to an address he provided. There I found Mr. Stevens.

Now he was clean-shaven and wore a carefully trimmed Vandyke beard which contributed much to his gentlemanly dignity. We visited for more than an hour—and he gladly posed for pictures.

For a moment let us review the knowledge we have of the story and bring it up to date.

On May 24th, 1939, the Rutland Herald brought the story to light when it published a word for word account as copied from Mr. Stevens' scrapbook. Four days later on May 28, 1939, the Boston Globe printed in its columns an account taken from the Rutland Herald. Yankee Magazine first published their account of the story in April, 1940—later by popular demand the story was reprinted. The Old Farmer's Almanac contained the account in its 1943 edition. That great spinner of New England's favorite stories, Alton Hall Blackington, has told the story that involves the account over a Montpelier radio system. Many other publications have related this story also.

Now back to the scrapbook. First let me say that the scrapbook originally was not a Bible which had been converted to scrapbook purposes, as has erroneously been stated. Rather it was a 910 page report of "Message of the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress at the Commencement of the Third Session of The Thirty-Seventh Congress, Volume 1," printed in 1862. (Sounds as though government red tape was prevalent at that time also.) On its flyleaf is inscribed "Hannah F. Stevens, Bridgewater, Vermont, July 24, 1893." While that date may be indicative of the year when Mrs. Stevens first began keeping this scrapbook, many of its clippings antedate 1895, one by sixteen years. Mrs. Stevens was little concerned with the source and the date of her clippings, they were saved for sentimental and informative purposes. If a date was important, then she would record it faintly at the bottom of the clipping. The entries conformed to no pattern, but were pasted in wherever it was convenient. When the thick book became bulky with new clippings some of its 910 printed pages would be removed so as not to tax the binding.

It was on pages 62 and 65 (63 and 64 had been removed) that I found the somewhat lengthy and detailed account reporting the Vermont human hibernations. The clipping had been cut into three sections to fit the scrapbook's pages and had for its title "A Strange Tale." A credit line was given to the author who signed himself "A.M." No hint as to the newspaper in which it appeared, or the date of its publication was evident. Author "A.M." states that he had found the account in an old diary kept by his Uncle William, then deceased.

A careful inspection indicated that the account occupied the further right-hand column of the page on which it appeared. Also that the entire story consumed only part of this column, sharing it with other news. This was determined by the thin black line which had been used to separate the newspaper columns. This line was missing from the right-hand side of the account; at the bottom of the article a more decorative black line was found proving that at least a filler followed. The length of the story indicated that it had appeared in a newspaper with exceedingly large size pages and long columns.

A visit to the State Library in Montpelier showed that few Vermont newspapers of 1895 could qualify to accommodate the "A Strange Tale" account. I found one paper which could qualify—and it ended my search for the source of "A Strange Tale's" first publication.

The story had appeared on the front page, in the further right hand column, of the Montpelier Argus and Patriot on Wednesday, December 21, 1887. Biram Atkins was publisher and editor of the Argus and Patriot, then a weekly newspaper with very large pages, ten columns to the page. At the top of the column in which "A Strange Tale" was found the paper boasted: "The bona fide circulation of the Argus and Patriot is over Six Thousand copies per week which is much the largest circulation of any Vermont newspaper, and more than double that of most of them—".

Another revealing fact was found just

VERMONT Life
Where the story begins: The clipping pasted in the Stevens scrapbook.

above the “A Strange Tale” title, “Written for the Argus and Patriot.”

The story had been written for this newspaper—a paper claiming the largest circulation in Vermont—and it appeared on the front page. Yet a careful study of the Argus and Patriot columns for their following nine weekly editions located no comments from any of their readers regarding the story!

Is this not unusual? Were there no gullible or curious people in those days? Possibly the philosophy of that generation considered such a story—even if it was believed to be true—nothing to get excited about. Then again the Argus and Patriot subscribers may have chuckled and accepted it as another good story by a clever writer.

Who was this imaginative writer, if such be the case? A more hasty examination of the Argus and Patriot files, covering a period of a year, revealed no further contributions by author “A.M.” A. H. Mills of Middlebury, Vermont, contributed a poem from time to time. Could this be the author of “A Strange Tale”? A visit with Miss Elaine Atkins, present publisher and editor of the now daily Montpelier Argus, and a descendent of Hiram Atkins, revealed that there are no personal papers, or files which would indicate who the staff members and contributors to the Argus and Patriot were in Hiram’s day. In further words, for the time being, the trail leading to the identity of author “A.M.” has petered out.

My many historical research experiences indicate that most stories based originally on fact—even though the true factors have been badly distorted and exaggerated by indifferent, or overzealous generations (at times one is as damaging as the other)—often can be quite accurately reconstructed by a careful evaluation of pertinent evidence.

I have also learned that a story which is based entirely on the figure of an energetic imagination provides the biggest headache. It is difficult to locate something which never existed—yet you must have proof that it never existed. This sort of historical research problem makes pulling rabbits from stovepipe hats a cinch.

To sum up my observations from experiences with the “A Strange Tale” story, let me say that it is inconceivable to imagine that if human hibernating practices were successfully executed at one time in Vermont, or any other locale for that matter, that soon they were to be forgotten. Invariably the element of time will take a factual incident and elaborate on it, and exploit it from one generation to the next—not conceal it.

I have visited and discussed “A Strange Tale” with Alton Hall Blackington, Charles Edward Crane and Robb Sagendorph, publisher of Yankee Magazine and The Old Farmer’s Almanac. All have assured me that the story created an anticipated interest and curiosity on the part of their readers and audiences! They received many requests for more knowledge on the incident.

Mr. Crane stated that shortly after
Winter in Vermont was first published the mayor of Montpelier received letters from people in distant states, seeking more data on the hibernating story.

Mr. Crane could not recall having ever heard of this strange tale previous to the Rutland Herald's account in 1939—and Mr. Crane has been writing about Vermont, its people, and its yarns for thirty years. This was also the case with Mr. Luther Johnson of Randolph, Vermont, some twenty-five miles from Montpelier. From 1894 until 1945 (fifty and one-half years) Mr. Johnson published the Randolph Herald and News, a weekly newspaper. Yet Mr. Johnson assured me that his first knowledge of this story was about the time it appeared in the Rutland Herald.

More important is the fact that no one piece of mail received by the aforementioned persons contributed new evidence or information supplementing the story.

I have talked with people living within the "twenty miles from Montpelier" radius where the hibernations purportedly took place. Some of these people were hearing the story for the first time—no one could contribute to the original story. All this is indeed strange. For if we are asked to believe that Vermont's human hibernating story is founded on truth, we must first witness pertinent evidence supporting the incident. I have found none to offer you.

While the vein in which "A Strange Tale" was written indicates the author intended it for a good story—and for that purpose alone, possibly basing his story on some Vermont yarn which he greatly exaggerated—and while the evidence I have already related questions the story's plausibility, remember—it will take cold facts to disprove the story's implications.

Until then the story will continue to grow in legend. Eventually the passage of time will eradicate all means of determining the identity of the author who signed himself "A.M."

"A Strange Tale" stands head and shoulders above New England's best legends and tales. Possibly this came about because an unknown Vermont Edgar Allan Poe, with time on his hands, put a fertile imagination to work.

If my readers can contribute to this story, particularly to throwing new light on the identity of the author who signed himself "A.M." may I please hear from them?

Oh yes—will they send along "Uncle William's diary."
VERMONT goes to Washington

“Bill” Hassett of Northfield has served two presidents through fourteen critical years

By BAUKHAGE
American Broadcasting Commentator

RECENTLY I leafed through a beautiful, red leather-bound volume, an inscribed, limited edition, which I had taken from a shelf in a book-lined room which contained many like it. It was titled, “Whaleships of New Bedford.” But it was not the 60 plates of New England sailing craft that intrigued me, beautiful as they were. It was the symbol of the relationship between two men which has not been without its influence on the current political history of the country, revealed by the introduction and the inscription on the flyleaf.

The introduction tells of the writer as a little boy sitting “on the old string-piece of his grandfather’s wharf at Fairhaven,” (Mass.) That must have been shortly before the turn of the century. Written in a familiar hand, it is signed, as is the inscription, “Franklin D. Roosevelt.” It reads:

“For Bill Hassett, in memory of old Vermont’s unfamiliarity with salt water.”

When he presented the volume to his Secretary, William D. Hassett, the late President remarked, as was his wont, softening even a gentle barb with gentle flattery, that he knew every rock and reef of Lake Champlain where he had spent endless hours in the shadow of the Green Mountains when his father, James Roosevelt, was head of the Champlain Transportation Company.

And he added that, later, when he had become Governor of New York, he had conducted some lengthy and delicate bargaining with the then Governor of Vermont regarding the construction of the Champlain Bridge, linking the Empire and Green Mountain states.

“You Vermonters,” he said with a twinkle, “certainly had a tough watchdog guarding your interests, in Governor Weeks.”

As the negotiations over the bridge progressed Governor Roosevelt developed a deep respect and admiration for Governor Weeks, but he never let Hassett forget the reputation of Vermont Yankees for getting the best of a bargain.

I imagine that it was this native ability to protect one’s interest in any transaction and still leave the party of the second part with an increased respect and admiration for the party of the first part which resulted in the unique record which the tall and distinguished Vermonter has made. For fourteen years he has held the honorable office of Secretary to the President of the United States under the commissions of two Chief Executives.

Any holder of public office, especially a holder of the highest office in the land, can get into a lot of trouble if he says the wrong thing at the wrong time. He can get into even more trouble if, at the right time for saying the right thing, he says nothing at all. And even more trouble in writing, or not writing it.

Any President can agree with Congreve when he says, “I am persecuted with letters!”

And many have been prone to agree further with the poet that, “Nobody knows how to write letters.”

A President cannot hope to read, let alone reply to even a tiny fraction of the epistles which must be answered over his signature—3000 letters reach the White House daily. But someone must.

Saying and writing the right thing, as Presidential Ghost, has been Bill Hassett’s task for almost a decade and a half. Since most of the communications addressed to the White House are requests for the impossible, Hassett must be able to say “no” so gently and so sorrowfully that the party of the second part will still like the party of the first part as much or more than ever, or at least remain grateful for having his demands killed with such kindness.

Many letters go out under Mr. Hassett’s own signature, many under the President’s; and sometimes, especially when the late President spoke, the voice was the voice of Franklin but the words were the words of William. And what a voice—and what words! That the President thought the words were well-chosen is testified by the inscription on one of the many photographs which Roosevelt autographed to his secretary:

“For Bill Hassett—rare combination of Bartlett, Roget and Buckle from his old friend Franklin D. Roosevelt.”

Bartlett contains more than a thousand pages of classical and modern quotations; Roget’s thesaurus contains some 600 pages of “classified ideas”; Buckle is a
British historian, forgotten by most people but scholars.

I might continue quoting other people, but perhaps I had better begin to stop and do a little reporting. I met Hassett first when he was no more distinguished than I was. He was just a newspaper reporter, like myself. I had recently joined the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press. I was a stranger and he took me in.

But I wasn’t entirely taken in. And today, as I read the encomiums of Presidents, philosophers, potentates, press agents and five-percenters—not to mention the admiring ladies, who are legion, I am not over-awed. I know that, after all, Bill Hassett is just a good Yankee newspaperman gone wrong. If it weren’t for his disarming and friendly manner, his insatiable love of books and human beings, his Irish gregariousness and the Yankee characteristic referred to earlier (not to mention his scholarly—shall we say—appearance?), he would still be pounding the pavement and the type-writer even as the rest of us who pursue that ephemeral thing called news. Anyway Hassett put in twenty years as a correspondent in Washington and four in Europe.

As it is he doesn’t have to get to work until eight-thirty in the morning and start his letters. He doesn’t have to be at the Presidential door until sharply at nine for the early morning shuffle, and during the conferences all he has to do is know the answers and appear scholarly. After that he writes letters. He doesn’t have to leave at night until after the President does, which often makes his dinner late, and which gives him time to write a few more letters.

He does have to submit to the rigors of a few weeks with the President at Key West where he can lie in the hot sun and cool off after a busy day of letter writing. Although he doesn’t enjoy fishing any more than the President does he was forced to join in one piscatorial adventure and due, not so much to the skill of the sportsman as to the luck of the Irish, he caught a prize barracuda, which he had mounted (the only extravagance I ever knew him to indulge in for himself). Now he is worrying almost as much about having to have his century old house in Northfield enlarged to accommodate this highly varnished piscine monstrosity as he is over having to give up the rent he gets for the house, when he retires and moves into it himself.

He probably comforts himself with the thought, however, that if and when the administration ever changes, the newcomers, since he has been a ghost so long, will mistake him for the (scholarly) John Adams without his wig and leave him alone to his letter writing.

His duties are too varied to catalogue. As to how much or how little he contributed to the public papers of Franklin Delano Roosevelt will never be disclosed. What his collaboration with the in-cumbent amounts to, line for line or verse for verse, is likewise cloaked in the same anonymity. As Hassett himself once put it:

“A gabby ghost destroys his usefulness and a materialized spirit in this business has no value, spiritual or otherwise.”

However, there are other chores. A member of the White House staff must attend official functions and square dowagiers and debutantes at State dinners, no matter how much he might prefer a dressing gown and carpet slippers to the stiff (and sometimes stuffed) bosoms and white ties. Hassett courteously bows to necessity and dons tails and toppers when he must but he so scorns the now prevalent white tie that he only concedes to the custom is to borrow mine. He will not buy. (He does send it to the party at Shangri-La, the hideout deep in the Catostin Mountains some sixty miles from the Capital, to which the President repaired in wartime occasionally. Present were Harry Hopkins and Robert Sherwood, two of the President’s close personal advisors.

At the proper moment the President presented Bill with a fountain pen and card upon which he had inscribed in his own hand, since it was a matter of intimate implication: “For Bill—on his birthday—to write more often to his widows.” And then he explained that Bill had written such a touching letter of refusal to one widow who had begged for Presidential assistance that she came all the way to Hyde Park and insisted to the guards that she be permitted to thank the President in person for his kind refusal of her demands.

There is one piece of more lasting evidence of the multifold activities of this erudite Vermonter, President Roosevelt, not being an ambulatory President, made most of his requests by memorandum. At Warm Springs he once wrote the following:

“Will you please verify this quotation from John Adams and let me have it back. F. D. R.”

Hassett found the quotation in a letter written by John Adams in 1800 when he was in the White House near the end of his single term:

“I pray Heaven to bestow the best of blessings on this house and all that
shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof.

The President was highly pleased and directed that it be engraved on the sandstone lintel of the fireplace in the State Dining Room where it may be read when this imposing apartment, now the rest of the mansion in a state of repair, is again open to visitors.

Here are typical Roosevelt chits.

**Memorandum for Bill Hassett:** Will you be good enough to check back and see if there ever has been a Cabinet which remained four years without change, except by death? F. D. R.

This one was initialed by the late Miss Le Hand:

**Memorandum for Mr. Hassett:** Will you dig out the whole letter of Lincoln referred to in the attached? The President would like to have it. M. A. L.

There were other memoranda in jovial vein:

**Memorandum for Bill Hassett:** I want you to play it on your harp. If you like it, you can play it to Bob Hamnegan on his harp. You might write a little line and tell former Mayor O. . . . of A. . . . how much we all like it. When you have all this done, you can come in and sing it to me. F. D. R.

**Memorandum for Presiding Elder Hassett:** For preparation of reply for my signature. F. D. R.

I learn that the Presiding Elder has since been promoted and at present frequently is referred to as “the Bishop.”

There is some reason for this. As I look over the cuttings in his scrapbook I find many such references as these:

... of comfortable build (that was euphemism for a girth somewhat reduced by a vigorous training bout in the White House gym) ... benign expression, could reverse his collar and pass for a bishop ... ethereal looking.

Perhaps, but no man is a hero to his ex-roommate, and even a Roman Senator is without proper dignity in the bath. I notice another allusion which most of Mr. Hassett’s biographers have overlooked. “Mr. Hassett,” it says, “would be considered a Victorian.” That may explain one of his particular delecations. He is an ardent member of that small and diminishing circle made up of the devotees of Ingoldsby. The Ingoldsby Legends are not an acquired taste. You are born with it. I, too, am one of the chosen. I have known only three others: my grandmother; William Bird, a high school comrade; and another fellow student, the son of a Church of England clergyman, who died in the Royal Air Force.

Hassett can recite him by the yard. I hesitate to quote, for, well, Ingoldsby is Ingoldsby, and either you know all about him or wouldn’t be interested.

Two honorary degrees have come to Hassett in recognition of his service as Secretary to two Presidents. One from Clark University which he attended as an undergraduate—the other was conferred by Norwich University, the famous old military college of the State of Vermont, in his home town of Northfield. On that day at Norwich he shared honors among others with General Eisenhower. In acknowledging this degree Hassett recalled that the building in which he was speaking stood on the spot just back of the house where he was born, where as a boy he had hoed corn for Charles Dole, an old-time President of the University.

The President’s Vermont Secretary is not a joiner. In reverence to the memory of a great association, he is a director of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Foundation, Inc., and is honorary member of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Warm Springs (Ga.) Memorial Commission representing the State of Vermont by appointment of Governor Gibson.

For more than thirty years he has held membership in the Vermont Historical Society and is an avid reader of everything pertaining to the history of the Green Mountain State. In Washington his clubs are Cosmos and National Press.

It was fortunate for Hassett that his two bosses, Roosevelt and Truman, like a spicy tale well told, and still more fortunate for them to have Hassett. On Hassett’s last birthday when admiring White House press and radio correspondents gave him a birthday party and presented him with that fabulous bird, the Mynah, which talks like a man, the President dropped in to join the celebration and before long was listening gleefully to one of Hassett’s stories, too long and perhaps too involved to repeat here.

President Truman has something in common with his secretary which Roosevelt didn’t. Truman and Hassett were both small town boys raised in homes where money was not always plentiful. They both arise with the roosters. But through the rest of the day the daily duties of Presidential Secretary don’t vary much from one administration to another. I recall two incidents, which when I had written them down, Hassett insisted I supplement with the statement that they were not to imply that he was a Biblical scholar, but merely established the ability of a newspaperman to be ready at any time of the day or night to trace down the most elusive fact in time to meet a deadline.

The first one took place in Charleston, South Carolina, where Hassett met the President, who had been aboard the U.S.S. Houston during the Caribbean maneuvers and where Roosevelt between observations of the naval exercises, in which he had such a deep interest, had composed a speech containing certain biblical allusions.

When Hassett appeared the President read him the speech which mentioned the Pharisee who had passed by on the other side in the parable of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. Hassett immediately challenged the reference, saying the President had his parables mixed and for Pharisee he should read “Levite.” The President was obdurate. Hassett held his ground. Time pressed. No Bible was immediately available. Hassett insisted on making the correction and left, saying he would telephone if, when he laid hold of a New Testament, he found he was not correct. Needless to say, that was one call he never had to make.
The other occasion took place on a winter evening at my house.

While we were eating dinner a telephone call came for Hassett. It was President Truman who, by the way, learned his Bible at his mother's knee, as I did. Truman knows his better than I, which may or may not put the Baptists one up over the Presbyterians. In this case, however, Mr. Truman was stumped. The President was making a broadcast that evening and wanted verification of a case, however, Mr. Truman was stumped. It was here that Hassett made his reference to newspaper training and called my attention to the fact that this type of literary service rendered on the hoof may account for the fact that more than half the presidential secretaries in the last quarter century have been journalists at one time or another. He also suggested that the incidents were confirmation of a contemporary book whose thesis is that the incidents were confirmation of a one time or another. He also suggested the presidents or secretaries dominated the White House scene as avenues of approach to the President.

It was here that Hassett made his reference to newspaper training and called my attention to the fact that this type of literary service rendered on the hoof may account for the fact that more than half the presidential secretaries in the last quarter century have been journalists at one time or another. He also suggested that the incidents were confirmation of a contemporary book whose thesis is expressed in its title, "The President is Many Men."

Secretary Hassett took this occasion, I recall, to pay tribute to his immediate colleagues in the secretariat, for whom he has a profound respect and admiration.

"Charlie Ross, the Press Secretary," said Hassett, "is the most scholarly and clearest thinking Secretary to serve in the White House within my memory."

Of Secretary of Appointments, Matt Connelly, he said that Connelly receives daily enough telephone calls to engage the time of three men but his job never gets him ruffled and St. Peter is not more discerning in whom he lets in.

In the old days the President's Secretary or Secretaries dominated the White House scene as avenues of approach to the Chief Executive. Under reorganization, the Executive Office of the President has been enlarged so that its key personnel fill page after page in the Congressional Directory. They overflow from the offices adjoining the White House and fill the old State, War and Navy Building, recently rechristened the Executive Office Building.

It is impossible, of course, in this short space to tell the full story of Hassett's activities through almost ten years under one President and an approaching half decade under another, including one of the most critical periods of American history, but before I leave you I want to tell you briefly about the most dramatic moment in Hassett's life. It came on April 12, 1945. I reproduce it as nearly as possible in his own words:

F.D.R.'s sudden and unexpected passing happened like this. The war was at its height and all of the President's travels were a military secret for reasons of security. The outside world did not know that Roosevelt was at Warm Springs until press and radio flashed Hassett's announcement of his death.

Hassett and the author cut a cake to celebrate the latter's tenth anniversary as a radio commentator.

Just before lunch the President had signed an unusually heavy mail which had come down in the White House pouch from Washington. Hassett then went to his own cottage on the Foundation, having arranged to meet F.D.R. at a Georgia barbecue at 4:30 that same afternoon. About 1:30 Mike Reilly, head of the Secret Service, phoned Hassett to return to Roosevelt's hilltop cottage.

Hassett hurried back to the Little White House and into the bedroom where the stricken President lay, unconscious, breathing heavily. Said Hassett, "I looked at my watch. It was 2:12. I knew that for F.D.R. this was the last of Earth. The end came at 3:35 P.M."

Knowing both men, I was not surprised when Hassett added:

"I could only think of a tribute he once paid to Theodore Roosevelt in a quotation from Pilgrim's Progress: 'So Valiant-for-truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'"

There William Hassett fully expected to write "finis" on his own public career. The death of his beloved "chief" was a shock, the shock that comes with the final explosion though the splutter fuse has long given certain warning.

The day after F. D. R. was laid in the Rose Garden at Hyde Park April 15, 1945, Hassett met the new President for the first time. He offered his resignation immediately, as he has repeatedly since. President Truman refused the resignation then, and each time since more emphatically.

Much pressure has been exerted on Hassett by many persons (including me) to write his memoirs. He has steadfastly refused. And he has not taken a single note nor put down a jot or a tittle of the record of his service under the present regime. Any confidences which President Truman has reposed in him will go with Hassett to his grave.

Such memento of his service as he has wished to leave is one which bears no mark of identification of himself except in so far as he is a part of the state of Vermont, its history and its tradition. He has presented a granite flagstone as a contribution to "The Walk of the States" leading to the Little White House at Warm Springs, the Ephesus of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Here Hassett was standing by when his chief breathed his last.

This flag, hewn out of granite in Hassett's birthplace of Northfield by his fellow townsmen, is shaped in the form of the Green Mountain State.

Outline of Vermont fashioned out of good Barre granite in Bill Hassett's home town of Northfield, and donated by him to the "Walk of States' at the Little White House, Warm Springs, Georgia.
American HISTORIANS

re-live the pageant of Champlain history, on the last of the great white fleet of sidewheelers—
the TICONDEROGA

PHOTOS BY
Harry Richards, Burlington Daily News

HISTORIANS from all over the United States gathered in Burlington September 12-14 for the annual convention of the American Association for State and Local History—national conference of the country’s historical societies. Host for the meeting was the Vermont Historical Society, whose staff prepared a program most of which was scheduled to take place on the site of subjects discussed. A trip from Burlington south to inspect the rising Shelburne Museum, as well as the Sheldon Museum at Middlebury, was capped by a reception by Governor Ernest W. Gibson at Montpelier. High point of the three days was the full day’s trip down Lake Champlain aboard the proud old steamer “Ticonderoga,” with the Fort of the same name as objective, and talks on the history of the Lake as entertainment en route.

WELCOMED aboard the Ticonderoga for the trip down the lake by Captain Alanson Fisher are Carl and Betty Carmer and Ralph Nading Hill. Carmer is Editor of “Rivers of America” Series, for which Hill had just completed the latest volume “The Winooski.”

PILOT Martin Fisher and his father, both of whom have spent their lives on the Lake, took over the “Ticonderoga” in 1949 after it had passed through several hands. Struggling under financial difficulties, the Fishers have kept the boat running in the hope of rebuilding the one-time great lakes traffic. The Convention trip convinced them that a combination of historic tours and charter trips might provide a permanent basis for continued operation. This fall the state Historic Sites Commission, the Vermont Historical Society, and Governor Ernest W. Gibson put shoulders to the wheel to see to it that 140 years of steamboating on the lake did not end in 1949.
EXHIBITS of steamboat history are inspected by Mrs. Maude Doane and Mrs. Frank Roberts. Portrait is of famous Captain Rockwell.

CROWN POINT was as far south as the boat could go, docks at Ticonderoga having fallen into decay. Delegates changed to buses.

PAPER on 140 years of steamboating on the Lake is finished by historian Ralph Hill as the Ticonderoga draws up to the Crown Point landing.

BUSSES stopped at Headquarters of the New York State Historical Assn. at Ticonderoga for an inspection of the Indian exhibits.

TALK on the restoration of old Fort Ticonderoga is given by Stephen H. P. Pell (center), the man who rebuilt this ancient and historic fort.

TOUR of the Fort concluded the day. Visiting historians boarded the boat again at Crown Point for the evening sessions.
At VJC students live an existence which is compounded of books and bachelors, and activities curricular and extra-curricular. For a picture of a year at a representative junior college, let’s follow a group of girls through the college year (the college has a large male student body also).

Edna Hertzig, left, comes from Cheshire, Massachusetts. She’s a sophomore (which is the upper class in junior college), but she’s scheduled to room with Nancy Alger, a freshman, who helps her into the dorm. VJC likes to mix the classes—sees to it that the newcomers get a helping hand from the oldtimers. They are joined at the door by Barbara Warsky, and the three pitch in to get Edna unpacked before she has to join the throng at registration. With the assistance of Dean A. T. Schubmaier (right), Edna ponders her courses for this, her last year. Anxious to get into journalism, she lines up a schedule with lots of English and writing. The girls all eat together in the main dining room, and here Edna joins friends of the previous year, Emmy Lu Reich of Bridgeport, Conn. (left), and Eleanor Sherman of Somerville, Mass. (right). Ellie and Winnie Hauf, two of the class’s prettiest girls, are also both of them good students, and make regular visits to the college library (opposite page, upper right).
Extra-curricular life

of students at Vermont Junior College in Montpelier is important in the eyes of the faculty as well as the students. Life-long friendships have their start with gay groups of girls trooping from dorm to classroom like this group at the left.

From left to right are Sue Randolph, Edna Herzig, Olive Templeton, Winnie Hauf and Ellie Sherman. Above, an international group consisting of Emmy Lou Reich, Carmen Morales, a lass from Mexico City, Roberta Lee from Hawaii and Sally Bowie, discuss YWCA activities.

Edna Herzig’s journalistic talents landed her the job as VJC News editor and, below, we find her tapping out copy. In the front row of the VJC choir, below, Winnie Hauf and Edna Herzig actively participate in some group singing.
Many happy hours are spent in the recreation rooms in the gymnasium building. Above, Edna and Bud Mathieu (center) and Nancy Alger (far left) join the group around the piano singing college songs.

The gymnasium building also affords facilities for refreshments and, above, Bud and Edna have found a laden table. Edna met Bud her Freshman year. He graduated from VJC the previous year.

(Above) Ellie, Olive, Edna, Winnie and Sue work on a creation in snow sculpture for the long anticipated Winter Carnival.

(Above) A finished masterpiece is surrounded by—left to right—Nancy Alger, Carole Breslav, Emmy Lou Reich and Dorée Lanouette.

(Below) Olive, Ellie and Winnie have plenty of assistance from nearby Norwich University as they toast marshmallows at the fireplace.

(Below) Ellie has been selected as queen of the Snow Ball, the big event of the Winter Carnival, and prepares for her regal entrance.
It's here at last... Winter's most anticipated event, the Snow Ball...

QUEEN'S CROWN is presented to Ellie Sherman by Olive Templeton as Class President. Among her court (above) is Winnie (center left).

SNOW SCULPTURE suffers from a hot sun the next day, and the girls pitch in to try to rescue it.
CARNIVAL

QUEEN ELEANOR deserts her throne for the pleasures of the dance—and the thrill of a whirl with the chosen boy-friend. Here they stop for a moment at the urgent request of the photographer.

HAPPIEST COUPLE: Edna and Bud spent a good share of the time laying plans for next June.

CHOICE between a well turned phrase and a well executed step is a hard one. Emmy Lou (left) seems to be enjoying the first, while Winnie (right) is oblivious to everything but the dance.
But the CURRICULUM is the real focal point of day by day life.

(Below) The library is filled as students try to get as much “book learning” as possible before that final examination.

Hugh McLaughlin is head of the English Department. In his journalism class, (above), we recognize Edna with Barbara Warsky and Nancy Alger.

“Ho hum—Spring is nearly here.” Edna, with a touch of spring fever, soaks up some sunshine on the steps of the Main Dorm, (left). But there is still a lot of indoor work to be done with exams in the offing.

At the right Barbara and Edna try an experiment for Allan Cooney, chemistry instructor.

Below, Edna cops another honor and gives the Ivey Oration in front of Glover-Hadley Hall.
At last June arrives, exams are over and wedding bells ring for Edna and Bud. Above, the bridesmaids vie for the bouquet.

The bride and groom make no secret of their happiness as they leave the church looking forward to that unique honeymoon.

This year Edna and Bud came back to Montpelier. Edna is shown below at her desk at WSKI where she does script work.

Below are Bud and Edna at WSKI. Bud, who works downstairs at Farwell's store, enjoys a quirk in Edna's copy.

(Right) Edna and Bud visit school and chat with the new president, Ralph E. Noble, in the attractive new Student Center in the Administration Building, an ideal spot for fostering friendships between resident and off-campus students.
In Brattleboro an employer offers to supply lumber and find a teacher if the adult school will give a course in lumber grading. In Derby Line Vermonters join with their Canadian neighbors in an International Community School where they study crafts, learn to paint pictures, and discuss world affairs. In farm centers all over the state men and women get together to discuss their problems.

Throughout Vermont people are meeting the challenge of a quickly-paced and specialized civilization through evening classes, discussion groups, forums, farm and home demonstrations. For the most part these programs are started, operated and financed by the people themselves. Many of them are independent of the public school system and get no support from state funds. Much of what has been accomplished has been done on a volunteer basis, by Vermonters seeing a need and filling it with their usual self reliance.

The evening classes in Middlebury, Brattleboro and St. Johnsbury started out with a questionnaire which attempted to find out if there was a need for an adult school, and if so what the people wanted to study. When classes got under way, everything from needlework to world affairs and from creative writing to mechanical drawing were included. Students chose the courses they wanted and their choices, rather than any pre-formed notion of what people ought to want, determined the school's curriculum. Content of the class hours was also shaped to fit student interests. Costs were kept to a minimum—in Brattleboro two dollars for registration and a dollar for each ten-hour course. Now in its third year, the Brattleboro program also coordinates college credit courses given by nearby Marlboro College, a book forum given by the library, a teachers' workshop of the public school system, and courses of the Recreation Department.

Brattleboro's students were of all ages—from high school into the seventies. When the organizing committee brought them all together in an assembly, shortening classes to do it, and told them it was their school to run as they liked, they said, "Then let's not have any more assemblies!" A student committee was formed, and its suggestions have formed the basis for changes in the program.

Unique among all evening schools is the one jointly operated by three villages which form one community—Derby Line in Vermont, Rock Island and Stanstead in the Province of Quebec. Residents of the three villages pay little attention to the boundary which in theory separates
them. They share a library which has its stacks in Canada and its reading rooms in the United States. Water from Vermont supplies all three villages. Electric power comes from Canada.

The varied program of their International Community School includes courses in “Minding Your Own Business”—a study of legal and commercial matters affecting the average man, health, music appreciation and French conversation. With a large French-Canadian population, the study of French is more than an academic pastime.

When classes are over, students and teachers meet together to hear an imported speaker on some topic of the day or, on alternate weeks, to have some fun singing or square dancing or taking part in a quiz program. Middlebury also ends its classes with some sort of group activity.

Teachers find their students eager and alert. There is none of the dead weight that plagues a public school teacher.

Night classes are only one kind of activity. Among discussion groups the most active program is that run by Don Elberson in farming communities throughout the state, under the auspices of the Farm Bureau. Working from a discussion guide put out by Mr. Elberson, the groups operate under their own steam, with occasional visits from the Director. They are most interested in subjects like rural electrification and better schools, but they get into world affairs too. With them, talk is the basis for action—better school facilities or other enrichments of community life.

For women living in the villages and on farms there are the home demonstration meetings at which agents of the Agricultural Extension Service operating under Miss Marjorie Luce show proper methods of food selection and preparation, care and construction of clothing, health protection and other aspects of good homemaking. Since 1945 Home Demonstration women have given much attention to public affairs. Active now for more than thirty years, the Extension Service is probably the oldest organized adult program in the state.

The custom, world famous, of talking things over around the cracker barrel has not disappeared. It has merely changed with the times. Such meetings as those of the Rural Policy Committees which bring together representatives of groups like the 4H, the Grange and the Farm Bureau, are the modern equivalent of an old Vermont tradition. The subjects for discussion show a wide range of interest on the part of Vermont’s rural people. School consolidation, the St. Lawrence Seaway and long-range agricultural planning are numbered among their interests.

Classes in the repair of farm machinery, milk production, retail methods and apprentice training in such trades as cabinetmaker and machinist are conducted by the State Department of Education, whose Arts and Crafts Service also supplies art exhibitions to community groups and through home visits, talks, and general publicity helps Vermonters to supplement their farm income by making marketable craft articles.

Perhaps most widely known outside the state is Vermont Forums which, as Harold Stassen said, “has the reputation throughout the forums of the nation of

DISCUSSION begins (right, above) in the halls even before the meeting starts. Senator Ralph E. Flanders, prospective speaker, cocks an amused ear toward some of the comments on the evening’s topic for discussion.

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION is the core of the “cracker-barrel” slant of Vermont Forums. Professor Elbridge Jacobs of the University (right) shoots a question to the speakers at a Burlington meeting.

(All pictures this page, Fralix)
Started during the war by E. P. Jennings, a Vermonter who thought that the town meeting method of dealing with local affairs could be adapted to world matters, Vermont Forums now conducts meetings in eight towns. Speakers have included Lord Inverchapel, Harold Stassen, Henry Wallace, Senator Flanders and Aiken, Raymond Swing, Quincy Howe, Justice Owen Roberts and a host of other men of similar stature. Two or more speakers are present at each meeting, and the forum committee makes every effort to see that their views will conflict—not because heat is more desired than light but because audiences are stimulated by such conflict on the stage to re-examine their own ideas. Most forums last two hours—one hour for the speakers, one for the audience to question or comment in town meeting style.

Financed by its modest membership fees and democratically run by its several thousand members throughout the state, Vermont Forums is a successful going concern which believes that American liberties can be maintained only through use and exercise. If a town the size of Cleveland had a forum as well attended, proportionately, as Vermont Forums meetings, it would have to turn out more than fifty thousand people.

In addition to all these activities, groups like the Grange, the Parent Teacher Association, the League of Women Voters and the American Association of University Women continue the useful services for which they are well known.

Unique in their contribution are the farm and labor schools at Goddard College in Plainfield. Run under the joint sponsorship of the Vermont Cooperative Council and the College, the Farm School aimed to give young farmers and their wives a chance to broaden their experience and deepen their understanding of economics, literature, rural sociology and coopera-

discussion of union problems
with the instructor goes on during morning recess at the Labor School at Goddard College, (left above).

neighborhood clubs, sponsored by the Vermont Farm Bureau and led by Don Elberson (right), get closest to the people with regular meetings of farm people in their own homes, for discussion of topics of both local and national import.
tives. For a week an enthusiastic group representing twelve of Vermont’s fourteen counties had the run of the campus. They enjoyed the dormitory life, attended classes, organized and ran a cooperative, had fun, and talked by the hour. When it was all over they asked for an alumni reunion at the next Farm School.

Working with the State Industrial Union Council and the Vermont Federation of Labor the College next organized a similar school for workers. This time international affairs, union problems and cooperatives were stressed. At the end those who had been skeptical about going back to school promised that their unions would be even better represented next year. A special feature of the school was frequent use of films.

Vermonters were running most of these activities on their own steam, without aid or coordination. In the spring of 1947 the Vermont Adult Education Association was formed at a conference of people from all over the state who were interested in providing opportunities for grown-ups who wanted to keep on growing. Royce Pitkin, President of Goddard College, was elected president. “Because of the constantly changing nature of the problems of living,” the Association says in its aims, “it is not possible for the schools to provide an education that will be continuously useful. Only through the education of adults can we hope to deal with the complex issues of our times.”

One of the first tangible results of the Association’s encouragement was the adult program at Brattleboro. Recently the Association sponsored two leadership conferences designed to help active community workers understand the social and psychological forces which enter into group activities. Headed by a staff from the Research Center for Group Dynamics of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the conferences introduced a novel method of self-examination to show what makes some club and community groups operate efficiently while others bog down in bickering, pointless debate or lack of purpose. Nub of the method is to have everyone in the conference act out a part—that of the club member who is always riding a hobby or monopolizing the floor, for instance. By acting such roles, people often discover some of their own faults as group leaders or workers, as well as how to deal with such problems in others. The touch of drama provided by the method also puts spark and fun into the conferences.

One of the few states having no adult education division, Vermont has long been accustomed to the rule of “Make it do or do without.” Thus far Vermonters have provided an adult education program out of their inner resources. Since 1945 the State Department of Education has advocated a modest appropriation of funds for an adult program—not to pay for the services Vermonters are already carrying themselves but to provide an experienced adult education counselor who could coordinate the activities already under way and help others which want to get started.

Meanwhile the movement is growing as Vermonters try to fit themselves for the demands modern life makes upon them. Running through all the programs now functioning is a reassuring homeliness and grass-roots practicality, a readiness and ingenuity in providing out of available resources, a belief in the value of education like that which made New England towns provide a school house as one of their first acts when establishing themselves in the wilderness.

Most Vermonters have high sales resistance, but when they are convinced of the value of the product they are steady customers. That is the way they are going at adult education.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS at their best are shown above in the picture of three Canadian women meeting in Derby Line’s International Community School. Here the Canadians are being instructed in cane-seating at the home of Mrs. C. R. Stetson.

TRAINING is in practical and technical subjects as well as in social and economic problems and hobbies.
CHRISTMAS at Peach Brook School

By Dorothy O. White

It was only a week till the school Christmas party, my first at Peach Brook School. In despair I surveyed the box of ornaments, legacy, evidently, of many seasons.

Standing at my desk, Rachel Thurston read my thoughts.

“We make new every year.”

“Popcorn and cranberries” I asked doubtfully.

“No. Paper. Tops of cans. Things like that.”

“Oh. I see.” Apparently Christmas was another of my many fields of ignorance, revealed by my rash “taking” of a rural school. The three R’s had proved already to be an even smaller part of the job than in my experience as a city teacher.

I replaced the cover on the cardboard box. Rachel took the duster and wiped it, carrying it carefully to its place on the cupboard shelf.

“We’ll manage,” I said, trying to put reassurance into my voice. I saw, however, doubt in the serious face of my loyal and dependable Rachel. After she had left, I pulled out a pile of old teacher-magazines. Just how did one provide a Christmas “program”? Christmas, to my city-bred mind, meant music and a glittering tree, with lights and tinsel and fabulous ornaments, and stacks of presents, furnished chiefly by the P.T.A. aided by the school janitor.

Here there was no P.T.A., no piano, no victrola. As for ornaments, I could go to Barre and buy them, gold and silver balls, colored bells, as many as I could afford. But Barre was twenty miles away. Nevertheless, I thought, it was the only way. The children’s Christmas was up to me. So I believed then. How wrong I was...

Next morning when I entered the schoolroom I found on my desk a pile of shiny tin discs, the tops of cans. Rachel and Emma were waiting for me, Emma’s freckled face anxious and intent, Rachel’s rosy one placating, eager.

“What’s all this?” I asked.

“We'll show you. See, we made some, Emma and I did, last night.”

From a paper bag she produced four tin circles for my inspection. Through a hole—“we punch it with a nail and hammer”—“a piece of red string had been looped, “to hang it on by, see,”—One side had been painted green, and sprinkled with red dots “like holly, you know.” The other three samples were similar.

“They’re wonderful, girls! We’ll have some fine ornaments!” I explained with all the enthusiasm at my command.

So, in “art period,” the boys hammered and the girls painted and the little folks made chains of colored paper. The tree, I had been assured, was always brought by our neighboring farmer, Mr. Howe.

Two days went by, snowy days with the wind howling about the little building, piling sculptured drifts against the outside wall, curving the angles of the window-panes. It was so cold that we had to put the paste jar on the register. The third day two things happened. The sun came out in the pure blue of winter sky and the Christmas tree arrived, the most beautiful one in all the world! I forgot to worry about the Christmas party in the sheer thrill of Christmas spirit.

Nobody had to be coaxed or scolded into learning “pieces.” Concentration and dedication fairly crackled in the second and third grades (five children in all!) while small fourth grade magicians transformed my old box of Christmas cards into calendars, blotter-strings-boxes and recipe-files. We set up the tree and the decorating began.

“It needs some icicles,” decreed Andrew. “I’ll make some out of coffee-can strips. Any you kids got ‘em, bring ‘em in, don’t forget.” They had stopped asking me for suggestions. After paper chains and designs for the tin-can tops, my inspirations had petered out. Without a nearby dime-store to resort to, I seemed to be lost. Not so the children. Next morning the icicles were on the tree, six of them, brave, bright spirals hung by their

(continued on page 53)
At the Sign Of the Quill

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

Under the Quill, informal comment about Vermont literary matters, authors, books, and related topics, will appear from time to time. The themes discussed, however, may range widely from authors and books to cabbages and kings; and gossip will not be frowned upon. Letters from readers with enthusiasm—or the reverse, for that matter—for any items of Vermont poetry or prose will be welcomed; and if specific information is sought about any writer or book, we will try to be helpful.

A Memorable Novel

“What is a novel,” said Joseph Conrad, “if not a conviction of our fellow-man’s existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality?” This question is, I believe, the supreme test of a novel, for it involves two final issues: conviction on the part of the author; skill in presenting the “imagined life” until it becomes reality. In all lasting fiction, of course, we have characters who never lived yet will outlive millions of us who are among the living.

A recent rapid survey of the novels reviewed in a few issues of a leading literary journal showed an appalling collection of “heroes” and “heroines”—thugs, thieves, scarlet ladies and crimson men, psychopathic and pathologic cases that should have been headed into hospitals instead of novels. No one can tell me that these creatures were conceived in any mood of sincerity and conviction as a rule; and few of these novels have any distinction in terms of style. Such novels continue to sell; so they will be written and published and have their little hour until the fever chart of our day approaches the normal.

So it is a pleasure to turn to a novel—and a Vermont novel, too—in whose very first pages one senses a warm sincerity for characters that appear, a fine conviction in human values, and a style that catches the light and shadow of scene and thought and mood. Any reader weary of the pound and slam of journalistic prose in novel and story, the clipped rush of sentences in which adjectives—abolished by decrees of modern czars of journalism—have been suppressed, will enjoy, entirely aside from the story, the quiet beauty of the style in descriptive passages—

The novel is really the story of an Italian schoolteacher, who, having fallen on lean and lonesome days, is made welcome in the home of a former pupil, Pietro. The teacher has a name—a name to spare, he admits—Maestro Michele Pio Vitorrio Giuseppe Tiffone which was too much for little Petra, Pietro’s daughter, and she names him “Maestro Tiff,” that is, “Teacher Tiff”; and Maestro Tiff he remains through the novel. I am certain that no one who reads the novel will ever forget him. A figment of the author’s imagination, he becomes alive and living and unforgetable, wise, tender, gentle, yet with human foibles and fancies and some of our mortal weaknesses.

The novel to which I have been referring is Like Lesser Gods, by Mari Tomasi. I have said that it is the story of Maestro Tiff, bless him, but it is far more than that: it is the first novel in American literature dealing with the fascinating theme of the granite industry, the quarrying and the cutting, which has its center in America in Barre. The theme, while accurately and fairly handled, does not, I must emphasize, in any way overshadow the characters or their lives, but it is there, fascinating as I have said. We glimpse it in such ways as this, in the words of Pietro: “It is beautiful, this Vermont granite we work, and its life-
time is that of the pyramids. . . . You ask me if I am content? I am happy with my work, and happy with my family. . . .”, and in this letter to the Maestro when he was in Italy: “... in Granite town the Italian, Spanish, Scotch, Irish, French—we all live together in harmony. . . .”

The novel has an almost classic unity of place, for the action takes place in Granite town, a fictional setting for Barre, Vermont. The characters are, however, all imagined. To Miss Tomasi whose father owned a store in Barre the granite quarries and finishing sheds were familiar scenes; and in the store as a girl she listened to the conversation of the customers, particularly the stone-cutters. Mere acquaintance would not be enough, but she had the gifted writer’s innate knack of observation; for instance, she tells us that

If one asked the clerk for snuff, I suspected him to be a Swede; if he bought the strong smelling, slender stogies, he might be Italian or Spanish; if he stepped to the grocery counter and added a package of barley to his purchases, he might be Scotch.

Any novel of lasting value is the result, not only of skill in the writing, but of growth; and Miss Tomasi was preparing to write this novel when a young girl in Barre.

Aside from the skilled and authentic treatment of the basic theme, founded on years of association with the granite workers and their families and careful research in the years since, Miss Tomasi traces the impact of American ideas and ways upon the Maestro; and in his reactions to them, often amusing, yet wise and understanding, there is one of the delightful features of the tale. We certainly learn much about democracy at work by seeing it in action through Mister Tiff’s eyes. In addition, as he weaves his entertaining way through the lives around him in Granite town, drawn irresistibly into their problems, their victories and defeats, the result is a slow glow of illumination, not only of their lives, but our own.

There would be no point, however, in underlining the interplay of the various characters upon each other and Tiff and his upon them. They are too finely conceived and wrought into beings to be susceptible to easy analysis. Suffice it to say, that each one, through the skill in characterization of the author, lives and moves through the pages. Romance, tragedy, laughter, our mortal blemishings and mistakes, the true dreams and the mistaken ones, that are all a part of life that the Maestro saw and of which he was an influential part. Miss Tomasi has followed the advice of the great English critic, George Saintsbury—that the novelist should show us “the result of the workings of the heart and brain, of the body, the soul and spirit of actual or possible human beings.” Like Lesser Gods is not a novel of surfaces as so many novels are these days but of depths in character, scene, and mood; and thoughtful readers of the book will understand why Miss

Mari Tomasi

Tomasi used this verse as a proem to the book:

And he cried out from the steeple,
“Where art thou, Lord?”
And the Lord replied,
“Down here among my people.”

Like Lesser Gods by Mari Tomasi: Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis. Published October 11, 1949. $3.00

THE AUTHOR

Miss Tomasi’s home is in Montpelier, Vermont. She attended the Montpelier High School, Trinity College, Burlington, Vt., Wheaton College, Newton, Mass. Like Lesser Gods won the Fellowship offered by the Bruce company in 1948. Deep Grow the Roots, a novel of Italy, published by Lippincotts, was her first novel. In 1941 she won the Fellowship in writing offered by the Bread Loaf School of English; and two of her short stories have been cited as outstanding in O’Brien’s Best Short Story Anthology.

Notes in Passing

Once, years ago, in search of information about a persistent Vermont poet of some minor achievement, I visited his home village and inquired about him. An oldtimer spoke thus: “Yes, I knew him. Bright boy, too. Not a poet, though. Helpin’ his dad fix a porch and a plank fell on his head. After that, he wrote poetry.”

He eyed me and I eyed him. “Probably be a good thing if a few planks fell on a few would-be poets’ heads and finished them off,” I suggested.

He cocked an eye at me. “You write some, don’t ye?”

I asked about the fishing down his way.

*** In an old magazine, published in Philadelphia in 1793, “crumbling with the “smokeless burning of decay,” I found this reference to an article describing the “present situation of Vermont”; and among the many sentences, still glowing with some forgotten writer’s enthusiasm for the state he visited as a stranger and left as a friend is a sentence in which he spoke of Vermonters as those “who enjoy a liberty as pure as the air they breathe, which is not excelled on the globe... Health reigns, and cheerfulness and vigor, those greatest of earthly treasures.” One hundred and thirty-three years later, a Vermont said: “My people are contented and happy: they belong to themselves, live within their incomes, and fear no man.” His name was Calvin Coolidge.

From a Vermont Book of Memories

Quoted from the oration at the dedication of the Bennington Battle Monument, August 19, 1891, by Senator E. J. Phelps (1822-1900)

It is our messenger to posterity. Here it shall wait for them while the successive generations shall be born and die. Here it shall wait for them, through the evenings and the mornings that shall be all the days that are to come. Crowned with the snows of countless winters; beautiful in the sunlight and shadows of unnumbered summers; companion of the mountains which look down upon it, whose height it emulates, whose strength it typifies, whose history it declares... It will look out on Vermont: on those valleys and hillsides the seed time and the harvest shall never fail. A land to which its people shall cling with an affection not felt for the physical earth by any but those who are born among the hills; hallowed to them as to us by its noble traditions; sacred for the dead who rest in its bosom. The beautiful name which the mountains have given it will abide upon the land forever. Vermont, always, Vermont!
Looking up the line of the mile-long aerial chair lift, the lower terminal station for loading on left.

Ulla Lodge, also on the Glen road, has converted even the silo to skiers' use. The covered bridge at left is painted to match the buildings.

Ski resorts, here in the East, have grown up with the growth of the sport. That is, the big-time Eastern resorts have been developed bit by bit. Haphazard... Except at Mad River Glen.

The Mad River ski area, opening for its second season in December 1949, was not developed gradually, bit by bit. At Mad River, "they did it on purpose." At Mad River,
ER GLEN

The “Basebox” with a 17 x 12 foot window, a lounge with open fire and cafeteria offers unrestricted view of the lift area at left above.

AT FAYSTON—
“they did it on purpose”
By BAIRD HALL

Livingroom of Birchluff Lodge, one of the new accommodations for skiers in Mad River Glen.

(Color photos by Case-Derick)

the whole big project was planned and executed as one piece . . . the more-than-mile-long chair lift . . . the already famous Catamount, Chute, Fall-Line, Grand Canyon and Porcupine trails . . . the wide smooth approach highways . . . the inns, ski lodges and farm house accommodations. Everything was planned. From scratch.
Very much from scratch.
The abrupt impact of a major ski resort on the unsuspecting Stark Mountain and quiet villages of Mad River Valley is quite a story for the Vermont record.

What happened was that a group of international skiers... among them one Olympic team man and one women's national champion... decided there ought to be an Eastern ski area that would be really in a class with the new resorts of the far West and the old resorts of the European Alps. In the snow corner of New England, the Vermont mountains, farthest from the sea, snow comes earliest and falls heaviest and stays longest. So the group went to work on Geological Survey maps of this snow corner.

They marked twenty-two possible locations and, during four years, these determined enthusiasts scrambled up and down mountains. They found Stark Mountain where, from a 1600 foot base elevation, a 2000 foot vertical lift on up to the summit would give access to northeast slopes on which deep snow comes soon and lasts long. Stark Mountain's snow conditions, altitude, exposure and terrain were just about perfect. And below the mountain, the remote Mad River Valley was, they found, not so "remote" as it appeared. A highway, Route 100, was there... 290 miles to New York, 200 miles to Boston, 16 miles to mainline railroad and 24 miles to Montpelier airport.

Mad River Valley was remote only in the sense that it was "undiscovered" by outsiders. Prosperous farmers worked the valley floor and millmen lumbered the valley's towering walls, Northfield Mountains on the east and the bigger range on the west... Lincoln Mountain, Stark Mountain, Camel's Hump. The villages along Mad River... Moretown, Waitsfield, Warren... had always "done all right" in their quiet way, without benefit of tourists. Many and many of the Valley families dated back to the Eighteenth Century here. Any arrivals since 1850 were still "newcomers."

But these "hardshelled" Vermonters were politely interested in the little group of ski experts who had found the perfect location for a top-rating ski area. And the polite interest took the form of practical co-operation.

From the lumbermen who owned Stark Mountain's forest slopes, the new Mad River Corporation secured two and a half square miles of land, and began work.

American Steel & Wire put up the modern aerial chair lift which is like those at Baldy in Sun Valley and Aspen in Colorado. Mad River's lift line speed and time interval between chairs ties for first place in this country, and Mad River's power unit horsepower is the greatest and its two-mile-long cable is the heaviest ever used. The vertical rise is 1970 feet. The time of ascent is 11 minutes. In other words, the Mad River Lift is just what the organizers intended... first rate.

The trails down those northeast slopes were laid out by Robert Schwarzenbach of the Olympic team, Nancy Reynolds Cooke, the former national women's champion, and Charles Lord who designed the Nose Dive and Lord Trail on Mount Mansfield. This trail committee had as much familiarity with the famous European resorts as with the leading American ski centers. A champion skier will find all the excitement he wants at Mad River. But expert trail designers are real skiing enthusiasts and that means enthusiastic interest in all skiers... novice as well as champion. At Mad River, novice and intermediate trails were laid out with as much painstaking interest as the breathless Fall-Line. For instance, there is a beautiful, broad trail—the Snail—which wanders gently down for a two mile run from the mid-station. The planning of easy trails was greatly facilitated on Stark Mountain by a mid-way station on the chair lift. A skier may ride the Lift to Mid-Station and ski only the wide lower trails, or ride to the summit and run the whole mountain, or work the fast steep trails between Mid-Station and the summit.

Of course even the most timid novice rides at least once to the top to see the tremendous view from Stark's Nest, the warming house on the mountain's peak. Everybody can go up because the Lift is a two-way ride for anyone who doesn't want to ski down.

The Vermont Highway Department did itself proud and, for four miles up the historic old McCullough Turnpike, made a wide smooth highway from Route 100 on the valley floor to a big parking loop right at the base of the Lift, at 1600 foot altitude. At all times, in all weather, private cars and taxis and buses from the railroad and airport can come and go.

So, unsuspecting Stark Mountain was made a top-rating area to ski. And made easily accessible.

And that would not have been enough.

Skiers, no matter how avid, must sometimes pause to eat and sleep. It can be argued, and usually is argued, that if a lot of skiers come along, "somebody" will...
“sooner or later” do “something” to provide for their housing and feeding and general welfare. This “sooner or later” attitude has been notably rough on visitors to a good many ski resorts. It has made a good many ski weekends uncomfortable or expensive or both.

At Mad River, the matters of housing and food and convenience were not left to chance development. At Mad River “they planned it that way.” And just what they did about it is the important part of this story and an object lesson in human relations.

Before the Mad River Corporation hung one chair on the aerial lift . . . before the Vermont Highway Department poured the last new concrete bridge on the McCullough approach road . . . a Mad River Association was organized. The Association was everybody who would house, feed or otherwise care for visiting skiers. It was the business men in the Valley towns who would provide a forgotten toothbrush or a plaid wool shirt. It was newcomers who were building new inns and lodges on the Turnpike. It was farmers who were installing another bathroom and prettying up the two spare rooms.

Before the first snowflake fell in Mad River’s opening season, the Skier’s Information Center of the Association had listed more than five hundred beds. From the Association list, a visitor could select at published price any type of accommodation . . . a room with private bath at a swank new lodge, a bunk in a dormitory, bed and board in a quiet country inn or village tourist house or on a farm.

The Association holds monthly meetings to discuss basic charges and “any other business which may properly come before the meeting.” Here in Vermont, such democratic open meetings really mean something. As aforementioned, the Association is everybody . . . the Vermont folks who have farmed and taken lodgers and kept store in this Mad River Valley for generations and the new folks who have come to run the big Lift and new inns and snack bars and to raise their families and send their kids to school in the beautiful valley.

From this get together of all the folks, a lot of “other business” has “prospectively come before the meeting.” The Ski Club was formed . . . to get good ski equipment for all the school children in the Valley and provide free instruction for them. Ski movies are shown. Hilarious square dances are organized, to the great enjoyment of visiting skiers and local residents alike. Last summer the Association put on the Grand First Annual Pioneer Fair at the Waitsfield School ballfield. The ostensible purpose of this rousing event was to raise money for Association advertising, but at least as important was the “good time had by all” . . . the baby show . . . and the pet show with its prizestom of a weird assortment of dubious animals exhibited by proud and solemn youngsters.

This spirit of co-operation . . . this business of everybody getting together, makes for a lot of fun at Mad River. It makes things nice for the new residents and the old residents. And very definitely it makes things nice for the visiting skiers. Because Mad River is not just a hill to slide down. It’s a great ski resort where, along with the best of the sport, the skier finds comfort and convenience, a full choice of accommodations at proper prices, helpful service and an easy friendly welcome. The Mad River resort is the whole Valley.

Yes, at Mad River “they did it on purpose.” On a wild high mountain slope above a quiet rural valley they created, in one big jump, a major ski area to challenge the best in Europe and the West. There is the magnificent aerial Lift. There are the beautiful, skillfully planned trails where snow comes soon, lies deep and soft, and lasts till May. There is the quick and easy access by car and rail and plane. There are smart ski lodges with practice slopes and rope tows of their own, bank houses, tourist homes and farms. There are new sport shops and old time general stores complete with stove and cracker barrel. There are square dances, fun and friendliness.

Mad River Valley has always been a grand place and it’s a grand place now. Because the abrupt impact of this major ski development on this unspoiled snow corner of Vermont has not spoiled it. “They did it on purpose.” Everybody did it. Together. It would, apparently, take more than a new major ski resort to unsettle the descendants of Mad River’s early settlers. These old timers looked with polite interest on the little group of international ski enthusiasts and quietly absorbed the project, appropriating a new lodge owner for a town lister, making local “school teachers” out of the experts at the Lift’s famous ski school, drafting the Lift’s capable manager for scoutmaster of local Troop 100. 

At Mad River it has not been a matter of high-handed money-spending by outsiders on the one side, against stubborn indifference from the old timers on the other. Everybody got together to make Mad River a great ski resort, according to plan. And they’ve been and done it.

Miss Vermont of 1948, Jean Peatman of Montpelier, accepts lift lock key from a reincarnated General John Stark, at opening ceremonies. Lift ascends the side of Stark Mt.
Ethan Allen with Benedict Arnold at his heels, demanded the surrender of TICONDEROGA "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

(Photo by Earle Hewitt)
A merica has almost forgotten Ethan Allen. Yet as a soldier he won one of the critical battles of the American Revolution. As a diplomat he kept an enemy army of 10,000 men sitting on their bayonets for more than a year. As a writer he set the intellectuals of his time on their ears and produced a best seller. And as a comedian he won a war between Vermont and New York with feats that almost outstrip Paul Bunyan. Then oblivion.

The truth about this amazing character is that for nearly a century after his death, his reputation wittered under a cloud—a cloud of treason streaked with heresy. Then, midway of the 19th century, Vermont historians took a partial glance at Canadian records, and found there evidence that Ethan’s dealings with the British were not treason, but typical Allen diplomacy, meant both to pressure Congress and to gull the British high command. Within the last twenty years, a new generation has gone back to the same Canadian sources, and from more complete records have concluded that by the time Ethan got through playing off Congress against Canada, he inclined toward the latter.

As to the heresy—his trouble was that his vision of God was so far ahead of his time that it shocked the narrow, hell-fire preachers of his age. Ethan was the eldest of eight children, born in January 1738, in Litchfield, Conn. Except for a thirst for knowledge—which he wrestled out of books borrowed from a Salisbury doctor, Thomas Young, who owned enough books to speak of his library—and a talent for invective in the grand style, he grew into manhood with no signs of eminence. He married Mary Brownson, had children, did his best to support his family—as a farmer, an iron-master, then storekeeper. But he never seemed able to stick to any trade.

By the time Ethan was 30, everyone in New England who could spare a pound was investing in the land titles Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire was selling in a tract of unblazed wilderness which had become known as The New Hampshire Grants but was claimed by both New Hampshire and New York. So, in the winter of 1768, the restless young giant from Connecticut set out on snowshoes to explore this land of golden opportunity. That long winter walk not only changed Ethan Allen’s life; it put opportunity. Ethan long winter walk not young giant from Connecticut set out on.

So, in the winter of 1768, the restless Allen attended a meeting of landholders who had bought titles from Wentworth. He must have impressed the gathering with his integrity and leadership—or else he talked the loudest—for the meeting appointed him to mobilize opposition to the New Yorkers’ invasion.

This conflict was a real estate war, but it was also a war of social and economic philosophies. New York promoted a baronial system in which a few wealthy men owned vast domains farmed by tenants or croppers. New Hampshire fostered a democratic system of relatively small farms owned by the settlers who plowed them. Allen, no mean philosopher, understood this distinction in all its angles.

So, first off, he led a posse of legal talent to Albany to oppose the ejectment suits in the New York courts. The hearings were a farce: the New Hampshire titleholders, who had paid for and grubbed out their wilderness homesteads, were ordered to vacate at once. Shame to British justice! For the judge, the attorney general and many other state officials were heavily invested in New York rights to the lands in dispute.

After the show was over, two gentlemen—John Kempe, New York attorney general, and James Duane, lawyer and real estate operator—called on Ethan at his tavern. They offered Allen a great barony in the Grants if he would change sides. Ethan refused. Kempe raised his voice: “We have might on our side, and might often prevails against right.”

“Sir,” answered Allen, “the gods of the hills are not the gods of the valleys.” Allen declined to explain this cryptic remark, but it was splendid propaganda for the war that was to come. When Ethsn rode back to Bennington, principal town of the Grants, he found a crowd of worried pioneers waiting for his report from Albany. It was a humdinger. The government of New York was a den of land pirates; the homesteaders had no recourse but to defend their homes by force. The assemblage summarily formed a military organization of minute men, soon called the Green Mountain Boys, with Allen as colonel commandant. Allen realized that his position was indefensible against a determined New Yorker assault. So he carried on his side of the hostilities by means of diabolical threats, audacity and general uproar. To build himself up as a ripsnorting Green Mountain terror, he sought opportunities to display his strength. One of his favorite tricks was to grab a hundred-pound sack of salt in his teeth and toss it over his shoulder without using his hands. Admirers have always believed that Ethan could chew nails into bits and spit them out with the power of a shotgun. His brother Ira swore that he could run deer until they dropped from exhaustion.

One evening Ethan arrived at Cephas Kent’s tavern in Dorset with a wild story of an assault from behind by a catamount, which he had grabbed by the throat, swung forward to the earth and choked to death without losing his grip. “The damn Yankees have trained and sent varmints against me, damn their miserable Tory souls,” he swore.

He scouted the Grants with a small party of tough backwoodsmen and whenever he routed out a crew of surveyors running lines for the Yorkers he would set up a court and give them a drumhead trial. If the offenders seemed graceless and unrepentant, he had them whipped with beech withes, calling this “Chastisement with the Twigs of the Wilderness.” Then they were banished from the territory.

He preferred to scare “offenders” into compliance before turning to physical force. One Samuel Adams, a stubborn case, was “tried,” “convicted” and sentenced by Allen to be “hanged.” The Boys tied him to a chair and hoisted him some 25 feet above the ground, to meditate for an hour alongside the stuffed cata­mount that topped Stephen Faye’s Cata­mount Tavern in Bennington.

VERMONT Life 35
Once the Boys nailed two New Yorker sheriffs. Ethan imprisoned them in separate rooms and in the night strung up an effigy on a tree limb outside their window. Early in the morning he awakened one deputy and then the other, suggesting that they take a look outside. They were then permitted to escape at different times, each believing the other had been hanged by this ruthless savage.

Early in the hostilities Governor Tryon of New York had put a price—eventually up to 100 pounds—on Ethan’s head. One night when Ethan was visiting a Mr. Richardson in Bridport on Lake Champlain, a squad of King’s regulars from nearby Crown Point came in, aiming to pick up the reward. At first the Redcoats regarded to be merely aimless visitors. Allen called for a bowl of punch and diverted them happily with extravagant stories of his early adventures in the wilderness, of running deer and wrestling with bears. He called for more punch. It was a rousing party, but the soldiers didn’t know they were matching drinks with a tippler of truly legendary capabilities. When they were all happily fuddled, with several flat on the floor, Ethan rose on steady legs and strolled off into the forest.

A tremendous event brought this fun to a close—the first skirmishes of a world revolution which eventually would topple all but a handful of the kings of the earth. Ethan had won every move in this smaller war of the woods. Moreover, he had done it with the “loss” of only one enemy, an unfortunate who inadvertently got himself hanged. When you remember that he commanded as savage a pack of wolves as one could find in the Colonies, when you recall the bloody sheep and cattle wars in the West, this seems an extraordinary achievement.

On March 13, 1775, after drinking steadily for four hours at John Norton’s Tavern in Westminster, a gang of Yorker deputies fired a volley at a group of Green Mountain patriots on guard at the courthouse steps. The shot killed two and wounded ten. Vermonter’s like to think that here flowed the first blood of the American Revolution, weeks before the King’s troops marched on Lexington and Concord and retreated in disorder.

At dawn on May 10, 1775, 80 Green Mountain Boys, with Colonel Allen in the lead, poured through a breach in the south curtain of Fort Ticonderoga. Fort Ti had a formidable reputation in the Colonies. In 1758 the French General Montcalm, with only a skeleton garrison, had defended it against the assaults of 15,000 British regulars and had routed them with fearful losses. The news of Allen’s stunning success in taking it must have persuaded many a doubting colonist that the Continentals had a real chance to trounce the hated but disciplined Redcoats. It was strong morale medicine and may well have saved the Revolution from early blight.

The chances are that no other leader in the Colonies could have upset Ticonderoga with the resources Allen had at his command. From a spy, sent into the fort the day before the assault, he knew the number of the garrison and the plan of the fort, and had learned of the breach in the southern wall. But it took a bit of organizing genius to lead 80 undisciplined frontiersmen and farmers across Lake Champlain at night, constrain these wild men to maintain some kind of decent formation, and make a silent and treasonable attack on the King’s own property.

Many a young farmer must have quaked in his heart when Allen addressed the Boys in the darkness before the assault, warning them that it was a desperate venture and that the halter probably awaited them if they failed. Ethan said then that they were the world’s finest fighting men, calling them the scourge and terror of all absolute rule. “You that will undertake voluntarily will lose your firelocks.” They raised a unanimous promise of forest of weapons.

The attack was carried out in typical Allen fashion—without casualties. The sentry stationed at the break in the wall was caught unaware. He raised his musket at Ethan; but as he fired, the battle was all over except for the fierce language with which Colonel Allen bluffed the commandant into submission.

Few wars in history have been waged under a more stirring clarion than the answer Colonel Allen gave to Lieutenant Jocelyn Feltham. Startled and dismayed at the milling mob of riotous Green Mountain Boys, he could only ask—in answer to Ethan’s demand for the Fort’s surrender—by whose authority he made such a preposterous request.

Colonel Allen’s reply was epic: “In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” he said. Probably Feltham did not know a Continental Congress existed.

Having convinced Congress that the Colonials should march on Canada, Ethan was sent ahead by General Schuyler in September, to “preach politics,” as he called it. After several profitable days of scouting around as a general troublemaker, he started back with some 80 recruits to help Schuyler besiege St. John’s. They soon met Major John Brown, who was encamped with another advance force ten miles up the St. Lawrence. Major Brown proposed that together they strike at Montreal, capital of all Canada.

A rash, perhaps a foolhardy adventure, but the city, they knew, was not heavily defended. Besides, the idea appealed to the grand opera in Ethan’s glory-hunting soul. “Here’s for Montreal,” he toasted, “or a turf jacket!”

The wind blew high that night, tossing up dangerous whitecaps on the river, but Allen shuttled 110 men to the Montreal side. Dawn came. The sun climbed in the sky. But no sign of Brown or his men. Meanwhile, a blundering guard had allowed a message to get through to the British commander, General Carleton. Carleton with 500 men joined battle at two in the afternoon. The situation was soon hopeless. Ethan noticed a British officer advancing close by. They exchanged pistol shots, both missing. He then shouted that he would yield if promised a fair deal for himself and his men. The English officer accepted.

An adequate explanation for Major Brown’s failure has never come to light. He did not cross to the Montreal side, and, much worse, never let Allen know that his support would not arrive.

The Colonials were brought before General Prescott, a testy old gorilla who promptly insulted Allen. Ethan fired right back, shaking his huge fist under the general’s nose. When Prescott learned that some of the captives were Canadians, he ordered them executed on the spot.

The sight of the Canadians in “so hard a case, wringing their hands and praying, cut me to the heart,” wrote Allen later. He jumped between the executioners’ bayonets and the men, hared his breast theatrically and declared: “I am the sole cause of their taking up arms.” Allen noted in his writings that he did not expect to die at that instant but hoped to pull a “finesse” which would save the lives of his men. It worked. Prescott glared at the men thoughtfully for a long time, then decided he would preserve them all to “grace a halter at Tyburn.”

For the month-long voyage across the ocean, Ethan and 33 captive rebels were pushed into a pen some 20 feet square, without bunks or blankets, without water for washing. For six weeks prior to that Ethan had been manacled with heavy chains in such a position that he could lie down only on the flat of his back. His jailors tormented him daily, and he replied
to all insults in thunderous profanity. A Dr. Dace so provoked him on one occasion that he became frantic with rage, gripped the head of a spike in his hand, ironed with his teeth, strained crazily, worked the spike loose and threw off his handcuffs. But the leg irons half fast and the doctor escaped. “Dann him, does he eat iron?” exclaimed the spellbound guard.

Landed in England, the prisoners expected a swift trial for treason and a swift hanging. But Allen had another “finesse” prepared under the red woolen cap he had donned for the Canadian campaign and still wore. He secured a quill, ink, paper and permission to send a letter to the Continental Congress. In it he related the frightful treatment on the British prison ships, but entreated Congress not to retaliate on British prisoners in American hands until he sent a later report. Perhaps conditions would improve, he slyly added.

Of course, Ethan never dreamed that the letter would reach the American Congress. It was contrived, he said, “to intimidate the haughty English government, and screen my neck from the halter,” to remind them dramatically that the Colonies could retaliate. It went straightway to the parties Ethan hoped would see it, and landed finally on the desk of Lord North, British prime minister. Lord North called a cabinet meeting for the single purpose of chewing over the Ethan Allen problem.

Allen did not know that the Yankees had captured several large English fish—including Prescott. He did not learn for a long time that he had become first-class trading material and his neck was no longer in danger.

Ethan was a prisoner for more than two years before he was exchanged. Sick, a walking skeleton, he stepped onto what he called “liberty ground” at Elizabeth, N. J., in May 1778. At Valley Forge, Washington gave him a hero’s welcome, introduced him to all his staff and, entranced by Allen’s peculiar genius, talked with him a long time. In a letter to Congress, recommending that Congress vote suitable honors for Ethan, Washington wrote: “His fortitude and firmness seem to have placed him out of the reach of misfortune. There is an original something in him that commands attention.”

Congress voted him a brevet colonel’s commission, a lieutenant colonel’s pay for the two years he spent under King George’s wing.

His eloquent, salty A Narrative of Col. Ethan Allen’s Captivity appeared a year later. In this book he gave savage emphasis, as only Ethan could, to “the cruel and relentless disposition and behavior of the enemy toward prisoners in their power.”

The book became a best seller at once, and possibly did as much to stiffen the doubtful and win the Revolution as the writings of that other free-thinker, Tom Paine.

Back at Bennington, Ethan found a new state government in action, with Brother Ira as Treasurer. The new state had been christened Vermont at the suggestion of Allen’s old friend, Dr. Thomas Young. But was it a new state, or an independent republic, or a rebellious British colony, or only a huge real estate squeeze? Congress, unable to balance the conflicting claims of New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and the new state, had put Vermont’s bid for recognition into the materia file. But Colonel Allen was not a man who could let a vital question go d  as. With swelling courage and sharp strategy, he waged a campaign for the integrity of Vermont.

During most of this long struggle he had no official position in the Vermont government. He needed none. He was Old King David himself, and when he sounded the wolf call the woodsmen gathered as they had done years before. Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the English armies in America—who had purchased Benedict Arnold, now a British major general—watched Ethan with lively interest. One day Allen received a letter from Colonel Beverly Robinson, commander of a regiment of Tories fighting with the King’s men. It proposed peace between Vermont and George III—peace under the English flag. Ethan saw that this was dynamite to handle. He put the letter before Ira, Governor Chittenden and other Vermont leaders. Chittenden wrote to the English commander in Canada, General Haldimand, cautiously suggesting a truce for trading prisoners. He also wrote to Congress, threatening to make a separate peace with England if Vermont couldn’t join the United Colonies and soon. Later, in a letter to the President of Congress, Allen asserted roundly that Vermont had a perfect right to cease hostilities with Great Britain. If the United States persisted in rejecting her application for union with them “I am resolutely determined to defend the independence of Vermont as Congress are that of the United States, and rather than fail, will retire with hardy Green Mountain Boys into the desolate caverns of the mountains, and wage war with human nature at large.”

Thus began a long and confused Yankee intrigue which caused as loud a buzz in the Colonies as the Revolution itself. General Allen—newly appointed brigadier general of the Vermont militia—did his best to work up the scandal. He started tavern tales and wrote pamphlets. He dispatched two of Colonel Robinson’s propositioning letters to Congress—that would make Congress and New York think twice!

The whole matter turned out to be, in fact, one of the most open “conspiracies” on record. Despite forged documents presented to the Vermont legislature, despite repeated reassurances to the “patriots” among the Vermonters, leaks were constant. George Washington got full reports from his spies—and from many Vermonters. Soon only the British thought they were engaged in confidential negotiations.

Meanwhile, most everyone in the colonies thought that a great British army stood ready to attack on the Canadian border. Months passed by. Why didn’t it march? Nobody knew, but every tavern loungers had a theory. The truth was that Ethan had extracted a promise from Sherwood: the British would invade Vermont or New York while the negotiations were in progress. Allen then dismissed his militia—which could not have stopped the British troops for half an hour—and resigned his generalship.

Next year, 1781, an exchange of prisoners was carried through. The British army did not march and the stories of black treason in the Green Mountains grew taller and taller. The English pressed the Vermonters to take some action. The Yankees insisted they must have more time; the people were not yet ready for a separate peace that would be a virtual surrender to King George. Hearing nothing from Bennington for a long time, Britain acted. General St. Leger sailed up Lake Champlain and showed in force at Ticonderoga. But on October 19, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Apprised of the news, St. Leger stole away to Canada. The fighting war was over.

Congress continued to dodge the Vermont question in the historic way of parliaments. Accordingly, the persistent Green Mountain Boys kept hot both the intrigue with England and the rumpus with New York. Ethan, in a letter to a friend, expressed his opinion that it was “a savage war to support government.” But essential under the circumstances.

Patriotic Vermont historians early decided—that modern historians disputes it—that this dangerous game with the British was high statecraft, not high treason. For Vermont was in a tight

(Continued on page 57)
In the peaceful village of Lyndonville, old timers and younger folks still attend the "hoss race" on ice every Saturday afternoon in winter and "Bet their money on de bob-tail nag, Somebody bet on de bay."

It all began with a homesick French-Canadian boy's love for the first race horse he ever put a blanket on in the "States."

Lucien LeClere, the eldest son of Charles LeClere of Kingsey, Quebec, was brought up with horses. His father was a blacksmith at Kingsey when Lucien was born on July 24, 1874.

One of the first things Lucien remembers is sitting safely in a wooden dry-goods box in his father's smoky shop straightening horseshoe nails with a small hammer and anvil. His father made the nails of old worn out hand scythes, and as they cooled they curled up.

Mr. LeClere was also a "hoss doctor," having learned his trade from his mother who doctored people as well as horses. He also trained race horses, and little Lucien was always around, watching.

When Lucien was six years old the family moved to Richmond where Mr. LeClere continued to ply his several trades.

Mr. LeClere's reputation as a horse trainer grew and for several years he trained his horses on the old race track at Richmond, Lucien still around, helping.

Doctor Prévost, a veterinarian, who came up to the Agricultural College at Richmond every week, was a friend of LeClere's, and he brought a three-year-old colt, Babe Eastmont, to him to train. Lucien handled her along with his father for about a year.

She was entered for a race at St. Pie, Quebec, on July 4, 1886. Race tracks were not fenced in then as they are today. They were crude tracks in a field, no grandstand—just people—crowds of them.

Young Lucien was now twelve years old and small for his age. On the day of the race his father drove the colt. Babe Eastmont was no good for the first heat, nor the second heat. "Let the boy drive her, or take her out, he understands her!" the Doctor told LeClere.

So little Lucien climbed up on the spokes of the high-wheeled sulky and down into the seat, and picked up the reins.

From the word "Go" Babe began to gain and came in under the wire an easy winner. The crowd went wild, and young Lucien didn't climb out over the wheel—eager hands lifted him out, and carried him through the crowd.

He won five out of six races with Babe Eastmont in various places that season, and he never had to climb up the spokes.
of the high wheels again. The race he lost was an exhibition race at Quaticook, with the youngest and oldest drivers in Canada. The other driver was eighty-one year old Charles Taylor of White River Junction, Vermont, who drove a horse named Factory Boy. He beat Lucien by a fraction that day so he wouldn’t mark his horse. Mr. Taylor lived to be over one hundred years old, and was called the oldest driver in the world.

John Utton of Morrisville, Vermont, one of the greatest horse trainers of his time, learned of the skillful driving of young LeClere over a period of years, and sent for him to come out to Morrisville to drive for him.

LeClere, then seventeen years old, arrived in Morrisville on November 28, 1891, in a blinding snowstorm. Utton took one look at him, and said, “You can’t drive, you’re too light, (he weighed less than one hundred pounds) but I can use you. There’s a horse just come in. Take care of him.” Lucien was naturally bashful, he was in a strange country, he began to be homesick, and not to drive—but there was the horse he was told to take care of, waiting, and he understood horses. He took a look at the horse as he blanketed him. He was a bay colt with one white hind foot, and a small white star in his face. He knew he was a two-year-old, coming three, partly broke, and he soon learned his name was “Kendall,” for “Kendall Spavin Cure.”

Lucien worked for Utton for seven or eight months for seven dollars per month and board, and slept in the barn. He managed to keep Kendall’s sleek sides a little more shining than the other horses, and slipped him an extra handful of oats at feeding time. The colt would whinny for him as he entered the stable, and the homesick boy would steal a few minutes to caress his friend.

A few years later LeClere went to Lyndonville to work for John Moulton, horse-trainer. Among Moulton’s horses was Kendall. LeClere worked for Moulton six years, helping to train Kendall along with other horses.

Years passed and “Louie” was learning the meat business working for George LaPoint. This was no longer a strange country, nor was he homesick, he had a home of his own, and he must have got over his bashfullness, because he also had a wife and brand new baby daughter.

The racing column, “Hoof-Prints,” came out every Monday then in the Boston Globe, and Roger Ladd, a young school boy, used to stop in at the meat-market every Monday night after school and read the paper and talk over the races with Louie and LaPoint.

Reading the advertisements one evening, they found Kendall was for sale down in Dover, New Hampshire. The race horse was now eighteen years old, with a trotting mark of 1:25, and he had been idle for two years.

Louie’s head was in such a whirl that night he could hardly tell a T-bone steak from a piece of tripe. He and LaPoint, who was now his brother-in-law, talked the matter over, and decided to go into partnership and buy Kendall. LaPoint went down to Dover to get him, bought

Even in the winter of 1910–1911 large throngs crowded Lyndonville streets to watch the races.
IN THE FIRST WINTER of racing competitors used regular sleds. This old postcard scene advertised the weekly 1907 snowpath attractions.

him for $219, and drove him home to Lyndonville.

Because he had been idle so long Kendall developed a bad case of lymphangitis. Louie knew the best thing for him was exercise, so he put him on a meat-cart and peddled the village with him. He planned to peddle up Main Street every day so that he would reach the creamery by noon. Then he would turn around and let Kendall out a bit down the length of Main Street, while the white meat-cart rattled crazily along with the wheels spitting dust and gravel, and Kendall's white foot flying like a bird. Soon the shopmen and others going home to dinner began to line up along the street every day to watch the work out.

Winter came and Kendall was getting better every day and the sleds on the meat-cart seemed more adapted to racing than the summer wheels.

After discussing the racing events in "Hoof-Prints" at the meat-market one cold Monday night in December 1907, Louie and Roger started for home. They stopped at Edd McGinnis' harness-shop under the old Webb's Hotel for a chat with Edd and other horse cronies. The talk got around to racing, as usual, and the boys said they thought it would be a good idea to have real horse racing on Main Street in the winter. Of course they would have to get permission from the village. Charles Lee, an old horse trainer was there and he said, "I STUMP you to!"

Louie and Roger went right out and down Main Street to Elisha Bigelow's house, the first village trustee. They rapped on the door. Elisha answered the door himself and asked them in and invited them to be seated. They told him they had come to obtain permission to have winter horse racing on Main Street. "I'd like to see it myself!" Elisha told them, and added, "Police the corners and you may race as long as you like."

They did. And people have raced horses on Main Street, Lyndonville, Vermont for forty odd years.

The Lyndonville Journal came out on Wednesdays then, and that Wednesday night it carried the announcement of the races to be held on Saturday afternoon.

A driving club was formed and the first meeting was held in the office of Charles Darling's barn on upper Main Street. Twelve men who owned horses signed up and became charter members of "The Lyndonville Driving Club."

For years the meetings were held every Thursday night at the barn to classify the horses and discuss any business, with as many as twenty or thirty men sitting on planks across nail-kegs formed in the shape of a horseshoe, with the president in the "slot."

As soon as Austin Houghton, a man who did odd jobs around town read the news of the first race to be held on Saturday, he volunteered to scrape Main Street with his horse. His offer was accepted and he proceeded to make a scraper of two old car-sills from the railroad shops.

On Friday evening before the race about thirty men turned out to get the "track" ready for the next day. Houghton began to scrape the street and there were plenty of volunteers armed with snow-shovels to shovel out the driveways of residents where the "scraper" had filled them up. LeClerc and some helpers measured off the quarter-mile track with a tape, and Roger Ladd kept the count. Everywhere in the village people were talking about the coming race. LeClerc's "Kendall" would of course win first place. He was sired by Kent, a descendant of Hambletonian Ten, and his dam was a Daniel Lambert mare, of a family of good trotters, owned by J. C. Parker, owner of a fast horse farm in Quechee, Vermont.
A big crowd turned out that cold, snowy Saturday in December, 1907, and the twelve men who formed the Driving Club, started their horses. They were: Lucien LeClere, Roger Ladd, Doctor Brown, Everett Ruggles, Charles Lee, Ed McGinnis, Charles Darling, Frank Trefen, Austin Houghton, Mr. Perry, Peasley Randall, and Dutey Lee.

The race was started then with a red flag instead of a bell, and Aldis Barber was the first starter, and held that position for several years. Russell Griswold and Albert Ruggles were the judges and timers.

All stores and shops in the village were closed at two o'clock, when the races began, and continued that practice for years.

In spite of the extensive preparations of the night before, the "track" was still ankle deep with snow, and most of the racing gear was of the old Lyndon egg-shell sleigh model, then being made in Lyndon Corner, so not very fast time was clocked.

Everett Ruggles won the race around a 2:38 or 40 clip, much to everyone's surprise, including LeClere, (who came in second), and himself. Ruggles' horse was a four-year-old mahogany bay colt with black points, called C.E.R., out of Rogene, and sired by Charles Darling's "Red Elm."

Everett and Albert Ruggles operated the Ruggles Bros. Meat-market in the village, and Everett had been peddling meat with C.E.R. on the meat-cart.

After the race it was recalled that Ruggles had not done much talking about who was going to win the race when the rest were sure Kendall would win. The horses who raced those first years led a double life, on week days they were just any old work horse, but on Saturdays—well, that was different.

The wives and friends of "The Lyndonville Driving Club" gave a banquet in his honor that first year on Washington's Birthday, at the old Masonic Hall. They served an oyster stew with all the fixin's for twenty-five cents per plate.

The Club has increased in membership, and the banquet has been a yearly event, climaxing the major races on Washington's Birthday, when as many as a thousand and people have thronged the streets of Lyndonville. Annual blue-ribbon prizes are awarded in the various racing classes, at the banquet, which closes the racing season.

In recent years the banquets have been held at "Darling's Inn," and the Club celebrated their fortieth anniversary at a banquet held at "Manorvail," and the price per plate was well over a quarter.

LeClere raced Kendall for five years, then kept him on a farm he owned on the New Boston Road. He lived to be twenty-nine years old and his master laid him away on that same farm, the so-called, "Tray Willey place."

Winter Driving Clubs were formed in Barton, Glover, St. Johnsbury, and Whitefield, and many horses from all of those places have competed with Lyndonville horses for honors.

Some years ago winter racing was held on Main Street in St. Johnsbury every other week, and occasionally at Glover and Barton. One winter "The Lyndonville Driving Club" loaded a box-car full of horses, drivers and equipment and went to Barton to race on frozen Crystal Lake. They won most of the races, put their horses up at a livery stable, while the drivers stayed all night at a hotel, then drove the horses home to Lyndonville the next day.

Lyndonville, Vermont, is reputed to be the only place in the country that now enjoys harness races on ice, so drag out what the moths have left of your old coon-coat, lace up your gum-rubbers, pull down your earlapppers and go to the "boss race" on Washington's Birthday. "Atter boy! Harry! You can beat him!—That was a RACE."

Is that an old-fashioned meat-cart careening down Main Street behind a bay horse with one white hind foot? No, I must have been dreaming.

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**Peach Brook School**

(continued from page 26)

winding keys on strategic branch tips. Also that day Fred MacIntyre brought a parlor organ in his truck.

"For the singin'," he explained, as he and the eighth grade carried it inside and set it in place.

"Music!" I thought, as I thanked him. We put my china Christmas angels on the organ and gathered round to sing carols. My playing was faulty but the young voices of the children more than made up for that.

Then suddenly it was Friday. That day was a welter of odd jobs, tying up all sorts of loose ends, sewing elastic on the angels' crowns, making a gold-paper star for the top of the tree, putting greens on the clock and the pictures of Washington and Lincoln, wrapping family gifts, rehearsing, rehearsing, rehearsing. Then it was four o'clock and the school-house was empty. I straightened the decorations, changed the place of a Wise Man in the manger scene, tidied my desk and pushed it into a corner to make room for extra benches, and generally took stock: music; tree ornaments; presents? A candy-filled tarlatan stocking for each child; a game or book apron, provided by teacher. Gifts for the parents, made by the children. A modest collection, neither glamorous nor fabulous, by my standards, Christmas...

The fire had died down, the schoolroom was cold, my heart misgave me...

At seven I was back; someone had tuned on the lights and built up the fire. The tree twinkled a warm welcome. People began to come, parents, relatives, neighbors, faces familiar and strange, grandmothers with canes, babies with bottles. The room filled up. In the coat-room the children jostled and whispered, giving off the smells of soap, wet rubbers, and excitement, their faces shining, their hair incredibly slick. Tension mounted.

Costumes were donned and held in precarious place by every device known to woman from safety-pin to scotch tape; accidents were remedied, jealousies quenched, fears allayed, stage-fright banished. The audience was stamping its snowy boots, exchanging voluble greetings, scraping benches into place. My own knees shook and my teeth chattered as Andrew stepped on the platform.

A hush fell. The program began... Song filled that little school-house: old carols, new melodies. Young voices rang out, older voices hummed or whispered beloved words, feet tapped. When the children spoke their pieces, pride and wonder illumined the faces of the older folk: necks craned, ears and eyes strained to catch every syllable, to miss nothing. Applause thundered.

After one number Emma tugged at my sleeve.

"Earl's sick. He's throwing up. Always does when his turn comes." Horror gripped me.

"But he mustn't—the people—he's next, he's a shepherd!" I cried in a hoarse whisper.

"Buck'll do it. I know all the parts. But he mustn't—the people—he's next, he's a shepherd!" I cried in a hoarse whisper.

Don't worry. Relief made me limp.

At last it was over. The children and everyone else sang "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," and as the last echoes rang,—punctuated by a couple of exuberant super-whistles—the gentleman himself appeared, measuring up to specifications from white beard to proper (and not artificial) girth.

(Continued on page 45)

VERMONT Life 41
Mount ASCUTNEY

Mr. ASCUTNEY is a typical mountain. As Maxfield Parrish says, if you want to paint a typical mountain you paint Ascutney or Vesuvius—Ascutney is nearer. William Vaughn Moody says Ascutney is feminine while Monadnock is masculine. Surely it is true that mountains have personalities.

History, interests and demands of the community leave their mark on a mountain. Mt. Ascutney has always had many foot trails but during 1825 a carriage road was projected to the top when it became known that Lafayette was to visit Vermont. From this point of vantage, the general might be able to see in one panorama, as much as possible of the state which, like the rest of the country, was searching for new ways of doing the venerable Marquis affectionate honour.

The story is that the beloved old soldier had to leave the state before the road was completed.

In the early 1900’s the mountain swarmed with hikers. Some have been known to climb every Sunday. This was all climaxcd by a great reunion on Labor Day—when the younger were even...
TOLL HOUSE at the base of the Ascutney Mountain Road, which provides a 3 1/2 mile downhill run.

SKIERS take off for the up-hill run in the unique “Sno-Cat” and its trailer.

SKI HUT provides center for enthusiastic winter sports addicts, some of them from the Windsor area, others from far afield.
carried up piggy-back so that all might join the festivities. And even in the winter, the Appalachian Mountain Club hiked to the top.

World War I spread its gloom over the mountain—as the gay hikers turned to the factories in the industrial communities. Unemployment after the war played its part. A C.C.C. camp was established on Ascutney and the carriage road became a three-and-one-half mile hard surface road, with a charming little stone house at the entrance. Picnic, camping and parking areas were added, and a fire tower erected for the protection of the surrounding hills.

Then came the new look to Mt. Ascutney, as up the Toll Road one winter's day came crawling a red Sno-Cat and trailer with many yelling, hilarious skiers anxious to try the three-and-one-half mile run back to the base. Others went just for the ride—getting their thrill from the bear and deer tracks and the majestic view from the top. This new intrusion on Ascutney's usual winter's privacy brings me to the point of my story—which I have approached typically feminine round-about fashion—the Mt. Ascutney Ski Area.

I once made the casual remark that there ought to be skiing on the mountain. It was a beautiful mountain and it should be enjoyed by school children—studying flora and fauna—a Mountain day for the kids; there should be a sunrise service and there should be skiing. That was where I made my mistake.

A year was taken out for study of the situation. "We must have the overall picture before we begin," was my theme song. The more I talked about skiing on Ascutney, the more I liked it. Apparently others didn't, as some actually put up money to keep me quiet. Finally the whole piece fit with mathematical nicety; avoiding the east side by the Connecticut River which cuts down on the frosts and the western exposure which is too windy, a northerly slightly west exposure was settled upon. This was at the base of the famous old Brownsville Trail, in the little town of Brownsville. This quaint little town offered a perfect backdrop, with its rolling hills and church steeple. The area itself would rest on the north side of the mountain, where the snow lingers longest, and where the huge pine and hemlock would protect it from the winds and add much woodland beauty.

This also worked out to the best advantage for the chair lift. In the overall picture, a 6,150 ft. chair lift line would run from the base to the north shoulder, and the second approximately 2,600 ft. would run from the north shoulder to the summit. The snow remains on Ascutney until the end of April enabling the skier to ride to the top, ski to the north shoulder and ride back to the top, in the spring. In the winter it would offer a 3-mile trail to the base.

All this was to be but five miles from Windsor, Vermont, which is on route 5 and just above the junction of the Boston and Maine and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads. These railroads draw from two of the biggest cities in the East and pass through college towns—everything was perfect. People got so enthusiastic they put money into it, even myself. Bob Hammond, of the Hammond Map Company, and Bob Bishop, of Brownsville and Boston, were the first entrepreneurs. Bob Ely and Fran Lathrop, both having been in the mountain troops, gave of their time and suggestions. Benny Smith, Carl Stevens, Larry Bushor, and Dick Springer, ardent local skiers, gave and worked for the project. Roy Blanchard and Alice Brown leased their farms and so it was that a new ski area was born, and appropriately enough, it was called the Mt. Ascutney Ski Area.
Tons of snow have come and gone during our three years of operations, and now we boast of five tows, seven trails, and a large open slope offering a run of 2,500 ft. The area offers the novice, intermediate and expert skiers a variety of newly widened trails and extended slopes. Three linked tows have been installed to lift the skier rapidly from the warming hut towards the mountain’s north shoulder, with a minimum of waiting.

From various points on the way up the novice and intermediate can find suitable trails and slopes. A ride to the top of the tows offers the expert a downhill run of 2,500 ft; a higher climb on the trail will reward the skier with a mile run back to the base. A fourth tow of 500 ft services the Baby Snow Bowl which is a novice slope perfect for the most timid. This area is adjacent to the main slope and terminates at the spacious warming huts.

One lounging hut with a central fireplace, large windows where the sun pours in—we call it solar heating—and sundeck offers comfort and relaxation. The other hut provides rest rooms, lunch bar, equipment and repair shop.

The famous Tucker Sno-Cat and trailer conveys skiers and sightseers to the top of the area on a scenic ride over an old logging trail. From this point spreads a beautiful view of the Millbrook Valley. The Sno-Cat is further utilized to break out icy conditions and pack the area instantly after a snow fall, thus insuring good conditions when it might be unfavourable elsewhere. This Sno-Cat, painted a shocking pink or cerise, also is taken over to the Toll Road for special trips should conditions be poor at the area.

Boston is but 125 miles, New York 250. There is a spacious parking area to the rear of the huts, and the surrounding communities can accommodate about 500 skiers. A ski patrol, composed of Dartmouth students, is well schooled in first aid. Ascutney has been host to Princeton, Vassar, Smith, Connecticut, Boston schools, Kimball Union and many others who have taken advantage of the superb facilities of the mountain slopes—young and old alike.
MISS PAULINE MITCHELL assists Home Economist Mary Pearl in turning out a batch of Maltex Cookies in the new test kitchen.

HIGH POINT of the children’s tour through the factory—cookies and milk. Visits by school children are a frequent event at Maltex.

THE KITCHEN becomes a broadcasting studio as Wynne Casey, Women’s editor of WJOY, interviews Mrs. Pearl and John Dobson.

(Colour pictures by Fadex. Black and white pictures by Ian McLaughlin)
Vermont Cereal Makers Celebrate 50th Year

By VREST ORTON

In thousands of groceries throughout the country you will see a modest colored package featuring the visage of a smiling girl quite primly and properly eating her breakfast cereal. This nationally known food was invented in 1899, when the nutritious and delectable combination of toasted whole wheat and baked barley-malt was discovered. A group of Burlington business men led, by C. F. Van Patten and son, began making what was then called Malt Breakfast Food and soon had distribution in northern New England.

The modernization and national growth came in 1920 when the company was acquired by F. H. Shepardson and his son Fritz, who had been in the milk and grain business in Richmond. In recent years the management has been in the hands of Fritz Shepardson who, in point of public service and countless quiet benefactions, has become one of Vermont's best known and most admired businessmen. In his office one wall is entirely covered with commissions from Presidents, Governors, and organization heads, (official evidence of his service to the country in two wars, and to Vermont in many capacities under five governors). Fritz was too modest to allow a photograph of these gold sealed documents, but he can't censor my story. As his company marks its 50th year, Fritz is finding more time for his many outside interests such as flying his own plane, and serving on the Board of The Mary Fletcher, the state's oldest hospital. His son-in-law John Dobson has taken over the sales and advertising duties of the company.

Today, the Maltex Company through its educational work in the schools and with nutritionists and through radio broadcasts (Maltex was the first sponsor to put Dale Carnegie on the air and now sponsors the famous Frank Luther) is carrying the reputation of this 50 year old Vermont establishment far and wide.

The men who run the business are all Vermonters. Floyd M. James, Mr. Shepardson, and others.


Front Row, left to right: Elwin D. Brown, Reide B. Payne, Earl E. Falby, F. W. Shepardson, Floyd M. James, John A. Dobson, Charles A. Thompson, Albert J. Proud. Cat's name is Snookie.

Charles Norris, 35 years with Company, wheels 100 lb. bag of bulk cereal for hospital use.
Fred Shanks and Albert Proulx (above) feed the big cakes of Malt dough into the Malt "break" which rolls the dough into proper thickness for baking.

Head Miller Jerome Lawrence (upper left) examines wheat at one of the series of milling rollers where grain is reduced to granules.

Albert Proulx (left) and Louis Halo, head baker, remove malt batter from one of the steam vats in which the dough is cooked.

Conrad Lambert (lower left) removes from the huge new baking oven a tray of the Crackers now baked and ready for granulation into cereal.

Garnould Mitchell and Leonard Chase (below) at other end of the "break" quickly slice the large sheets of dough into square crackers ready for the ovens.
son's general assistant, the home econom­
visit Mrs. Mary Pearl and her girls in
office and diet kitchen, and the men in the
plant live either in Burlington or Rich­
mond a few miles away. Earl Falby,
Ridgewood N. J. chief of distribution;
Charles Murray, institutional sales chief,
and Reide Payne, New York representa­
tive in Cortland, are also Vermonters.
The pictures on these two pages show
the major process by which Maltex is
made. The idea, discovered 50 years ago,
that a food combining wheat and barley
had a new appealing taste, has remained
unchanged, only the machines have been
made more efficient. The whole kernels
of wheat are cleaned through a series of
complex blowers and sifters, then cracked
and reduced to small granules by a series
of steel roller mills, flour bolts and more
sifters. The wheat is then toasted for
flavor. The second component is made of
freshly sprouted barley-malt which is
cooked by steam, made into dough,
rolled, sliced, and baked into crackers,
then ground into granules. The two
components are combined, sterilized, and
packaged by automatic machinery without
being touched by human hands.
The food values in the cereal are
brought about by retaining the vitamins
in the whole wheat and by the action of
the enzyme diastase from the barley-
malt upon the starch in the wheat which
converts it into maltose and dextrins.

Wallace Randall operating the modern and
intricate packaging machine which weighs
and packs Maltex into a sealed package.

Barney Curavoo (left) and Bill Riggs at the equally complex label machine which completes the packaging by sealing on the wrap-around label.
Herta and Simon Moselsio, whose work is featured here, are on the faculty at Bennington College where Herta teaches ceramics and Simon instructs in sculpture. Herta studied at the University of Berlin, Kunstgewerbeschule, Berlin and Keramische Werke, Velten. Simon received his training at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin. Their work has been shown in exhibits throughout the country as well as in private and permanent collections. They have both worked on educational films in cooperation with the Harmon Foundation. Simon was a master scholar of Professor Janensch and won prizes for mural composition and portraiture. He received the Diplôme de Médaille d'Or for a sculpture exhibited at the Exposition Internationale in Paris.

Since the beginning of art the face has always been a difficult problem for the artist to solve. It is not enough to make a good likeness. The character and the expression, as well as the sculptural problems must be considered. While modeling the artist must also consider the material he has chosen for execution of the portrait. (Above) The completed clay model of the Vermont farmer. The insert shows the Vermont Farmer executed in bronze. This is now the property of International Business Machines Corporation. (Right) A corner in Simon Moselsio's studio—Bennington College campus.
After a lead pipe has been bent into shape, the “butterfly” which holds the clay in space is inserted.

The planes are connected, and the portrait starts to resemble the model rather than just a countenance.

Conditioning the clay and bringing it into an egg shape comes next, after which an outline is constructed.

The design is clarified and details are put in as the modeling of the portrait progresses from day to day.

The silhouette is built up in linear form and takes shape with ears, eyes, nose and mouth in evidence.

Moselsio puts the finishing touches on his portrait in which the expression of the model is now clearly defined.
MAKING A CERAMIC TILE. Ceramics is a disciplined and interesting art which offers the craftsman countless ways of experimenting with color and design. To avoid warping and shrinking, 20% grog [finely ground fired pottery] is added to dry clay, then the “grog-clay” is mixed with water and thoroughly kneaded. The clay is “wedged” by pounding and cutting through a wire until air holes disappear and the mixture is smooth. A tile frame may be made of wood. Dry clay is dusted into the form to prevent clay from sticking. The clay is then pressed into the form and leveled with a ruler. A rolling pin is used for smoothing and to prevent warping the unfired tiles are placed between plaster bats. One of the most popular decorations are tiles with an underglazed design. Colors are mixed with flux, glycerin and water and the design is painted on the tile. After a “hardening on” fire to a temperature of 1200° F., transparent glaze is applied and the tile is fired again to 2000° F. Pyrometric cones have numbers designating temperature at which they bend. They are observed through the spyhole. The finished tile.
WORKING ON A POTTER'S WHEEL. The clay is "wedged" as for the ceramic tile. "Throwing" is the term for building a shape on the potter's wheel. [1] To center the clay both hands are pressed around the ball, pushing it gradually into position. Pressure of the hands causes the clay to rise into a cone, which is pressed down repeatedly to improve the texture of the clay. [2] A hole is made by pressing the thumb of the right hand about one half inch down into the center of the low shape. The fingers of the left hand press upward on the inside, supported on the outside by the forefinger of the right. [3] A cylinder is pulled up before starting the desired shape. [4] With pressure from the inside, the walls become wide; pressure from the outside narrows the shape. When the piece is "leather hard" (partially dry) it is turned or tooled to a uniform thickness. [5] The base is made by shaving the bottom and leaving a rim. The "green" unfired pottery slowly dries and is then fired once before the glaze is applied. The glaze may be applied to the fired ware by [6] pouring, [7] painting, or [8] spraying. [9] High temperature electric or gas kilns are equipped with indicating pyrometers and automatic recording controls for accurate firing. [10] The finished vase.
SNOW AND MOUNTAINS are not the only things which are indispensable to the popular sport of skiing. Aside from the operators of winter resorts and facilities, a veritable army of people are working the year around to satisfy the growing needs of skiers. And surprising as the news may be to the uninitiated, Vermont is the home of several business enterprises whose products are used by skiers all over North America.

A standard joke among armchair observers of the skiing scene is the variety of equipment required apparently for the sole purpose of freezing one’s nose and bruising the seat of the pants. But all sports are alike with respect to the amount of paraphernalia accepted as an integral part of the game. Nor, to the participant anyway, is this so absurd as it may seem, despite the fact that a few sportsmen make a hobby of collecting equipment rather than using it. In skiing, during the twenty years or so since it began to take hold in the United States, a great deal of progress has been made right here in the Green Mountains toward perfecting those items which make sliding downhill in wintertime safer and more fun.

READ ALL ABOUT IT

Skiers, in common with other breeds of sports addicts, are very intense and single minded. Get a couple of them together in the summertime and before long they will be boring everyone else to death talking about winter. Reading and arguing about skiing are favorite off-hours pastimes. Although there are a number of club and regional news sheets

While others play—and that they may—these Vermonters, knowing full well that snow is not enough, are finding new markets, doing big business with their

Production for Winter
Eldred, shown here with son Bill Jr., has started a new quarterly, Ski Industry, this year.

devoted to such shop talk, the sport’s only real magazine in the United States or Canada is one called, with pointed emphasis, Ski. It is published every two weeks from November through March by a reformed Yorker named William T. Eldred at Norwich, Vermont.

Since graduating from Union College in 1933, Bill Eldred has been through the mill in ski business. He has been a sports writer, manufactured skis, and for a time managed a Vermont ski lodge. For a dozen years he published a paper called Ski News which was the official organ of the National Ski Association. Last year he combined his paper with two magazines which he had acquired—Ski Illustrated and Western Skiing—and inaugurated Ski as a new national periodical modelled after the Time-idea of a news magazine.

One of the minor problems of publishing a ski magazine in Vermont is the number of people who want to join the organization so they can spend all their time skiing. The Ski staff, however, finds that the job of getting out ten issues during the winter cuts drastically into personal participation in the sport. And, to make matters worse, this year Eldred started a quarterly called Ski Industry, the only trade magazine in a business which has been estimated as having a 165 million dollar yearly volume.

**ANIMATED HICKORIES**

Probably the most important single item of a skier’s outfit is his skis, because, after all, a person cannot be a skier without them. The choice of skis, especially in the beginning, will have a profound influence on his happiness. Skiing as practiced nowadays is a sport demanding some precision of movement for best results, and to slide down a mountain trail with any degree of success requires precision in the manufacture of the runners. At Waterbury, Vermont, the firm of Derby & Ball Company, Inc. is designing and making Ski Sport Skis which have earned a sound reputation among recreational and competitive skiers alike.

Although metal and even glass skis are appearing on the market, hickory
remains the preferable material. With modern methods of laminating wood a new era in ski manufacture began. Not that solid skis are outmoded by any means, but by bonding strips of wood together increased strength is obtained without added weight, and at the same time it permits built-in shape and controlled flexibility. Extreme suppleness or softness, hitherto only possible at the expense of strength, is a quality developed by Derby & Ball to a greater extent perhaps than any other ski maker in the country. The easy action of such skis on uneven snow has been likened to a snake going through a cornfield.

Ski Sport Skis were perfected on the slopes and trails of Vermont’s Mt. Mansfield. The basic product of the company is scythe smooths, but in 1933 the present owner, William V. Mason, an ardent skier and one of the earlybirds in the Stowe area, began experimenting with ski making machinery and methods. A good pair of skis must be so uniform in size, shape, weight and flexibility, however—and must retain these qualities under hard usage—that the production is more of a craft than a mechanical process. Technical adviser for Derby & Ball is Sepp Ruschp, Stowe’s famous skier and ski teacher, whose name adorns the company’s better-grade models.

WAX FACTS

A fantastic and often ludicrous feature of skiing, to the non-skier, is the matter of waxes and lacquers used on the running surfaces of skis. A goodly amount of time is spent by skiers in either applying or removing such preparations. Without getting scientific, snow has an infinite variety of structural characteristics, depending on age, temperature, wind action and a host of other things. Centuries ago the Scandinavians learned that it was necessary to anoint their skis with resinous mixes for the most effective sliding or climbing under different snow conditions. Modern ingenuity, plus commercial competition, has brought forth literally hundreds of brands of ski wax here and in Europe. A favorite U. S. brand, called Wonder Wax, was formulated and is being manufactured by F. H. Wiessner, Inc. at Burlington, Vermont. Besides ski waxes, F. H. Wiessner, Inc. makes paints, lacquers and industrial finishes of various kinds, Fritz Wiessner, who is the firm, moved his factory from New Jersey to Vermont a number of years ago because he wanted to work and live in the Green Mountains. Being a skier as well as a chemist, his ski wax production is probably a case of combining business with pleasure. Business is good enough, however, so that he is the largest ski wax manufacturer in this country.

Fritz Wiessner, incidentally, is one of the world’s prominent mountain climbers. In 1936 he made the first ascent of Mt. Waddington, the 13,260-foot mystery mountain of British Columbia’s coast range. He was a member of the 1932 expedition to Nanga Parbat, and leader of the 1939 attempt on K2—both those Himalayan peaks being in the over-26,000-foot group of which Mt. Everest is the highest. He came within 750 vertical feet of K2’s summit, which is the nearest any man had been to conquering one of those unclimbed giants.

STYLE FOR SKIING

Anyone who has seen the horrible contortions exhibited by some of the performers on a ski slope will realize that
WINTERS ARE ROUGH at the weather observatory atop Mount Washington, New Hampshire where for many years B. F. Moore & Company have put Slalom Ski Wear through severe tests.

clothes do not make the skier. But what a skier wears very definitely determines how he feels in freezing temperatures. A notable contribution to our out-of-doors comfort in winter, whether for work or play, has resulted from new conceptions of cold weather dress developed originally for skiing. A pioneer in this field is B. F. Moore & Company of Newport, Vermont, manufacturer of the nationally known Slalom Ski Wear.

A testing ground for Slalom Ski Wear is the weather observatory on top of Mt. Washington, where the winter winds and temperatures are, to put it mildly, extremely severe. Skiing was largely responsible for introducing the lightweight, closely woven, moisture resistant outer garments which are a must for any strenuous winter activity. The ubiquitous windbreaker, now used for practically all outdoor recreation, undoubtedly was adapted from the ski parka. While B. F. Moore & Company specializes in ski clothing, it also now makes garments under the Slalom Ski Wear label for many other sports.

A Wiessner WONDER product

B. F. Moore & Company has been making overalls and work clothes since 1891. As a move to combat the Great Depression, Porter J. Moore, grandson of the founder, tentatively added ski wear to the company’s line in 1931. There had been some skiing, principally ski jumping, in Vermont before that time, but of course the actual participants were comparatively few. During the nineteen-twenties, however, a popular enthusiasm for downhill skiing, imported from Central Europe, was beginning to spread through the eastern United States. What B. F. Moore & Company started as a depression-born sideline has become today its major product.

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Ethan Allen

(continued from page 37)
squeeze, threatened on all sides by stronger powers. Ethan and his aides trembled a dozen times on the edge of defeat, disgrace and, maybe, a dose of hangman’s cure-all. But he always pulled them through. It was certainly the most momentous, the most brilliant “finesse” of his career.

Temporarily settled in Sunderland—and newly married, for the second time—Ethan took up an old matter. He had not been able to find a publisher for his latest work, Reason, the Only Oracle of Man, a book which was to cause more excitement than an earthquake. It was partly a philosophical criticism of the bleak and narrow Calvinism which ruled the pulpits of New England. No book attacking religion had ever been published on this side of the water. Now Ethan found a printer who was willing to challenge hell fire, if Allen would pay for the printing out of his own pocket.

The public fury that fell on Allen after publication was both scurrilous and hysterical. Almost every pulpit in the land let fly at him, calling for fast application of the heavenly lightning. No lie about the hero of Ticonderoga was too monstrous to be retold by the clergy and the press. Somebody called him the Horned Devil of Vermont. The name stuck. Parson Nathan Perkins wrote of him: “an awful Infidel, one of ye wickedest men ye ever walked this guilty globe.”

Today the book seems mild; it is anti-clerical, not at all anti-religious. It seems a sensible approach to the problem of man’s status in the universe and would not stir a peep of ill-tempered argument from a liberal-minded 20th-century divine.

Ethan didn’t have long to enjoy this turmoil. He had never fully recovered from his excursion to England, and the old thunderer was tired. In 1787 he took his wife and children to a house he had built on Vermont land where there were still wolves, and Indians, and elbow room. There he died on February 12, 1789. He missed seeing the triumphant end of his feud with Congress and New York by two years. On March 4, 1791, Vermont was admitted as the 14th state of our Union.
While the going may be rough inside, it is quite likely that it has been even rougher outside (above). But when the corn meal has waxed the floor (upper left), you have paid your way and been branded by the ticket-taker (upper right), and join your set (lower right), the spirit of the crowd and the music makes the country dance “a big occasion.” The crowd at the refreshment bar (left) shows vigorous action needs a lot of cooling off.

The square dance still holds sway as a big social activity—and business—in rural Vermont and gains new followers in the State’s large ski resorts.

When evening falls at Mad River Glen, the schuss gives way to the swing, slippers replace ski boots, and fiddle, guitar, and accordion sound off instead of the wind and the pines. Mollie Gallup and Sewall Williams prepare to “duck for oyster” (top left), while in “all hands around” (center left) Fayston Road Commissioner, John Downer, reaches for partners Harley Slaton and Nancy Martin. There’s plenty of action when ski athletes take up square dancing and “swing your partner” means just that (lower left). Below left Miss Gallup and Williams “promenade the hall,” followed by Harold Austin, father of the Austin boys in the band, while at the right Jean Cuming, who injured her foot in a ski race, gets limited activity by taking tickets at the door.
THERE'S FUN FOR ALL when Ray Austin and his boys go into high gear with Fred Rioux calling a country square dance. Ray, who plays the accordion, is joined by Paul Moriarity, fiddler, and brother Kenneth Austin on the guitar. Frank Carleton and his wife, May, (right above) enjoy a turn.

SKIERS AT MAD RIVER GLEN (left below) find that the day's activities do not end on the outer slopes. At the right below, Mrs. Ned Body and Sewall Williams, of the Mad River colony, collaborate with Austin and Company in a novelty number.
They Buy A Mountain

During these years, Rose had kept on buying more land at and around Sable Mountain, near Stockbridge. Professor Spurr and two other foresters at Harvard became interested and the four formed the Sable Mountain Corporation, with Dick as the head. By 1947 Dick Rose had acquired over 2500 acres at Sable Mountain and so now had a private forest of his own, which, by the way, he is now making pay by judicious cutting.

Rose says he always has to explain what the Sable Mountain Corporation does, but to anyone who knows forestry it is simple enough. It is a practical service in all phases of surveying, silviculture, forestry, timber management and land conservation.

What They Do

If you are a lumber company and want some timber land cruised to find out what you have marketable, the Sable Mountain Corporation does the job. Dick did such a job for one of the biggest timber companies in the south last year, so his service is not confined to Vermont.

If you are a Vermont, or any other kind of a farmer, and you want to find out how best to utilize your wood land, what to cut, how much to cut, and how to make your timber a growing crop, instead of mining it, you call in Sable Mountain Corporation and they show you how.

If you are a summer resident, and own land with trees on it, and think you have a duty to preserve this, and at the same time, make sure it is properly thinned out, and any cutting properly done, you call in Dick.

And if you are a commercial concern owning forest land, and just a fellow like me who likes to own some forest land as an investment for my children but knows nothing about what trees should be cut, what saved, how cut, and where, and when, you certainly call in Dick Rose because he knows, and can tell you.

The Future

I am mentioning the Sable Mountain Corporation for one reason: in Vermont most of our land is covered by trees. At the present rate of ruthless, wholesale, incredibly stupid slashing by fly-by-night pulpens and some timber cutters, and by the steady and increasing demand for timber and wood pulp (the last gags me when I realize how many millions trees go into making the comics), we will not have any saw timber or any marketable trees left in a couple generations!

Vermont and other forest areas will not only be relatively denuded, but in the wake of this senseless unplanned cutting will certainly come more floods, more soil erosion and a further lowering of the water table, as well as many other evils.

It is therefore encouraging and good to know that the Sable Mountain Corporation exists to render a practical and necessary service to anyone who owns trees, whether ten acres or ten thousand. Because modern foresters are teaching that trees are an agricultural crop, and they have to be tended, weeded and harvested like any other growing crop if we are to realize the best assets that nature has bestowed upon us.

Island of Order

Reinhold Niebuhr, leading liberal theologian in the Protestant Church, said somewhere recently that we cannot attack this world of disorder and trouble, until we can find an island of order from which to launch the attack.

I suggest to Doctor Niebuhr that Vermont is this island of order. Here we are still able to think objectively, above and apart from the milling crowds. On the other hand, since each small town and village of Vermont is a veritable microcosm of all the hope and despair of the world, we can see, live in, and touch a world of reality every day.

A Clean Gravestone.

There stands on the front veranda of The Vermont Country Store in Weston a marble gravestone, inscribed TO MY HUSBAND, with appropriate verses. It was never put up. When we cleaned out the barn, we found it. There are several stories toward a solution of the mystery of the monument. The most valid is this: the widow got married so soon afterwards that she didn't see any sense in wasting a perfectly good gravestone over the monument. The most valid is this: the widow got married so soon afterwards that she didn't see any sense in wasting a perfectly good gravestone over the first one. So she kept it in the barn, waiting for the day when...

Thinking of having the stone cleaned, because so many folks like to read the verse, we found a new service right in Montpelier, Vermont run by Ralph Pillsbury. He claims this is the first one. So she kept it in the barn, waiting for the day when...

Readers are urged to send to Vrest Orton, Weston, Vermont, notices of unusual new businesses and ways of earning a living which have news and human interest value. Mention here in no way constitutes endorsement by either Mr. Orton or Vermont Life.
For a winter vacation "set to music," come to the snow corner of New England...to Vermont. In all ski areas modernizing and expansion of facilities, winter comforts and guest accommodations are accelerated for the coming season. Dependable snow, finest ski schools, equipment shops and up-hill transport await you. And...Vermont is so accessible, the winter roads so well-kept, you'll have more hours for fun on the slopes. Send now for full-color winter folder, "Vermont, A Winter Wonderland."

Vermont Development Commission
Rm. W, State House, Montpelier, Vt.

COLOR FOLDER
and
SNOW MAP
FREE
VERMONT is a Way of LIFE