It has been suggested that Vermont Life could be of more than a little assistance to people who are seeking special types of opportunity in Vermont—and to special types of opportunity seeking people. We'd like to help, though we can't exactly run a "help-wanted" column. Anyway, we'll try out a column, and see how you like it. If you have a special kind of a job, and need a special sort of a person for it, let us know. If you'd like to pursue a particular sort of occupation in Vermont, tell us about it, and we'll see if our readers have any ideas how you could do it. As a matter of fact, we'll be glad to pass on quite a variety of problems to them, if you like, though of course it's up to them to provide the answers. We'll have to reserve the right to edit your inquiry, which will be published anonymously under a Vermont Life box number. And if there are too many, we'll have to pick and choose. Let's have yours by January 1, and three months ahead of publication date thereafter.
GREEN MOUNTAIN

Postboy

Conducted by

WALTER HARD

WINTER PASTIMES.

A late-staying summer visitor, about to depart, asked a hardy perennial native, what on earth she found to keep herself busy during the long winter. Mrs. Native sniffed. “Well my lands,” she said, “if you’d ever kept five wood stoves again you wouldn’t ask any such foolish question.” It’s true that keeping warm is one of the chief efforts of Vermonters in winter. It takes a lot of stoking whether it be wood for a lot of stoves or food for a ravenous family. The Postboy has heard some city cynics state that all one did in the country was to work like all-get-out all spring, summer and fall to raise enough to keep going through the winter. And any spare time available during the winter had to be spent in getting out wood for next winter’s fires. It looks to the Postboy as though the only difference in city and country worker is that one gets in the wood and raises the food while the other raises the food and raises the wood while the other raises the food and raises the wood. Both are equally busy with during the long winter. Mrs. Native said, “if you’d ever kept five wood stoves againin’ you wouldn’t ask any such foolish question.”

BRING UP THE OLD FORT!!

Before the days of the modern electric stove, the Vermont home was heated and cooked upon the wood stove. The woodstove was the heart of the home. It was the center of family life and a source of warmth and comfort for many Vermonters. The woodstove was a symbol of the simplicity and self-sufficiency of the Vermont way of life. In today’s world, the woodstove has become a symbol of nostalgia and a reminder of simpler times. The woodstove is a reminder of the importance of living in harmony with nature and of the value of community and family. The woodstove is a symbol of the Vermont spirit and the Vermont way of life. The woodstove is a reminder of the beauty and majesty of Vermont and of the importance of preserving our natural resources. The woodstove is a symbol of the Vermont spirit and of the values that make Vermont special.
SNOW BIRDS (above): Skiers pose between drifts and sky on Hogback mountain, site of the largest ski center in the Brattleboro area.

CROWD at Brattleboro’s famous ski jump, scene of several national championships and a development of the Brattleboro Outing Club.

ANNOUNCER’S STAND (above) overlooking the jump. Left foreground is Governor Gibson.

SKI HEIL! The winning Norwegian team at the 1948 Ski Jumping Meet.
Before anyone, having read this far, asks indignantly: "Van de Water? Van de Water? How does he get to write about skiing?" it will be best for me to present my credentials.

I would have my detractors know that I first latched on a pair of skis—and got them on the wrong feet—at age forty-seven. Each winter thereafter, I pursued the art with enthusiasm, not to mention contusions, lacerations and internal dislocations, until at fifty-three my wife made me stop. She insisted it couldn't possibly be good for even a well-preserved elder to fall down so frequently and so hard and so often to require her aid to disentangle him from the elaborately contorted state in which he had come to rest in a snow drift. So much for my experience.

As for my accomplishments, modesty prevents me from citing them all. Nevertheless, I am the inventor of the Van de Water Stem, a manoeuver accomplished by wrapping the skis behind the neck and employing the face as a braking surface. I also, with shrill prayers and lamentations, once went down our pasture hill, a slope considerably steeper and infinitely more bumpy than Brattleboro's ski jump. Honesty bids me confess that this feat was really a collaboration. I stood at the top of the pitch, wondering whether any

With enthusiasm's cumulative effect are transforming into a skiing center a region that once regarded debt, Democrats and winter with common aversion.

What now goes on in Brattleboro and its environs during the snow season has not been the consequence of a high-pressure crusade or a spontaneous frenzy. Other places in Vermont grew wildly ski-minded earlier. Brattleboro watched and weighed and took its time. Its development as a winter sports center has been of gradual, unspectacular, solid growth.

It began with Fred Harris. If you track any New England skiing enterprise back far enough, three times out of four you'll find Harris close to its source. A Brattleboro and founder of The Dartmouth Outing Club in a high and far-off day when atomic fission and the winning of a ski championship by Middlebury seemed equally implausible, Fred Harris early saw the light and, gathering disciples to himself, began to preach a gospel, to wit: That Vermont winters need not be dedicated by adults entirely to snow-shoveling, hard cider drinking and kindred hardships; that persons past the age for sliding downhill bellywhoppers still could have outdoor fun in the cold months; that northern New England was destined to become a great winter sports area and that Vermont in general and the Brattleboro region in particular had been molded by The Architect for this prime purpose.

It took time. It requires a deal of that commodity to convert a Vermonter to anything, but the voice of Fred Harris continued to cry aloud in the wilderness and, with Green Mountain deliberation, things got around to happening.

There was a hill on the outskirts of Brattleboro that obviously had been fashioned to maintain a ski jump. In January of 1922, Harris and his associates

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Three national championships have been decided on the Brattleboro hill. Skiers from Canada, Norway, Switzerland, and pre-war Germany have competed there. The jump has developed contestants of international fame, among them Merrill "Mezzie" Barber, one of America's foremost jumpers.

Ski jumping, however, is a specialized sport, demanding youth, unusual skill and a blithe disregard for broken limbs. For every possessor of these there are a thousand ski-devotees more or less expert and all fanatical. Their wants are few but intense: A place easily reached by rail; hills down which they may hurtle and ski; tows to raise them aloft again. Gradually under the pressure of The Brattleboro Outing Club, a rejuvenated Chamber of Commerce and other enthusiasts, Brattleboro became aware how lavishly it can supply all these.

This is the Vermont town most accessible by train from Boston and intervening points; a solid, comfortable town with a warm welcome for visitors. Beyond it and onward, crescendo, into the west, ridges roll to the culminating spine of the Green Mountains. Brattleboro, of late years, had grown ski- and tow-minded.

SLIDING UPHILL: At left, skiers going aloft on Hogback T-Bar Lift.

Built one there. On February 6 of that year, the first ski jump in Brattleboro's history took place. That comparatively small meet at which the winning jump by John Carleton of Dartmouth was 150 feet, has grown steadily ever since in importance and thrills for onlookers and contestants alike.

Only in the war years has the annual contest been omitted. Once, in a particularly mild winter, Brattleboro had to send a truck fleet far up into the hills and frantically haul down snow to clothe the jump, but the meet was held just the same.

The ski jump's growth had progressed in intimate association with the development of The Brattleboro Outing Club. The handful of enthusiasts who first met to organize in February, 1922, chose Fred Harris for their first president. That infant group since has attained a membership of 584 persons, young and old, male and female. The jump has been enlarged until it now is one of the highest in New England and on one February afternoon of every year the meadow below it is deep-ranked with cars and black with spectators, assembled to see young men leap down to the slope below from a height greater than the Bunker Hill Monument.

The first jumping record was 150 feet. The present, established by the late Torger Tokle, is 229. Tokle won three meets, thereby gaining permanent possession of the club's first trophy, the Winged Ski Cup. Jumpers compete now for that cup's successor, presented to the club by Fred Harris.

HOGBACK MOUNTAIN: Map above shows trails and chief features in Brattleboro's principal skiing area.
One trail area is being developed within the town itself. Only a hundred yards or so from U.S. 5, a rope lift has been established and skiers are raised to the crests of excellent runs. These trails have been improved during the late summer and a skating rink is being planned. In nearby Vernon, The Pinetop Rope-tow also attracts many patrons.

Sixteen miles west of Brattleboro, over The Molly Stark Trail to Bennington, the former town’s most impressive contribution to winter sport is growing on the ridge of Hogback Mountain. The hill, with an elevation of 2100 feet, lies well within Vermont’s area of greatest snowfall. An average of 120 inches is laid down upon it each winter.

Here a T-bar ski lift has been constructed, with a capacity of 900 skiers an hour. Novice, intermediate and expert trails have been created and yearly are being improved.

The broad, white pathways, curving downward almost a mile through darkling evergreens, may appear perilous to the uninitiated but even the most precipitous is not dangerous for the average, competent skier. The sponsors of Hogback hold to the belief that the most fun for the least injury is a praiseworthy goal. They are moving intelligently toward it. New trails and a larger schooling area have been provided this year. Further improvements are planned for subsequent years.

BRIEF BIRD: (Above) Merrill "Mezzie" Barber, Brattleboro's premier jumper. (Photo by Barber)

TRACK! At left a skier on Pinetop slope at Vernon.

QUEUEED-UP. Below a line of skiers waiting their turn at Brattleboro.

Skiers will be flashing down the Ripperoo and other ominously named runs on Hogback in increasing numbers this winter. Others less venturesome will be thronging to the Brattleboro and Vernon rope-tows. The Outing Club will be holding its night classes on flood-lighted areas within the town's limits for men and women who must take their ski-schooling after working hours. On the sloping lawn of Governor Gibson's home, children will receive primary training in the complicated art of skiing from no less a teacher than Mrs. Nancy Reynolds Cook, former women's slalom and downhill national champion.

Brattleboro folk are no more boastful than their fellow Vermonters. None of them promises that their region will become one of New England's most popular winter sports areas but to eyes no clearer than those of the inventor of the Van de Water Stem, it is apparent that the town is on its way.
Eisteddfod because the winners of the contest would be honored with the opportunity to sing before the king and Queen.

The history of the traditional Welsh singing was brought to Poultney, Vermont by true Welsh descendents who settled in this small New England community. Although no organization was formed immediately, the men of Poultney who worked in the slate quarries often sang as did their ancestors of Wales in going and returning from work. Due to the influence of the Welsh people who came to this region, and as this love of singing grew stronger, the men gathered together in 1939 and formed the Poultney Welsh Male Chorus. Although the group has been actually organized for only nine years, the background of other choruses in this section of the country, in addition to its recognized excellence during its relatively short existence, has compensated for its lack of antiquity. Because of World War II, the chorus was obliged in 1942 to cease its rehearsals and tours, as many of the Welsh members left the slate quarries to join the services or to participate in war jobs. However, two years later, in 1944, under the leadership of Mr. Evan G. Williams, director, the group was reorganized and has grown to the standards and excellence of today.

The twenty-eight members of the Poultney Chorus are alike in many ways. All but five are Welsh or of Welsh descent and several of the group were born in Wales. All possess a natural talent for singing and each sings in the true Welsh language. Above all, each member attends weekly rehearsals and travels long distances to concerts for the mere love of singing. The majority of the men have, at one time or another, worked in the slate quarries of Poultney and many have spent the larger part of their lives in this work. Their major goals are to provide enjoyment for others and to gain personal satisfaction—goals they undoubtedly have achieved.

**“Calon Lan” THE STORY OF THE WELSH SINGERS OF POULTNEY**

By **JEAN L. HOLCOMBE**

Photography by **WARREN ANDERSON**

SINGERS ARE ACTIVE in their own community. Here a group give a concert at the Welsh Church.
Among the leading men of the chorus is Evan Williams who was born in Wales. Besides the responsibility of a director, Williams participates in the Poultney Band and is a tenor soloist in the Universalist Church of Rutland, Vermont. He has been acclaimed by critics of four states as an "excellent, able director," and as "having done a splendid job of conducting." States the White River Valley Herald, of White River Junction, Vermont, "...the interpretation of the selection, under the direction of Mr. Williams, was excellent and the listeners were aware at all times of the sympathetic feeling existing between the conductor and the chorus." In addition, all the commentaries, as a result of the concerts, mention the "richness, balance, and expression" with which the chorus sings.

One of the striking features of the group is their robes and stoles which are adorned with bright red dragons, the coat of arms of Wales and symbolizing Welsh descent. Another interesting feature is Herbie Jones, eight year old songster of Mrs. Gladys Jones, talented accompanist of the chorus, who has maintained the honor of being mascot and who also is a soloist in many of the group's programs. Herbie's love of singing, like a young Welsh boy's of old, can be clearly seen as he stands before the chorus of older men and sings to the audience with joyous self-confidence.

The type of music sung by the chorus is truly varied. Folk songs, hymns, American classics, semi-popular music, spirituals and traditional Welsh songs are all included in a night's program. All the music is memorized as the men never use any type of music on stage. Several numbers included in the usual program are sung in Welsh and usually these numbers are received with great enthusiasm by the audience. Despite the fact that many types of music are presented, all the selections are sung in the same manner—with great spirit, understanding and pleasure.

A Green Mountain District has recently been organized in which the choruses of these Vermont cities and villages, Burlington, Springfield, Windsor-Woodstock and Poultney, are represented. The Poultney Chorus was the first of the Green Mountain District to become affiliated with the Associated Male Choruses of America, Inc.

The people of Poultney, Vermont should, indeed, be proud of the Welsh Male Chorus as they have traveled through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York and Vermont, singing all types of music to all types of people, bringing pleasure to all listeners. Indeed, the chorus was greatly honored when they sang in the Town Hall, New York City—an honor they accepted with deep gratitude and humility.

In the unstable world of the twentieth century, this worthy group that has carried on a true custom of the Welsh people "forever singing," is to be well noted. It is indeed a symbol and example that goodwill can exist and is needed as a stabilizing force in the uncertain world of today.

End
EDWIN JONES splitting slate. The majority of the singers have, at one time or another worked in the slate quarries of Poultney and many have spent the larger part of their lives in this work.

FROM PIT TO SLATE MAKER BY CARRIAGE: Men working together in Wales coal mines and quarries banded together to sing while walking to and from work. This tradition was brought to Poultney by Welsh descendants who settled in this small community.

THE ROAD HOME. The men of Poultney working in the slate quarries often sang as did their ancestors of Wales on the road to work and home.

TYPICAL SOLOISTS. Left to right: Glyn Jones, Herb Jones, Glyn Roberts and Richard Williams. The people of Poultney are proud of the Welsh Male Chorus as it travels about singing all types of music to all types of listeners. In the unstable world of the twentieth century, this worthy group carrying on a true custom of the Welsh people “forever singing,” adds to the cultural heritage of Vermont.
MAIN STREET, MONTPELIER
by Thomas Waterman Wood
(1823-1903)

From his home “Athenwood,” high on the hill above the capital city, no view was more familiar to the artist than this one down Montpelier’s principal business street, with its many church towers looming in the background. Note the early engine of the Montpelier and Wells River Railroad (center, right), and the covered bridge over the Winooski River, torn down in 1897. This is Montpelier of the “Gay Nineties.” Wood wandered all over the world, copying the work of the masters with meticulous and loving care. But despite his national reputation, he always returned to his native town, and his best work is of the people and places he knew there.
Thomas Waterman Wood

A great American artist returns to his native town to paint his neighbors—and to endow a unique gallery.

When Thomas Waterman Wood was born in Montpelier, in 1823, he must have had within him some strong force which made him become an artist with paint and brush instead of a worker in wood as his father was. Certainly there was little in the primitive life of his native town to encourage an able-bodied boy to engage in any such impractical pursuit. Certainly it is that he received little encouragement along any such lines from his cabinet-making father, in whose shop he was at work as soon as he could be trusted with edged tools. Perhaps Mary Waterman, his mother, may have kept in her heart a secret thought that the pictures he painted on the walls of his father’s shop, showed that her boy had something which made him different. Perhaps she realized that he had a talent which might not always have to be hid in a napkin. Just as surely she must have kept her feelings dark in the domestic circle.

A sketch written by one who knew the family says: “Wood, born of this self-reliant ancestry and directed by a strong father and a pious and prudent mother, was destined for vigorous and persistent effort.” It is probable that young Wood’s interest in an itinerant portrait painter, who often visited Montpelier, was not encouraged at home, in view of the “strong” and “pious” characteristics noted above, for the wandering portrait painter is characterized as “harum-scarum.” However he is also listed as a “dashing painter” who could seize a likeness “quickly and firmly.” It was from watching him work that young Wood came to realize that he wanted to become an artist.

Somewhat later he was able to go to Boston and study for a short time under Chester Harding, a portrait painter, and from there he was set on the path he was determined to follow.

When he was twenty-seven years old he married Miss Minerva Robinson of Waterbury and shortly after they built the house “Athenwood” on the road to Northfield, which thereafter was their summer home. Apparently his wife brought some means with her, for we find Thomas and his bride seeking new horizons. He painted for a while in Canada, Washington, and Baltimore, and later they went to Europe. There in the various galleries the young enthusiastic painter spent his days copying the masterpieces of famous artists, devoting his attention especially to Rembrandt. In Paris, Rome, and Florence he found his heart’s desire.

The year 1858 saw Thomas Wood gaining recognition. Then he had a picture hung in the National Academy of Design. This painting entitled “The Baltimore News Vendor” was by mistake sold to two buyers who took the matter of ownership to court, where there was a long trial that may well have given the artist considerable publicity. To have painted a picture which seemed valuable enough to two buyers to go to law about its ownership, would certainly today have been a godsend to any struggling artist.

Another of his early pictures, done in Louisville, was bought by the Metropolitan Museum in New York city, where in 1866 he had established himself as a portrait painter. His growing fame was attested by his election to the National Academy of Design of which organiz-
tion he later became president—after serving as vice president for twelve years.

He was also for some years, president of the American Water Color Society.

By the time Thomas Waterman Wood had arrived at and passed the three score and ten mark he began to turn his attention to the disposition of his large collection of paintings, both the copies of the world's masterpieces and his own later work. His love for his native town had grown with the years. A friend offered the solution for the first question, a home for the collection of paintings and with that a chance to show his love for Montpelier and its people. In the record—after the story of Mr. Wood's offer of his collection of 42 paintings, etchings, and water colors as a gift to Montpelier—we read: "Mr. Wood founded the gallery at the suggestion of Prof. John Burgess of Columbia College and with his large financial co-operation Professor Burgess bought and paid for the property, thoroughly renovated it at his own expense and carried it during the lifetime of Mr. Wood, receiving back by Mr. Wood's will only the original principal invested." It must be added that the carrying out of the original idea depended, as it usually does, on various individuals and groups living in Montpelier then and later.

This gift of an art museum was unique in more ways than one. Such an institution was certainly a rarity in Vermont, as it still is, and certainly in a town the size of Montpelier. That the donor should himself have painted the pictures to make up the basic collection was also something very unusual. To the original group he added many more from time to time, all of which show a mastery of his art and great versatility. In the hearts of Montpelier people his many pictures of local characters and places had an especially warm place for he brought to them something of the affectionate interest in just plain folk that today Norman Rockwell evinces. Some of his titles tell of this, such as "The Yankee Pedlar," "The Country Doctor," "American Citizens," and "Pinch of Snuff."

An early catalog of the Gallery already quoted says: "He [Mr. Wood] was not only a Vermonter but its greatest painter of Vermont ideas, conditions and characters. Nor did foreign travel nor city residence nor any influence of professional connections, ever tend to diminish the deep and abiding interest in his early home. The subjects of his work, his selection of characters, his yearly pilgrimage to Vermont, all demonstrate his filial loyalty and he gave to this sentiment of his heart its final expression in the establishment, as a gift to Montpelier, its Gallery of Art."

Today, in addition to the paintings by Wood and contemporaries there are hung in the Gallery pictures by well known Vermont painters of our own day, so that Thomas Wood's gift continues to be a living and growing thing, cared for by changing groups of interested people as the years go on.

PORTRAITS of outstanding men like steelman Andrew Carnegie and Vermont's distinguished Senator Justin Morrill constitute a large part of Wood's work. He also made many careful copies of his favorite classic artist—Rembrandt.
It was an exceedingly hot July 2nd, that year of our Lord 1777, and a group of perspiring and thirsty men flooded out of the Windsor meetinghouse in the direction of Elijah West's tavern. They had just spent a weary afternoon listening to the exhortations of the Rev. Aaron Hutchinson, who had been called from his plow in Pomfret to preach the sermon opening the constitutional convention of the new state of Vermont.

The loquacious parson had selected the Golden Rule for his text, but his extemporaneous sermon swerved speedily from the Biblical injunction to a rousing denunciation of the conduct of New York. The delegates could be excused if, after such a trying spiritual experience, they sought bodily refreshment at the nearby tavern.

Rev. Hutchinson had thought that the convention wouldn't gather as scheduled, because of the current threat of British invasion. In fact, the delegates who did come—and they were fewer than at the Windsor convention of the preceding month—were exceedingly uneasy. Nor was their state of mind improved, as they settled down to business, by an urgent call for aid from Seth Warner, watching Burgoyne move down on Ticonderoga.

Unsettled in mind, they turned to the business at hand. Like all the conventions of the Grants, these delegates of independent town governments acted on various matters of common interest, military and civil. But they had been called together principally for the purpose of adopting a fram of government—a constitution—for the new state.

There were four men at the convention who were particularly interested in this item of business. For Heman Allen, Joseph Fay, Reuben Jones and Thomas Chittenden had taken the new state's request for recognition to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. There, while waiting on a uninterested Congress, they had run across an old friend and neighbor of Ethan, Dr. Thomas Young, now a prominent Pennsylvania radical and intimate of Sam Adams and Tom Paine—whose views he reflected.

It was Young, always interested in the Grants, who had given them Ben Franklin's brand new Pennsylvania constitution, urging them to return home and form a new government. He'd even sent along a message, assuring the new state he called "Vermont" recognition, once they'd complied with Congress' May 1776 call upon all revolting colonies to set up new governments, as might be required.

The June convention that followed the commissioners' return had liked the cut of Young's suggestions, even to the name he'd given their state—which was promptly adopted. But slightly worried over its own somewhat informal organization, it had issued a call to all the towns to elect representatives to a real constitutional convention, also to be held at Windsor on July 2nd. And to draft a constitution for consideration by the new convention, a committee was appointed, composed—most likely—of the four ambassadors to Congress, who had in hand, thanks to Dr. Young, a democratic and legal document.

It was this committee which now reported to the assembled delegates at Landlord West's the results of their deliberations during June. They hadn't seen fit to make many changes in the Pennsylvania document, but the convention sat down to see how they liked it. The sweat that stood out on many a leathery forehead, however, was not so much the result of mental labor as the oppressive humidity. Storm clouds gathered outside.

Suddenly the suspense compounded of intent mind and strained atmosphere was broken by the clatter of hooves and a babble of excited voices. Ticonderoga had fallen, and the retreating American forces were under attack at Hubbardton! The message ran through the assembly like wildfire, and consternation spread as rapidly. Men from the West-side, including Chairman Joseph Bowker of Rutland, remembered their farms and families, now exposed to attack by Burgoyne and his Indians. Thoughts of conditions and clauses fled from their minds.

Then, as violent as the storm hanging over the Champlain Valley, another and more literal storm burst upon the Assembly. A sudden cloudburst hedged the tavern with a wall of water. As the worried West-siders hesitated momentarily, their friends prevailed upon them to complete the document, then in its final reading. Deliberations were resumed, the Constitution accepted, and December 24 was set as a date for elections to the new Government. A Council of Safety was designated to act on behalf of the state in the meantime. The delegates from over the mountains then dashed off to the westward.

CONSTITUTION HOUSE (opposite) was moved in 1914 to a new site on main route No. 5 and restored by the Old Constitution House Ass'.' Windsor. From dollar a year memberships (open to all interested) the Association hopes to continue restoration and develop the museum. In keeping with its original purpose, excellent meals are served.
STORM gathers behind Elijah West's tavern in Windsor, July 8, 1777, as the dramatic news of the evacuation of strategic Fort Ticonderoga reaches the delegates gathered there to frame a constitution for their new state.

IRA ALLEN, politician, diplomat, land speculator, became a leader of the "new state" movement after the death of his older brother Heman. But he does not seem to have been present (historians to the contrary notwithstanding) at the birth of the new government in Windsor. Miniature below, in UVM's Fleming Museum, is the only contemporary likeness of any of the Allen brothers.
CONSTITUTION
of the State of Vermont

1777-1947

Because Vermonters live today under substantially the same basic charter of government as that which came out of the historic Windsor Convention of July 1777, it is worthwhile to stop and examine it in some detail. It is, as we have seen, fundamentally a copy of the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776. This, in turn, reflects the liberal concepts of government expressed in William Penn's royal charter of 1681 and his subsequent "frames of government," as well as the immediate influence of the American Declaration of Independence. The latter was substantially the same basic charter of government as that set forth in the United States Constitution. But the Constitution of the State of Vermont was a diffident document, a reflection of frontier democracy absent in the Pennsylvania document.

Because Vermonters live today under substantially the same basic charter of government as that which came out of the historic Windsor Convention of July 1777, it is worthwhile to stop and examine it in some detail. It is, as we have seen, fundamentally a copy of the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776. This, in turn, reflects the liberal concepts of government expressed in William Penn's royal charter of 1681 and his subsequent "frames of government," as well as the immediate influence of the American Declaration of Independence. The latter was only eleven days old when the constitutional convention gathered under the presidency of wise old Benjamin Franklin. It is quite significant that a document expressing the radical attitudes of intellectual democrats like Franklin, Young, and Tom Paine, should meet with such wholehearted acceptance on the frontier.

RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES

The opening of Pennsylvania's ringing "Declaration of Rights" is an elaboration of similar observations in the Declaration of Independence with respect to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Citizens are promised certain rights they had not always securely enjoyed: freedom of speech and of the press, right of assembly, prompt and uncorrupted justice, trial by jury, free and frequent elections, and protection from search and seizure. The Vermonters, out of their own experience, added several themselves: the right to govern their own internal police, restraints on writs of attachment, and prohibition of the transfer for trial out of the state of any citizen charged with a crime committed within the state.

However, the most important addition was in the very first clause. Here the Vermonters drew down to earth the fancy language of freedom by forbidding any man to be held in bondage against his will. Vermont became thereby the first state to accomplish the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY [see the page from the original Constitution, right above].

A second precedent-shattering grant to the people at large was made in the establishment of universal MANHOOD SUFFRAGE—a reflection of frontier democracy absent in the Pennsylvania document.

FREEDOM OF RELIGION was a difficult problem. The Vermonters echoed Pennsylvania's assurance to all men of the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, without being required to support any specific church. Then they proceeded to destroy the value of the clause, saying "nor can any man who professes the Protestant religion be justly deprived or abridged of any civil right as a citizen on account of his religious sentiment." (The words in italics were added to the Pennsylvania declaration but were removed in 1793.) Catholics, Jews, Quakers and others like minded were not deemed worthy of religious rights.

FRAME OF GOVERNMENT

The prevailing insistence on keeping control in the hands of the citizens is reflected in the provisions for setting up the working bodies of government. The center of power lay very definitely in the legislature, a single house somewhat unrepresentative in character. Each town sent one representative (though towns with more than 80 taxable inhabitants could send two during the first seven years only). So deeply rooted was confidence in the New England town meeting that Vermonters resisted any form of participation in state government which might tend to undermine it. Pennsylvania, which had apportioned representation on the basis of population, abolished her unicameral legislature in short order. But Vermont retained this unique institution until 1836, when after many tries, a majority of three approved the creation of a Senate, whose members were elected from the counties according to population. By this action they also abolished the Governor's Council, which had sometimes acted very much like a legislative body. The Constitution placed the executive power in a Governor and Council, which lacked any veto over legislative doings. But the Council was granted the right to prepare
bills for action by the General Assembly, and for a long
while exercised this quasi-legislative function. In 1786
the Council was also given the privilege of suspending the
application of any law until the Assembly re-affirmed it.
As a matter of fact, the Assembly itself was required to
submit all bills for consideration to the Governor and
Council, and to the general public, withholding actual
enactment until the following session, though they might—
in “emergencies”—pass “temporary acts.” The result
was that almost all laws were passed as “temporary” and
confirmed as “permanent” the following session. This
unwieldy system was abolished in 1786.

This Pennsylvania-Vermont frame of government re­
"fects the current concern for the separation of powers as
among the executive, the legislative, and the judicial,
combined with an oddly contrary preference for the
legislature as most democratic. Yet to nail the issue down
securely, the delegates to the next (1786) convention
added a specific clause stating that the three departments
“shall be separate and distinct, so that neither exercise
the powers properly belonging to the others.”

Men who had thrown off the confining shackles of
both royal and provincial (New York) authority also
made sure that their new government would be amenable
to change if and when the popular will might desire to
undertake it. But they provided that the amending process
should originate in a Council of Censors,¹ which, meeting
every seven years, should have the additional responsibility
of reviewing—without power of veto—all acts of govern­
ment with an eye to their legality and propriety.

Until it recommended its own abolition in 1869, few
of its suggestions of amendment were accepted by the
conventions called for that purpose. Its recurrent proposal
for the establishment of a Senate, for example, was re­
jected steadily until 1836, when the recent failure to elect
a governor threw considerable doubt on the effectiveness
of the single house. A Senate was first refused in 1793,
and even by 1813 could muster only five votes in its favor.

SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND

It has been a source of frequent comment by historians
that the Vermont constitution was never submitted to the
people for ratification. Ira Allen admits that if it had been
it would have been rejected. However, it gained some
legality by the fact that the July convention was composed
of delegates elected by many towns for the purpose of
adopting a constitution, and this was done unanimously.
The delegates gathered again in December to postpone
the scheduled date for elections, at which time they tink­
ered with the document somewhat and ratified it all over
again, along with a diffuse and lengthy preamble² which
Thomas Chittenden and Ira Allen cooked up in a private
session in Williamstown, Mass. It set forth again their
complaint against New York as well as royal tyranny.

Oddly enough, succeeding legislatures acquired the habit
of solemnly re-enacting the Constitution, as if that docu­
ment were not the basis of their own existence. But the
reader should remember that written constitutions were
new at that time. The modern distinction between a
fundamental “constitution” and the “law” made under
and in conformity with it, was not so clear then. The
forthright declaration in the new U. S. Constitution of
1787 that it constituted “the supreme law of the land”
began a new era. And it was a half century before Chief
Justice John Marshall firmly established the doctrine of
constitutional supremacy (as interpreted by the courts).
Unquestionably the whole process of organizing this
new state by right of revolution, and in opposition to a
multitude of claimants, was irregular. But a handful of
skillful frontier diplomats made good their claims of
independence in 1791, when all claimants gave in and
Congress admitted Vermont to the Union.

¹ Another experiment which Pennsylvania quickly shed (in 1790),
but which Vermont retained until 1870, when initiative for amending
was given to the legislature.
² This was tossed out in 1793, after Vermont joined the Union.

VERMONT Life 17
THOMAS CHITTENDEN, Vermont's First Governor.

Reconstructed from family portraits and descriptions of contemporaries.
VERMONT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION

The Vermont which opened shop for business in 1777 was not the state we know today, though it even then laid claim to its present boundaries. But within this area the people were split into a number of factions, each group straining restlessly in behalf of its own interests. The people in these towns frequently refused allegiance to the new state which claimed them.

First and most obvious limitation was the fact that the British had forced the new state to withdraw behind a line of frontier forts at Castleton, Pittsford and Rutland. Except for General Jacob Bayley’s grim and determined hold on the upper reaches of the Connecticut River, northern Vermont was lost.

On the east-side of the mountains, where the people on both sides of the Connecticut River were drawn together by common economic and social interests, there was violent opposition to any political move that attempted to use the river as a dividing line. And that was just what the proposed new state of Vermont threatened to do. Nothing else counted for much with these valley people, as long as they could stick together. They were willing to go with Vermont or they were willing to go with New Hampshire; they would have particularly liked a new “valley state” of their own. But they did not want to be divided. So instead of accepting the new state of Vermont with whole-hearted enthusiasm, they accepted it with certain local reservations. It was all right if it did not conflict too much with their own interests. Their leader was the ardent patriot and founder of Newbury, General Bayley, generally conceded to be the most influential man on the Grants. Once ready to make his peace with New York, he had now swung over to reluctant and uneasy support of the new state after a long look at the sort of government revolutionary New York intended to impose on its back country. A great many valley people followed the General temporarily into the new state, along with a more limited number of enthusiastic new-staters led by the radical Reuben Jones.

There was not such a strong valley unity further south; settlements on the New Hampshire side had not flourished as vigorously as further up the river. And the people on the west-side of the river were mostly vigorous supporters of New York (with a sprinkling of people who hoped Massachusetts might reassert her ancient claim). There were Yorkers all up and down the River, though influential andYorkish Col. Nathan Stone—the former leader of “Stone’s Rebellion” against the New York courts—lost power in Windsor as that town was swept into the new-state movement. But beginning south of there the towns withheld allegiance to Vermont. Occasionally representatives would turn up amongst the Vermonters, but the Yorkers were in the vast—and vocal—majority. The Cumberland County Committee of Safety continued to function, linked to the New York Committee, though its labors met with increasing roadblocks thrown up by the Vermonters.

The Grants were split not only in a geographical sense, but in a social and economic one. Throughout the territory, many men of property had refused to jump on the band-wagon, either of revolt against the King, or against New York. Old lines, however, became blurred as some like Justus Sherwood and James Breakenridge who had beviled the Yorkers, and some like William Marsh who had helped found the new Vermont, went over to the enemy. But most of those with loyalist sympathies hung on until driven from their homes. They were not left in peace long. The new State of Vermont feared that what insecure support it did might vanish quickly if it attempted to impose taxes for the support of its military effort. So it turned instead to the confiscation and sale of “loyalist” property, (at times even going to the extent of labelling its political enemies as loyalists to destroy them and obtain their estates). At the moment, therefore, there was a widely scattered element of the population on which the Vermonters could not depend for support. As we shall later see, however, when enthusiasm for the Revolution ebbed among the leaders of the new state, many “loyalists” were drawn into the government.

The final group in this kaleidoscope of shifting factions was, of course, the “Vermonters”—for at this time only those who had vigorously prosecuted the new state movement can be reliably so termed. They were composed of a hard core of skillful—and sometimes unscrupulous—frontier politicians. After the death of Heman Allen, Thomas Chittenden was thrust to the fore by the old-timers as a compromise candidate for leadership. It was clear that General Bayley would not support any one of the leaders of the Green Mountain Boys, whom he cordially detested. Chittenden, however, as a newcomer had had no part in the earlier riotous activity, though they knew him well enough to believe him “safe.” He did not betray their expectations.

It was Thomas Chittenden, therefore, who served as President of the Council of Safety, which ruled “Vermont” until the new government got under way. And it was Thomas Chittenden who was promptly elected Governor in the first elections.

Only authentic likeness of Chittenden is a silhouette in UVM’s Fleming Museum, by the famous American artist Charles Wilson Peale.
Each year the New England Sled Dog Club accepts invitations to hold weekly, two-day race meets. Mostly these are held in conjunction with Winter Carnivals in various New Hampshire and Vermont towns.

Typical of these is the final race of the year which is held in Newport, Vermont, and sponsored by the local Kiwanis Club.

Several days prior to the races, an advance agent of the NESDC comes to town, and, with the help of local Kiwanis officials, lays out the official course.

The amount of snow in the area generally determines the length and terrain of the race track. An ideal distance is approximately 18 miles, along back-country roads, with the starting and finishing line in town—a location where all spectators can absorb the excitement of the crucial parts of the race.

With these preliminaries over, the stage is set for the arrival of drivers, dogs, and sleds.

They generally show up on the eve of the event. The most popular vehicle to transport the kennel personnel, dogs, and racing equipment, seems to be the station wagon—but what an elaborate affair it is! As one racing enthusiast so aptly puts it, "Man alive! These dogs sure travel in class. Why, they actually have a canine Pullman." And that's a gem of understatement. For nothing seems to be omitted to provide for the dogs' comfort.

And that brings up a little matter of finance. To keep the record straight, sled dog racing is no sport for tinhorns or those who are not financially blessed. Forgetting entirely the original cost of the dogs (some are imported from Russia), the annual expense to maintain an 8-12 dog kennel runs very close to $4000. That's not peanuts! Coupled with this, is the fact that the sport is smonopure, and the meager guarantee furnished the Club by their hosts when on the road, hardly covers hotel expenses of owners and drivers. Like polo, sled dog racing is an expensive hobby.

The races are run on an elapsed time basis with entries starting every few minutes. To even up competition, the various dogs are divided into A and B classes. This classification hinges on the dogs' experience and past racing records. Of course, if a B team wins consistently, it is shoved up to the major league.

Once started, with all entries well on the way, the crowd settles back to wait for the finish.

By J. E. HART

The New England Sled Dog Club, the modern disciples of dogdom, say "Mush! We'll take a heaping bowl full!" It all started when folks began to tell them how Jack London's method of handling sled dogs diverged from their own. The authoritative document upon which they based their arguments was Call of the Wild. The Club grudgingly grants that it may be a novel novel but as a character reference for Huskies—Psuit! Another difference between truth and fiction according to this bunch of rebels is that the Huskie is by nature a gentle, obliging, and lovable animal. The ferocious, snarling disposition of his fictional prototype, the timber wolf, is entirely foreign to his disposition. When the dogs have tired of any gamester.

But out on the course, there is no lethargy. Bucking winds, snowdrifts, and the other hazards of back-country winter roads, the sled dog driver and his team of dogs continue on their grueling grind. Out there, miles away from spectator applause, it's a man and his dogs against time and the elements. And it's there where the skill of the driver or the fortitude of his pack makes itself manifest. From a sporting angle, they make a happy partnership. When the dogs have to go up a hill or traverse deep snow, the driver hops off his sled and gives the dogs a hand. He talks constantly to his team—talking, cajoling—everything, in fact, to bring forth that last ounce of effort which courses through the bloodstream of any gamester.

And then comes the finish line.

Sometimes it is a neck and neck affair. At others, one team may run away from the field. For like any other sport, there's always an element of luck in dog racing.

For instance, a dog might cut his foot or otherwise hurt himself, while racing. Then the driver unhitches the casualty, puts him in the sled and lets him ride home to the finish—a fifth wheel on the wagon. The welfare of his dogs outranks the game. That's gospel to all dogmen.

Then again, a stray cat or dog might appear on the course. No vivid imagination is needed to picture such a catastrophe. After all, these Huskies are no different from your own pooch when it comes to traits of canine behaviorism.

But generally, everything goes according to Hoyle, with the best team on that particular day coping the laurels.

All in all, sled dog racing is a good winter spectator sport. Perhaps not as thrilling as the ski jump—not as flashy as hockey, nor as glamorous as Barbara Ann Scott,—still it has an appeal—a vague something which smacks of cedar shavings, rough tweeds, pipes, and old leather.

But mostly one's thoughts "go to the dogs." And not the pampered well-groomed royalty of the Westminster Show or the sleek stouthearted field trial champions of the Grand National. No, these sled dogs are working dogs. They're the breed which brought the serum to Nome and without which no polar expedition could get to first base. They are dogs who work for a living, and race for pleasure. After all, what more could one ask from any thoroughbred?
DR. ROLAND LOMBARD of Wayland, Massachusetts, President of the New England Sled Dog Club, takes time out for an interview by the author. Incidentally, Dr. Lombard holds the world’s record.

WAITING PATIENTLY to be harnessed to the racing sled, the dogs are protected from the sub-zero temperatures by their luxurious coats.

HAPPY PARTNERS at work and at rest. A lead dog, and he looks not the least bit ferocious, gets confidential instructions and moral support from the boss.

HOME STRETCH. Evidently no casualties this trip—all navigating under their own power. Back they go to their canine Pull-man. Note the lead dog veering his mates to the left.
GREEN LAND

A bird's-eye view of how Vermont looks from the viewpoint of land economy.

The way we have used our Vermont land in the past is of interest to historians of agriculture and conservation, as well as of related economic and social matters. But the land-use map on the next page is published primarily to interest those who are contemplating Vermont as a future home, part-time residence, or vacation retreat.

It is easy to select Vermont, as thousands are doing yearly, as a good place to live, but unless one knows the state intimately, it is difficult to decide which section might best suit one's special needs. A main consideration, before other factors are studied, should be the land. For not only does the type of land and its use determine the physical environment, but the social, economic, and cultural factors are largely linked with how the land is being used.

Historic Development of Land Use

In the main, Vermont has always been an agricultural state. Its four historic epochs of economic development have all been based on agriculture.

From the main economy of timber in the colonial days, to sheep during the mid-19th century, and butter and cheese in the last quarter, Vermont agriculture today is chiefly devoted to producing fluid milk for the Boston market.

As would be expected, transportation has affected this development. In the earliest days, when horse-drawn sleigh and cart were the only means of hauling farm products, agriculture was largely self-contained, and a way of life independent of outside markets. But by the beginning of the nineteenth century, enterprising farmers were taking the long cold trip to Worcester and Boston by horse-drawn sled and pung, carrying a good load of butter and cheese and some maple products.

Vermont sheep, as everyone knows, populated the world. The first state in the union to raise Merino sheep, and by 1840 the largest sheep raising state, Vermont exported Merinos not only all over this country but to Australia and other foreign parts.

In the butter and cheese days of the last half of the 19th century when practically every township had a creamery, and some had two or three, the little farmer had his heyday. With a few cows, and the creamery within horse-driving range, the small farmer could sometimes win a temporary security in the hill country. In those days, a land map would reveal that Land Classes 3 and 4 marked red and green on our map, were then inhabited by hard working farmers who could make out for a while, but could for the moment withstand competition from those farming the more fertile valley lands.

In time the picture changed. As the production of fluid milk has largely replaced other types of farming, many factors have altered the land-use picture. The efficiency of level land farm operations, especially with mechanized equipment, the higher fertility of rich bottom land (as compared to shallow and rocky hill land) and particularly the availability to rail and hard surface roads, have all resulted in making the hill farmer less prosperous. The abandonment of many such farms in the last fifty years, as well as the giving over of much land to forest cover, has altered the land-use picture.

It also is apparent that the urban development in Vermont followed this same trend, and today you will find our chief centers of population in the middle of rich farming land, lying along our main valleys such as the Champlain and Connecticut, the Lamoille, the Winooski and the White, to mention the largest. Also the industrial expansion developed within the same pattern and followed community prosperity, because the founding of our industrial regions depended mainly on good water power and economical transportation.

The Land Use Picture Today

If the prospective Vermonter is thinking of taking up farming as a career, or wants to live in or near our urban and industrial centers, he will do well to locate in those parts of the state indicated on the map as Class 1, or perhaps Class 2.

For a summer home in magnificent scenery, which, of course, is more spectacular from elevations in the hill country, or for the recreational possibilities of our elevated wooded regions, he will find those areas marked 3 and 4 of greater interest. Here there is less intensive operation of farms, fewer dairy farms, greater distances from trading centers and transportation, less investment in tools and a smaller capital evaluation, with increasing depletion of land assets.

Here are also, of course, those trout brooks that every city man dreams of having on his own farm, and here along the central northern section, are the preponderance of lakes and ponds for fishing and other water recreation.

And here are the intangible assets many seek today . . . peace, tranquility, and reasonable isolation from the more hectic activities of urban regions.

Here too—and this is an important factor—are so many of those charming hill villages, still untouched by trunk-line highways and never touched by the railroad. In the nineteenth century, many of these hill communities were almost deserted by the young and hardy who chose to dare the pioneer rigors of the west, or moved out of Vermont to stand at the power looms of the textile mills in Massachusetts and Connecticut, or to embrace the more stimulating embellishments of Boston and New York. But as the land-use picture changed many farmers gave up and moved into town, restoring to these villages a great deal of their original raison d'etre. For here they could have a house on the village green, or road, with all the social and protective advantages of living in town, and at the same time, by taking a little land in back of the house, they could keep a cow or two, some hens and a pig, and thus hold on in a small way to the security of a farm.

This healthy re-population of some villages has made them a more attractive place to live and the improvement in their financial stability due to the new uses of sub-marginal farming land, should serve also, over the years, to enlarge the well being and prosperity of the villages and hill country in general.

The classification of land into Classes 1, 2, 3, and 4, was made by a reconnaissance in which the land was classified according to visible evidence of its adaptability to commercial agriculture. In short, the appearance of the farms, the size and condition of the farm buildings, how the fences and the fields look, and the adequacy and condition of the farm machinery, were the factors which classified these four classifications shown above. Naturally some areas will overlap, but in the main, these classes are based on external indications of farm prosperity over the years.
DEFINITION OF LAND CLASSES

Class 1. Areas in which agricultural income has been sufficient to provide, and to maintain in excellent condition, ample facilities for living and for the conduct of the business of farming; lands which are adapted to intensive dairying or to a combination of dairying and cash crop production. In a general way it comprises the level to rolling bottom lands of the Champlain Valley and the river valleys, together with a small amount of the more fertile, level, and stone-free terrace and hill lands. Soils are mostly loams and clay loams and are to a large extent calcareous.

Class 2. Areas in which agricultural income has sufficed to provide and maintain adequate facilities for living and for the conduct of the business of farming; lands which are well adapted to dairying and crop production. For the most part it is made up of the better hill farming sections, but includes also some of the flood lands and the heavier clays of the valleys. With this exception, the soils are predominantly loams and sandy or gravelly loams and are quite generally acid. Stoniness and rough topography interfere with tillage operations to some extent.

Class 3. Areas in which the income from agriculture has proven insufficient to provide and maintain adequate facilities for living and for the conduct of the business of farming, and in which farm properties are, generally speaking, depreciating; areas which, because of the scarcity or the inferiority of their crop and pasture land, are poorly adapted to agricultural use. The class embraces chiefly the poorer hill farming sections, but includes also scattered areas of light, sandy soils of inferior quality. Soils are mostly sandy and gravelly loams, tend to be shallow and infertile, and are nearly all acid. Stoniness and rough topography make tillage operations difficult.

Class 4. Areas in which no agriculture has ever been established, or in which returns from farming have been so low that the land has been or is being abandoned in so far as any agricultural use is concerned, which, because of rough topography, stoniness, unproductive soils, or all three, are definitely unsuited to agriculture and adapted primarily to forestry.
I enjoy imagining, but I would much rather have experienced that thrilling moment in history when, 340 years ago, Samuel de Champlain first looked upon the towering hills to the east, saw that they were heavily wooded with green forest cover, and dubbed them les monts verds... a name that Vermonters have been proud of ever since.

Neither he, nor the zealous pioneers who began settling on the slopes of these verdant hills 150 years later, could have suspected, in the longest stretch of imagination, the distant day when not only this living forest cover would be threatened, but the countless natural and human assets it protected become the subject of concern. This same forest cover, seemingly endless and to the comparably few pioneers who began cutting it, so rich, provided Vermont with its main economy in the first period of our economic life. Burlington, in the days before the railroads, became the second largest lumber port in the country. By the end of this epoch, the hills still stood against the sky, and were still green, but most of the virgin timber had been carried off and the second growth that characterized the upland country today, had taken its place.

Fortunately there were men in Vermont who took the long view. They realized that unless steps were taken to protect even this second growth, the industries dependent upon a steady supply of accessible small timber would suffer. Even more injurious to the public welfare would be the collocatorary dangers of a lowering water table, deterioration of water sheds and thus of farming and power potentials, and the increasing hazards of soil erosion. There were even some who realized that one of Vermont's finest assets, the uniquely beautiful scenery that so many came to see, might easily become less beautiful if the greenness of our wooded hills was not insured.

So it was that in 1925 Vermont's General Assembly authorized the establishment of a national forest along the main Green Mountain range.

The factual material for this paper was furnished by G. S. Wheeler, of Rutland, Supervisor in charge of the Green Mountain National Forest, to whom the editors are also indebted for the pictures.
continued demands by Vermonters, President Hoover in 1932 established the Green Mountain National Forest. Its maximum boundaries were fixed to comprise 180,000 acres extending from Mount Ellen, near Warren, south to the Massachusetts border with the exception of a fourteen mile gap around Rutland. This territory was not to come from the public domain like some National Forests in the west, or from arbitrary condemnation, but by purchase from willing sellers who owned the land. In 1932, it was, of course, a National Forest in name only, and today only 168,132 acres at a cost of $1,707,500 has been bought by the U.S. Forest Service. Another 40,000 are in the process of being acquired, leaving a rough balance of some 172,000 acres still in private hands, indicating that years are required to complete the eventual domain. The Forest Service believes that some 100,000 acres within the authorized area should remain in private hands because it can be better utilized for farming, summer homes and other ways that would redound for the greatest public good.

Since one of the major objectives of the National Forest system is to protect, increase and perpetuate a supply of forest products upon which local communities and industries depend, the Green Mountain National Forest has made significant contributions since its inception to the logging, lumbering, manufacturing and maple producing activities of the region. We need only to mention the picking of ferns and the fabrication of brush handles, wooden bowls, candy sticks, toys, bowling pins, ladders, tool handles, plywood and its multiple products from trays to prefabricated houses, piano sounding boards, all kinds of furniture, clapboards, flooring, fine finish lumber, snowshoes, tennis rackets, bob bins and boxes, to indicate the extensive use made of raw materials from this Forest. Hundreds of people are deriving direct commercial benefits from the area. The Forest Service maintains sixty-five miles of roads and gives frequent assistance to Vermont towns in road and bridge maintenance and construction.

To Vermonters engaged in wood consuming enterprise, or Vermonters living in towns in or near the National Forest, there are countless immediate benefits. Our forest has the highest revenue producing record of any National Forest in the east. The sale of cropped timber and pulp, cut under strict (and incidentally educational) regulations of the U.S. Forest Service for protection and future development, resulted in an income this last fiscal year of approximately $120,000. Since Vermont towns in which this land lies are granted by law 25% of the gross income, there was over $30,000 to be divided. These Vermont towns are actually stockholders in a growing and thriving business and always rest assured that no land can be purchased for the Forest without permission of the selectmen of the towns in which it lies. Vermont is the only state in the union that has this law.

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camps may be used for family picnics, swimming, or camping overnight. They are:

White Rocks Forest Camp is two miles east of Wallingford (on Route 7) on a short spur road off Route 103A. Close to the precipitous cliffs of White Rocks Mountain, with a trail connecting the camp to a natural lookout from which an exhilarating view is obtained, this three-acre camp site is developed for family picnicking in the peace and quiet beauty of our Vermont woods.

Greenvale Forest Camp, deep in the spruce and balsam woods, beside the clear and unpolluted Greendale brook, is five miles north of the famous hill village of Weston and is far enough away from other activities to insure the therapies of complete privacy and rest. Equipped with fireplaces, picnic tables, firewood, and toilets, it is an inviting area for not only picnicking but over-night tent and trailer camping.

Texas Falls Forest Camp is four miles west of Hancock, just off the Middlebury Gap road, and close to the scenic Texas Falls, a welter of white water pouring through a deep ravine over moss covered rocky ledges shaded by ancient hemlocks. Suitable for simple picnicking and outdoor recreation, this area has a system of winding wood paths of unique appeal.

Hapgood Pond Forest Camp, two miles north of Peru on the road leading to Weston, contains twenty-three acres of land and water, and is the most popular swimming resort in the region. A good sand beach, 300 feet long, protected for safe use of children by buoys and log booms also has a modern bathhouse. Hapgood Pond not only is used by thousands of visitors in the summer (it opens July 1) but by the hundreds of neighboring Vermont residents. Here are picnic tables, tent sites, parking areas, and attendant facilities.

The winter sports opportunities provided within the Green Mountain Forest are galore and diversified. In the forest or nearby are skating rinks, bobsled runs and both downhill and cross country skiing, as well, of course, as miles of open country for snowshoeing, and winter hunting.

In connection with privately developed skiing areas adjacent to the National Forest at this point, Bromley Mountain has become one of the most popular and one of the most quickly accessible winter sports areas in the east.

Space limits an exploration into many other benefits and resources of the Green Mountain Forest such as vital fire, insect and plant disease protection; watershed management and flood deterrents, future land use developments, and a constant educational asset from continued study into better techniques of silviculture. Such assets will grow more important with the years.

But I cannot leave the subject without emphasizing another aspect of this superb area which I feel is, perhaps, of more significance to tomorrow than we might realize today.

That word tomorrow also gives me an excuse for dwelling in this issue upon a subject not immediately concerned with winter, for I have found, in the years I was exiled in several American and foreign cities, that it was in the winter months I spent more time dreaming of the day when I could return to my native state of Vermont. I suspect that the winter evenings are also times of speculation and planning for other friends and lovers of the Green Mountain state.

And were this not enough of an excuse for discussing timber resources, fishing, hunting and swimming in mid-winter, I would like to dwell a moment upon the less visible assets which the Green Mountain Forest is creating, developing and
protecting for our state and its guests of tomorrow.

I, too, am a fisherman, an occasional hunter, a less frequent hiker and mountain climber, and even a swimmer, but to me the most important feature of this vast mountain region is something not concerned with these attractively useful and immediately tangible benefits.

It is something intangible. It is something hard to describe. It is something you feel rather than see.

Within the innermost nature of every man (I trust) lies an atavistic love of unexploited, undeveloped, unembellished and undisturbed nature. As the life of our cities and towns grows more hectic, as the heavy problems of the world add to our spiritual and mental burdens, as the weight of the future touches more than occasionally upon our fear and concern for even the basic guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, I need and I think others need moments of solitude when one can gather oneself together and do a little quiet thinking.

The thinking we seem to need and so few of us get, is that which springs from lonely contemplation of the sheer beauty and loveliness which the Lord has bestowed upon us. This kind of thinking is completely objective, and by a sudden conviction of how insignificant is puny man and all his works, can lift us above the petty bickerings and heated animosities of our daily existence.

Seated on a hilltop, with a magnificent view of miles of sublime wilderness, and the firm knowledge that no one will interrupt, or interfere, and no other influence but that of pure nature will impinge upon our nerves and heart, I can, and I think many others can, draw something of inestimable value... something profound and permanent from these sylvan moments. I am not here to discuss the enchanting aesthetic or spiritual ramifications of meditation, but I do say that you can find such hours most effective by walking into the deep woods and secluded fields of a gorgeous area such as the Green Mountain Forest in a way that you cannot if you sit in a car parked beside the road, or if you try to resolve a few dilemmas on a park bench.

There is something salutary in our deep-seated love of, and sometimes unrecognized need for, unspoiled wilderness. In America today we are fast losing these areas to the increasing demand for cheap comics and other publications made from pulpwood, and for other debatable and dubious uses of our woodlands.

I, for one, am grateful to these far-seeing Vermonters of 1925 who made it possible for this splendid unspoiled area of woods, lakes, streams and mountains to be preserved and protected into perpetuity. I like the feeling that no matter what happens, no man, no group, however powerful, can take this perpetual reservoir of spiritual values from the people of Vermont who now, with their guests, are beginning to understand why it is one of the chief and most attractive assets we of the Green Mountain State possess.

End

There is available from the U.S. Forest Service office at Rutland, Vermont, detailed information, in the form of pamphlets and maps, about its work.
FOUNDER-
Thaddeus Fairbanks supplied the inventive genius for a great new Vermont industry in 1830 through his invention of the platform scale.

BUILDER
Charles C. Morse, also from St. Johnsbury, built a midwestern industrial empire, and eventually absorbed the parent company.

BIRTH OF THE MODERN SCALE

ANY a Vermont mechanic anticipated the modern miracles of the machine age in his own ingenious fashion. But none of them built successful industries around their inventions—except one.

Young Thaddeus Fairbanks came to St. Johnsbury in 1815 with his father and two brothers, Erastus and Joseph. Immediately the youth began experimenting. His brother Erastus joined him in 1824, and the two went about manufacturing wagons, stoves and plows. Within two years Thaddeus had taken out a patent for a revolutionary new iron plow. Farmers were skeptical, claiming it would surely break with use. But the Fairbanks plow is substantially that in use today.

It was another ingenious device, however, that was to provide the basis for a major new industry. In 1829-30 Vermont was seized with one of her recurrent crazes—this time for hemp. The unwieldy apparatus used for weighing hemp was a challenge to Thaddeus’s inventive genius. He quickly devised a method of transmitting the weight from a platform to a “steelyard”—familiar Roman weighing device (see drawing opposite page and right, and model, right). It then became possible to place great loads on the platform, but to read the weights readily off the steelyard arm. The year 1830 thus saw the birth of what came to be known, logically enough, as the platform scale. It brought about a revolution in the fields of trade and merchandising, for goods of any bulk could now be sold by weight instead of by count or by guess.

From the original steelyard of the ancient Romans, (upper left) came the platform scale in 1830 (upper right). It quickly became the most common possession of every tradesman, and was put to use weighing loads of both great and small size.

From the original steelyard of the ancient Romans, (upper left) came the platform scale in 1830 (upper right). It quickly became the most common possession of every tradesman, and was put to use weighing loads of both great and small size.
Fairbanks soon adapted his principle to the weighing of colossal loads such as canal boats and railway trains, as well as to store use. Note on the poster (left) the various commercial uses to which the new product was quickly put.

In 1834 the three brothers founded the firm of E. & T. Fairbanks and Co. Erastus, an indomitable personality and thorough administrator, served as head of the firm. Joseph displayed marked talents in the field of finance and public contacts. Thaddeus, a retiring soul, gave his undivided attention to the mechanical department for over fifty years, until his death in 1886 at the age of ninety.

It was a typical family enterprise, and like most, was the principal industry of the town in which it developed. The Fairbanks family dominated the life of St. Johnsbury, though always in a benevolent fashion. St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury Athenaeum (the first privately endowed free library in the state), the Music Hall, and the Museum of Natural Science were all gifts of the three brothers and their children. Unlike many a ruling dynasty, they seem to have been well liked in the community they ruled. When Erastus Fairbanks was elected Governor in 1852, he carried St. Johnsbury 416 to 184. His margin was even greater in 1860—456 to 73. His son Horace was drafted to run for governor in 1876, and he equaled his father’s record, 826 to 176. In October, 1875, a curious New York Evening Express reporter inquired of a scale worker as to the secret behind Fairbanks’ success. The man replied: “Best material, best machinery, best wages, best management, best credit, and best markets.”

From 1842 through 1857—when a nationwide depression hit all industry—business doubled every three years. This was due partly to a superior product, partly to the vigorous sales activity of the brothers. Thaddeus made numerous trips into Maine, Erastus attacked the Boston and New York markets, and Joseph set forth down the...
Mississippi River to Cuba, where he established a profitable West Indian trade. The platform scale was soon in world-wide use.

**FAIRBANKS-MORSE**

One of the company's most active sales agents was a St. Johnsbury boy, who like many another, went west to make his fortune. Charles H. Morse had worked for the Fairbanks as an apprentice, but afterward left for Chicago—where he shared lodgings with another anxious and enterprising young man named Marshall Field. After the Chicago fire of 1871, he established the firm of Fairbanks, Morse and Co. and subsequently studded the west with branch sales offices. He had already taken on many other products as sidelines, and as his business prospered he obtained control of the sources of such new but critical needs of an expanding West as windmills, pumps and engines. Eventually—in 1916—he acquired all the stock of the original parent company. Fairbanks Scale was then absorbed into a great new industrial empire of plants producing mammoth pumps and the new diesel engines as well as railroad locomotives and equipment.

**THE HOWE SCALE**

The original platform scale was balanced on knife edges. In 1856 Frank M. Strong of Vergennes patented a ball-bearing platform which the very next year took first premium at the Vermont State Fair in competition with the other older and more established scales. Manufacturing was begun in Brandon, where John Howe established the Howe Scale Company. But fire destroyed much of the plant in 1873, and four years later it was moved to Rutland. Here was built the state's second great scale company, which today employs nearly 800 people.

During World War II, Howe pioneered in the design and manufacture of scales for weighing aircraft. The largest of these was made to weigh the famous B-24 bomber and had a capacity of 250 tons. On it the bomber can be weighed by 30 men in 30 minutes, to within an accuracy of 1/40 of one percent.

Howe has also produced the longest track scale in the world; scales for balancing airplane propeller blades; aluminum scales so light that they can be carried in cargo planes for weighing cargo at ports where no scales are available; trailers for carrying hot ingot bars and the immense hot ladles used in the steel mills, besides many other adaptations of its regular line of scales and warehouse trucks. The latter developed out of trucks built for use in the plant, which were of such good design that they were put on the general market.

Together Howe and Fairbanks supply nearly three-quarters of the nation's scales, and have retained for Vermont for over a century leadership in the manufacture of this precision product.
LIFE AND LABOR

Over the horizon drawn by the peaks of the Green Mountains, the southern New England Yankee saw a promised land of rich acres and unhampered life. In the last half of the eighteenth century men from all walks of life flooded into the rugged wedge jammed between the sparkling bowl of Lake Champlain and the darker tumbling waters of the seaward bound Connecticut.

First came the restless hunters and trappers, who moved on ahead of the advancing wave of hardy yeomen. Establishing in the wilderness called for ingenuity and unceasing toil. The pioneer usually came first to explore and make his “pitch,” erect a crude shelter and make a small clearing in the dense forest which blanketed the hills and valleys alike. If his land lay near the course of one of the many rivers, he then brought his family and few belongings over the frozen ice of early spring, in time to get in the first crops. Inland areas were reached by crude sledges and, occasionally, an ox-cart.

The resources available to the pioneer were almost limitless: virgin soil, the inexhaustible water-power of tumbling streams and thousands of square miles of standing timber, filled with game—this was indeed a rich heritage for the newcomer. But it took both brain and brawn to bend it to human use.

First and most important was the land. The thick woodlands were more a hindrance than a help to the settler. True, the forest provided logs for his first crude shelter, but it also blocked and shaded the land against growing things.

It was on the uplands that clearing first began, for the river valleys were a tangle of brush and marsh land. Underbrush was first slashed out, and the mighty trees—many running more than four feet in diameter—were felled and burned where they lay. Their ashes then served to enrich an already fertile soil. It was slow, back-breaking work; a good man might clear as little as three acres in a year, or the same amount in a month, depending on whether or not he attempted to grub out the stumps, dig out the stones and fence it in. In desperate need of food, many a settler sowed his first crops among the stumps. And even after long years of occupancy of large tracts, most farmers were unlikely to have more than five per cent in improved land.

The soil was incredibly rich—for a time. The accumulation of rotting leaves, untouched for centuries, produced an amazing yield for these incredulous yeomen, more accustomed to the sparse produce of southern New England. But no effort was made to replenish this rich legacy, which was used up or washed away. There was no rotation of crops, no use of fertilizer, and the manure of animals was lost in the pastures.

The first implements with which the pioneer attacked the wilderness were the gun and axe, the former to keep him alive while he employed the latter to create his farm. But farming itself required additional tools. These were scarce and crude. The land was broken by the wooden plow and harrow behind oxen, which were found to be superior to the horse as a draft animal. The rest of the work was done by hand, from planting to harvesting. All grass crops were cut with a scythe or sickle; grain was threshed with a hand flail and winnowed in the wind. Indeed the painfully slow labor of agricultural production inevitably limited the amount of land a single family could farm. These few acres rarely produced much more than the bare essentials.

The first crops had to be those which would produce the most for the pioneer household. Corn, planted in hills as the Indians had taught, was most widely grown. But wheat also was sown, and unlike corn, it did not need cultivating—a valuable factor. Rye, oats, barley and potatoes came later. The yield, at first, was startling.
Middlebury pioneer got his first ears of corn two months after planting. Thirty bushels of wheat to the acre was not at all uncommon. Vermont’s first historian, Samuel Williams, reported that many a farmer could cover the entire expense of clearing, fencing and sowing his land out of his first crop. This was particularly true later on, when it became possible to market this produce.

No wonder these Yankees broadcast the word that here indeed was a Garden of Eden for the man with a will, a wife, and a strong right arm.

Staple crops were supplemented by gardens, especially turnips, beets, parsnips, and carrots, which could be winter-stored in root cellars. Pumpkins were a particular favorite. Hardy apple trees were set out as soon as possible, for cider was even more essential than the dried apple. Most other fruits were wild, but abundant, as were nuts. Sweetening from honey and especially from the ever present maple, as well as game from the forest completed nature’s bounty, leaving only salt and rum as “essential” imports.

The average pioneer came only with his oxen, but acquired other cattle as soon as possible. They were badly needed to lighten the burden of labor, and were seldom slaughtered till very old. Inadequate housing and winter feeding made all except the pigs poor sources of food. By the turn of the century sheep had become the most important kind of livestock, not for their mutton, which was held in low esteem, but for their wool. As a source for home manufacture of clothes, and later as an exportable product, wool took over a very important role in farm life.

1 “Cattle” included all four-footed farm animals. Cows and oxen were known as “neat cattle.”

INDUSTRY AND TRADE

This all adds up to a picture of pioneer self-sufficiency. The frontier farm was established to provide a living for the typically large frontier family, and not to produce goods for exchange. In fact, the isolation of these people coupled with the lack of adequate transportation made anything else impossible.

As time went on, however, as population grew, as farms multiplied and pioneers found themselves with neighbors, and as houses came to cluster into villages, some facilities for community service began to appear. Mills were the first concern of the farmer: mills to grind his grain, saw his timber, and, later, card his raw wool for spinning. Grist mills were almost always the town’s first industrial enterprise, and saw mills were usually established soon after. Abundant streams with a considerable fall were everywhere. Knowing how essential a mill would be, town proprietors often gave land free to anyone who would set one up. Remember Baker accepted such an offer, and thus became a leading citizen of Arlington.

The mill sites usually provided a center around which other village industries grew up. First came the artisan who could do some of the specialized jobs at which the farmer was himself no expert: the blacksmith to shoe his horses and to turn out some few iron tools to replace the wooden ones; the cooper to repair wagon wheels and to produce barrels, pails, and other wooden ware; the shoemaker to work in leather; the physician, preacher and school master, and perhaps eventually a carpenter-builder to erect dignified residences for the prominent leaders of the town. Most of these work-men were farmers first and specialists afterward. But it was not too long before a man could make a good living in his trade.
For heavy tasks oxen were preferred in the early days. But Vermonters soon developed one of the finest of all draft horses, the Morgan.

Eventually a number of men were employed in certain enterprises, like the tanneries which grew up to service the trade in furs and hides. In addition to the smithies, iron works—like Matthew Lyon’s at Fairhaven—sprang up in response to the growing demand for nails and other metal products. And while the making of cloth remained for many decades a household industry, mills to “card” the raw wool and to prepare it for spinning began to appear before 1800. There was a scattering of other businesses, such as paper mills, marble and slate quarries, and brickyards. They were not widespread or influential, but were the beginnings of important Vermont industries. Certain centers like Bennington, Fairhaven, and Vergennes early became engaged in a variety of industrial pursuits.

Like these small enterprises, retail stores arose first to serve local needs, and then to act as go-betweens for a growing trade with the “outside world.” From almost the beginning the pioneers had developed a trade in the ashes from their burned trees. But as transportation improved it became more profitable to market the logs themselves. The northern towns on Lake Champlain developed a thriving lumber industry based on sales to the Canadian market. Ira Allen himself had built the first saw mill at the falls of the Winooski, and the first raft of timber we know anything about was launched in 1794. There were a steadily growing number thereafter. Burlington soon became a great lumber port.

On the other side of the mountains the Connecticut, and the many streams flowing into it from both east and west, long served as the main traffic artery. By 1770 small flatboats were added to the rafts and dugouts which had floated down the river since colonial times. It was largely a one-way traffic downstream, except in winter when the frozen surface was used by sleds bringing merchandise to the rapidly multiplying stores in the frontier settlements.

Inland trade, however, was badly hobbled by the abominable state of the dirt roads, many of which were passable only when winter filled in the trench-like ruts. Mostly they had begun as blazed trails, widened first to bridle paths and then to roads capable of accommodating ox-carts. Exceptions were the two great military roads: the Crown Point Road built from Springfield (opposite Fort Number Four on the Connecticut River) to Crown Point, and the Bayley-Hazen Road, begun by General Jacob Bayley in 1776 as a pathway for the invasion of Canada and continued by Colonel Moses Hazen as far as Hazen’s Notch in 1779. But even these highways fell into disuse after the war. Like all other pathways hop-
FIRST AMERICAN PATENT, under the signatures of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, was issued in 1790 to a Ver­monter, Samuel Hopkins of Burlington, for a process of making potash. This was easily made by leaching wood ashes from a plentiful raw material—timber. Light and easily transported, it became the earliest “export crop” of the pioneer, and often his only source of cash.

fully sliced through the wilderness, they were given little or no regular care. For the most part the early roads kept to the high ground, avoiding the tangle of brush and marsh in the river valleys. Most roads were built for local purposes, primarily to connect a new frontier settlement with some more heavily populated town nearby. There sometimes were long stretches laid out for particular purposes, like the path cut by Ira Allen in 1772 from Castleton to Colchester, for the purpose of linking his speculative Onion River lands with the settled communities to the south. In 1793–94 a branch was taken off the Hazen Road and built due north into Canada to serve eventually as part of the Boston to Montreal stage route.

There was, none the less, a growing amount of traffic over some of the routes. Inns and taverns thrived in the service of travelers as well as thirsty local inhabitants. They became as near to community centers as existed, and many of the important meetings—such as the Constitu­tional Convention at Windsor—were held in the tavern instead of the meetinghouse. As a consequence innkeepers like Stephen Fay at Bennington became re­spected and informed leaders of the community.
Trade and travel grew in spite of rather than because of the erratically expanding road system. Assisted by the rivers, commerce with southern New England grew steadily. In fact, before the opening of the lands beyond the Appalachians, New York, Boston and other Yankee cities competed vigorously for the northern frontier markets. Both the Connecticut River canals and the Champlain Canal in New York were built to draw commerce southward away from Canadian outlets. Even bad roads did not interfere with the driving of cattle—and particularly sheep—to Boston markets. The first bridge over the Connecticut at Bellows Falls saw frequent large droves of them. It was not long before regular stage coach routes were established for the convenience of Boston-bound businessmen.

By 1784 the main routes were in condition sufficient to warrant the establishment of a regular postal service. Five offices were set up in the larger towns, with the more isolated areas served by postriders. But high postage rates and unreliable service caused many people still to depend on the courtesy of travelers to carry messages.

The unpredictable money situation was also a great handicap to business. Barter necessarily had been the principal method of the earliest pioneers. With no bulk crops for sale, they acquired little cash, merely exchanging needed items among one another. But merchants also found themselves forced to this same expedient by the scarcity of money, long after the stage of agricultural self-sufficiency had been passed. Even when available, money fluctuated so in value as to make exchange and credit extremely difficult. Continental currency depreciated steadily between 1777 and the end of 1780, when it became valueless. Debts paid in depreciated money left creditors with little to show for their loan. The legislature twice, in 1781 and 1787, set comparative values for all contracts in terms of the depreciated currency.

Prices, of course, rose to fantastic levels, and then collapsed when the paper disappeared and prices were again stated in terms of hard money.

The result was continuous resort to the courts. Lawyers flourished in a land which once lumped them disparagingly with land-jobbers and other characters scorned by all good Green Mountain Boys. Much of the unrest during the years following the peace stemmed from taxation, half of which, it was claimed, was employed in the maintenance of courts. Taxes were particularly burdensome, since they had to be paid in hard cash. The amount of suits, court action, and other legal doings indicated that no small part of a man’s income went into lawyer’s fees.

No less frequent on the records of the period are its many land transactions. Lacking stocks and bonds and all the other modern possibilities for investment, anyone who had any money to spare—and many who didn’t—speculated in land. It was a tricky business, but in a period of advancing land values resulting from constant population growth, it proved highly profitable to many—and ruinous to a few. Fortunes were made in the purchase of lands auctioned off for little or nothing at tax sales. Governor Thomas Chittenden used his official position to get an inside track on these sales, in addition to the acres he reserved to himself as a condition for each land grant—quite like Benning Wentworth. The influence of land speculation on politics was tremendous, as we have already seen in the story of the New Hampshire Grants and the Onion River Company.
COOPERATION was as notable a characteristic of frontier life as independence. Many difficult tasks, impossible to the individual in a society which lacked modern service enterprises, were undertaken by joint effort—often through “bees.” Having themselves faced starvation in a land without grocery stores, neighbors often gathered to harvest a sick friend’s crops.

LIVING CONDITIONS

These many economic changes in trade and transportation altered very little the basic self-sufficiency of the farm family. Many products previously unavailable—and particularly improved farm implements—now lightened the burden of life and labor on the frontier but did not change its basic pattern. Almost all the fundamentals of living—food, clothing, and the furnishings of the home—were still provided by the pioneer himself. There is here a marked contrast to the complete interdependence of modern life, in which we buy everything we need and sell nearly all our labor.

The very first settlers existed on what they could trap, catch, shoot and pick, such as woodchucks, fish, moose, berries, roots and acorns. They faced the ever-present possibility of starvation, until crops were harvested and the land began to issue forth its bounty.

Corn was the basis of most meals in the form of samp, Indian meal or mush. No less common were pumpkins, which were, with milk, sometimes the only item of diet in the long winter months. The garden, and in winter the root cellar, supplied vegetables as long as they lasted. Peas and beans were often dried and stored in the loft. If cattle were slaughtered, it was usually after winter had set in firmly so the meat could be kept frozen; there was no method of preservation except salting or drying in other months. Despite the additions of wild berries, honey and maple sugar, the diet was monotonous and not well balanced.

Cooking was done first over the open fire, and then in the great fireplaces which frequently filled the entire end of the rude cabin. Food was handled in large quantities—when available—for the big families, and their utensils seem mammoth to us today. Fire, of course, was fundamental not only to cooking but to existence itself throughout the extended winter. If the fire accidentally went out, another had to be laboriously rekindled from flint. Or perhaps it was necessary to hike a great distance through drifted snow to the nearest neighbor for a burning brand.

We have already noted how apples were treasured more for the cider they made than the food they furnished, how rum along with salt was one of the “indispensable” imports. An enormous consumption of liquor which would scorch the interior of an effete city dweller today, was then quite general. Rum fortified the toiler, minimized the curse of loneliness, defended against cold, and enlivened the social gathering. One wonders, from Ethan Allen’s own accounts, how he was able to take time off from “passing the flowing bowl” to accomplish his reckless and colorful deeds of frontier daring. In the expense accounts of the time, paid without question by State Treasurer Ira Allen, were large items for the liquid replenishment of the spirits. There are occasional one shilling meals, but more frequent six shilling drinks.

No less than food was clothing essential to the frontier family. Skins furnished the first rainment for the woods runner. But determined pioneer women were soon spinning and weaving flax from the fields and wool from their own sheep. It was indeed an “age of homespun.” Even shoes were first made on the farm from its hides. But store shoes and boots were much desired, and itinerant cloggers soon found it possible to establish a thriving business in a new town. Both shoes, incidentally, were alike, and designed for a lifetime of service. Leather was also in great demand for harnesses, saddlery and many articles of clothing.

Not only clothing, but also all other household items were produced at home. Crude furniture was hewn from the same logs which built the rough cabin, for wood was the universal material. Kitchenwares such as bowls, spoons, paddles, and “trenchers” were whittled or scooped out during the winter days when outside work fell off. The women, in addition to cooking, spinning, and gardening, also joined in the process of manufacture of such necessary things as candles, the sole lighting device available apart from the flickering fire on the great hearth.

The hardships of frontier life are such as to be almost unbelievable to the modern country dweller with his automobile, furnace, radio, automatic stove, bathroom, and the other comforts and labor saving devices of contemporary civilization. But the pioneer, unable to foresee these future contrivances, would have been quite surprised at his descendants’ awesome contemplation of
wilderness living. He knew exactly what he was getting in for, and it was mostly what everyone did anyway.

Toil was the first and everpresent condition of frontier life. It was essential to existence itself, and the man who dreamed of an estate for his family and himself could plan on back-breaking, dawn-to-dusk labor before he reached his goal.

The first settler in any town could expect also a lonely life, for these tiny clearings were often miles from the nearest other venturesome soul. A hardy pioneer woman might find herself alone for months at a time, and there were even occasions when self-reliant children had to fend for themselves for a considerable period. Isolation was emphasized by lack of transportation and the miserable condition of such roads as did exist. And there was actual and constant danger from wild animals, including wolves and bears.

Shortages of nearly everything dogged the settler’s existence. He lacked proper implements for farming or conduct of the household, and those he improvised were crude and costly in sweat and time. By the end of a winter he might even be faced by shortages of food; starvation was never far away for the unlucky or improvident. Good health was a thing to be treasured, for there were few if any doctors available, even in the more settled areas. The inevitable necessities of birth and death were handled by mid-wives or perhaps just by friends. How much help a doctor might have been, however, is an occasion for some doubt as we read of the purging, bleeding, and potent medicines deemed necessary and effective.

As settlers began to nudge each other in the new areas, the restless ones moved on and the solid citizens began to develop the rudiments of community life. Large tasks which were impossible to the individual—like a barn-raising—were handled by neighborhood “bees.” Their popularity was such that they were adopted for other social activities, such as husking, sewing, and even spelling bees. A sugaring-off party, a neighborhood wolf-hunt or a wrestling match could also be expected at frequent intervals.

From the very earliest times these independent, freedom loving people gathered in the town meeting to adjust community affairs, such as roads, fences, schools and “preaching.” The latter engaged by far the most attention, and after the building of the church, Sunday meeting became an important social as well as religious ceremony.

In the larger settlements the heritage of the New England town began to show itself in the erection of substantial frame houses, the establishment of stores and industries, and even perhaps of a newspaper. It was not long before Bennington, Westminster, Newbury and other important centers began to bear a close semblance to the New England towns whence their settlers had come. Sometimes even the name was the same.

ANN STORY, alone, raises a family, refuses to flee before the enemy.

Life on the frontier bred an indomitable people. The histories of the towns are filled with stories of hardship and of incredible stamina and persistence. There was our old friend, Benjamin Waite, who after sanguinary service with Rogers’ Rangers became one of the first settlers and leading citizens of Windsor, tramped to Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen, served in the Revolutionary army, and then, at an age past eighty, set forth again into the wilderness to found the new frontier town of Waitsfield. There was sturdy Ann Story of Salisbury, who, when her husband died beneath a falling tree, took over his back-breaking tasks as well as her own, raised her family and even refused to retreat with the rest of the settlers before Burgoyne’s advancing Indians and British troops.

They were a restless, independent folk, a strange and contradictory combination of the visionary and the realist. They were adventuresome, dreaming ever new dreams of rich lands and great wealth just over the horizon. Yet they knew how to buckle down to the dirty, laborious job of drawing a living from the soil. Few of weak will or tender fibre survived; the frontier acted in some respects as a sorting process.

They were, on the whole, a happy people. Visiting preachers and other travelers found them surprisingly cheery despite their hardships and what seemed to the more “civilized” visitor an unkempt, grubby, vermin-ridden existence. Even the Reverend Nathan Perkins, shocked by the irreverence of these rough pioneers, conceded grudging admiration for their hearty hospitality and unsullied love of life. The wide open spaces of a green and fertile wilderness had indeed entered into and expanded the spirit of its children.
Many of Vermont’s small towns have only the farms and tourists from which to receive a livelihood. They are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain themselves, to keep their houses and streets and public services up to modern standards. How can these towns improve their economy without at the same time destroying their character and charm? Most of the population shifts in recent years have been toward industrial centers and away from agricultural regions. Thus farm population has steadily declined. Some people advocate encouraging the arrival of industries with their large payrolls and consequent easing of the tax burden. Such factories, if they were to come, would be located in the largest communities and the small towns would be little better off. At the same time putting factories in the villages would to some extent destroy the beauty of these villages and discourage tourists and summer residents so that we would be merely substituting one kind of economy for another.

Is there something else that can be done, some other way of bringing money into Vermont and particularly to its small towns? At least one answer has been found in the field of education. Several people at about the same time had the idea of starting a new school or college in Vermont. The results have been successful both for the institutions and for the communities; and the future would seem to promise that more such ventures could be begun.

With those families who can afford a private school or college for their children, the reputation of New England institutions seems still to rank the highest. In the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, education has for a long time been one of the best sources of income. Even though most schools and colleges are tax-exempt, money brought in from other States and countries by school and college tuition is one of the largest contributions to revenue. The trend now seems to be northward and Vermont even more than New Hampshire and Maine is attracting new educational ventures. It is only natural that this should be so, for where would one find more ideal places to establish a new school?

First of all the physical surroundings, the quiet loveliness of Vermont are in themselves conducive to study and learning. There is an inspiration in the hills themselves and in the architecture of the villages which affects all who come here. Secondly, there are the winter sports. Why should not a student who likes to ski pursue his studies right in the best ski area rather than have to drive up here on occasional weekends? Thirdly, there is the character of Vermont itself and of its people which makes it a place ideally designed for a natural and wholesome growing up.

To sum up, parents want to send their children away from the hustle and distractions of the cities and to give them the experience of living and learning in the country. So there is every reason for the success of a school or college in Vermont which will draw most of its patrons from outside sources. To prove this, we have but to look at the development of the eight new private institutions started in Vermont in the last dozen years or so. In that time two colleges, Bennington and Marlboro have been created and Goddard College has been reorganized and enlarged. Rutland Junior College was started two years ago. Green Mountain and Vermont Junior Colleges have been in successful operation at Poultney and Montpelier for a longer time. To the list of preparatory schools have been added Putney, Newton, and Woodstock. Hickory Ridge represents the elementary school level. All of these establishments cater primarily to boarding students, though Rutland Junior College has not as yet acquired its own dormitories. The large majority of the students come from out of the State and so does the money which pays the way.

This Vermont Junior College group includes students from New Jersey, Hawaii, Mississippi, Florida and New York.
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE (above), founded in 1800, is one of the state's most venerable and distinguished institutions. Its language schools are nationally known.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY at Northfield is one of the highest rated military schools in the United States.

VERMONT ACADEMY at Saxton's River was founded in 1876 to provide individualized preparatory education impossible in overcrowded high schools. Here was held the first "Winter Carnival."
GODDARD COLLEGE, at Plainfield, emphasizes coordination of classroom and work experience. Campus improvements reflect the activity of student "task forces," like this one at work.

MARLBORO COLLEGE, launched in 1947, is the state's newest institution of higher education, perched high atop the Molly Stark Trail. Buildings began with a restored farmhouse.

All of these schools and colleges are comparatively small in size. The enrollments range from about thirty students in the smallest to about three hundred in the largest. Nevertheless the tuitions combine to bring a tidy sum of money into the State. Take for example the Woodstock Country School with which I am most familiar. It is operating on an annual budget of about $100,000. Most of this money is spent in the local community. Added to that is the money spent by the seventy students in the local stores. This comes to the surprisingly large figure of $15,000 to $20,000 a year, and there is in addition an unestimated sum spent by the parents and other visitors who come to see the school. One can see by multiplying, that if the figures of Woodstock are approximately duplicated in the other seven places, a considerable income is produced for the neighboring communities and for the State itself.

Vermont already has its share of good schools and colleges. Middlebury and Norwich draw their students from all over the country as do such academies as Vermont and St. Johnsbury. The well established junior colleges, many of the parochial schools, and the University of Vermont itself have students from out of the State.

Various other less tangible benefits accrue from this influx. Obviously the cultural influence is considerable. The enthusiasm and vitality of the students invigorate the community. Though naturally there is some tendency to regard these temporary residents as queer "city- folks," in general there is a mutually profitable give-and-take between the two groups. Students attend town meetings, work on farms, and patronize the local stores and resorts. The natives accept the cash and they benefit also from such cultural events as concerts, lectures, plays and exhibits. Eventually all this will improve the educational level of the State. Perhaps it is only coincidence that the state public school education has also advanced, but the fact remains that as a result of the action of the 1947 legislature, public school salaries have been raised to a level where Vermont communities can procure better teachers for their schools.

What are the aims and purposes of the new schools and colleges in Vermont? Are they merely copies of what has been done many times before—just old wine in new bottles? Of course it is impossible to characterize the educational philosophies of all of these institutions lumped together, but there are certain tendencies common to all of them.

To begin with, all of them are comparatively small in size. This allows for greater informality and naturalness—a getting away from much of the artificiality of most institutions.

Secondly, there is a flexibility of program which permits students to pursue more thoroughly their individual interests and talents. Of course academic standards are maintained and normal requirements are followed, but it is a healthy sign that there is a recognition of the differences between people, and that not everyone is expected to fit into an arbitrary mould.

Thirdly, there is emphasis on student work programs. These give the students a chance to participate in the growth of the school, to feel it belongs more to them, to acquire techniques of physical work and most important of all, to learn responsibility and cooperation.

Another trend is toward co-education. Marlboro and Bennington colleges and the Newton school cater to only one sex, but there are many in those two colleges who feel that becoming co-educational would be an improvement. All the other institutions believe strongly in the value of educating both sexes together—an especially valuable experience for boys.

All in all these educators have youth and vigor. They have ideas and great plans for the future and they work hard to achieve them. Already such places as Bennington college and Putney School have had considerable influence on the education of the country, especially as to the importance of the arts in the curriculum. Goddard College plays an important role in regional socio-political affairs. Woodstock Country School boasts an especially fine science department. Rutland Junior College is providing what a junior college should, a two-year course that is complete in itself and not just a stepping stone to a 4 year college course.

These are only a few of the contributions these new educational projects are making. The State cannot help but profit from them, both commercially and culturally. And these schools and colleges could not have found a better location for their projects than in these green hills.
Let's be frank and admit that Vermont took a long while to make up its mind to equalize educational opportunities throughout the State. But let's be equally frank and rejoice that from a decision so hard come by there will be no turning back.

It might be worth noting that it also took the dairying areas of the state a long while to discover that if the vitally important dairy industry were to survive, there must be a swing to producer cooperatives. When this decision was made, however, the farmers went wholehog—merging their individual efforts in a genuine cooperative effort.

Just as there will be no turning back from co-operatives as the major stimulus to Vermont farming, there will also be no retreat from the spirit of cooperation that has suddenly breathed a real vibrancy into Vermont education.

When I say “suddenly” I am thinking of what happened just two years ago in Montpelier. At that time 276 men and women comprising the 1947 Legislature (and reflecting a sense of urgency in their respective towns) had hardly stopped to take off their wraps before starting the avalanche of educational bills that appropriated school funds nearly double those of any previous legislature and more than three times the amount appropriated ten years ago. In Vermont, such action is the kind of “suddenness” that comes after an accumulation of good, sound pondering.

As a sample of what that group of legislators did, we have only to look at the sixty-five per cent increase in the legal minimum for teachers’ salaries; a one hundred per cent increase in state aid to Vermont school districts; the five hundred eighty-five per cent increase in the annual appropriation for teacher retirement; and the re-organization of all normal schools into teachers’ colleges.

This is the most concerted legislative effort on the part of the state to provide better Vermont schools since Vermont’s first Constitution put the state directly into the business of education. (However, this surprisingly advanced document was altered in 1786 to shift responsibility to the towns and [by omission] to imply that it was no business of the State.)

But the history of Vermont public schooling does not record a lack of effort to provide adequate schools in most of the 268 school districts. It has not been lack of effort so much as the great difference in local financial resources that eventually brought the realization that the state must find some way of more nearly equalizing the amount of money available for every child’s education, wherever he lives.

The first effective step in this direction was made ten years ago, when the state adopted the policy of supplementing local resources on the principle that back of each child should be sufficient local-state funds to assure his participation, at the very least, in “a minimum, basic program of education.” It adopted a scientific formula it hoped would be equitable (but which has shown certain weaknesses that undoubtedly will be corrected by the 1949 Legislature). The policy itself, in spite of the serious disruptions of war during the past ten years, set the stage for the present renaissance in Vermont education.

It is a renaissance of which we can truly boast, if comparison with the other states means anything. The enlarged present interest in better public education already has placed Vermont in an enviable position. The percentage of last June’s high school graduates adopting the teaching profession was double that of New England as a whole. Furthermore, while other states show little or no change in the number of temporary teaching certificates, Vermont has already reduced its total by nearly one-third through an aggressive teacher in-service training program.

Tardy though the state’s full participation in school problems may have been—due to the unique emphasis which the 1786 Constitution placed on the local communities—it is only fair to point out that the Founding Fathers planned more wisely than they knew. For, as long as life itself was relatively uncomplicated, and the scope of education equally so, Vermont towns could do a reasonably good job out of their own resources. The more complicated times in which we are now living, however, and the increased scope of educational needs, have convinced the state that it, too, has a responsibility.

Although Vermont’s tradition has been unique among the states in holding the local communities responsible for educating their children, it has contributed to what I believe will be the strongest factor in making Vermont schools among the nation’s best during this next decade. The greatest asset of public schools is the support they receive within their local school districts. No amount of state funds, help or supervision will improve the condition of any public school if energy, enthusiasm, and effort are lacking in the communities themselves.

At this point, the writer feels it necessary to qualify himself as an observer of current school conditions and as a predictor of the schools-to-come in Vermont. This is necessary, I believe, in order to
GILEAD SCHOOL, Bethel, a representative one-room schoolhouse

SPAU LDING HIGH SCHOOL, Barre, typical of the massive buildings of the late 19th Century.
justify the faith in Vermont people which I shall use as my main basis for claiming that the general tone and spirit of public education in Vermont are healthy, and that in the foreseeable future Vermont will set an example for public school education in this country.

I first visited all of the Vermont towns and their schools twenty years ago as a textbook salesman. During the war, on a special Naval assignment, I again visited all but two of the Vermont towns and a great many of the schools which I had not seen for ten or fifteen years. During the past two years, as chairman of the State Board of Education, I have participated in discussions of local school problems in seventy-one Vermont communities. I wish to add to this a three-year period of concentration on local school problems as chairman of my local school board. I have seen Vermont public education and Vermont people closely during a period in which both were exposed to the forces, hopes and difficulties that have beset the society in which my generation has matured.

For a number of years it seemed to me Vermont schools were facing too great odds to make the adjustment necessary to give children the adequately varied academic and vocational education required by modern social and economic environment. For a time, I had been an exponent of a more rigid state system—the kind which exists in so many American states. But I could also see clearly that Vermonters, long accustomed to the struggle of supporting their local schools, did not wish to yield their prerogatives to any "dictation from Montpelier."

It is this very combination of local pride (call it stubbornness, if you like) which has at last been merged with a state aid program (entirely without state dictation) that now gives Vermont a rare opportunity for educational leadership. With schools adequately financed by state aid, and with local autonomy still inviolate, the individualistic, civic-minded townspeople of Vermont are now set to do the right job by their schools.

The renaissance of education in Vermont is truly a grass-roots one, aided and abetted only by equalizing financial resources of the state and by the advice, assistance and leadership of the State Department of Education.

It is, therefore, not a "system" but the people themselves who will cultivate the kind of education that I see growing in Vermont.

By and large, Vermonters have always been proud of their schools, even though in some cases unjustly so. In those cases where their pride was unsubstantiated it was more a lack of adequate financial resources, rather than lack of effort, that kept certain schools backward. Vermonters have long wanted better schools. Tirelessly, local P.T.A. groups, Farm Bureau, Grange, co-operatives, neighborhood groups, A.A.U.W., Women's Club groups and even sewing circles have long tried to improve their schools with, in so many cases, too little money. Now that the state is committed to provide at least enough money more nearly to equalize financial resources, all of the pent-up energy and hopes of these many lay groups are beginning to merge with the purposefulness of the profession itself to provide better schools through local cooperative effort.

I am convinced that education is rapidly taking on new patterns in Vermont because I have faith in the people of Vermont, both native and newcomer. We are a small state, with about the same population as the city of Rochester, N. Y. Rather than being a handicap, I believe this is an asset to our public education because, while accepting the policy of pooling our resources as a state, we have retained the close contact with the schools of our own neighborhood. Imagine, if you will, a city the size of Rochester, N. Y., divided into 268 neighborhood districts (that is the number of our school districts) each with a nucleus of citizens determined to have better schools. Despite the benefits, this obviously could not be done in a city the size of Rochester. But it is being done in Vermont.

I doubt if in any other state there is such a diversity of lay groups interested in and familiar with their local schools. There are few states, I am sure, in which so large a percentage of the population is devoting itself to studying the nature and needs of modern education.

Vermont, I predict, will be among the first to accomplish that relationship between school and community which has become accepted throughout educational circles as the soundest basis for democratic public education. Americans, everywhere, hear of community-minded schools. In Vermont we already are, and for many years have been, community-minded. We are now fast becoming community-school-minded. It is the most natural and obvious attitude for Vermonters to have. Happily it coincides with the kind of attitude which this nation's educators are calling for.

With this merging of interest and understanding between the community and its schools will come an enlargement of our outmoded school district boundaries into more natural community districts, with a sufficiently large tax area for local needs. Some call this "consolidation." To me, it is merely the practical nature of Vermonters combining with their increasing understanding of the problems and needs of their local schools.

What I have said must be taken by the reader on faith, for I have avoided the statistics that so often can mislead even those who employ them. I have avoided comparisons because they never completely take into consideration extenuating circumstances. I even have avoided describing the efficient organization of the Vermont State Department of Education and its new facilities for research, vocational guidance, public school forums, in-service training of teachers, and enlightened teacher-certification regulations. These details have been avoided because I feel in the last analysis, it is the people and their attitude that have given Vermont the impetus toward superior (not average) public school education.

As one of the people participating in this renaissance, both in my local town and in the state, I know what any Vermont can do for the cause of education if he arms himself with facts and persistence. As an observer of what people have done in many Vermont towns in recent years, I know that both native Vermonters and newcomers are taking their part, and will continue to do so, in the state's march towards the best possible education for its children.

It is the duty of the Vermont State Board of Education by law to "inform the public of educational conditions... within the scope of public instruction." I welcome the opportunity, through this Vermont state magazine, to report what I have observed, experienced and sensed concerning the conditions and the future of public education in Vermont. End
Admiral Byrd's Chair

Admiral Byrd didn't start the Vermont Tubbs Company, but he did start them making snowshoe chairs. For his first Antarctic expedition he needed a strong, light, indestructible, weather-proof folding chair. The old establishment of snowshoe makers, originally affiliated with the American Fork and Hoe Company of Wallingford, perfected such a chair and made them for the admiral. Today, under new management, the Vermont Tubbs Co. is an independent concern. During the war they made snowshoes for the Army, but returning from service, Roger Maher of Windsor, took over the company, and by improving the designs, has made the "Snowshoe" chair one of Vermont's best known products. Although they still make snowshoes, these unique chairs constitute their principal business today.
Sculptured fisjurcs arc Indians, however. 4 miles south of Brattleboro. Not all these enterprise usual I >• have about i 5 of these his father who specialize in this unique these Indians arc made of wood and once set before cigar stores. Robert Kuhn and actually saw it many times as he passed. Some of Life:

One rare item depicts the Rev. W'ill be refunded, at once.

W'ill be refunded, at once.

Kuhn says most of the so-called wooden Trading in Indians is still active but Indians, made to advertise tobacco shops, original machine, has accessories and attachments galore for operations on metal, wood and plastics. When Mr. Guilder, who had built the hobby into a fascinating business, died in 1945, Messrs. Greene and Streeter took over the business, and now with Mr. Green's son, a young war veteran, they have developed a thriving enterprise in what would appear a unique and thriving new field. Since the elder Mr. Greene was once with Remington Arms, also worked with a well known designer of military fire arms, and his son being an automotive mechanic and tool designer for General Motors, they have branched out into repair work on machining operations, diesel motors, and sporting guns.

HOW TO TELL THE COWS

I've often wondered (and I suspect so have you) how the farmers tell one cow from another. But now I know. They write the Dana Company in Hyde Park, (once the world center of the cattle hide business) which calls itself "identification headquarters" and for my money has the most intriguing line of gadgets, all of which would be utterly foreign to anyone but a dirt farmer.

They make necklaces for cows. Yes, on a chain wound around the creature's neck, is a metal disc and on the disc the cow's number. If you are not satisfied with a simple chain and hooked-on disc, you can get a lock and horn chain, such as have been used for centuries on the islands of Guernsey and Jersey in the

Model Builder

When, in 1918, Walter C. Guilder of Wilmington, started building a ship model, he soon found there was no tool available for the small machine work required. As he was mechanical engineer by profession he built a machine to do this work. Based on a small wood lathe (the machine occupies about the same space as a typewriter), the Model Builder developed from Mr. Guilder's original machine, has accessories and attachments galore for operations on metal, wood and plastics.

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English channel. The Dana people say that this is "very effective in adding quality of appearance to any animal . . . will so impressively set off your herd."

They also turn out leather neck straps for bulls, ear tags for sheep, cows and goats, and tattoo markers with which you can tattoo your cattle for life. Thoughtful of pets, the Dana people also make a tattoo marker so you can tattoo your dogs and cats and other small pets (in case you keep skunks, mice or rabbits).

If you have a bull and want to make him "safe for the family," you can buy a "Mashbruch Combined Halter and Controller Proved Bull Tamer." If after ten days use, you are not satisfied that this contrivance does insure the family's safety, you can return it and your money will be refunded, at once.

I didn't know they had paste so that you could take the horns off calves, or tooth braces for the junior miss, or that you could buy a "horn trainer" to keep your cows horns where they ought to be. As the Dana folk say, "perfect incurving horns on your Jerseys or Guernseys mean added dollars to you." They also have a calf weaner, a thistle weaner (so they can't eat thistles I imagine), a teat dilator, a stop-a-leak concoction, liquid branding irons, fire branding irons, Swiss Cow Bells, tuned goat bells, a Navajo cow bell that has a pleasant sounding tone, "superior to the flat metal bells commonly in use," and weather vanes with horses, pigs, roosters, bulls, or sheep as the main motif.

One of the most excellent features of the Dana catalog, which is a treat, is the recognition the Dana people give to human relations. In addition to illustrating the countless gadgets, tools, and apparatus for animal care, they include several pictures and descriptions of the people who work for them, such as Joseph Nadeau, who sharpens clipper blades, Mercedes Smith, head of the shipping department, Kenneth Newton, general manager, Euretta Smith, head of the blanket department (cow and horse), Alice Twiss, bookkeeping, Harley Nichols, Jr., mechanical expert who flew many B-17 missions over Germany, John Miner, engraving department, a vet of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Faye Harris, the office baby and prettier than any baby I ever saw, and Harry A. Noyes, Jun., advertising, formerly of the U. S. Air Forces.

Readers are urged to send to Vrest Orton, Weston, Vermont, notices of unusual new businesses and ways of earning a living which have news and human interest value. Mention here in no way constitutes endorsement by either Mr. Orton or Vermont Life.
STOWE CENTER

Almost under the shadow of Mt. Mansfield a business and service enterprise of a type new to New England and Vermont will open this month near Stowe.

Believing that skiers and Summer visitors to the Stowe region and the permanent residents in that area needed more recreational facilities, two young men have built and will operate the unusual Stowe Center.

Under one roof are a 300-seat theater, ski and sports shop, bowling alleys, entertainment and dancing room and snack bar. For Winter use there is an outdoor skating rink and an outdoor dancing terrace for the Summer. A swimming pool and tennis courts will come next and other facilities later.

Stowe Center is a commercial organization but it expects to become a community center as well for youngsters and grown-ups in Stowe and the whole northcentral Vermont area. Rooms will be available for club and service organization meetings. Working with school officials the Center may be used for showing educational films.

Below the entertainment room, through the lower lobby, the visitor sees into the four bowling alleys where one may play, according to his preference, candle, duck or ten-pins. Table tennis equipment is located next to the alleys.

Through glass partitions to the right of the entertainment room is the 18-stool snack bar where sandwiches, sodas and sundaes are served. Past the coat rooms to the far right is the specially ventilated and acoustically constructed theater, equipped with fully upholstered armchair seats which push back to allow easy access and are so arranged to provide ample leg-room.

No absentee owners, Holmes Welch and John Flint have moved with their families from Boston to Stowe to operate the Center. Holmes is a Bay State native and, though brought up in Wisconsin, Flint's family came from Windsor and Bellows Falls.

Stowe Center was built after long study of recreational needs in many areas. The owners feel that the year-around vacation business is here to stay in Vermont and that it is growing. Stowe was picked as the place in this area most needing such entertainment facilities, but they feel other areas need them too, and plans for other centers lie in the future.
STOWE - MANSFIELD area boasts the largest concentration of winter sports facilities in Vermont. Until 1948, it was the only area with a chair lift (right), at the top of which (below) begin most of the trails down the side of Vermont's highest mountain. Chilled skiers find warmth in the Octagon up top (right, below), with its unique center fireplace, open on all sides. Nearly fifty hotels, ski lodges, inns and guest homes provide accommodations for the crowds of ski enthusiasts which flood the area each winter.
Ballantrae and Moral Emblems, stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British Subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body:

"In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the town of St. Johnsbury, in the county of Caledonia, in the state of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

"And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when O, we never mention it, and that I now have no further use for a birthday of any description;

"And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as 1 require:

"Have Transferred and Hereby Do Transfer, to the said Annie H. Ide, All and Whole, my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

"And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, et tamquam bona filia familia, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

"And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights to the said birthday to the President of the United States for the time being:

"In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one."

Seal
Robert Louis Stevenson

Witness Lloyd Osbourne
Witness Harold Watts.

First, pluck the best specimens.

A soldering iron makes the hole.

A Cover is Born . . .

The simple theme (a girl leaving home to go skating) was dreamed up during the summer months. Obviously, there was nothing unique or brilliant in such an idea or picture. But the festoon of icicles, framing the model—added the "new look" to an old story.

Nature was good on the scheduled day of shooting, with a brilliant sun, clear blue skies, sparkling crispy snow—everything just hunky-dory for color photography. All except the icicles! For although there were literally millions hanging from the eaves of every Newport home, none could be located around doors or portals. The inborn safety consciousness of Vermont housewives had eliminated this hazard before they had a chance to form.

It was a casual sidewalk superintendent who solved the photographer's dilemma. Why not break icicles off the roof and tie them up wherever wanted? Trouble was, the wind shattered them against each other.

Again all eyes focused on the home-spun Oracle, with a sort of Now What? expression. Undaunted, he spat, cocked a quizzical eye at the icicles, a more appraising lupine one at the model, and said, "Well, there's more'n one way to skin a cat. Fetch me a soldering iron, a few nails, and get up on that step ladder, son. I can see I got to boss this job." He did. Under his expert supervision, and aided and abetted by an electric soldering iron, the icicles were hung and trimmed. The picture sequence (by Rudy Morse, of Newport, Vermont) tells the story of "The Case of the Obstinate Icicles." Incidentally, it stars Miss Betty Alger, of Newport—a Phil Barber production.

Now hang them on the porch beam.

And here's the fetching result.
VERMONT is a Way of Life