Coming Attraction—Next Summer Vermont Life will present as a regular subscription issue for its readers an especially colorful number devoted entirely to the Lake Champlain area; this in observance of the 350th Champlain Anniversary Festival which will take place throughout 1959. A subscription or renewal now will include this specially-designed issue.

Gift—Available now is an attractively packaged sampler selection, containing four different past issues (our choices of colorful numbers) of Vermont Life. These are found at many Vermont shops or will be sent postpaid by Vermont Life at $1.25 per package.

Cover—Sisters May and June Swanson have been professional models, but in this cover picture, photographed at Stowe by Hanson Carroll, they are being natural, having grown up in Woodstock and there becoming accomplished skiers.

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The subtle balance of its humans with their living area—how they use or misuse the land, trees, water and wildlife—determines the economy and the future of Vermont. Thinking about and planning these relationships is the business of “conservation.”

As a people who have traded upon the word “unspoiled” Vermonters sometimes have hung their heads over certain less-than-ideal conditions—eroded farm lands, polluted streams, slashed timber and depleted wildlife.

But a good many Vermonters in recent years have become increasingly concerned with the preserving of our abundant natural beauties and wild lands. Encouraging steps now are being taken to protect and rebuild these prime resources.

Knowledge that an influx of visitors will arrive when the interstate highway reaches deep into the Green Mountains speeds the desire to protect now these priceless assets.

Vermont in pre-settlement days was almost solid forest land. By 1880 more than half the state's six million acres had been cleared for farming. Since that high point the swing has been back to the forests, as unsuited land reverts. Now it is 60 per cent, and by 1980 perhaps 73 per cent will be forested.

For healthy forests and a healthy economy Vermont needs and is getting better forest management. Many private and public efforts today are striving to raise the per-acre forest yield—now only a fraction of what it could be. Good forest practices in cutting make for forest beauty also. Building of new forest parks, preservation of wilderness lands and the wildlife which they support, is going forward under many different banners.

Conservationists and those who value most the natural attributes, the old landmarks of Vermont and regions of solitude, are disturbed by this. There is the question also whether areas of great beauty mean as much if the attainment of them is made effortless. And so these people are at growing odds with highway planners. They fear that Vermont's greatest physical assets are in jeopardy. This one conflict is not yet resolved, but elsewhere the picture is bright.
HOW TO GET THE MOST FROM VERMONT'S SKIING

MURRAY HOYT
O N A H O T D A Y I N J U L Y O N E

of the State Information Booth operators was
mildly astonished when a car with a pair of skis
in a rack on top, stopped and a Sweet Young Thing inside
asked how to get to Stowe.

The operator gave her the correct routing and then said,
"Would you mind telling me why you're carrying the skis?"

"Oh," the Sweet Young Thing said, "I know from the
tslogan that 'there's always snow at Stowe'."

The operator swears she meant it, too. And when you
stop to think about it, this isn't too amazing. Probably she
had come to Vermont in the spring sometime when the
ground was bare, the trees were leafing out and the spring
flowers were in bloom. And on the high elevations had
found people skiing on three feet of snow. She could be
pardoned for thinking this went on all summer.

Vermont has snow early, late and in the middle. And
since you just aren't going anywhere on skis—with a few
obvious and painful exceptions—without it, that's good.
The stuff is white and fluffy and beautiful and deep. It
puts a cake-frosting on the pine tree branches. It sparkles
in the sunlight. There's a belt that stretches the length of
the state, right up the middle, which averages one hundred
and twenty inches of this sit-down cushioning material
every year. That's ten whole feet. And last year, which
was slightly unusual, the snow was clear up around Paul
Bunyan's epiglottis. People who shoveled driveways in
the area claimed it was even higher. Distance north, plus
altitude, mean stable and abundant snow conditions.

However, snow clear up to a tall Indian's armpits won't
help much unless somebody has cut some trees, and
smoothed some slopes, and put up some buildings and
installed a lift. And there again is where Vermont shines.
Vermont has more first class ski areas per square mile than
any other state in the East. They're close enough together
so that, if you don't like the conditions at one of them, a
drive of less than an hour will take you to a couple of
others. These ski areas couldn't be much farther north and
still be in the United States, or be farther in the air without
being in orbit.

So—in the opinion of this writer, who cheerfully admits
to being prejudiced but in a pretty darned logical way—it's
only common sense to ski in Vermont. You may try a few
inferior places first, but pretty soon you'll come to it. It
therefore only remains for me to show you how to get to
the one of your Vermont ski vacation when you finally
give in to the inevitable.

Let's figure that you've planned some skiing and that at
the appointed time conditions are at their worst. Let's
make it really bad. Let's say it's warm and rainy in
Boston, New York and Montreal. The temperatures
aren't going low enough at night to operate the artificial
snow machines which serve the areas near those cities.

It's even raining in the Vermont lowlands. There's fog
and mud and forty-five degree melting misery on all sides.
Give up?

You wouldn't need to. Up in the Green Mountains in
that 120-inch belt the temperature would be about 30, the
base would be intact, it would be snowing briskly. And
everybody would be having a wonderful time.

SOUTHERN AREAS

The first areas you'd come to when you entered the
state at its southern border would be Pine Top, Burrington
Hill, Dutch Hill, Hogback and Mount Snow. Besides
being nearest the Eastern U. S. population centers, these
areas are the most easily accessible by bus and train from
them. You can, for instance, leave New York after work
by bus or train and be in this area by mid-evening, ready
for the next morning's skiing. Or you can enter a sleeper
which is open for occupancy at 10:30 P.M. and arrive in
the area around seven the next morning all rested and ready
to ski. Dutch Hill, Hogback and Mount Snow have a base
elevation of just under 2000 feet, and of course take you
way up to start you. Mount Snow starts you at 3605 feet,
and is a truly tremendous establishment. The Putney
School has an area open to the public a few miles from
Brattleboro in this same area. And the Glendale Rope
Tows Area, a weekend-holiday deal, is still further north
on Route 30. Brattleboro has a fine 60-meter championshipski jump in town. And there are plenty of available
accommodations for skiers in Brattleboro, Bennington,
and the towns in between.

Next north of this group, near Manchester, are Big
Bromley and Snow Valley. Of the two, Big Bromley is the
larger. It's another of those huge areas and has five J-Bar
lifts, a Pomalift and a new 5700-foot double chair.
Bromley's elevation is 3260 feet to 2000. All Snow
Valley's skiing is above 2000 feet and they had a 30-80
inch base as late as April 15 in 58. Plenty of fine accom­
modations in Manchester. And as far as that goes, Chester
and Springfield aren't too far away to drive for overnight.
Manchester is one of the most beautiful villages in the
world.

If you do stay in Chester or Springfield, you're at the
hub of a wheel of four more areas. These are Chester,
Springfield, Mount Ascutney and Okemo Mountain. The
first three are small areas, fine for family practice. Mount
Ascutney is especially valuable if you are making your
headquarters in this area, because of its snow making
machine which insures skiing even if natural snow fails
you. Okemo Mountain is near Ludlow, a village which
calls itself "the snow town of Vermont." Okemo drops
you from a 3372 foot elevation down to 1300 feet. And
one of its Pomalifts gives you a 6207 foot return ride. This
is almost a mile and a quarter, and that's a lot of ride. You
can see three states from the top, and cover as much as

VERMONT Life 3
3 1/2 miles on the descent. You'll find snow here and lots of it.

MID-STATE AREAS

Next north you'd come to Pico Peak and the Killington Basin Area, both accessible via Vermont's cross-state Route 4. Pico Peak is one of Vermont's older areas. Andrea Mead, who brought fame to the United States as a double winner in the Olympic games some years ago, did most of her early skiing at Pico. It's a big area in the 120-inch snow belt. All the trails at Pico are above 2000 feet. The Killington Basin area is a new one. It will be one of the highest areas of heavy snow in Vermont, dropping the skier from the top of Killington at 4241 feet, down to 2500 feet. From the top of Killington the view is breathtaking, and there will be a glass-enclosed summit shelter there to take advantage of it. Both areas are served by the hotels, motels and tourist homes of Rutland where there are 2000 beds available.

To the East are the three Woodstock areas, Suicide Six, Mt. Tom Skiway, and Bunny's Open Slopes. They're all close to the picture-village of Woodstock, one of the loveliest anywhere, and its excellent accommodations. They're all primarily open slopes, but don't get the idea from that your Aunt Matilda can schuss down Suicide Six. The thing is aptly named. It stands on edge. It's so steep there are places where you can stretch out your arm and touch the side of the slope above you with your fingers. There may be steeper open slopes, but if this writer ever sees one he's going to take off his skis and run in the opposite direction. Becky Frasier, another Olympic skier, did her early skiing in Woodstock.

Next on your trip north in the state you'd find the High Pond Ski Area near Brandon, and the Middlebury College Snow Bowl. High Pond prides itself on getting minimum snow conditions fairly early. Middlebury College Snow Bowl is in the 120-inch belt, and in addition to its fine trails and Pomalift, it can offer what most areas don't; a championship ski jump. A lot of Olympic skiers have done their collegiate skiing here. And here Bob Sheehan, coach of the United States Alpine Ski Team during the last Olympics in Cortina, Italy, works out with his Middlebury College team. Both Brandon and Middlebury have fine inns, and other first class accommodations and eating places.

Now you're halfway up the state and it's getting wider all the while. Above Woodstock are three small areas. Northeast Slopes, Northfield Ski Areas, and the Barre Granite Ski Center. The first is an open slope area, the second run by Norwich University. Here their fine ski team practices and holds its ski meets, yet opens its areas to the public. Like Middlebury, it has a championship ski jump. The third area, Barre, is actually inside the city limits, yet this community project is a complete ski area and its rates are low. The area has good accommodations, headed up by those in Barre and the state capital of Montpelier, close by. The Peacham Community Ski Tow, an open slope, weekend set-up, is near enough these two cities to take advantage of their accommodations too.

NORTHERN AREAS

A little further north are the Lyndon Outing Club Ski Area, and the Burke Mountain Area, both fine areas. The Lyndon set-up is pretty thoroughly known interscholastically, and the town always has a fine high school ski team. It also boasts a winter carnival and other winter sports items. Burke starts you at 3267 feet and drops you to 1700 feet on four trails that total over six miles in length. There are 500-750 beds close by and in St. Johnsbury. And Barre-Montpelier are not too far to drive.

On the other side of the state above Middlebury on Route 100 is the famous Mad River Glen, and the brand new Sugarbush development. They're both in the 120-inch belt, and they're both high in the mountains. Mad River starts you from 3600 feet up, and Sugar Bush will start its skiers even higher at 4018 feet. Mad River has a chair lift, Sugar Bush will have Gondola cars carrying three skiers, since the length of their ride would keep people too long in the open otherwise on zero days. You'll find good snow at these two; I'll guarantee it. Accommodations are good, but you may have to drive to Montpelier on a crowded weekend, which might take half an hour or so. No great chore.

Brownell Mountain has a small rope tow area close to Burlington, and on the Western Slopes of Mount Mansfield, is the Underhill Ski Bowl. Here you can ski all day for a dollar, which is a bargain in any man's language.

Next north is world-famous Stowe, and the Mount Mansfield, Spruce Peak, Little Spruce, Sterling Mountain and Smuggler's Notch Areas. Mount Mansfield is the most famous ski area in the East. Here championship races are held, the great names of American and European skiing may be rubbing elbows with you in the tow line, the warming hut, or restaurant. The area has everything; a tremendous diversity of trails from the easy Toll Road, a 4 1/2 mile ride, to the Nose Dive, a tough and famous racing trail that drops a vertical descent of 2500 feet in 1 1/2 miles. Thirty instructors comprise the ski school. Chair lifts, double chair lifts and tows take you where you want to go. And “there’s always snow at Stowe.”

The Sterling Mountain—Smuggler's Notch Area is based in Jeffersonville on the other side of Sterling Mountain and the Smuggler’s Notch road from Mansfield, and it has almost identical ski conditions. There is a reciprocal agreement whereby on one ticket you can cross over at the top of the Smuggler’s Notch Area and ski Spruce Peak. Sterling Mountain is connected with Spruce Peak, Spruce Peak is connected with Mansfield, the shin bone is con-
nccted with the thigh bone, the thigh bone is con... oops, sorry.

Anyhow, the set-up is a must for Canadian skiers wanting to ski anywhere on the Stowe side of Smuggler's Notch, whose road is closed in winter. By driving to Jeffersonville, riding the lift up and crossing at the top on skis, you can save yourself a whole hour and a half or more of driving to reach the Mansfield lifts clear around through Burlington, Waterbury and Stowe.

And all alone by itself, within a few miles of the Canadian border is the Jay Peak area. This area is really north and really up. Jay Peak's spring skiing is famous. The snow stays long here. Its base altitude is over 2000 feet. And it's close to Montreal and other Canadian cities. For them it cuts way down on driving time. It boasts Poma lift facilities.

This is the overall picture. Now for details.

**FAMILY AFFAIRS**

Let's suppose a few things about you. First of all, let's suppose that you're a young man with a family, and that all of you want to ski together. You're mildly expert, your wife isn't quite as good as you are, and your kids are just average kids.

You'd need expert, intermediate and novice trails. And a practice slope. Well, the big ones all have them. Mansfield, Jay Peak, Burke Mountain, Mad River, Middlebury, High Pond, Pico, Killington, Okemo, Snow Valley, Big Bromley, Mount Snow, Dutch Hill, Hogback, Sugarbush has them, too.

If your children are very young indeed, the Pine Top Area might be what you're looking for. It has pioneered a Tiny Tot Tow which is a specialty with them. Children as young as 3½ ride it and become experts on their own small area. No problem if your kids are 3½ or over; let them ski.

But maybe your little kids don't want to ski, yet you're still going to take them along. Okay, Big Bromley has a Nursery for the little kids 3-5, with an attendant who has had twenty years of experience in organized play. She'll take them off your hands. The nursery has a sign above the door that says, "Through This Portal Pass Future Olympic Champions." Or, if they're a little older, Big Bromley also has special instructors for them in a Kiddies Ski School for ages 6-8 years.

Jay Peak offers baby sitting one day a week. And if you should go there you could take a day off from skiing and run the family across the border to Montreal for a little sight seeing. Or you could see Vermont's largest tree, nearly forty feet in circumference, which is very close to their main road.

Dutch Hill has a special rope tow for kids 4 and up. And their new J-Bar will be ideal for mothers and children. The Underhill Area outside Burlington is a fine family weekend.
ski area catering to children and beginners. Sugarbush is planning special facilities for children. Mount Mansfield has special children's facilities. The Barre Granite Ski Center has a special Baby Rope Tow for its children guests, handling 200 an hour. And if you went there, you and the family would want to tour Vermont's granite industry. Burrington offers its children-guests skating, tobogganing, snow shoeing; and they can arrange special supervision to leave parents free to ski. Mad River Glen has, in the past, offered baby sitting. Springfield wants children and families. But here there's no real test for Dad if he's an expert. High Pond has a gentle-slope children's tow, Middlebury Snow Bowl expects to have a new beginners' slope ready for the '58-'59 season. The rest of the areas will welcome children, will have beginners' slopes for them, and easy tows. If your family likes some material reward for proficiency, Mad River offers bronze, silver, and gold Snowflakes for a standard no-stop, no-fall test. Jay Peak offers medals in the same metals for their popular standard races. So do some of the others. Suppose you and your family can get away only for weekends and holidays—the same weekends and holidays that everybody else is going to pick. You expect, for that reason, crowded conditions and long waiting lines for the tows and lifts, but you aren't reconciled to them. You can't even make reservations in advance because you never know until a day or so beforehand whether you can go or not. Well, that's a poser, but Vermont's ski facilities would be equal to it. Because you have no reservations, go to one of the city areas, make it your headquarters. Then, by getting up a little earlier in the morning you can still drive to the ski area of your choice and put in a full day's skiing. The cities which will always have accommodations even on crowded skiing weekends, are Rutland, Burlington, and Barre-Montpelier. In addition, Springfield, Brattleboro and Bennington are well located to act as your skiing headquarters for surrounding areas.

CROWDED WEEKEND SOLUTIONS

As for crowded conditions, here are a few hints that will help. If your usual area is more crowded than you like when you get there, try one of the new areas which hasn't yet become known or popular. Killington, with a lift-capacity of 2200 per hour (and the ride is long) is such an area. Sugarbush will be ready this season and has a lift capacity of 1600 per hour. 600 of these each hour can ride the aerial lift, which is about 3/4 miles long, so that you wouldn't need many rides a day. Other areas which have a high per-hour capacity on their lifts as compared to their average weekend crowd last season are: Mount Snow with a capacity of 9200 rides an hour against an average 5000 per day skiers during a weekend; Okemo with over a mile uphill ride has a 2200 capacity against a 1042 crowd; Big Bromley has 2800 against 1525; Mansfield 4855 against 2000; Middlebury 2000 against 1500; Snow Valley 600 against 400; Hogback 4080 against 1200; Burke 1500 against 300; Jay Peak 1300 against 200. This will obviously vary with conditions. But for the most part new areas, or the areas like Jay and Burke where the drive to get there is long, will be your best bet on a really crowded weekend. Remember, though, when comparing, to take into consideration whether the area in question gives a long ride like Okemo, or whether it has a terrific ratio because the ride would be only a couple of hundred yards long. If you want to ski the Christmas-New Years week when conditions are as crowded as at any time during the winter, try the college areas. These are a fine bet when college is not in session. Middlebury Snow Bowl and the Northfield areas are two of these. The regular customers have all gone to their homes and left the area for you. No waiting line at the tows, excellent treatment all around.

TRAVEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Let's suppose your family has no car. As I mentioned above, the Mr. Snow, Hogback, Pine Top, Dutch Hill, Burrington areas are nearest to—and have fine rail transportation from—the east's population centers. Heart-wellville where Dutch Hill is located is reached via North Adams, Mass., and the taxi fare from North Adams is $4.00 per cab. There's a weekend-and-holiday bus service from Brattleboro to Hogback for only a dollar, which would be fine in your case. The Boston and Maine runs trains from Boston and the Central Vermont from New York—via most of the larger Connecticut cities—into White River Junction. This is handy to the Woodstock Slopes, and not too far, via regularly scheduled bus, to Killington and Pico. The Boston-Montreal main line on Canadian Pacific sends two trains daily through Lyndonville and Burke, and North Troy where Jay Peak is located. The Central Vermont R.R. goes through Barre-Montpelier where the Barre-Granite Ski Center is served. It continues on to Waterbury, which serves all the vast Mount Mansfield, Spruce Peak, Sterling Mountain ski country. And the Mad River Glen and Sugarbush Areas about the same distance in the opposite direction. You can leave Penn Station Friday night on the Montrealer, (it left at 8:25 last season) sleep in Pullman accommodations all night, leave the train at Waterbury and ski Saturday and Sunday. Then you can take another sleeper back and arrive at 8:00 Monday morning rested and ready for your day's work. You can't beat it for ease of getting to fine skiing. The same train stops at Essex Junction for Burlington, and from there the Underhill Slopes and the Middlebury Snow Bowl can be
SKI AREAS IN Vermont

SHOWING STATE ROUTES 30 AND U.S. ROUTES 4, SKI AREAS • AND ROAD MILEAGE TO STATE'S BORDERS

Compiled in 1958 for Vermont Life
reached by bus and/or taxi.

If you prefer the time-saving aspects of plane travel, you have many possibilities. You can come into Vermont's southernmost ski areas from New York via Northeast Airlines to Keene, N. H., only a short distance from Brattleboro. Or via the same airport aboard a Mohawk Airlines plane from Boston or upstate New York cities.

Northeast will also take you into Lebanon, N. H. for the Woodstock areas. Eastern flies you into Rutland for Big Bromley, Snow Valley, Killington, Pico, Brandon. And into Burlington for the Middlebury, Underhill areas, and the whole Stowe, Mansfield, Smugglers' Notch set-up.

Or if you come in from Boston to the Stowe area, you can reach it via the Montpelier-Barre airport which also handles Mad River Glen, the new Sugarbush area, the Barre area of course, Lyndonville and Burke Mountain. You have lots of choice here. And the planes bring Vermont skiing only minutes from your home airport. If you want, most airports have rent-a-car service, and the cars have ski racks.

If the lower bus rates and the camaraderie of bus travel are your dish of fish, then Greyhound will carry you via Hartford and Springfield, Mass., aboard three buses daily to Brattleboro in jig time. And painlessly, too. That "leave the driving to us" crack in their advertising is never more potent than on a Sunday evening when you're tired and sleepy and relaxed from two days on the slopes and trails. There's a regularly scheduled thru bus to Brattleboro from Philadelphia for Mount Snow every Friday evening. (Wilburger’s Store.)

Or Vermont Transit will carry you via the Thruway from New York to Bennington for Dutch Hill, Mt. Snow, and even Hogback. Or on to Manchester for Big Bromley and Snow Valley. Or further still to Rutland for Pico and Killington, or Brandon for High Pond, or Middlebury for the Snow Bowl. For that matter you can change from that bus in Burlington for Stowe-Mansfield via Waterbury. There's Vermont Transit service to Okemo, Woodstock, Burke, Barre, Jay Peak, Sugarbush and Mad River. Bus service pretty thoroughly covers the ski areas of the state, and thanks to the Thruway, the time from New York is very short.

If you're traveling by public carrier, then the matter of getting to the slopes and tows from your overnight quarters is one you'll want to know about.

Some of the areas offer accommodations right at the area, and that's your best bet. Go directly to your lodge and walk to skiing. A few of Mount Mansfield's lodges come under this category, particularly Lyon's and the Lodge. The Smugglers' Notch Area has a 40-bed lodge. Hogback has the Marlboro Inn. Pico has a number of lodges within walking distance.

As I told you, Barre slopes are inside the city limits, and Woodstock is almost as nicely located. You might not want to walk to Suicide Six carrying your skis, but you could. Sugarbush plans a large lodge development at the foot of their area on 200 acres which they have bought and set aside for that purpose. Pine Top has a two-century-old homestead on the area where you will be welcome by reservation. In addition, the small practice slopes which are run primarily for local townspeople, are usually close-in and easily accessible to a family without a car.

If you can't or don't want to be housed directly at your chosen ski area, then you must rent a car, or use taxi service, especially during weekdays. However, there are areas to which a daily special bus service is run. There is bus service to Jeffersonville and again from Jeffersonville to the ski area for Smugglers' Notch. Middlebury Snow Bowl has bus service from the village to the area at 75c.
And the Rutland-Woodstock bus stops at the Pico Area, and close to the Killington area. The taxi fares run from 50c in Barre to $5.00 per person for the run from Burlington to Stowe-Mansfield, a very low rate, incidently, considering the distance.

Let's suppose, now, that Mom doesn't ski, but wants to go along on the family outing to loaf and sun, and look out at miles of snow-covered mountain scenery. You want to go someplace where the view will be worth her watching.

That's an easy one. She can ride almost to the top of Mount Mansfield on the chair lift, sit on the leeward side of the warming hut and see Vermont—and Lake Champlain and northern New York if she wants to climb a bit—spread out before her.

Or Mount Snow can really offer her something in the way of sunning and view. They have a Summit Lodge at the mountain top, glass enclosed, and with a third story way of sunning and view. They have a Summit Lodge at the mountain top, glass enclosed, and with a third story

MOUNTAIN TOPS

The areas won't be crowded, the attitude of the skiers will be pretty relaxed, possibly the result of spring fever.

For this kind of fun at this time of year, the farther north and the farther up you can go the better. Your area ought to have a northeast exposure. All during the winter, on zero days, you have been seeking out the sunny slopes for comfort's sake, like Little Spruce at Mansfield and the northeastern side of Sugarbush. But now you want slopes that face away from the direct rays of the sun.

Dutch Hill, Mount Snow, Hogback, Big Bromley and Snow Valley will have wonderful spring skiing, how much depending on their degree of northeast exposure. So will

THE LATE, LATE SHOW

We're going to suppose now that you meant to take a week for skiing during the winter, but that the boss was on your neck and your work piled up. And you didn't get things finally cleared away until late. Very late. Your spring flowers were up at home, you'd mowed your lawn. It was after the middle of April.

Vermont ski areas could handle your problem in their stride. That's corn snow time, and skiers get pretty lyrical about it. You ski in bright, warm sunshine, high up toward the fleecy white clouds that in themselves give your spirits a lift. You need good dark-glass goggles because of the reflection from the snow. And you'll see college boys and other men who haven't yet had their chests slip too far south, bare to the waist getting a start on their summer tan. With proper waxing, the skiing and the fun can be terrific. The areas won't be crowded, the attitude of the skiers will be pretty relaxed, possibly the result of spring fever.

For this kind of fun at this time of year, the farther north and the farther up you can go the better. Your area ought to have a northeast exposure. All during the winter, on zero days, you have been seeking out the sunny slopes for comfort's sake, like Little Spruce at Mansfield and the northeastern side of Sugarbush. But now you want slopes that face away from the direct rays of the sun.

Dutch Hill, Mount Snow, Hogback, Big Bromley and Snow Valley will have wonderful spring skiing, how much depending on their degree of northeast exposure. So will
SPRUCE PEAK

The three largest Vermont ski areas as seen from the air. Typical of the other Green Mountain developments are the use of multiple lifts, combination of trail skiing with open slopes, beginner and expert sections, ample parking area conveniently close to the skiing.

BROMLEY

MT SNOW
Okemo, Pico, Middlebury Snow Bowl, Mad River Glen and Burke Mountain.

But finally even on these high areas of deep-snow the year’s skiing will be over. And still there’ll be skiing on Mansfield and Jay Peak and Sugarbush and Killington. Mount Mansfield has a sunrise Easter service at the top of the mountain for skiers. And afterward a costume parade. Many times people have skied on Mansfield far into May. A few times, under unusual condition they have skied in June.

Truth compels me to admit that there are, too, unusual seasons in the other direction when spring skiing is cut short. Luckily they have been far between. But Frank Ellis of the Ellis Snow Information Service, tells about a Vermont area snow report that came to him once in connection with his broadcasting work. It said, “Four buildings—two taws—brown earth—peeping crocuses—no skiers—fat instructors—nothing could be worse—going to Palm Beach for two weeks, will you join me?” Oh well, into each life some snow must fail to fall.

COSTS

A while back I suggested that for some there might be an anemic-pocketbook necessity to make each dollar do double duty. So let’s talk about rates. And the package deals you can take advantage of, some of which will fascinate you.

Rates vary of course with the length of the ride and the quality of the uphill accommodations. The rope taws are cheapest, J-Bar, T-Bar and Pomalift next, and the chair lifts and the one gondola lift the most expensive. Single rides on the long Mansfield chair lift and their double chair lift are 85c each. Other lift facilities seem to run about 40c, give-or-take a dime one way or the other. Mt. Mansfield’s T-Bar is 45c, but their short Spruce Peak T-Bar is only 25c. Hogback charges 40c (3 for a dollar), Middlebury charges 35c, Dutch Hill 40c, Smuggler’s Notch 45c. Okemo charges 60c, but their ride is over a mile in length, as I mentioned earlier. So in most places it averages out at about 40c for an ordinary ride. The rope taws seem to run between $1.00 and $2.00 for a full day. In most places $1.50.

Usually the areas make rate concessions for all day, some even for half a day. Mostly, too, they make further concessions from Monday to Friday, but they’re unanimous in excluding from these special week-day concessions, the Washington’s Birthday week, and the Christmas-New Years holiday period. Rates on the lifts seem to run from $3.50 to $5.00 for the day. Children just over half rate in most cases. Mount Mansfield does it with books of tickets. A $4.00 book of tickets means 5 rides on the chair lifts or twenty rides on the T-Bars, or a combination, since they’re interchangeable on all lifts in the area.

It’s when you get to the season tickets that you begin to
save money for the thrifty, the family man, and the man who has something on the boss and can therefore ski a great deal.

The season rate, which in most cases means the use of all lifts and tows on the premises for the whole season, ranges from $150 for such a ticket at Mansfield, down to Snow Valley’s $50 for five years if paid in advance. In between there is an infinite variety. Smuggler’s Notch charges $60 for the season, Okemo $55. Middlebury Snow Bowl charges $50, Dutch Hill $40, ($25 for a Junior ticket) Hogback $35. Most of the others are in this general price range.

Snow Valley’s is the best buy from a financial point of view. They are offering for a limited number of skiers, five years of skiing for $50 paid in advance. That’s ten dollars a year. That’s two days at several of the other areas. Any ski budget would have to be lying there unconscious and in a state of shock which couldn’t stand that.

Some of the areas give extra inducements for family skiers. Dutch Hill charges $70 a season for husband and wife, and $10 for each additional child thirteen years or under. Hogback throws in one under-thirteen child for the same $70, and charges $10 additional for each child sixteen or under. Smuggler’s Notch charges $60 for adults, $30 for children. Okemo would take on even the Gilbreth family of “Cheaper By The Dozen” fame all for $95 for the season. Many of the other areas have very attractive offers.

As for Package offers, a few are outstanding. Mad River offers a 9-day lift ticket for $34.50. Big Bromley offers a list of lodges that will furnish overnight and breakfast and dinner for $30 up for Monday-Friday, depending on which lodge you pick. To this add $19 for the use of all lifts at the area, and you have your total 5-day package at a $49 base.

This offer would seem hard to beat. But price-wise, Dutch Hill beats it. For $50, with five lodges and inns participating, they offer Sunday night dinner, lodging and meals Monday through Friday morning’s breakfast, skiing or instruction or both Monday through Friday. This amounts actually to instruction added to the previous plan.

But don’t rush right out there—here’s another one. Mount Snow says they want you at their area, and that if you’ll add ten dollars to that—$59.95 to be exact—they’ll keep you and ski you and instruct you for 20 hours and feed you on the same basis for seven days instead of five, with six nights’ lodgings. That extra ten dollars buys a lot for those two days. And it’s offered by the largest area in the east, with a fabulous lift capacity in its double chairs of 7200 an hour, plus a couple of thousand more aboard its rope tows. They don’t except Washington’s Birthday and Christmas-New Years the way most places do.

Hold onto your hat, though, because there are still a couple more. Springfield offers tow ticket, breakfasts, dinners and lodging for five days for $35. Or a weekend, for $10.

Burke Mountain cuts it down to $17 for two days. That includes 2 nights’ lodging, 3 meals, 2 days of skiing. And if you want 5 days’ skiing, 4 nights’ lodging, ten meals, you can have it for $35. Pricewise, that’s a terrific offer. Ascutney offers lodging, meals, four days on the lifts, five nights’ lodging, all for that same $35.

Then there’s Snow Valley where, if you took advantage of their five year offer, you’d have a package that would consist primarily of the amount your lodge charged you. Out of this list even the highly budget-conscious could afford a Vermont ski vacation.

But let’s suppose that you’re not only budget conscious, but are without a car. You want your budget plan to include your transportation. Well, that can be handled, too. New Haven Railroad’s Pilgrim Tours has several suggestions. They have an attractive weekend package leaving Grand
I Central at 5:05 Friday evening after work, arriving Brattleboro 9:45, room with bath, all meals except lunches at Brooks Hotel, two full days skiing with transportation to and from Hogback. All for $29.75 plus tax. A swell buy. You leave Brattleboro Sunday at 4:26 and get home 9:27.

Or if it has to be Stowe Mansfield, Pilgrim Tours will take you at 8:25 Friday evening to Mansfield for Saturday and Sunday skiing, furnish guest house accommodations and all meals, and return you in time for work Monday morning all for $43.64. This is coach travel, but a Pullman set-up can be arranged for a little extra. Or you can ski ten days at Mansfield, lodging, food, transportation from and to New York, all for $120.64. And no driving—just whisked there and back and everything taken care of.

There are other tours offered by bus, plane and railroad companies. In addition, Ski Bird and Ski-Scape, both of New York City, offer package tours.

**SPECIAL SERVICES**

Excellent skiing instruction is offered at all the large ski areas. This ranges from the huge staffs of Mansfield, Mount Snow, and Big Bromley, to the one man staff at some of the weekend places. And in price, from $35 a day to ski with a big name instructor all day, to the free instruction in classes offered at Barre and Glendale. You can get an hour of private instruction for from $6–$8. And in classes your instruction would average out at about $5 for a four hour day, two hours in the morning, two in the
afternoon. Each area is sold on its own particular method or "school" of instruction. Swiss techniques seem to be offered at more places (Pico, Middlebury etc.) than any other. Instructors will teach the beginner to ski, or the expert to race.

All the large and most of the small areas have excellent ski patrols. Obey the rules for your own protection and don’t attempt a trail that’s above your abilities. A friend of mine who was a member of the ski patrol of one of the big areas told me about a man who came to him at the top of the mountain and asked for a few pointers on skiing before starting down. It was his first time on skis. My friend told him to take his skis off and walk down to the beginners’ slope. The man was furious. He’d been insulted. He pushed out and started down anyway. My friend called his helpers and got the toboggan. They came upon him shortly, lying there with a broken leg. Steep racing trails are lethal unless you have the ability to handle them. Also, don’t ski after you begin to feel tired. Don’t take that last extra run. Dr. L. S. Walker, Middlebury College’s physician, says that the majority of ski injuries he has treated came when someone was trying to take one last fast run before the bus left the area.

The majority of areas rent equipment. But this does not include mittens, clothing or goggles. Mount Mansfield’s price list for rental items, (and prices would be about the same at any area) is $2.50 per day for skis, $.75 a day for poles, and $2.00 a day for boots. On a weekly basis you’re usually charged for six days and given seven. Chances of renting equipment at a non-commercial area (community center, or college area) would be slim.

All areas have a lot of parking space or are clearing it. After all, their existence more or less depends on it. But on Washington’s Birthday, for instance, all parking at areas is likely to be taxed to the utmost. The areas, too, are proud of their restaurants. Big Bromley, for instance, has all stainless-steel equipment, and seats 600 at service bars. The Sundeck seats 200 more and has its own service bar for food. Mount Snow’s lodge at the mountain serves you in elaborate surroundings. They have a one-hundred-ton, three-sided fireplace, a goldfish wall. They’re proud of the food they serve. The other areas have all sorts of eating facilities ranging from the ultra-elaborate to the hot dog stand.

They all have attendants at the lifts who have, with practice, become very skillful at loading. If you are timid about grabbing a tow rope, the Pomalift or the J-Bar or T-Bar are for you. Or if even that appalls you, the chair lift. (Mansfield, Mad River, Mount Snow etc.) If even a chair lift frightens you, the three-person gondola planned for Sugarbush will be the last word and just what you need. Most of the areas of late years pack their trails and slopes with Sno-Cats.

If you can’t get enough skiing during the day, a number of places boast lighted slopes for night skiing. Pine Top makes a big selling-point of this service. Underhill also floodlights its slopes for night skiing. So does Barre. For those whose aching muscles have had plenty during the day, there is always open-fire talk with other skiers at your lodge. Or television—Vermont has good reception from three or four channels in most places—or the movies, or dancing. Mostly it’s square dancing, and Saturday night is the big night for it. In Burlington, Middlebury and Northfield, intercollegiate competition in basketball and hockey are offered on many evenings, as well as college plays and concerts. The Middlebury College and Norwich University (at Northfield) winter carnivals come in February, Lyndonville earlier. And at those you see some of the finest skiers in the United States, future Olympic contenders. But avoid these places on their carnival weekend if you want to ski yourself. The ski areas are taken over by the events and wandering humanity. Middlebury offers to the public at 50c for two hours, their huge Memorial artificial-ice skating rink for public skating many afternoons and evenings.
There are also special lodge events like hot-buttered rum parties, hay rides and the like. You won’t lack for something to do if your muscles say okay, and your eyes stay open.

If you want to check Vermont ski conditions just before you start out, the Vermont Development Commission has an office at 1268 Avenue of the Americas in New York. (Their numbers are COlumbus 5-8342 or COlumbus 5-3948.) And an office in Montreal’s Hotel Windsor, Tel. UN 1-0195. Or you may phone Torrington, Conn., HUnter 9-7040 or HUnter 2-4350. There the Ellis Ski Information Service will give you the conditions at any area. You can phone any ski area direct to learn latest snow conditions. And Hogback has a special set-up; a recorded snow report which you can hear by phoning Brattleboro, Vermont, ALpine 4-6767.

In evaluating snow reports as they affect you, you’ll come out fine if conditions are quoted as “excellent” “good” or “fair.” But if “poor” conditions are the area’s offering, stay away unless you’re an expert skier. This means snow on the sides of trails, but the middle with worn or icy spots. If you’re good you can avoid these and have a good skiing experience. But if you’re a beginner, you might not be adroit or handle yourself well enough to cope with these conditions. Try a higher area or farther north or both.

Probably by now you’ve got the impression that Vermont is a skiers’ paradise. Possibly this is because that’s what I’ve been trying to say. But if it’s a paradise now, that’s nothing to what the years to come will offer.

For instance, Dutch Hill plans for this next season to enlarge their cafeteria, build a new warming building for their novice area, and install a new J-Bar. They’ll hack out more parking area. Okemo is planning more trail work. Pico will have a new T-Bar. Burke will build an administration lodge and expand their open slope area. Mad River is building a new trail, and has installed a new 1300 ft. T-Bar lift for the novice and instruction area. Mt. Snow will build their sixth double chair lift, build five new trails, a new slalom glade, will double in size the warming lodge and ski shop. Like the others, they’re planning for more parking.

Pine Top will enlarge their warming hut. Smugglers’ Notch will work on trails. Jay Peak will build a new T-Bar plus new trails and a new slope. A new beginners’ lift is slated at Snow Valley. Northeast Slopes will remodel their “shanty.” Mount Mansfield will work on trails, and Middlebury will complete a beginners’ slope. High Pond will improve its lift line.

And for the more distant future, Sugarbush has plans for building a mountain-top house and expanding their base house on a two year basis. Killington plans expansion of its high-altitude glade area. And Big Bromley has a “new plan” which relates to the new double chair express lift reaching 3700 feet direct to the top of the mountain, restaurant on top of the mountain with rest rooms, a whole new ski area on the north side with wide slopes and trails served by a Pomalift, and a new building at the north base.

Sounds terrific? Sure. And wait till you hear what Mount Snow has in mind. They plan to make their main building (which is now 100 feet long) 800 feet long. It will boast a five story observation tower and sun deck, special oil-fired fireplaces and tremendous glass-walled outdoor sun-deck with radiant heated tile floor and a sixty-foot hot water pool with a temperature of 98 degrees. It will be built in such a way that under-water deck chairs will be possible for sunning under water in zero temperatures with just your face and maybe your chest out of water.

One operator even said he was going to install a Magic Carpet. Before I found out that this was a type of trail roller, I had visions of someone with a Hindu background providing the very ultimate in uphill facilities.

Anyway, these area men aren’t standing still in their thinking.

In the future, though, as now, it will be the snow that counts. And they’ve got it. As one man put it after the ’57-’58 record breaking winter, “It isn’t fair to say that Vermont has winter at high altitudes all year long. There are two months that are only late ‘in the fall.’”
Ted Tormey watches a senior skier, Bob Hutchinson, take a jump. Bob learned to ski on the hill as a boy.

Ted tries it himself.
JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT

Penny years ago—only four years after the first ski tow in the U. S. started in Woodstock—
this jovial, outdoors-loving farmer in Randolph had ideas about a ski tow. Not a skier him-
self, he installed his tow behind the barn on a steep hill. His reason was simply “just for
the fun of it,” and his non-commercial tow has been in operation ever since.

Harold Farr’s orchard hillside tow has been in continuous operation for the past twenty
years, giving the children of Randolph a place to learn to ski and enjoy it.

Farr, who runs a busy dairy farm, has faithfully run the 400-foot tow for the children of
Randolph on winter weekends and on school holidays. Though local people have tried to
help him in the operation, Farr finds reward enough in watching the children enjoy them-
selves. Last winter skiers who use the area showed their gratitude by giving Farr an Angus calf. The group included children who use the hill and parents who learned to ski there.

There is little doubt the tow will run another twenty years, and the reason undoubtedly will be the same: just for the fun of it. 

HANSO CARROLL

A bit wiser, but with little loss of enthusiasm.
CONSULT a lawyer in almost any of the 49 states and if there are papers to be prepared, printed forms to be filled out—a deed, perhaps, or a will, a mortgage or (worse luck) a petition in bankruptcy—and chances are better than good that the blank the attorney uses came from Rutland, Vermont.

For almost half a century a firm in that Otter Valley city has been parlaying an idea, for saving the time and trouble of busy attorneys, and a research-based analysis, into a business unique in scope and coverage. Back in 1912 Will S. Tuttle, scion of a family already long established in the printing business, started supplying what to him was an evident legal need. Typewriters then were beginning to displace laborious hand copying in the preparation of legal documents and Tuttle, with only $50 total capital, was sure there was a growing market for ready-printed blank forms that would fit the "new-fangled" machines. Others, including his father, scoffed at the idea that a small-town man "away off in one corner of the country" could hope to provide forms—and a service—that could meet varied legal requirements and compete with the product of big-city printers. But Will Tuttle persevered . . . and proved the doubters wrong.

Convenience for the lawyer was of course one factor in popularizing "Tutblanx" among members of the profession in an ever-widening geographical area. But con
venience alone would not have been enough. Accuracy was essential ... and even more than that, accurate conformity to the requirements of state and sometimes even district or local law and custom.

That’s where the research analysis came in ... and has paid off. At any one time and place there are, as one can imagine, dozens of different kinds of printed forms a lawyer might wish to use, if handy. With the well known variations of laws from state to state it’s easy to see how, if the blanks for each state had to be prepared for that state alone, the number required for a national service could become astronomical.

It’s large enough, as it is—about 700 forms are kept in stock on the shelves of Tuttle Law Print in Rutland. But that’s a mere fraction of what would be necessary if the company’s research over the years hadn’t dug up the fact that, by and large, America’s laws aren’t quite as complex and unstandardized as they appear.

Basically, our legal concepts derive from only three or four sources: the legal backgrounds of the nations from which the bulk of our earlier settlers arrived. These include British, French and Spanish, with some admixture of Dutch or German in certain areas. And the requirements and the customs and preferences that prevail in any particular section of the nation reflect in large measure the sources from which the earliest settlers drew their own legal knowledge—the ways, that is, in which they were accustomed to do business, insure their rights and protect themselves against fraud and trouble.

As a result, there are today only six major divisions—rather than 48 or 49—of what may be called legal custom. William J. Burke, the Tuttle firm’s general manager, calls them “areas of influence” which determine the basic requirements of the forms to be used.

New England, with predominantly British law background, modified to some extent by the influence of nearby French-settled Canada, is one of these areas. The Middle Atlantic states, where some Dutch admixture has influenced the fundamental English base, form another; and Spanish background is the chief factor in the Southern Atlantic-Gulf area.

The Middle West, opened up after the Revolution to settlers (and ex-soldiers) from all the original 13 colonies, is a fourth area where the laws, on the whole and with some local exceptions, reflect the admixture.

Ohio, despite the fact that its laws apply statewide, provides both an example and some exceptions. Cleveland, settled by New Englanders, has long followed the legal forms of that area; Cincinnati and its Ohio River area were first settled by Virginia grantees who took their own

William J. Burke, Tuttle’s general manager, has since moved with his firm to a new Rutland location.
preferences with them—and hung onto them; while the rest of the state, as that part of the Northwest Territory closest to the seaboard states, was settled by revolutionary soldiers from all the eastern region—and developed legal customs that reflected the varied background.

One state, one set of basic laws but three sets of preferences in meeting the requirements! Sounds complicated rather than simple—but "the exception proves the rule" that, in general, the Middle West requirements for legal forms are similar throughout the region and, like most of Ohio, reflect the admixture of background sources.

The fifth area is the Southwest, where French (Louisiana) and Spanish influences predominate in setting the pattern. And the sixth is the Far West, whose requirements Burke says can only be described as "All-American," for the settlers, swarming into those states during the latter half of the 19th century, came from all of the other "areas of influence" and developed a combined one of their own.

Six areas—six variations of each form: it isn't quite as simple as that, but the research that brought out the underlying relationships has helped Tuttle Law Print to simplify an otherwise seemingly "impossible" task and meet the needs of lawyers with forms accurately tailored to their exact legal requirements.

At the same time the company, in selling its products and service, has been a factor in many a move toward standardization. When the attorneys and the clerks of all the courts, or all the counties, of a state discover that a Tuttle Law Print blank accurately meets legal requirements with uniformity and convenience and that the company provides, in effect, a warehousing service so that only small quantities need be ordered at a time by any one purchaser, there is a strong tendency to agree on a single blank form.

This is exemplified by the recent requests of the bar associations of New Mexico and several other states to the Rutland firm for aid in developing standardized forms for statewide adoption and use.

Many tales could be told of the company's growth from a one-man, one-room effort to its present size with about 40 employees and virtually nationwide distribution—tales, for example, of the "Green Mountain Air" sent to customers and prospects in small green bottles with the warning to use it sparingly because of its potency—a promotion stunt which drew wide attention not only to Tuttle Law Print but to the state and brought, among other returns, a request from the Florida Chamber of Commerce for help in devising a scheme for "distributing samples of Florida sunshine." The Vermont firm was quick to suggest bright yellow fluorescent paper in a protective envelope . . . with exposure to genuine Florida sunshine.

The complete printing plant uses two major processes.
June Burke, daughter of the manager, fills an order from the storage stack.

sun, of course, to be guaranteed by the Chamber!

Since the death of the founder a little more than two years ago the firm, now incorporated with his widow, Mrs. Ella C. Tuttle as president, treasurer and chairman of the board and his son, Egbert C. Tuttle as vice president, has continued its expansion to a point where additional—and more efficient—space became essential. Long crowded in a remodeled home in Rutland’s downtown area, with rooms, closets, stairways and even bathrooms pressed into use though ill-adapted to modern production-line manufacturing, the company has now taken two big steps toward modernizing and enlarging its facilities.

After purchasing a former Reserve Corps armory on Rutland’s Main St. Park the firm moved into it last July—after the pictures accompanying this article were taken. But even the new quarters have neither the space nor arrangement desired to allow for further anticipated growth and the firm plans, in a few years, to erect a new plant and office building on land acquired from the City of Rutland at the eastern edge of the city.

Mrs. Tuttle, citing the company’s growth and the recent broadening of its lines and services that have led to its being termed “a supermarket for lawyers’ printing needs,” is understandably proud of its unique reputation and its contribution to Vermont leadership. “We may be ‘away off in one corner of the country,’” she says, “but like the state’s ‘Green Mountain air’ we believe we have something that others don’t—until they come, or send for it.”

Say “Vermont” and the gourmet thinks of her maple, the architect of her granite, marble or slate, the tourist of her scenery; but to a lawyer, chances are the name means the forms that simplify his routine.
WINTER may be long, but not lonely in Peacham (alt. 1500 ft.). Snow often comes to stay early in November in this Yankee hillside farming community of 500 souls. Humanity has always been high in Peacham, where being neighbor is next to being kin. Many organizations have grown out of this close association: some for humanitarian programs; some for just plain sociability; none for exclusiveness. Winter steps up their activities when farm families are freed from many confining chores. Well-plowed snow boulevards reach to every farm.

By February all the countryside is robed in white beauty. The frosty air is fragrant with wood smoke from the substantial village houses. Past head-high banks of snow and drifts like whipped meringue, stand the Congregational church (1799) and Peacham Academy (1795)—both strong cultural influences in the community.
Nearly all of Peacham’s sixty grade school students are transported in buses which serve even the most remote back farm. The long route over steep, narrow, winding roads—often icy or drifted—challenges the determination of both bus and driver, yet arrivals and departures are usually on schedule.
Peacham maintains three one-room grade schools. Each school has two grades taught by a mature teacher. Learning is taken seriously in Peacham. Back in 1795, the town chose to have the county grammar school instead of the county seat.

Indoors the children are kept warm by stove heat. They bundle up for outdoor recess in snow suits, parkas, mittens, and boots.

Freckled farm lad, David Field, is met at the school bus by "Wobbles" his pet goat.
A frolic in the newly fallen snow means fun for the kids, and there is a hill anywhere in Peacham to roll down.

Under the snow-filled crotch of a big maple, a Peacham Corner youngster takes aim with a snowball. That’s fun, too, especially if the target is a girl.

What greater fun for two boys than to coast “belly bump” down the village street? Peacham has a community ski tow, too.

30  VERMONT Life
Villagers come early to await the sorting of the evening mail at Peacham Corner and to exchange tidbits of local news. In every mail there will be letters from some of the thirty families who have summer homes in Peacham. There is a close bond between the natives and the summer folks.

A trip to the Post Office usually includes dropping in for a chat with Howard Hebblethwaite, librarian and storekeeper.

After the dishes have been cleared away at the monthly church supper, two respected citizens engage in an earnest discussion.
Four academy students sit out a dance at one of the frequent winter record hops. Peacham Academy, a private high school where the emphasis is on sound education without the frills, has accommodations for fifty boarding students who come from as far away as Venezuela. The town pays the tuition for the sixty boys and girls it sends to the school.

Even the most distant hill farm is seldom snowbound, with modern snow removal equipment.

The small saw mill at Ewell’s Hollow is Peacham’s only industry.
Vermont Yankees. Orman and Sue Hooker amid the treasures of their great, four-square, ancestral farm home.

“Hearts and Flowers”

Proof of the pudding is in the eating at a meeting of the Home Demonstration group.
There is no juvenile delinquency in Peacham. The children are still taught out of the unrevised “Primer of Life”, through the fundamentally unchanging school, church, and family life.

And sometimes, under the silent pines, the winter earth must be opened to receive the remains of a revered neighbor.
The Peacham Juvenile Library Association, founded in 1810, has on its well stocked shelves, many autographed copies of books written by educators and writers who summer in Peacham.

Records of "death and taxes", dating back to 1776, are on file in the town clerk's office.

Written by Louis A. Lamoureaux
MOST of us who love New England cherish her—consciously or otherwise—for her landscape and her weather. Granite boulders and stands of white birch, sparkling ponds and trout-brown brooks, these we treasure. The fire of maples in the fall, the red-violet of bare winter twigs, the constant play of cloud-light, these ever please our eyes. Here is homely, insidious beauty, not the grandeur of Yosemite but man-sized and comfortable. It does not dwarf human beings as the Grand Teton do; it supports them. In New England we feel too the overlay of history, the patina of living on a foundation of geology. Stone walls stitch the hill pastures where birch and pine dispute possession. Roses and columbine have wandered here from some century-lost garden. A quilted pattern of ancient apple trees indicates an abandoned homestead.

How did New England acquire her endearing good looks? In THE CHANGING FACE OF NEW ENGLAND Betty Flanders Thomson, not content to wonder and admire, has gone to geology, botany and geography for her basic facts, raided the history and sociology shelves, and produced a charming conversational little book, as clear and appealing as a New England brook, circling across gravel. She makes us see what a treasure we have in our broad-leaved temperate forest of hardwoods laced with evergreens, in the wildflowers that flourish in these woods and on our mountain heights.

Those of us who like to drive the back roads have collected a kind of amateurish knowledge of Vermont’s structure. We are oriented to the north-south running mountains and lesser ranges. We know the deep valleys that cut through the main range and the high passes and notches that are the only other ways from east to west. We’ve traveled the gulfs that parallel the mountains and the upland plateaus with their wide views. Mrs. Thomson tells us how these came to be. She shows us too how to look for the traces of glaciers, in ponds and gravel-banks.

Perhaps even more interesting than the geological tale is the botanical one, with its successive groupings of trees and flowers. Wild flower hunting will be much easier for those who read and absorb Mrs. Thomson’s lucid chapters. Her book is an indispensable handbook for those who wish to know the hows and whys of the landscape of New England.

Rocks and vegetation, with proper moisture, produce the few inches of soil, valuable as gold, that make the difference between fertile land and desert. SOIL SAVERS, by C. B. Colby, is a book written simply for young people, on the work of the Soil Conservation Service of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Many of us have encountered these technicians and their sensible plans for preserving the soil from erosion, controlling floods, raising the water table and producing better crops. A generation ago such techniques as contour plowing, farm ponds, windbreak planting and soil testing were just beginning to be used. Now the soil conservation men help more than a million farmers each year to plan wisely in the conservation of soil and water.

Flower gardeners usually have their noses too close to the ground to think much about the history of what they are planting and cultivating. Buckner Hollingsworth, who has gardened in New Hampshire and Vermont, in FLOWER CHRONICLES has been curious to good purpose about flowers in the kitchen, in medicine, in history, legend and myth. In a flavorful pot-pourri for winter reading, good companion to seed catalogs, she has shared her explorations into archaeology and literature, ancient herbs and stillroom manuals. The rose and the lily, the iris and the peony and many other stalwarts of the perennial garden are chronicled here. This enthusiastic book ranges the world, and time from the mountains of Tibet to the palaces of Peking, from Minoan Crete to Renaissance England. Illustrations from herbals and stillroom books add to the reader’s pleasure.

Pursuing the history of people can be just as fascinating as that of flowers, as any genealogist will tell you. Looking up one’s ancestors can be as absorbing as any detective story and lead one in as strange paths. Noel C. Stevenson has assembled THE GENEALOGICAL READER as an aid to the beginning researcher who wishes to establish lines of descent, his own or other people’s. The articles deal with sources, techniques, pitfalls and legal problems. Elder Stevenson is the first Westerner to become a Fellow of the American Society of Genealogists. Recently he moved from California to Vermont, a pioneer in reverse.

There can hardly be a collection of china in New England that does not contain a piece of Bennington ware, genuine or doubtful. Richard Carter Barret’s handsome and methodical book on BENNINGTON POTTERY AND PORCELAIN, with its 2,000 illustrations, should send us all to the china cupboard to see into which class our cherished pieces fall. Household wares or novelties, parian or stoneware, they are all here, illustrated in such profusion that it should be easy to identify each example. Mr. Barret is the Curator of the Bennington Museum and
THE DIMENSIONS OF ROBERT FROST is a study of the man and his work, both so intertwined that it is impossible to see where one leaves off and the other begins. The deceptive simplicity that is the highest sophistication of which man is capable—this is Frost at his paradoxical best. He has the yielding grace of a grove of birches and the stability of a granite boulder. Yet the birches can invade a pasture and a glacier carried the boulder many miles.

Things are seldom what they seem. A Frost poem looks unassuming on the surface, but it can be unpeeled like an onion, each layer complete in itself, transparently concealing the next. Reginald Cook has had the good fortune to hear Robert Frost talk of poetry and himself over a period of years; he also has the ear to listen acutely and the mind to remember. Whoever reads this book will know a little better what a poem is and something of this particular poet in his humanity and fruitfulness.

Melissa Mather, author of ROUGH ROAD HOME, is one of our new Vermonters. Many books have been written about fixing up houses in the country, but few of them have such a story to tell of the human fixing up that has to take place when a family comes apart at the seams and retreats to the hills. Everything happens wrong that can happen in the material world, but the things of the spirit survive all these batterings to make a fine story of hard work and courage. Life beats wildly at Mrs. Mather but she comes back fighting with all the stubbornness of a woodchuck defending her home and family against all comers. Perhaps only Vermonters will read such a detailed account of a school quarrel and understand the issues. Every reader, however, will rejoice with the author in her romance, and her final achievement of security, admiring her gallant honesty.

Like Melissa Mather, Lowell Naeve and his wife, Virginia Pacassi, of Jamaica and Woodstock, Vermont, came from ‘away’ to make their home here. They are both talented graphic artists whose work has appeared in these pages and throughout the country. Mr. Naeve’s newest book, THE PHANTASIES OF A PRISONER, is called ‘a visual novel.’ Text and drawings are one; both tell of his experiences while imprisoned as a conscientious objector. It is a painful and terrifying story, told through dream-like images of compression, isolation and diminution. It is also a beautiful book, sensitively drawn and worded, and most sympathetically given form.

John Clagett, who teaches creative writing at Middlebury, has published a novel, his fourth, based on some of his experiences as a naval officer during World War II. THE SLOT is an action-packed, rip-snorting combat tale about PT boats in action around Guadalcanal. The PT boats just about steal the show. They and the men who run them are considerably more interesting than the women who compete for attention in various ways.

These books are evidence of the growing number of writers who have chosen to make their homes in Vermont. They do not necessarily write about their adopted state, but it seems likely that some of the qualities of our countryside that Mrs. Thomson writes about have attracted them to Vermont. Perhaps eventually we shall begin to feel, as we do with Robert Frost, that they belong to us.

THE GENEALOGICAL READER—Noel C. Stevenson, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1958, $2.50.

MYSTERY PICTURE NO. 9

A chance for old jump enthusiasts to search their memories is this record of a big occasion, just before the War, at a now-defunct ski development. Earliest correct identification postmarked after Nov. 24th will receive Vermont Life’s special award.

Winner of our Autumn issue contest, which pictured the Isle La Motte Historical Building, was Mrs. Wm. C. White, Jr. of Bernardsville, N. J.
Snow Country
NEAR WOODSTOCK
EAST OF ORLEANS
A CENTURY AGO Louisa May Alcott, New England’s great writer of children’s stories was taking pleasure in quoting:

Children in Boston take pleasure in breaking
What children in Holland take pleasure in making

The moral is obvious. But in terms of objective accuracy the couplet might better have read:

Children in many countries take pleasure in keeping
What Vermont inventors take pleasure in reaping

In 1858-9 more toys were coming to Boston from the Green Mountains than from Holland or any other foreign land. An even century ago Vermont was flowering with ingenious toy shops and inventive toy makers; indeed in 1859 the state’s largest factory was the amazing toy-making establishment of Ellis, Britton & Eaton in the then isolated but enormously inventive village of Springfield.

A century ago Vermont had nineteen toy-making establishments. By pleasurable coincidence Vermont still has nineteen, and still flowers with ingenious toy shops and ingenious toy makers. A century ago Vermonters were toymakers not only for children in many other American and European places including Holland which then did not have a self-sufficing toy industry. Thus a hundred years ago little Dutch boys and girls were also rolling hoops, building toy log cabins, pulling toy wagons or pushing toy doll carriages—made in Vermont, mostly of native timbers.

By 1858-9 Vermont toy shops were filling gift bags and supplying freight to the comparatively new railroads, all the way to what were presently to become the great battlefields of the Civil War. They were also supplying cargo for trans-Atlantic ships and the lean clippers which made the around-Cape Horn runs to the U.S. Pacific ports. A hundred years ago, too, Vermont craftsmen were about to take over a quarter-century of world leadership in the commercial manufacture of dolls, which as any toymaker knows, are the undying heart of the toy industry.

Even more significantly, Vermont a century ago was beginning to supply the world at large a substantially new concept of what a toy really is. In earlier times “toy” had meant tiny or miniature, i.e., an ordinary-sized teapot was a teapot, whereas a berry-sized teapot was a toy. During the 1850’s Vermont inventors and craftsmen began seeing a toy as a creation self-justified in and by its own sphere of use. They made toy pianos, for example, which were playable complete with flats, sharps and at least three octaves; doll buggies as use-worthy as baby buggies.

Largely because of this concept Vermont toymakers were succeeding in changing the toy from Christmas goods to year-round merchandise. A contributing factor here was, and in some instances still is, the unique talent of Vermont inventors for shifting from original toy assemblies to staple adult goods. A memorable example was the sidewheel-driven invalid’s chair developed directly from wheeled toys to meet a crucial need of the Civil War. In keeping with precedences set by individual inventors, such as Joel A. H. Ellis of Springfield, one of the all-time greats among toy creators, Vermonters were able to design multipart toys, to sell first orders months or even years ahead of actual manufacture then hurry home to design or invent the machines which made the specific parts of the pre-
conceived patents. In this way Vermont toy making became integrated in several areas with what presently became the state’s world-renowned machine tool industry.

Yet a century ago toy making was already a traditional industry in the Green Mountains where toys were made, given, swapped and sold even before the name “Vermont” was coined; even before most of our New England neighbors were willing to accept Christmas as both a holy and festive holiday.

It is reasonable to guess that Santa’s first helpers in these generally mountainous parts were pioneer wielders of sharp jackknives. However, the American Association of Doll Manufacturers is convinced that the first two American dolls, the corn shuck and the wrapped buckskin or rawhide, were being made in Green Mountain lands certainly while the brothers Ethan and Ira Allen were newly-come settlers from Connecticut. These were dolls preponderantly for home use; not often for sale.

Vermont’s next great contribution to toy making came mostly from frontier blacksmith shops. These were the so-called tin toys (frequently they were made of lead, pewter, or other alloys) which were strongly consenoned in early peddler-packs. Thanks to collectors, including the Essex Society of Salem, Mass., specimens of very early Vermont tin toys have been saved. For the most part they are quite small, frequently weighing out as many as 100 to the pound of metal. In the main these “little tins” were made by pouring the molten metals or “fluxes” directly into the two-part clamp molds made of brass or wrought iron. Some of the molds were from English or European brass works; others were obviously chiseled or otherwise hollowed from bronze, copper, or iron available to country smithies.

The prime American era of the tin toys for young Americans was 1825-40. During the period output became more ornate as well as more extensive and included such “histories” as a gaily painted clown driving a horse sleigh (indicative of the birth of the American circus); and midget railroad trains—consisting traditionally of a black “loco” and two cars, the blue one labeled Boston, the red one New York. But the heyday of Vermont’s tin toys came earlier, and for the most part the figures were too small for painting. Many were exquisite, even though extremely tiny models of Franklin stoves, butter churns, andirons, open coal scuttles, long-rifles, trappers and dozens of other often-seen objects, reproduced in miniature with surprising charm and frequently with jeweler's skill.

These early tin toys were rarely if ever patented or marked with the maker’s name. However, it is possible to trace down at least a few of the makers. One of the better-known was Eli Pinney, a very early settler of the Plymouth Notch area and thrice-great-uncle of Vermont’s own Calvin Coolidge. Grand-uncle Pinney’s shop was a supply base for numerous peddlers. The “Pinney Figures” percolated to Boston in such quantities that by 1810 they were a known trade name.

They were still in trade in 1830 when at Barnard the father of modern (not “educational”) toy making was born. Joel Addison Hartlet Ellis was a mechanic by training. At 19 Joel demonstrated his creative talents by inventing a steam excavating machine which was used widely in early railroad building. At 25 he invented, patented and began manufacture of the “Vermont splint basket,” still basic to our basketry industry. At 26, Joel Ellis set about founding in Springfield, then a “lost settlement” seven miles from a railroad, what he hopefully termed an “inventive woodworking shop.”

The shop materialized in 1856 as the toy making partnership of Ellis, Britton and Eaton. Albert Brown was silent partner and moneybag. The erstwhile basketmaker let his partners build the original stone “cab house,” and took to the woods for inspiration. Joel Ellis knew and loved timber. In a modest foreword to his firm’s first catalog issued in 1859 the deeply religious inventor explained, “Trees are God’s masterpiece . . . A better quality timber grows in this vicinity than can be found further south or west and we make a superior quality of work from Vermont-grown timber . . . Which includes

Old catalogue pages and dolls are reproduced from the Springfield Public Library collections.
with a “line” of table chairs, beds and cradles for dolls.

All the partners agreed with Treasurer Britton’s conviction that for security’s sake the firm should begin a line of dolls, but President Ellis pointed out that the manufacture of wooden dolls would require no fewer than a dozen machines, including some extremely complicated wood lathes which would cost a great deal of money.

The inventor went back to the woods. He came out with a new idea for what he termed “constructional toys”—a build-it-yourself log cabin and rail fence with which to yard it. Both creations demonstrated the era’s passionate love for bright colors. The log cabin set included hardwood miniature logs, rounded, with ends mortised, to facilitate build-up and locking. The logs were painted bright red; the sheetiron doors bright blue, the blinds brilliant green, the prefabricated roofs jet black; the ready made wooden chimneys blood-red. Fence rails milled from waste softwood in 9-inch lengths, were dipped individually in red, green or blue paints, packed in assorted colors three-dozen to the box—which sold for 19 cents!

Then inventor Ellis turned his wheelshop to what became his all-time jackpot. These were wooden hoops and driving sticks made of maple and oak. The hoops, wrought in twelve graduated sizes, were nested one inside the other. Twelve nests, each containing a dozen polished and firmly mortised hoops were crated together with twelve dozen smoothed driving sticks filling up the hollow. Thousands of grosses were sold throughout the United States and Europe and Scandinavia—with five cents, or its equivalent, the recommended retail price for a hoop and stick.

Accordingly the toy shop which soon became Vermont’s largest industry began in the woods, with choppers, teamsters, sawyers, sledmen, stackers, oxen and draft horses its basic producers. The firm’s first highly successful products were “baby cabs”—including the one which John and Victoria Coolidge presently acquired for their firstborn—and doll carriages.

Both items demonstrated the remarkable versatility of Vermont woods. The bottoms and sides were made of maple; dashboards and back of basswood; wheel hubs and spokes of maple; tongues and handles of oak; bows for the tops of ash; packing cases of hemlock re-inforced with oak. Waste wood was “worked up” as blocks, checkers, and other small toys. Wood for wheels was steamed and bent placed in iron or hardwood molds for drying. Small wheels were circular-sawed directly from boards of desired thickness.

Toy carts, painted in bright colors, proved to be the first successful export. The Messrs. Ellis, Britton, Eaton and Brown “followed” with four-wheeled toy wagons, doll perambulators and doll gigs, all brightly painted, then

all the fine hardwoods and softwoods required for any purpose . . .”

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two-ton model of the wheel-mounted, peep-holed, iron
globe to Washington, where the contraption was inspected
by President Abraham Lincoln. The later expressed deep
admiration plus the hope that the “damned thing” would
never have to be used.

Meanwhile as noted, earlier, the Civil War inspired
Joel Ellis to shift from the delights of toys to the grim
realities of the most lethal and maiming war in U. S.
history. Accordingly, Joel Ellis and his ingenious toy-
makers proceeded to invent and manufacture some sixty
different models and sizes of wheelchairs, including “side-
wheelers” and other hand-propelled chairs which they
priced as low as $17 and rented for as little as 50 cents a
month.

But the toys rolled on. The original stone shop changed
to a factory, powered in part by a 200-horsepower river
dam. Prices trended lower as volume increased. By 1873,
Ellis, Britton & Eaton, by then the Vermont Novelty
Company, offered the following prices on toys “boxed
ready for shipment 3 percent off cash 30 days:” Toy
express wagons $6 a dozen; toy perambulators $9 a
dozen; toy gigs and doll carts $3.50 per dozen; iron post
sleds “in bright nice colors with names lettered by brush”
$13 per dozen; baby’s block carts $5 per gross; Super Fine
Boys’ Express Wagons $14 per dozen.

Vermont woods, Vermont workers, Ellis inventions,
superior wood lathes and multiple saws, and a superb
blacksmithy were among principal reasons for the low
prices. Alert use of waste products was another reason.
So were Joel Ellis’ annual pilgrimages to New York where
the toy maestro lodged at the magnificent Astor House
($50 per day American plan), whetted the curiosities of
key buyers and hurried home to invent the machines to
make the toys they had dreamed up.

Factory hours were 6:30 in the morning to 6:30 at
night. Foreign specialists provided expert counsel. But
the big toy shops remained distinctive of Vermont. So did
the firm’s annual cash prizes, including those for the female
employee who made the best loaf of bread, slept with the
most windows open and walked the farthest to and from
work.

Joel Ellis recognized it was imperative that toymakers
produce playthings with durable popularity. Dolls seemed
the one sure answer.

His idea was to make a doll principally of kiln-dried
rock maple, with head shaped in steam-pressured molds,
with feet of malleable iron, hands of pewter and joints
made moveable with elastic or metal tenons. He proposed
to turn out the bodies, and arm and leg sections on special
shaping lathes, to assemble them in a way to provide
“natural joint mobility.” It was a tall order and there
were interrupting factors. One was the Great Flood of
1869 which carried away the riverside plant, including
some $40,000 worth of machines. But the toy-making
firm promptly rebuilt the plant, presently suffered a costly
fire, and gamely rebuilt again.

The Joel Ellis dolls went into manufacture during 1873.
They were made in three sizes, 12, 15, and 18 inches,
priced at $9, $10.50, and $13.50 per dozen “at factory
side.” The crucial task of painting the features, particu-
larly the eyes, was accomplished by the sisters Abbie and
Emma Woodbury; Emma presently became a renowned
painter of miniatures. The heads were standardized wood
pressings; applications of felt shaped an almost equal
division of blondes and brunettes, though a few were
painted black. Dresses were uniform and conservative in
the pastel shades, featuring taffeta mantles and scoop bon-
nets embroidered with flowered muslin. The metal feet
were dipped in black paint as a trade mark.

The Ellis dolls excelled in mobility and “positioning.”
They were among the most ingenious ever produced, were
Vermont’s first commercial dolls, and the first American-
made “woods” to gain professional acceptance in the
international trade. The tenoned joints were an epochal
advance. Yet the Ellis creations were not the bonanza the
inventor had hoped for. The large-sizeds were handicapped
by excess weight; the smaller ones by inadequate price.
Labor requirements were excessive. Still worse, the entire

VERMONT Life 51
"line" blundered into the ruinous depression of 1873.

Vermont's next renowned wooden doll was the Mason-Taylor also manufactured in Springfield, patented in 1880. Henry Mason was an enterprising traveling salesman who purchased the basic patent (for joints) from George W. Sanders and H. H. Slack. Luke Taylor, a Springfield cabinet maker and wood work expert, designed the lathes and incidental machines which cut and scooped the separate parts from soft poplar wood, and "turned" the heads. The doll arms were made of maple or beech, the feet of lead or pewter—dipped in blue paint (for distinction); a black paper belt, carrying the patent numbers, was tied around the waist of each doll.

Earlier models had "spooned" hands lathed directly on the armpieces, and hip joints pegged with wood, and later with steel screws. The second run of Mason-Taylors had "turnable necks" for heads made first of papier mâché, then of wooden cores covered by a special composition made of resins, glue and plaster-of-paris. The mixture was smoothed out with a rolling pin and cut with cookie cutters, then placed in two-part block molds, one shaping the back of the head, the other the face.

Wooden cores were inserted in the molds, then the heads were removed, filed and sand-wheeled, and dipped in flesh-colored paint. Finally the features and hair were colored by hand. All Mason-Taylor dolls were 12 inches long. A few were painted as Negro dolls, and to accommodate more gruesome trends of the times (1880-88) several hundred were finished off as Witch and Wizard dolls. The latter had ingenious metal-gearued neck joints which permitted the doll to be apparently beheaded without actually losing its top. A toy sword accompanied each Witch and Wizard.

The rarest of all Vermont dolls, and one of the most valuable of collector's items, is the Martin, a comparatively big doll, 17½ inches tall. It was patented by Frank D. Martin of Springfield, April 29, 1879. Its special feature was arm control by means of a spiral spring passing transversely through the trunk. According to available records the Martin dolls were manufactured only in 1879, by Mason and Taylor.

The heads were prefabricated of papier mâché and best were less than successful. Heads, ironically, proved to be the Achilles heel of Vermont's wooden dolls. By 1880 Boston, New York and Philadelphia manufacturers were importing ready-processed porcelain or china, and presently composition, heads directly from Germany or France, and mounting them on cloth-stuffed bodies. The more ingenious and durable wooden dolls of Vermont could not compete. Ominously too in 1873 one I. F. Walker of Boston patented and placed in manufacture the rag doll. And within another decade Germany began taking over the doll trade; by the beginning of World War I Germany had it sewed up.

But German toy maestros, including the "developers" of mechanical toys, learned and took a great deal from Vermonters. So did the toy industry as a whole. For one example, back in 1873 Henry Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury and balance scale fame, gained U.S. Patent No. 135,417 for "improvement in toy blocks." His "improvement" was the actual beginning of the Tinker Toy and the entire progeny of wheel and bolt structural toys as we now know them. Seven years earlier George J. Colby and Levi H. Thomas of Waterbury received and put in manufacture U. S. Patent No. 53,789 for a Toy Boat, one of the first wind-up toys.

Through good times and bad, and succeeding generations the bright gay line of Vermont-invented and Vermont-
made toys keeps frolicking along. Our space here is severely limited, but Santa Claus be praised, Vermont toys aren’t. Our roster of toymakers continues to grow. Volume-wise, wooden toys still lead.

As this is written Vermont’s makers of wooden toys currently include: George F. Adams company, Moscow, producers of yo-yo tops, spinning tops, parlor croquet sets, etc.; Brown Novelty company, East Middlebury, manufacturer of parts of toy pianos (some of which are assembled at Fair Haven, the rest at Brooklyn) and wood novelties; Fair Haven Specialty corp., hammer and peg boards, counter frames, bead carts, jigsaw puzzles; Fritzel Toy corp., Randolph, blocks, wooden trains, hobby horses, and other wood toys; Granddad’s Toy Shop, North Thetford, wooden toys; Manchester Molding company, spice cabinets and wooden items for gift shops; Maxham Supply company, Worcester, toy crossbows and other specialties; Meanware company, Groton, wooden toys and novelties; Newbury Wood Products company, toys and furniture; Northfield Wood Products company, toy parts; Quality Products Manufacturing company, Chelsea, toy tenpins, mallet heads and wood turnings; Randall Wood Products corp., Randolph, wooden toys and baseball bats; Royalton company, South Royalton, toy ironing boards, clothes dryers and outdoor playpens, bassinets, doll cribs. Other manufacturers of toy parts include B. B. Novelty company, Middletown Springs, manufacturer of toy piano parts and associated with the Brown Novelty company of East Middlebury; E. Richard Spaulding, Ludlow, toy parts; L. W. Webster company, Randolph, special wood parts.

Vermont manufacturers of stuffed toys include Glad’s Toys of Middlebury, managed by Mrs. George Harvey and specializing in double or reversible dolls, clown dolls, sock dolls, baby dolls, Dutch twins and a new and distinctive Vermont Sugar Man. Also Mary Meyer Manufacturing company, Townshend, manufacturer of plush toys and currently the state’s largest toymaking firm.

Vermont’s nineteen operative toy making concerns employ a year-around average of twelve employees each and support peak season payrolls ranging from 450 to 650. A check made by the writer indicates that more than nine-tenths of our contemporary toy makers are full-fledged Vermonters, and approximately 60 percent are women.

Many Vermont toy firms rely most basically on the manual skills, the talent for learning and adapting, and the innate feeling for toys which so many Vermonters possess. Ultimate success in toymaking depends most on the people who make them. This, of course, is another way of saying that the enduring heart of any toy is the “feel” or spirit that goes into its creation. This spirit, in turn, is that of unquenchable youth, which is why Vermont toy-making does not die.

END
Cattle, Christmas Trees & Conservation

Riley Bostwick Proves the Small Mountain Farm Still Has a Place in Vermont

EBEN BROWN
Photographs by HANSON CARROLL
Way up in the middle of Vermont, high above the country town of Rochester, lies a farm called Mountain Meadows. By today’s standards it isn’t much of a farm: on a dirt road, a few weathered buildings in varying states of repair, fields of irregular size, shape and topography. Between them and beyond, above and below them—trees: hardwoods, softwoods, little ones, big ones.

By the road is a skidway for loading logs and nearby a pulpwood pile. The only apparent farm equipment is an old tractor usually in company with a two-wheeled trailer wagon. Most of the year there is little obvious activity to indicate that this is more than just another semi-deserted hill farm.

But if you were passing by you would pause, because all the way from south to northeast, clockwise, there is a most tremendous view. The long undulating skyline of the Green Mountain range, the deep valleys of the upper White River and its tributaries, and the abrupt west slopes of the Brinntree Range lie before you; peaceful, magnificent, somber; ever changing with the moods and seasons of nature; a picture of pastoral beauty long to be remembered. Then you might become aware of incongruities in the foreground—the sturdy, well-kept fences around the fields and there in the shade away from the noonday sun fat, lazy, black cattle.

Where did they come from, and why, and to whom do they belong? Here and in the forest beyond and in the man who owns it lies the story of Mountain Meadows. This is the story of a man who has found a place for the forgotten little farm of yesterday in the specialized agricultural economy of today. It is also a story for those who have dreamed of retiring to a small farm in Vermont, a business of small investment and a way of life that is simple and dignified.

The man is Riley Bostwick, a Vermonter and a lifelong resident of the Rochester-Granville region. His formal education was limited to the eight grades at the “Red School House” in Granville, but where the formal ended the practical was just beginning. Blessed with a keen, inquiring mind, his quest for knowledge and the truth, have never ceased.

The cattle you see are purebred Black Angus. For a long time they have been favorites of the hobby farmer and in the show ring but only in recent years, in the northeast, have they made a place for themselves economically.

The fifty Angus at Mountain Meadows show how well-adapted is this breed to Vermont conditions. These hardy animals literally live off the land. In summer native grass, water, shade, adequate fencing are their only requirements. The same grass stored as hay is the only winter feed needed. In winter an open shed or the underside of an old barn will provide adequate shelter from wind or storm. Most of the time they prefer to stay out in the snow, any-way, even at night. A most amazing fact is that these cattle, without grain at any time, in eighteen months from birth, produce a beef that is ideal for the home freezer or the local market and at a profit to the farmer. They may serve other purposes, too. Riley has fenced the property of his summer neighbors, and with their grateful approval he periodically turns the Angus in to graze around the buildings. The cattle destroy the weeds and brush, keep the grass under control. It makes for good neighbors.

For several years now the forestry work at Mountain Meadows has attracted interest and admiration of forestry people from all over New England. Like Bostwick’s beef herd, it is important economically, because it is practical. In conjunction with his Angus the forest provides a year-
the leading exponent, in his day, of forestry conservation. At their first meeting, Riley was watching a particularly tricky logging manoeuvre when Battell became aware of Riley’s interest in the procedure. He called him aside and said, (as Riley tells it), “Young man, you seem to see what’s going on about you. Where do you live? Riley told him, ‘Granville’ and Battell, who had extensive timber holdings in that area—now Green Mountain National Forest—said “I need a fire warden in that area. From now on that is your job.” That was all there was to it, Battell expected people to jump when he spoke, and most of them did. Riley served the post for seven years before this country entered the first World War; no serious fires occurring during that time. From this association, and the experience of working with trained foresters during these early years, came the love of the forest and the inspiration that was to guide him through a lifetime of seeking conservation and better use of our natural resources.
Riley’s practice of forest management is based upon one strong precept: observe the laws of mother nature and follow them as closely as possible. Give each tree enough space and enough light and “The Old Girl,” as he reverently calls her, will do the rest. Bostwick will show you many tiny seedlings thriving in the protective shade of an older tree or a brush pile, while in an adjacent open area there are no seedlings at all. He will show you perfectly-formed spruce and balsam fir Christmas trees growing closely together, but not too close, while in a nearby clump where they have not been thinned, the trees of the same size have no desirable shape at all. But even here the tops, not yet crowded, are beautiful. “The Old Girl never gives up.” He will explain the presence of a weed tree like this: “In nature there is a reason and a place for everything. This tree may provide food or protection for birds or animals or younger trees. When it gets in the way, then we will remove it.”

Very little goes to waste in Riley’s timber or Christmas tree operations. A good example is his use of a bull spruce (an old tree in the open with limbs down the entire trunk). Such a tree would yield only one or two low grade logs to most lumbermen. In Riley’s operation this tree might be cut in the late fall. He would get the two logs plus two or three sticks of pulp, plus a Christmas tree from the very top. The boughs would be baled for Christmas greens and the branches used for fire wood. And by removing the old tree there would then be room for the young trees around it to grow faster.

In forestry circles Riley is probably best known for his “sustained yield” practice of growing Christmas trees. This means that cutting is based upon the average number of trees per acre and the annual rate of growth. Under this plan, if adhered to carefully, the same number of trees of the same size may be harvested from a given acreage, indefinitely.

Riley usually ships from five to seven loads of Christmas trees each fall. They are worth from $250 to $750 per load, depending on number and quality of trees. By September the special trees for stores, hotel lobbies, and outdoor display have been selected, tagged, and usually have been reserved by buyers. Regardless of demand or price only a limited number are cut each year. This applies to the smaller size, family trees, too.

The actual harvest takes place in November and early December. It’s the one time of the year that Mountain Meadows is a beehive of activity. The schedule calls for one truck or trailer-load to go each week, and everything is aimed at having that load of trees ready when the trucker arrives. Riley’s full-time helper does most of the cutting. Two neighbors are hired afternoons to help tie the trees and move them to the loading area. On loading day everybody pitches in to get the job done. When the last tree has been loaded and the truck goes down the road there is a great sigh of relief, and Mountain Meadows returns to its normal, unhurried schedule.

The story of Riley Bostwick might be put in one phrase: He has always possessed the faith and the courage to
accept adversity as a challenge. In 1920 he returned from the War to take over his father's 1400-acre dairy farm in Granville. Poor health, the result of a training accident and being severely gassed in the war, plagued him for many years. Often it was from his bed that he directed the farm operations. Then in the Depression he had to sell most of the big farm, keeping only the timber land where 10,000 trees had been planted.

In 1930 with little left, he and his wife, May, seeking a place to live purchased the first of several abandoned farms that now make up Mountain Meadows—125 acres for $625, at one dollar down and five dollars a month. Townspeople scoffed at the idea anyone could make a living on such a farm but the Bostwicks did.

Riley worked out. He received a cow for her keeping from a local dealer, then another. Then he bought one for $35, and so on. One way or another he gradually built up a small Jersey herd. He and his wife sugared in the spring, carrying the sap from 100 buckets to the sugar house by hand.

As time went on other pieces of abandoned property were acquired and some of Riley's theories of land and forest management became realities. He found that native grasses and clovers would produce fat beef without any grain, with the end result that a herd of purebred Black Angus replaced the dairy cows. He theorized that it was wasteful to sell little Christmas trees for 25 to 50 cents apiece when big ones would bring a dollar a foot, so he let his trees grow for ten years and then set up a sustained-yield practice of cutting.

Bostwick saw the need for a program that would use the natural resources of the small, hill farms to the benefit of the owner, the town, and the state. Alone, and with the extension and soil conservation services, and the Harvard forestry research foundation he has experimented endlessly to develop such a program.

Riley Bostwick's record of service to Vermont and to his country is too long to relate here. He could never say "no" when he was needed, and he was needed often. The minority never had a more steadfast champion. He saw light in many a cause where others saw only darkness. When the sylvan beauty of Granville Gulf seemed doomed to destruction by the wanton axe of the lumberman it was he who was instrumental in starting a chain of events that eventually ended in the area being deeded to the state "to be preserved in its natural state forever."

Riley is not noted for being the silent type. There are few leaders and state officers from the Governor on down who have not been exposed to the wisdom of his thinking, by word or by letter, when he thought the occasion warranted it.

Now he is white-haired, in his late sixties. In pinstripe overalls and visored cap, his short stocky figure is a familiar sight at beef and tree growers' meetings, driving his old car, or on the street at Rochester. Beneath twinkling brows his blue eyes still sparkle intensely when his ire is aroused, while a moment later the warmth of his smile bespeaks his compassion for children and animals and all of Mother Nature's wonders. His voice has a sandpaper edge that is as dry as the rustle of beech leaves in a November wind, but when he speaks people listen, for the words are from the heart. At home his office is a veritable storehouse of information pertaining to his many interests. By radio, newspaper and periodical he keeps abreast of the latest developments in his chosen fields. On the farm he does some light chores, while his staunch helper of many years, Dick Curtis, takes care of the heavier work.

It is warm and snug by the old chunk stove in the Bostwick's living room on a winter's eve. As you rock and listen you begin to realize that he is not only telling you how he makes a living, but also of his way of life, a life that is found in the beauty of the towering, symmetrical balsam fir; in the cool, quiet solitude of a wooded glen on a hot summer day; in the excitement and drama of nature's flowers bursting from the forest floor in springtime; in the bustle of getting the trees off on time in the fall, with the thought that for each tree, somewhere a child is happy for Christmas; and in the warm satisfaction of the husbandman when he knows his cattle are well fed and content, though the storm may rage overhead. And a long time after you have left you will remember that Riley Bostwick and Mountain Meadows exemplify this life.
TEN YEARS OF WOODLAND MANAGEMENT

TOP VIEW. One of Riley Bostwick's areas as it appeared in 1947. Ten years before it had been overtopped with gray birch, poplar, and soft maple—which were cleared out. In 1953 this area yielded 70 balsam and 150 spruce, for a little over $100 per acre; in 1954 a few special trees, mostly tall and poorly shaped, were taken out, yielding $25 per acre.

MIDDLE VIEW. The same area in March 1955. This year certain special trees were removed, yielding over $200 per acre.

BOTTOM VIEW. The area as it appeared in December 1956. Earlier in the year, two 30-foot and eighteen 12-18-foot Christmas trees, and 500 pounds of boughs, were cut.

VERMONT Life 59
Robert L. Duffus, a prolific author of high standing and now with The New York Times editorial department, has written the recollections of his boyhood in Vermont in the year 1898. His nostalgic Williamstown Branch was published recently by W. W. Norton company, and from it Vermont Life is privileged to reprint these brief excerpts:

THE mud in the middle of the road had frozen, so that the wheels of passing buggies and wagons clacked and rattled over it, instead of slushing quietly the way they had done only the day before. Where water had collected in the ruts there was ice now. I went up along the side of the road to the Pool Bridge and noticed that the grassy hummocks in the marshy parts of the meadow were white and stiff with frost; and there was a little ice at the very edge of the brook, where the current did not keep the water moving.

There was now the sniff of coming winter in the air, though most of it would be gone by noon, and we might have to wait for three or four weeks, or even longer, before there was ice enough for skating or snow enough for sliding down hill. Now we were sure, as we had not been in September and October, that the great change of the year was coming. We had only to wait.

Even before I had crossed the bridge and come within sight of the schoolhouse yard I could hear the excited yelling of boys who had arrived before me, even before the warning bell had been rung. I began to run, almost skidding on the frosty planks of the bridge, as though if I didn’t hurry winter would be there before I was.

Death reached for me early on a February afternoon, then changed his mind for a while. Do I remember this afternoon a little better because of what did not happen? Or is it the sum of many winter afternoons?

A thaw had come. The farmers knew it would not last. I heard them talking about it in J. K. Linton’s store. Mr. Ainsworth said the climate was changing. It had never been this warm in February when he was young.

I went out aimlessly, drawing my sled. Slinging the rope around the rear crossbar of a heavy sledge loaded with logs for the mill, I rode part way to Mill Village. Snow was sliding off roofs, leaving wet black patches; and there were drippings at the eaves that would be icicles in the morning. The houses on the opposite side of town, visible as the road rose, seemed bleak; the sunken drifts of snow were gray and discouraging. There was no spring, or promise of spring, under this leaden sky; the south wind was ready to shift westward and northward and catch the unwary unawares.

The logs were like dead people, I thought—so straight and stiff. I let my sled rope slip loose and hooked on to a farmer’s sleigh bound back toward the village. I wanted warmth, something that was not gray and drab, some lift and song, and there was none.

I don’t know whether or not the farmer knew he had a free rider attached to his sleigh. He went at a fair clip across the railway tracks, along past the depot, and then turned right; toward J. K. Linton’s store. At this point he surprised me by swinging sharply left back of the store and coming in past a woodpile where a man with an axe was reducing chunks to stovewood size.

The woodcutter waited, as I subsequently realized, to let the horse and sleigh pass by. He waited with his axe over his shoulder, ready to bring it down. He started to strike, then saw me, uttered a fervent prayer in which he Goddamned me to hell for almost getting my head split open, and waited again.

If he had killed me it would not have been his fault. Sleighs were not understood to have boys behind them. I lived. And, suddenly, how good life was!

The early snowstorm had been followed by an absolute clearing. Every snow particle glistened in the morning sun, against the blackness of trunks of trees, against the whiteness of birch, against the black and gray of rocks. I went up, alone, on the left of the falls, where tumbled masses of ice retained the effect of flowing water. I seemed to have to get over the edge of the hill and not see the familiar warm outlines of the place where I lived, any more, nor the village with its roofs and steeples. I wanted to be desolate in a white wilderness, in the untraveled Arctic, perhaps.

I came over the ridge to a place beside the brook, which was well-known and friendly to me. Now it was strange, but not
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unfriendly. Now in this year so long after, I shut my eyes and
see a long slope and above it, because of the wind that still
blows, and no doubt will blow forever, long after the time of
man—and the time of ten-year-old boys—a drift curled over
toward the brook, ready to fall. Because a boy is destructive
and experimental, I climb up a few feet and send this beautiful
waving blade of snow down the slope.

Something inside me says, I suppose, nature will know I
have been here now, she will have to rebuild that crest of snow
and do that beauty all over again.

It is lovely here, and too lonely, perhaps, and I am a little
frightened. Perhaps I ought not to have interfered. Perhaps I
was not meant to be here today, perhaps I was not invited.

I retrace my steps. It is not far. I see again the spires of the
churches and the houses in the village, and then the house
where I belong, with its chimney smoking and dinner cooking.
Now in the big silence of the snow is born, perhaps, not a little of that New England conscience which her children write about. There is much time to think... But for undisturbed people winter is one long delight to the eye. In other lands one knows the snow as a nuisance that comes and goes... Here it lies longer on the ground than any crop—from November to April sometimes—and for three months life goes to the tune of sleigh bells...

No one who has been through even a modified blizzard as New England can produce talks lightly of the snow. Imagine eight and forty hours of roaring wind, the thermometer well down toward zero, scooping and gouging across a hundred miles of newly fallen snow. The air is full of stinging shot, and at ten yards the trees are invisible... There is a lull, and you can see the surface of the fields settling furiously in one direction—a tide that spurts between the tree-boles. The hollows of the pasture fill while you watch; empty, fill and discharge anew... Irresponsible snow-devils dance by the lee of a barn where three gusts meet, or stagger out into the open until they are cut down by the main wind.

Then do the heavy-timbered barns talk like ships in a cross-sea, beam working against beam. The winter's hay is ribbed over with long lines of snow dust blown between the boards, and far below in the byre the oxen clash their horns and moan uneasily.

The next day is blue, breathless, and almost utterly still... Winter that is winter in earnest, does not allow cattle and horses to play about the fields, so everything comes home... the solid undisturbed hours stand about one like ramparts. At a certain time the sun will rise. At another hour, equally certain, he will set. This much we know. Why, in the name of Reason, therefore should we vex ourselves with vain exertions? An occasional visitor from the Cities of the Plains comes up panting to do things. He is set down to listen to the normal beat of his own heart—a sound very few men have heard.

WRITTEN AT DUMMERSTON IN 1895