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CONTENTS

Cover, atop Mt. Mansfield by Mack Derick. Courtesy of the Thos. D. Murphy Co., Red Oak, Iowa

Green Mountain Postboy, 1
by Walter Hard, Sr.

Horsemen on Skis, 2
by Dahl Dodge and Ed Oberhaus

John Dewey—Vermont, 10
by George Dykhuisen

Vermont Has
Another Winter Sport, 16
by James S. Cawley

Vermont Portraits, 18
by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Winters Trees, 22
by Margaret Godding

Lane Manufacturing Company, 24

Why Ski?, 26

At the Sign of the Quill, 36
by Arthur W. Peach

Winter Carnival
at Lyndonville, 38
by Milt Kerr and Herb Gallagher

His Hobby Is Woodcarving, 42
by Maurice L. Finn

The Tale of a
Little Red Schoolhouse, 44
by Esther B. Stebbins

Kake Walk, 46

Church at Stowe, 54

Oxen in Vermont
by Betty McWhorter

Some Vermont Ways of Life, 60
by Vrest Orton

Opportunities, 61

Editor’s Uneasy Chair

One of the most puzzling oddities in Vermont (leaving out politics) is the little-known “Hands and Feet” ledge in the town of Woodbury. Here is the story in the words of Edmund H. Royce of St. Albans, whose photograph of the footprints appears below:

Just a few feet away from a winding dirt road beside one of the many ponds in the town of Woodbury, Vermont, is one of the unsolved mysteries of the state. A rugged shale ledge stands almost upright, and on this vertical surface are the distinct prints of two human feet—feet that surely never were encased in a shoe.

Lifelong residents of Woodbury tell of great, great-grandfathers who remember these strange prints as far back as 1800. Close inspection shows that no carving could have made them. However, almost a hundred years ago someone chiseled poorly done hands a few feet in advance of the footprints. Hence the local name given to the ledge: “The Hands and Feet.”

One theory advanced is that centuries ago the shale ledge was soft and ancient man left his footprints in the horizontal surface and that eventually these hardened and were heaved upright by some con­vulsion of nature. Whatever the answer may be, as far as we know, no one ever has been able to solve the mystery of these primitive footprints.

Dr. Charles Doll, state geologist, says that the age and structure of the rock precludes the possibility that these prints could have been left by prehistoric man. We’ll leave it to the reader, then, to de­cide how they got there.

Again the editors would like to remind that Vermont Life does not publish verse, except those quotations which may ap­pear in the Column, “At the Sign of the Quill.”
A WEDDING GIFT has always stirred the romantic soul of the Postboy. It has been brought to mind by Mrs. Fannie Goff Smith of Springfield, Mass.

On December 18th, 1789 Ira Allen wrote his brother Levi: "I have married my favorite Miss Enos and brought her home." As his gift to the bride Ira had title to the township of Irasburg transferred to her. It was a rather cumbersome gift of some 24,000 acres of woodland and, that being a rather common commodity in those days, his bride, doubtless after expressing her gratitude properly, proceeded to forget it. Following the Revolution you may remember, Ira made a calamitous trip to Europe and during his absence his numerous enemies, by various methods, legal and otherwise, managed to grab most of his land holdings so that, on his return to his native land, he was jailed for debt and was compelled to flee the state he had helped to found. It was then that Mrs. Allen found through her brother-in-law, Heman, who had saved the township of Irasburg by bidding it in at tax sales, that her wedding present was really a life-saver. Ira had made many perpetual leases of plots of land in the township, and when he died, impoverished, in Philadelphia, this wedding-gift saved his widow and her son from penury. So Mrs. Allen and her mother and son, Ira, lived comfortably on her own acres. Some of the lots were finally bought outright but some of the lessees were still remiss as late as 1927. However, Mrs. Smith points out the fact that the wide village green, set out as a public right, probably in the original deed, and retained as such when the tax sales were made and title transferred to Heman and then back to Mrs. Allen, remains whole and free and open in spite of numerous attempts by town officials to obtain title to it. The Postboy would suggest that you, gentle reader, when summer comes again and you are wandering around Vermont, plan to visit Irasburg. Stop where you may look across the wide village green where the boys still play ball, and recall that this was Ira’s wedding gift to his bride Jerusha, and let sentiment hold sway for a few minutes.

END
Horsemen on Skis

Long one of the nation’s highest ranking military colleges, Norwich University proves an ideal site for today’s Army ROTC training in mountain and winter warfare.

by DAHL DODGE and ED OBERHAUS

Photography by LARRY WILLARD and WALTER ROEDER

VERMONT MILITARY DISTRICT
NORWICH UNIVERSITY
RESERVE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS
NORTHFIELD, VERMONT

TRAINING MEMORANDUM

2 March 1950

NO. 3

1. MS II M&W cadets will march cross-country to vicinity WAITSFIELD 4 March 1950, bivouac overnight, and return via MAD RIVER GLEN by truck 5 March 1950.

A. Assemble on Armory Main Floor at 0600, 4 March, with complete equipment prepared to move out at 0700.

B. Route: see attached...

This was the beginning of an order that last season found its way to the crowded bulletin boards at Norwich University. In some schools, such a notice, proclaiming that an overnight bivouac would be held for a group of 40 men in the coldest stretch of the Vermont winter, would be met with sneers of disbelief and the usual whining from the “Mama’s Boys.” But not at Norwich. This was nothing new at all to the compact and united group of 572 students who each winter struggle along through winds and snows that whip through the Northfield Valley with an arctic fierceness.

Located on picturesque route 12, some ten miles below Montpelier in the village of Northfield, Norwich has always been a man’s school in a man’s country, even though it has not always been situated on its present breezy plateau overlooking the meandering Dog River. Its founder, Captain Alden Partridge, a graduate and former superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, first founded the University or “Academy” as it was known in those days, at Norwich, Vermont, in 1819. From this point, with view of the already prominent Dartmouth College, this pioneer in educational trends was able to preach his philosophy that a citizen militia is necessary for the preservation of democracy. While it is not an established fact, some authorities felt that with the antagonism shown between the two schools, either one or the other would have to pull up stakes before a wholesale massacre took place. And Dartmouth was there first!

Consequently, the “Academy” was moved to Middletown, Connecticut in 1825 where it remained for a period of four years, until its return to Norwich, Vermont in 1829, leaving behind it a set of buildings that was soon to become Wesleyan University. After becoming chartered as a university by the State of Vermont in 1844, the school continued on in that locality, with each year bringing the flow of Dartmouth and Norwich blood to a higher peak as the battles raged in the weathered covered bridges that spanned the swirling Connecticut River. However, an act of God resulted in the razing of the old South Barracks in 1866 and in the subsequent moving of the University to its present location in Northfield.

Records show that the cadets were never idle. Between cramming on such subjects as Mechanics; Hydrostatics; Topography; Civil Engineering, including the construction of roads, canals, locks, and bridges; and Architecture; they found many a spare moment to go trooping across the Green Mountain ranges, even to such places as Ft. Ethan Allen in the north, and Boston in the south. Tobacco-chewing and rugged, their idea of a good time consisted of an all day hike or maneuvers...
In the fall of the year the cadets learned, among other things, to hastily construct a substantial bridge from nylon rope.

A brace is built and set into the ground. A rope bridge is hung from this brace to a tree on the opposite side of the river.

on the backs of their almost legendary cavalry mounts. But as only a few people suspected in those days, the horse was not here to stay. World War I almost proved the point with its partial mechanization, World War II and the Atomic Age made it a certainty. Late in the summer of 1948, the Horsemen found themselves hurled almost bodily from the saddle (not to say that most of them didn’t put up quite a struggle) and crammed tightly into the armor-clad bodies of light tanks. The last horse had left the Hill.

Oddly enough, it was before the horses had gone, in the month of June, 1947, that most of the discouraged cadets found that they were not to lead an entire four year life span in an armored shell. On the ninth day of that month, General Jacob L. Devers, Chief of Army Ground Forces, was asked by the then President Homer L. Dodge to permit the offering of a course in Mountain and Winter Warfare for all R.O.T.C. units at the University.

Norwich, as a site for such an experimental unit, was ideal. Steep hills, covered by deep white snow for four and a half months of the year, wind that might better be used for training purposes than as a frosting agent for windows of the Hill’s many red brick buildings; sheer rock cliffs and clear fordable streams to test the skill of each and every cadet; all were valuable training aids and were included in a survey instituted by General Devers.

Accordingly, a two year course was set up by the Department of the Army “to include twenty hours of mountain training and twenty hours of winter training per year in addition to a spring and winter bivouac each year as part of the Norwich training for certain specially selected volunteers.”

In conjunction with this course, seventy freshmen and fifty sophomore cadets were furnished with necessary individual and organizational equipment at the expense of the government; and in addition, Leslie J. Hurley, a specially qualified non-commissioned officer and instructor, was assigned to the infant unit. Since this time, December 1947, more specialized equipment has been added, the main item being a “Weasel” used on the snow-covered ground to haul personnel and heavy equipment.

Over the three year period that the detachment has been installed at the University, approximately forty cadets, now seniors, have completed the course and have continued with their regular R.O.T.C., training in other specialized fields. It is estimated that beginning with June 1951, this same number of winterized reserve officers will be graduated each year. These men will constitute an ever-increasing pool of personnel, highly qualified and expert in operations involving snow and extreme cold for any future emergency.

This training unit, however, is not simply prepared to work under winter conditions as the first word in their name, Mountain and Winter Warfare, shows. Having conducted three bivouacs in the shadow of Bolton Mountain on Bolton Flats, all of the men graduating from the unit are highly skilled in knowing the terrain for training in mountain climbing is provided.
These students with full equipment come quickly down the face of a vertical cliff in a series of short jumps via double nylon ropes.

The fastest way either up or down the face of a vertical cliff, providing, of course, maximum safety for themselves. Perhaps realizing the extent of their experiment, the Army has taken great care in providing the necessary equipment for this type of work. Four types of pitons with the ability to carry 2,000 pounds of strain, piton hammers, 120-foot nylon climbing ropes stressed to carry 4,000 pounds while only 7/16 inches in diameter, and the know-how in rappelling, construction of a suspension traverse, and construction of rope bridges have all been fully mastered by the willing cadets.

During the first two winters of the course’s existence, an overnight bivouac never appeared feasible due to poor conditions and the infancy of the development. But the first part of March 1950 found the winter at its peak and the Mountaineers rarin’ to go.

March 4th was the day! 6:40 a.m. found forty heavily-bundled mountaineering Horsemen struggling with last minute equipment details in the middle of the massive Armory floor. Those who were not busying themselves were lazily sprawled out next to their khaki rucksacks. Once bindings were secure and noon rations had been packed, there was little else to do but catch forty more winks.

Outside, the bitter cold shoved the shivering mercury down to 32 degrees below zero.

Suddenly, at 7:00 a.m., the massive Armory doors swung back and the eskimo-like cadets, carrying ‘right shoulder skis’ filed out into the cold and onto the snow-packed roadway.

Saddle up and move out! Okay, pick up your interval. And keep it there!

Slowly, the snake-like column wove its quiet way around snow-covered bends and icy turns, past the silent stables and its boarded windows, over shiny railroad tracks, across the winding Dog River, under sparkling ice-coated maple branches, through a still barnyard, and up the steep rise towards Scragg Mountain. Finally, at the top of the first knoll, the column halted.

Skis on! Cross-country hitch! Let’s go!

Now, with skis on, the column moved slowly up through the long fields and woods towards the towering saddle of.

Still well below zero, the cadets move out at 0700 at “right shoulder skis” for the first lap of the climb. Incidentally, the weather man says Northfield is the coldest spot in Vermont.
Forty cadets (upper left) herringboning over a knoll pack down the snow, crisp in sub-zero weather. Each man carries his own canteen of water (left center). As the group gets into hilly country cadets stop (lower left) to attach climbers to their skis. These cadets (above), carrying the special mountain rucksack, have stopped by the side of the trail to “take ten”. The mountain. At intervals, the command *Take ten!* was given, and numerous pieces of clothing were removed as the bright March sun glared on the powdery snow. The mercury then registered a mere five degrees below zero.

Half-way to their bivouac area and directly under the last steep climb up Scrugg, the noon halt brought the hungry skiers from their heavy, white hickories to sit on the sunny side of a sway-backed, wilderness shack. Here would be the first test of the winter bivouac. Would the experimental A-1 Assault Rations that had been supplied for the overnight jaunt prove to be worthwhile? And if not, why not?

Expectantly, the men opened their individual rations. Packed in oblong boxes about half the size of an ordinary shoe box, the contents proved to be quite mysterious. Later, however, after some manipulation, tasty combinations of specially prepared meat and vegetables were made more than appetizing with the two heat tablets provided to warm them. Oatmeal cookies, round crackers, sweet chocolate bars, starch jelly bars, and soluble coffee all were gulped by the hungry troopers. At the end of the meal, they found that their rations also included gum and cigarettes.

With each ration, the guinea pig-like cadets were required to fill out a questionnaire to test their reaction to it. Divided into three phases, the information when compiled supplied the Army with a first-hand account of their product and the modifications that should be made in it.

From the dinner area, the group attached skins over their skis and climbed the rest of the way to the saddle of the mountain. From there, although only three-quarters of the way to the objective in Waitsfield, the rest of the journey was a downhill schuss. And it was accomplished in record time.

On the side of a wooded knoll where the wind could not get at them, the tired troopers spent the night. Warm in their covering of sleeping bags and mountain tents, they slept comfortably and without any qualms of being cold, despite the frigid weather.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast of the same A-1 rations, they divided into two parties. One went by truck to Mad River Glen to ski for the day, and the other mounted trucks to take the long, roundabout journey back to Northfield via the road.

What happened to the order on the crowded Norwich bulletin boards? Like others of its kind, it was pushed back in some obscure file behind Training Memorandum No. 2. Norwichians found the first R.O.I.C. winter bivouac nothing to get excited about . . . just another day in the lives of forty cadets.
This group standing near the vehicle awaits the arrival of the main body of cadets. Major Rice, between the skis, is now in Austria.

Tired skiers arrive at the bivouac area near Waitsfield. They stack skis and poles for the night.

Sergeant Donahue, who drove the Weasel, demonstrates (below left) how the mountain tents, carried in by trucks, should be raised. His equipment (below right) includes bear paw snowshoes and sleeping bag in a waterproof bag.

One bale of straw is issued for each two tents and spread on the snow (upper right) as a base for their erection. It insulates the tent floor from the cold as well as providing comfort.

These two cadets (lower right) have their work done and are preparing their evening meal of A-1 Assault Rations heating the food with the two heat tablets provided with the rations. Tents are reversible—green on one side and white on the other. Sleeping bags are laid on the tent floor and the round doorway closed at night. The oval inset provides ventilation.
This portrait of Dewey hangs in the Billings Library in Burlington with a duplicate in the library at Columbia University. It was painted by the late Edwin B. Child of Dorset in 1929 and according to his son, Sargent Child of Arlington, Va., was started with Dewey on the listening end of a two hour discourse by two graduate students from China on the American influence on Chinese education.
John Dewey

Vermont

One of the truly great philosophers of the present century and America's most distinguished educational thinker

by George Dykhuizen

October 20, 1949, was a day of considerable importance. Colleges, universities and learned societies all over the civilized world held special meetings and celebrations. Fifteen hundred outstanding scholars and leaders met for a great testimonial dinner at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Felix Frankfurter, Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court, Dr. Hu Shih, former Chinese Ambassador to the United States, and Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, were among the speakers. President Truman, Vice President Barkeley, Clement Atlee, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and notable men and women from various parts of the world sent congratulations. The metropolitan press gave extensive coverage to the affair, and articles about it appeared in Time, Life, The New Republic and the Saturday Review of Literature. Vermonters shared this interest, for it marked the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of John Dewey, one of the State's most illustrious sons.

And when the more colorful celebrations elsewhere were over, Dewey's alma mater, the University of Vermont, provided a simple homecoming where Dewey's friends, some of them dating back to boyhood days, paid him affectionate and admiring tribute.

John Dewey's fame rests mainly upon his outstanding achievements in the world of ideas. He is considered one of the truly great philosophers of the present century, and is America's most distinguished educational thinker. The influence of his philosophy has extended into many realms of scholarship. Such branches of human learning as psychology, political science, economics, sociology, religion, jurisprudence and education have all felt the impact of his original and powerful thought. Many of the liberal trends in government, industrial relations, legal procedure, and education can be traced to Dewey's pragmatism. His literary output has been enormous for he has written twenty-seven major works and hundreds of important articles in philosophical and professional journals. Many of these were written since his retirement from full-time teaching in 1931. The titles of his writings and of the books and articles written about his work are so numerous that by 1939 they filled over two hundred pages.

Dewey's roots penetrate deep into Vermont. While still a young man his paternal grandfather, Archibald Dewey, came to Bennington, Vermont, from New York State and shortly thereafter, in 1785, married Jerusha Hopkins of Bennington. After their marriage, Archibald and Jerusha Dewey moved to Cambridge, Vermont, and a few years later to Fairfax. Eleven children were born to them—seven sons and four daughters. The youngest of the eleven was Archibald Sprague Dewey, born in Fairfax, April 17, 1811. As business prospects appeared poor in the village of Fairfax, A. S. Dewey later came to Burlington. On September 11, 1835, he married Lucina Artemisa Rich in Shoreham, Vermont. The rich family had settled in Shoreham shortly after the Revolutionary War, and had given its name to Richville, Vermont. Archibald and Lucina Rich Dewey had four children, all sons: John Archibald who died at the age of two and a half years, Davis Rich John, and Charles.

Dewey's parents were both active in the community life of Burlington. His father, A. S. Dewey, owned a grocery store in the heart of Burlington's business section, and was well known for his wit and humor. The advertisements which he ran in the Burlington Daily Free Press in connection with his business attracted wide attention:

Boots have not often been made to shine with such brilliancy as to render lanterns unnecessary in a dark night, without the use of Van Deventers Oil Paste Blacking; it is sold by A. S. Dewey.

Buckwheat Flour is plenty, and as a natural consequence pancakes have been going down and are now reported "flat." We noticed, however, at the meeting of "the board" this morning, a very general disposition to "operate" in the article; and some heavy lots were taken on individual account; parties appeared to regard them as a good investment.

It is a fact that the movement of Mackerel—commercially speaking—is greatly facilitated by the loss of its head; of course a tale would be useless appendage. Any doubts in the matter can be solved at Dewey's.

But A. S. Dewey also had a serious and more practical side, of which his friends and close associates were well aware. He was one of the first treasurers of the Burlington Savings Bank, now the largest in the state, and was also entrusted with responsible positions in the administration of the First Congregational Church. During the Civil War he served as quartermaster of the First Vermont Cavalry, and was cited by the editor of the Burlington.
In this building at the corner of South Willard and College Streets in Burlington Dewey attended high school while a boy. The building is now used for vocational education.

The Old Mill at the University of Vermont appeared like this at the time Dewey attended the school in the late 1870s. He was fifteen years old when he entered.

The Dewey family were members of the First Congregational Church in Burlington. The Church still stands at the corner of Buell Street and South Winooski Avenue.

Daily Free Press for his “coolness and decision” when under fire.

Dewey’s mother, Lucina Rich Dewey, was an avid reader and enthusiastic member of Burlington’s cultural and intellectual circles. She also spent much time and energy in charitable enterprises, one of her chief interests being the Adams Mission whose good works reached into many of the homes of the poor and underprivileged in Burlington. The high esteem in which she was held by her friends and fellow-workers is attested by the following tribute to her memory. Referring to her death in Chicago in 1899, a writer in the Burlington Daily Free Press of that year, said:

For many years she lived here, filling a large place in the social and intellectual life of Burlington. She had rare gifts of mind and heart, was unusually genial in society and a neighbor whose kind and generous helpfulness was literally unceasing. But while she expended so much time and interest in social and literary pursuits—for she was an incessant and eager reader and deep thinker—that was only a part of her life. I had almost said a small part, for so great was her interest in philanthropy that one who knew her only on that side of her life might well have supposed her to be almost wholly absorbed in that direction.

Dewey’s parents were members of the First Congregational Church in Burlington, and both participated actively in its work. His father is cited again and again in the records of the Church in connection with its important offices and committees, while Mrs. A. S. Dewey is mentioned for her faithful attendance and for her work in Sunday School and local missions. John Dewey joined the Church when he was eleven years old, not because he was passing through any deep religious experience, but because it was customary for children of that age to affiliate with the Church. The note which Dewey wrote expressing his desire to unite with the Church is in the files of the First Church of Burlington and is almost identical with others written at about that time.

John Dewey had the general upbringing that was typical of boys in small New England communities. He attended the public schools, went regularly to church and Sunday School, and spent his leisure time playing games with neighborhood friends, hiking to Rock Point and Red Rocks along the shores of Lake Champlain, and when old enough to make longer trips, he climbed the peaks of Mt. Mansfield and Camel’s Hump. Like many of his friends, he did odd jobs after school, carried papers, and worked in a lumber yard.
During most of the time that Dewey was a pupil in the public schools, education on the common school level in Burlington was in a sorry way. The only free schools were the traditional "district schools." It was at one of these, the "North and Murray School" situated on the site now occupied by the Lawrence Barnes School, that Dewey received his early training. Irregular and tardy attendance, overcrowded facilities, lack of uniform courses of study, and poorly trained teachers were the conditions most frequently cited in the superintendents' reports as needing correction. "Compared with schools in Rutland and Montpelier," wrote one superintendent, "ours are far from being well-ordered and efficient."

The report of 1866 declared that "some of the buildings are not really so tidy and attractive in their appearance as many of the barns and carriage-houses belonging to some of our private residences." Agitation for reform finally brought results, so that by the time Dewey was ready to enter high school the people of Burlington had good grounds for declaring that their public schools were among the best in the State.

Dewey was fifteen years of age when he entered the University of Vermont. This college, fifth oldest in New England, enjoyed considerable prestige both in this country and abroad as the institution whose president, James Marsh, had contributed greatly to the Transcendentalist Movement in America and whose faculty had introduced some radical new practices in college instruction and discipline. These developments, as Professor Marjorie H. Nicolson observes in her article, "James Marsh and the Vermont Transcendentalists," marked the University as "an institution so important that for years it was considered the center of the most advanced thought in New England, and looked upon by other colleges as daring in its innovations."

The most striking feature of the plan of study which President Marsh and his faculty established in 1839 was that the work of the senior year was confined almost entirely to the Department of Philosophy. The aim was to introduce the student to fundamental problems of human existence and to stimulate him to think seriously and effectively on important matters. This program was still in operation during the years (1875-79) when Dewey was a student at the University. Among the courses offered by the Department in 1878-79, when Dewey was a senior, were history of civilization, political economy, comparative government, psychology, logic, metaphysics, ethics, philosophy of religion, and theory of fine art. "In all the studies of this division," says the Catalogue for 1878-79, "the end sought is the awakening and training of the powers of reflective thought. The student is encouraged to raise questions and to present difficulties, and the aim of instruction is not so much to impart a system, as to stimulate and guide philosophical inquiry." In an autobiographical sketch Dewey says that the work of the senior year "fell in with my own inclinations, and I have always been grateful for that year of my schooling."

The latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed the bitter conflict between science and religion occasioned by the publication of Darwin's Origin of Species in 1859 (the year in which Dewey was born). "Opponents of the doctrine of evolution argued in press and pulpit that the theory would undermine faith in all that traditional religion stood for. The conflict was waged in practically every community and on practically every campus in the country, and did much to stimulate thinking on religious and philosophical issues among college students. Dewey, as an undergraduate, was familiar with the controversy. But in the biographical sketch already referred to, he remarks that, although the conflict brought with it "a trying personal crisis," it was not for him a fundamental problem in philosophy. Philosophy and science, he felt, should not try to adjust their ideas to the demands of various religious faiths, but should follow where the facts lead. Genuine and sound religious experience, he was convinced, "could and should adapt itself to whatever beliefs one found oneself intellectually entitled to hold." Dewey has never relinquished this conviction.

The problems which held the greatest interest for Dewey during these years of religious controversy were those arising in human and social relations. "Social interests and problems," he writes, "from an early period had for me the intellectual..."
appeal and provided the intellectual sustenance that many seem to have found primarily in religious questions." Throughout his long philosophical career Dewey’s main concern has been with "the problems of men" rather than with the technical and academic problems of the professional philosopher. The keynote of his social philosophy is that social institutions exist for man and not man for social institutions. Political, economic and social arrangements are devised by men and exist to serve men’s needs and opportunities. As men’s requirements change, social institutions must change if they are to do that for which they were created. This Professor Dewey shows Mrs. Dewey books and manuscripts of his own on display in the museum at the University of Vermont.

"instrumentalist" approach to social institutions and to social change contrasts sharply with the "formalistic" attitude which views social institutions as immune to alteration because based upon abstract and supposedly eternal principles. This same contrast in attitude might be said to mark the difference between liberal and conservative groups today.

The "instrumentalist" attitude will not strike the average Vermonter as strange or unnatural. Through the generations the notion has become deeply implanted in the minds of Vermonters that social institutions are precisely what Dewey says they are. Brought up under the influence of the traditional town meeting, Vermonters easily accept the idea that governments and other institutions are established by people to serve their interests and that the people can restrict or expand their functions as circumstances may require. Dewey acknowledges that this general Vermont attitude influenced him greatly. Delivering the James Marsh lecture at the University of Vermont in 1929, Dewey said: "... I shall never cease to be grateful that I was born at a time and a place where the earlier ideal of liberty and the self-governing community of citizens still sufficiently prevailed, so that I unconsciously imbibed a sense of its meaning. In Vermont, perhaps even more than elsewhere, there was embodied in the spirit of the people the conviction that governments were like the houses we live in, made to contribute to human welfare, and that those who lived in them were as free to change and extend the one as they were the other, when developing needs of the human family called for such alterations and modifications. So deeply bred in Vermonters was this conviction that I still think that one is more loyally patriotic to the ideal of America when one maintains this view than when one conceives of patriotism as rigid attachment to a form of the state alleged to be fixed forever, and recognizes the claims of a common human society as superior to those of any particular political form."

This doctrine of the nature and function of social institutions is an extension of Dewey’s theory of the nature and function of mind and ideas. Pragmatism leans heavily on evolutionary biology, and maintains that mind is a product of evolution and that ideas are instruments, or plans of action, by which the human organism attempts to overcome obstacles and win the objects it desires. "The biological point of view," writes Dewey, "commits us to the conviction that mind, whatever else it may be, is at least an organ of service for the control of environment in relation to the ends of the life process." Ideas, Dewey holds, must be tested in experience where they become clarified, refined, and their validity determined.

When this doctrine of mind and ideas is applied to the educative process, learning by doing is made central, and education becomes a "practical" process wherein the child attains increasingly good adjustment to his physical, social and cultural environment. "Progressive education," which is usually associated with Dewey’s name, stands for these principles in education.

A most important factor in Dewey’s Vermont background remains to be mentioned. Upon being graduated from the University of Vermont in 1879, Dewey taught high school for two years in Oil City, Pennsylvania. In 1881 he returned to Vermont and taught in a private academy in Charlotte. During this same time he continued his studies in philosophy under the private guidance of his former instructor in philosophy, Professor H. A. P. Torrey. Teacher and pupil took long walks together in the country and there still stands near the University a tree which older members of the community refer to as the "philosophers’ tree," because it allegedly served as their rendezvous. During these walks they discussed various philosophical classics, and Professor Torrey gradually discovered great potentialities in his pupil and urged him to make philosophy his career. Referring to this year of close association with Professor Torrey, Dewey writes: "I owe him a double debt, that of turning my

**NEW YORK TIMES**
Professor Dewey is greeted on the steps of the University by Acting President Elias Lyman and an enthusiastic group from the student body. (New York Times)

thoughts definitely to the study of philosophy as a life pursuit, and of a generous gift of time to me during a year devoted privately under his direction to a reading of classics in the history of philosophy and learning to read philosophic German."

Dewey left Vermont in 1882 for graduate study at Johns Hopkins University. He received his Ph.D. degree there in 1884, and then went to the Midwest where he entered upon his career in philosophy. During the next twenty years, he occupied the chair of philosophy at the Universities of Michigan, Minnesota, and Chicago. In 1886 he married Alice Chipman, and to them were born six children, three sons and three daughters, of whom four survive: Fred, Evelyn, Jane, and Lucy. Mrs. Dewey died in 1927. In 1904 Dewey married Alice Chipman, whom he married in 1927. In 1904 Dewey accepted an appointment as professor of philosophy at Columbia University, and taught there until he retired from full-time teaching in 1931. Since 1931 he has lectured, and written some of his most important books. He and the second Mrs. Dewey, whom he married in 1946, live in New York City and spend part of each year in Florida and Nova Scotia. They have adopted two children (a brother and sister) of Belgian parentage, John, Jr., and Adrienne.

Though he has spent the greater part of his life outside Vermont, Dewey has the personal qualities which are popularly associated with native, "old-American," Vermonters. One of his biographers, Professor Sidney Hook, has given a description of Dewey which deserves to be quoted:

The Vermont and the New England of Dewey's boyhood and youth are gone. But he still carries with him the traces of its social environment, not as memories but as habits, deep preferences, and an ingrained democratic bias. They show themselves in his simplicity of manner, his basic courtesy, freedom from every variety of snobbism, and matter-of-course respect for the rights of everyone in America as a human being and a citizen... His simplicity, directness, and complete lack of self-consciousness puts even the shyest person at his ease, and yet leads him to do more things and to do them better than he ordinarily would. His intellectual humility is so profound that it might seem to be a pose affected by a great man were it not so obviously sincere... His sense of humor is delightful, although a little unpredictable. A dry chuckle, a grin, a twinkle that lights up the whole face are its premonitory signs.

Not many states can lay claim to possession of a native son as distinguished as John Dewey. Nor can many colleges take pride, as can the University of Vermont, in an alumnus of his moral and intellectual stature.
Vermont Has Another Winter Sport

If there’s no skiing, there’s sure to be skate sailing on the lakes.

Story and Pictures by James S. Cawley

The past two winters were downright tough on the good people of Vermont who have spent so much time and money to provide recreation and comfortable living for winter sport enthusiasts. Up to the time this article was written there had not been enough snow to provide decent skiing for more than a day or so and as for the Christmas week—well, the least said the better we shall feel.

Like thousands of other sportsmen, Mrs. Cawley, our daughter Nancy and I journeyed to our favorite state for a three day holiday over the New Year weekend. We knew there wasn’t any snow but, like all skiers, we hoped there would be by the time we reached Stowe. I’ll never forget the deep purple gloom that greeted us all the way up and at the Green Mountain Inn when we arrived. We learned that hundreds of skiers had been sitting it out since Christmas, waiting, just waiting for snow.

Along with several hundred other skiers we saw the old year out and the new one in at the Ski Center—still waiting. We hunted around some and heard that one could ski a bit on the top of the Toll Road and, later learned that one of our neighbors from Princeton had spent hours flying all over Vermont looking for snow.

You may be wondering why I recite all of this when it is so well known to so many disappointed sportsmen. Well for just this reason. When we left New Jersey we carried skis of course but we also carried three skate sails on top of the station wagon and that is the point of this yarn. As a result we, and perhaps we alone, had an enjoyable weekend of sport in Vermont—SKATE SAILING on beautiful black ice!

Skate Sailing is a well known winter sport around metropolitan New York and Boston and sailors can enjoy sailing in Vermont during the winter. In a normal winter there is clear ice during the early part of the season. From then on it is buried under snow. During this very open winter, and we may have several more of them, we had practically no ice down here while Vermont had plenty of it all winter.

New Year’s weekend offered safe ice on several lakes in Vermont and early on New Year’s day we picked up Dick Jerome of Montpelier and started cruising around to find it. We looked over Lake Champlain at Burlington and saw miles of open water but when we drove over the causeway to Grand Isle we found a sheet of black ice extending for several miles and did we make use of it! Later on we sailed for a time on Mallett’s Bay where the ice was safe but a bit rough.
Getting back to the real point of our story why wouldn’t it be possible to attract sportsmen to Vermont on the basis of the miles of lakes that provide excellent skating or sailing? Many of the visitors would bring their own sails and it would be possible to set up a rental service at certain points just as skis are provided for those who do not have their own. When there’s no snow there’s bound to be ice in Vermont.

Almost everyone remembers the days of his youth when the kids rigged up sails which, when held on their backs, enabled them to scoot down wind faster than they could skate. The trouble though was the necessity of folding up the sail and skating back up wind to do it over again. With those rigs it was possible to sail only before the wind.

Modern, high speed skate sailing, as practiced by the members of the Skate Sailing Association of America, is a far cry from the simple bed sheet sails of kid days. Using professionally designed and cut sails of varying areas—from thirty-five to fifty-five square feet—the modern sailor can sail in any direction just as is possible in a sail boat. All skate sailing is windward work or tacking. The taut flat sails will point higher into the wind than a racing yacht. Although speeds up to a mile a minute are practical it is possible to sail slowly through the use of small sails or by spilling wind a bit. In other words one can sail within his ability while learning just as a skier can, through proper control, stay down to safe speeds until expert ability is acquired.

Skate Sailing is a sport that may be enjoyed by the whole family and I assure you that once you have tried sailing you will not care for just plain skating. For the small fry a simple sail, just like a kite, can be made of muslin and a couple of spars. For adults a forty-five or fifty foot sail is the proper thing and, for anyone who can skate without trouble it will take but a few hours to become fairly proficient.

For steadiness and comfort long blade skates are best although any skates will do at low speeds. Regular ski clothing will keep you warm enough. Unlike boat sailing the trick in skate sailing is to hold the boom or long spar on your shoulder, grasping the mast or upright spar with one or both hands and leaning into the wind. This provides the pressure that drives you forward and much of the speed results from momentum. To stop one just swings the sail over his head and holds it there in a flat position, then coasts to a stop or gracefully turns as in skating, dropping the sail on his other side and going off on another tack. It is simple.

Anyone who can use a sewing machine and simple woodworking tools can make the sail and spars but it will work out better if the sail is bought from a professional sail maker like Abercrombie Camp on Chambers Street in New York City.
Nothing could be more appropriate for a Vermont magazine than to reproduce some of Enit Kaufman’s remarkable Portraits of Great Americans. For it was here in Vermont when this gifted Viennese painter first came to this country, that she conceived the idea. She was then spending her summer in a log-cabin, in the edge of a Vermont pine-forest, beside a Vermont brook. Till then, the America she had known was New York. Like many another of the distinguished personalities of whom Hitler made a noble present to the United States, she had little idea at first of the vast variety and expanse of our enormous country.

The total contrast between big-city life and that of a Vermont country-side—each of these backgrounds totally “American”—first gave her vivid and creative intelligence a conception of our nation as a whole, such as few born-here Americans attain. She was generously appreciative of the safety and protection offered her and her family by the U.S.A. and felt a warm-hearted impulse to make a gesture of gratitude in return.

Little realizing, then, the tremendous demand that would be made by her plan, on her vitality, her time and her pocket-book, she conceived the project of painting a gallery of well-known Americans of interest and value to their country. For years afterward, this slightly built but indomitably vital artist traveled up and down and across our huge Federation, painting portraits. She received no remuneration for this mighty enterprise—save the deeply satisfied feeling of living up to an ideal. When the collection was large enough to be representative, H. Holt and Co. brought it out in book form. The originals she presented to the New York Historical Society, where they are on permanent exhibition (when not traveling out for loan exhibitions all over the country).

It was her idea to have her collection be a living illustration of the variety of American personalities who have made contributions to our cherished, much-loved nation. In this respect her “American Portraits” is unique. For an example of about every kind of notable American is in it—Joe Louis the prize-fighter, President Conant of Harvard, dear and revered old John Dewey the philosopher, and Marian Anderson the noble Negro singer, Monsignor Ryan and Kaiser the industrialist, Lilienthal and John Marin the famous water-colorist.

It is of especial interest to Vermonters for the native representatives from our own small state. John Dewey and Warren Austin are the two whose faces speak to us of Vermont qualities.

We can well be proud to have them in with the other notable Americans, and proud of the fact that it was in
the silence, tranquility and security of a forest of Vermont pines that this finely gifted artist first conceived so great a project.

The biographical material accompanying Mrs. Kaufman’s portraits is taken from Mrs. Fisher’s writing from “American Portraits” but, regrettably, condensed. Vermont Life finds it significant that, of the Americans portrayed by Mrs. Kaufman and Mrs. Fisher, several are Vermonters by birth or by choice.

JOHN DEWEY

John Dewey is a philosopher and a famous professor of that most abstract subject, philosophy. He has been a storm-center of bitter controversy, too, among other professors of philosophy—sure sign that they recognize him as a man of stature. He has received recognition in the international world of learning such as few of the American intellectuals except our scientists have had.

The Deweys have had six children—a sizable family to take care of on the very moderate salary of an American college professor. Their father wrote such great books of abstract thought as “Studies in Logical Theory” during the years when he was sharing daily life with living, noisy children.

All American school children and their parents can thank the Deweys for having a large family. Their American-style family life brought home to a first-rate brain the essential nature of children. It is hardly too much to say that public-school life has been resurrected as from a tomb by John Dewey’s educational theories. His concepts turn soggy, indigestable pedantry into appetizing life-sustaining knowledge.

ROBERT FROST

Robert Frost has lived nearly all of his more than seventy years in New Hampshire, Vermont or Massachusetts. By inheritance and by tradition this half-Scottish, half-New England poet belongs to people who dislike exuberance and who call volubility “talking about nothing.”

It might be a good guess that of all the honors that have come to our greatest living poet, the one that seems to him most rewarding is the ardent love for his poetry and gratitude to him of a large number of young Americans.

This living voice says something to them that can never be said in prose, something that makes human life greater. They who are bored by most poetry because it is not alive, does not speak from the page in the voice of a fellow man, because it is words and not reality—they find in Robert Frost’s poems that rich enhancement of what we all feel and that only great art can give.

WARREN ROBINSON AUSTIN

Warren Robinson Austin is a native of Vermont, born in 1877 in Highgate, a mountain hamlet. From these country towns, inhabited by a static population living in or near their grandfathers’ homes, many an American has stepped out into world affairs, generally without cutting the tap-root that binds him to Vermont.

Warren Austin was educated wholly inside the Green Mountains. In China he represented American interests financing and building the national railroads, canals and flood control projects. He returned to Burlington and practiced law until entering the United States Senate in 1931. There he remained until his appointment as United States delegate to the United Nations.

All through the struggle against the futility of the isolationist attitude Warren Austin has steadily upheld the recognition of our nation’s international responsibilities. At a time when such recognition of our real place in the affairs of the world was loudly called war-mongering, he argued and courageously voted for what has since been recognized as the deeper reality of our nation’s situation.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Dorothy Canfield Fisher—For this autobiographical note I fall back on ancestors and childhood background. One grandmother was born and brought up in the Society of Friends near Philadelphia. All the rest of the family tree was rooted in New England.
My Canfield grandfather was rector of one and another N. Y. City Episcopal Church all his life. My father, after valorous service to public education, gave his last ten years to Columbia University. Both of these men, who lived most of their years in New York, were, in their own estimation, always Vermonters.

My mother was an artist—to her last irrational, charming, highly gifted, irresponsible fiber. Although her family had been New Englanders she disliked New England, liked France, liked painting there. I was with her in Paris off and on, all through my childhood and youth, getting an education, if it could be called that—very oddly divided between Paris studio life, art galleries, and the classrooms kept by Catholic Sisters, and later in the Sorbonne. Majoring in the Roman languages I received my doctor's degree from Columbia.

Before I had finished with post graduate work I was married and writing fiction. Now there are over twenty books, I'm sure.

I have lived, ever since my marriage in 1907, within a stone's throw of where my great-greats of 1764 slid off their horses at the end of the long trip from Connecticut, because the water of our brook is soft deciding that there they would make their home. I am, a hundred and eighty-six years later, drinking water from that same brook.

Maybe that is symbolical of something.

Dorothy Thompson, next to Mrs. Roosevelt, is the most widely known living American woman. Her achievements in journalism are of the first rank. She has told more people than any other reporter of general facts. She has, if any journalist ever did, lived up to the code of the newspaper writer—to tell the facts as far as she could ascertain what the facts were.

But living squarely up to that first duty has not prevented her from going far beyond it into the field of leadership of public opinion. At a critical time in our nations' history, when the collective mind of our American federation was in a tragic state of uneasiness, uncertainty, apathy, disheartenment and plain blank ignorance of great world facts, Dorothy Thompson wrote with the hand of the news-teller and the spirited pamphleteer. Day by day, with a clang like that of a powerfully swung hammer, she beat upon that general confusion of mind till the will to defend democracy was formed out of that shapeless American mass of good intentions and disconcerted, uninformed inexperience.

She is one of the first of those women whose character, whose genuinely feminine personal life combined with a truly mature capacity for important work, prove women to be potentially as adult as anybody. She has been one of those who have definitely influenced the opinion of her nation at a turning point in our history.

END
I went out walking today. It was one of those clear, cold, crisp winter days that every New Englander knows and loves. The air was invigorating and as intoxicating as an old rare wine. As I trudged along I was thrilled once again, as I am every winter with the beauty of the bark of some of our most common trees. The poplar for instance, has a soft grey-green bark with a rich satiny sheen. The wild red cherry has suggestions of a deep dark red in its browns and greys reminiscent of a Rembrandt painting. Grey itself may not be a real color, but it can seem like one when the winter sunshine falls upon the light grey bark of red maples or beeches, with perhaps a squirrel to match leaping from limb to limb.

Among white birches have you ever noticed how the outermost sheath of bark, thin as tissue paper, sometimes ravel's off revealing tints of cream and tan and even orange, pink and green, a veritable winter sunset in miniature? To come upon a clump of them at sunset when the snow itself is tinted rose and violet with the sun's declining rays, is to enjoy one of the most beautiful color experiences the winter can offer. White birches you know, are not white until they reach a certain stage of growth. Before that time the bark is speckled brown. Today I was fortunate enough to find a clump that was in the transitional stage. The brown had begun to scale off, showing the first white layer beneath. I thought of a snake casting off its old skin, and of the young robins with their speckled thrush-like breasts before they acquire their adult plumage.

At this time of year, I seem to get closer to trees than during the summer. I go up and feel the bark with my fingers. I examine carefully the small buds waiting for Spring.

Yet winter trees are also just as fascinating in masses seen from a distance. Standing on a slope and looking off to other wooded hills you notice how much color is left there. Even a thicket of small grey birches, which are so often confused with the white birches, has a kind of pinkish-purple bloom over it, and the texture of birch woods is as delicate as the tints. It is as if you could see the brush strokes or the sensitive lines of the etching needle far away as the trees are.

As Spring comes and buds expand, and new sap, life giving, reaches the twigs, this bloom over the bare branches becomes more pronounced. And by the time the red maples are in blossom in mid-April, the woods are nearly as colorful as in Autumn.

What a pity that everyone does not know the lovely flowers of the elm, the willow and the maple. Flowers that bloom before the first small leaves appear. The buds and new leaves of the red maple are a dark red in color, but the pistils of the fully opened blossoms are crimson and the stamens an exquisite scarlet. The sight of the vivid tree in full bloom against the unforgettable blue of an April sky is one to thrill the soul of every nature lover, while the tang in the air brings the blood to the cheek and a sparkle to the eye. Then, just as the red maple blossoms are falling, the hanging yellow blooms of the sugar maple open. Along the brook or roadside ditch the dwarf willows are yellow too, as if twigs were trying to be flowers.

Off in the woods the long painted buds of the beeches are a golden tan, and country roads and borders of fields are gay with soft, silver-grey pussywillows. Even the evergreens are brilliant with their contrasting young and old needles. Pale yellowish green-tipped branches give the trees grown weary from the many buffettings of winter winds and snows, an air of Spring festivity.

Standing on a hill-top in May you see other delicate colors before you. Twigs, birds, flowers and leaves in a fascinating variety. And not only variety, but a variety constantly changing.

But I am anticipating. It is still winter. The trees are full of buds, but the buds are small and tight and hard. They have a long wait yet.

As I was coming home from my walk, I watched the sunset through a group of tall elms. Stained windows with the sky for color, and the bare branches swaying and lashing themselves together in the raw, cold winter wind for design.
The Lane Manufacturing Company

From an old company in Montpelier come time-tested saw mills to cut timber in all parts of the world.

In Montpelier, on a back street seldom seen by tourists, sits the plant of the Lane Manufacturing Company on the site it has occupied for nearly a century. Founded in 1863, incorporated in 1875, the company is still operated by the descendants of its founders, and still makes the best in lever-set circular saw mills.

These machines, improved, of course, to meet changing times and conditions, are to be found in all the lands where timber is cut and sawed, save Russia. England needed them during World War I, and secured twenty of them together with complete crews of Yankee mill-men. The Forestry Department of the Mysore Government has bought them, and so have private interests in Kenya and in Tanganyika. There are Lane mills in the Philippines and one had a boat ride of four thousand miles up the Amazon to Yquitos, Peru. The stenciled names of Cartagena and Baranquilla are to be seen on the tightly-boxed export shipments that leave Montpelier, and Cuba and Mexico are also represented.

Big trailer trucks bearing Carolina and Virginia license plates are often seen in Montpelier; they come north with a load of excelsior perhaps, and go back with a cargo of Lane mills. These mills are to be found all the way from the East Coast to the West; and naturally they constitute the majority of mills operating in New England.

Naturally the Lane company added to its original activity, among other things, the manufacture of machinery for the nearby granite industry. First dericks and cranes, then polishers, saws, edgers and grinders were made, and it may be said that the company has had a hand in developing nearly all of the processes now employed in the manufacture of granite monuments.

Not only are President C. P. Pitkin and Vice President D. A. Lane descendants of the founders but within the organization are other sons and grandsons of members of "the old gang." The experience of such men, and of generations of board-sawyers, mill-men and granite-men are proudly built into Lane machinery.

Special machinery of many kinds has been built by the Lane Company, and the experience gained has proved useful to the nation in two wars, when machines and parts of machines traveled from Montpelier to where they were needed most. But the solid basis of business at Lane is still the Number One Saw Mill and its smaller counterparts. These mills, during the big lumber boom, cut the forests of Michigan and in many parts of the world they do the real work credited to Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox.
The Lane Manufacturing Company also makes other items. Carroll Foster and Frank Wagner, above, stand by as molten iron, used in the manufacture of granite grinders runs from the huge furnace. The filled ladle is moved by crane and poured into casting forms, set in foundry sand. James Boyete, Thomas Sandretto, Norman Rock and Almon Moore, right above, take part in the operation.

Chester Laundry, right, uses a powerful and efficient machine to bore square holes into a piece of timber used in the Lane saw. Cross sections are then set in these holes.

Superintendent Charles Spencer checks hand wheels used on the saws with Shipping Clerk Alec Merrill and William Carbo, below.

A saw mill in the making is studied by Laundry and Iome Sumner of Montpelier, below center. The timber on which the blueprints are spread, will make up the bed of a saw mill.

The Glover double friction feed and gig works (below right), which was developed about one and a half years ago, is an essential part of the Lane Saw Mill.
WHY SKI?
On the Toll House slope "Why Skiers" received an easy introduction to the famous Mt. Mansfield area. Later, after instruction from the Sepp Ruschp Ski School, the students tackled the chair lift and higher mountain slopes.

On the right answer to this question depended a memorable week for ten young people

(Black and white photographs by Cliff Bowman)

Here they are—all but two of the “Why Skiers”: (left to right) Phyllis Clark of Lowell, Mass. (Connecticut College ’50); Paul L. Shuman of Millburn, N. J. (Yale ’53); Richmond D. Williams of Mill River, Mass. (Williams ’50); Jean Dudley Weeks of New York City (Hunter ’50); Gerald Gould of Charlotte, Vt. (Middlebury ’53); Gene McLaughlin of Larchmont, N. Y. (Fordham ’50); Shirley Whalley of Charlotte, Vt. (University of Vermont ’53); Mary Roche of Hartford, Conn. (St. Joseph College ’53). Missing are Michael O’Keefe of Providence College (unable to make the trip) and Carol Goodman of Bennington College (home for the day).

When you’re a respectable young lady and a senior at Connecticut College, it’s a jolt to learn that the Dean’s Office has been officially informed that you have won a “Whisky Contest.” That’s what happened to Phyllis Clark last February, and there were raised eyebrows on the New London Campus until discovery of a typographical error cleared things up.

TO THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT
PHYLLIS CLARK WINNER OF VERMONT’S “WHY SKI?” CONTEST STOP PLEASE INFORM IF STUDENT IN GOOD STANDING STOP”

That’s the way the telegram started out, but somewhere between the Green Mountains and the Connecticut shore “Why ski?” became “whisky”.

When the authorities were reassured about the nature of Phyllis’s prize-winning talents, the answer came back that she was indeed a student in good standing. This was the first of a series of hilarious events that became a memorable nine days for ten young people.

That same February morning telegrams went to nine other eastern colleges and although there was no mention of whisky, they met with some of the same disbelief. Jean Dudley Weeks of New York’s Hunter College did a mental double-take when told the news. Her first thought was something like “Oh, is that so?”, and then “Ye Gods—a week of skiing in Vermont—I’ve never been on skis in my life!”

The ten winners were college students submitting to the Vermont Development Commission the best statements on “Why Ski?”. The contest was designed to promote interest in Vermont winter sports and drew entries from 51 eastern colleges.

The judges were Sepp Ruschp, skimeister from Stowe and Mt. Mansfield; Andrea Mead, Vermont’s young Olympic star; and Dr. A. John Holden, jr., State Commissioner of Education.

To each winner went an all-expense week of Vermont skiing. The trip took in Stowe, Mad River, Middlebury, Pico, Woodstock, Ascutney, Bromley, Snow Valley, Dutch Hill and Hogback.

The 5,650-foot ride up the Mad River chair lift was a thrilling experience for Mary Roche. The lift rises 2,000 vertical feet to the 3,585-foot peak of General Stark Mountain.
At Snow Valley the students encountered one of those unbelievable winter days when blazing sun and blue skies give the lie to temperatures flirting with zero.

In each area the “Why Skiers” were entertained by local people who provided food and lodging, and of course—skiing. In some towns local groups or chambers of commerce sponsored the tour. In others, resorts and hotels, even individuals took over. In every case the “Why Skiers” found a warm welcome. Gene McLoughlin, a journalism major at Fordham, summed it up for the whole group. “I’d like to know where I got the idea Vermonters are stand-offish.”

The weather man helped, too, by providing the best snow conditions of the year. Several times Old Man Winter put on his Sunday suit and treated the newcomers to an unforgettable spectacle of blue skies, bright sun and new-fallen snow. Often the students found it hard to reconcile the beautiful days with temperatures on the debit side of zero.

If Vermont made a good impression on the students, it can also be said that several of them left their “impressions” on Vermont. Certainly the “Why Skiers” as a group were better “writers about skiing” than skiers. Asked about his ability on the hickories, Paul Shiman, of Yale and Maplewood, New Jersey, said it was “a matter
The above picture resulted when the photographer caught Shirley Whalley in the warming hut at Middlebury's Snow Bowl, tuckered out after a full day of skiing. A ski instructor (above right) demonstrates a fine point. Throughout Ski Week the students took advantage of pointers from Vermont's top-notch ski instructors. Until winning the "Why Ski?" Contest, Jean Dudley Weeks (below) had been no closer to skis than a sporting goods window. At Pico, she called on Karl Acker, famous teacher of Andrea Mead, for information on "how to get up." Here she is pictured before Karl supplied the answer. Carol Goodman (below right), originally from Rahway, New Jersey, learned about Vermont skiing at Burr and Burton Seminary (Manchester, Vt.) and at Bennington College.
At Middlebury the “Why Skiers” took in an honorary member. Jonathan Joy, 3, already an avid skier, joined the crowd (above left) around the warming hut fire. If the “Why Skiers” had anything in common, it was youth and energy. After a day of skiing, square dancing (left center) was “just a good way to relax.” Ted and Carol Goodman (backs to camera) “promenaded” with Jean Weeks and Gene McLoughlin (center) and Shirley Whalley and Dick Williams (right). A piping hot meal, after a long auto trip through swirling snow, prompted a toast (lower left) to Grover Wright, host at Pico’s Long Trail Lodge. The “Why Skiers” and all of Waitsfield honored Mary Roche (above) on her birthday. The only sad part of the trip was leave-taking at Brattleboro (below).
Gene McLoughlin, “Why Ski?” winner from Larchmont, N. Y., is an alumus of Iona Prep, the U.S. Navy, and Fordham 1950. Gene devoted his time at Fordham to studying journalism and being literary editor of the “Maroon.” His prize winning entry follows.

Y’now, bud, you’ve got a darn good question there. What’s the profit in knockin’ yourself out tryin’ to get away from the office on Friday to take a six hour trip to the nearest ski resort. What’s in it for me if I lay out a small wad for equipment, train tickets, lessons and a sack? What’s the percentage in waking up Monday morning feeling aches in more muscles than I thought I had?

Well, here’s your answer, Mac:

First, I know that my blood is running through my veins again—not just poking along at a slow walk. Second, I’ve had good, hearty fellowship for a couple of days, enough to carry me through another week of work. And last, but not least, I’ve felt the exhilarating sensation of conquering Dame Nature; whipping down her gleaming white tresses, flicking her powdery flakes back in her face, standing triumphantly at the foot of her trails unscathed by her bag of tricks.

Why ski?—Man alive, why cat?

of opinion.” Yet after a few days, Paul like the others was leaving the “sitzmarks” further and further apart.

From the first, the ten “hit it off.” Walter Hard, Jr., and Cliff Bowman of the Development Commission staff became “Uncle Walt” and “Uncle Cliff.” It was Jerry Gould of Charlotte and Middlebury College, who struck this note. “Here come Uncle Walt and Uncle Cliff and their ten bundles of joy,” he quipped as the entourage poured into Woodstock Inn with mountains of luggage and skis.

When Michael O’Keefe of Providence College found at the last minute that he couldn’t make the “Why Ski?” junket, it appeared the group would be one short. But Carol Goodman of Bennington College showed up with a paying guest to round out the ten. The guest turned out to be Carol’s husband, Ted Goodman, who—when he isn’t taking pictures of Carol—or skiing with Carol—serves as Assistant to the President at Bennington.

Sparkplug of the group was Shirley Whalley, physical education major at University of Vermont. Hailing from Charlotte on the shores of Champlain, Shirley demonstrated home-grown enthusiasm for the snow country. It seemed to the others that she was first up in the morning and last to go to bed, and “out straight” at all times between.

Mary Roche submitted a winning entry from St. Joseph College, West Hartford, Conn. A child psycholgy major, Mary calls Hartford her home town. Like the others she returned home tired and in good spirits. But she did admit to a “small ache here and there” as a result of her first experiments with snow-covered hills and the law of gravity.

Dick Williams represented the Class of ’50 at Williams College. Immediately dubbed “Williams from Williams” he modestly admitted that his alma mater was named after “some other Williams.” Not exactly a
Arriving at Pico in early evening, the “Why Ski?” troupe progressed in order from dinner and after-dinner bridge at nearby Long Trail Lodge, to a bull session into the small hours around the fire at Troll Top (above), to a “fast” night’s sleep, to breakfast at eight, and a full day of made-to-order skiing on the Pico slopes and trails.

Even the coffee travels on skis at Mad River. Here Jean Cumming of Rochester, N. Y. serves steaming “Java” as Howard Moody, lift manager (back to camera at extreme left), and Henry Perkins, president of the Mad River Association (extreme right), look on. Sharp as ever, the “Why Skiers” dubbed this episode “chicory on hickories.”
Vermonters among the “Why Skiers” found no need to boast about winter weather in the Green Mountain State. When the group reached Bromley (above), sunshine, blue skies and deep snow had become routine. After two years of below-average snow conditions throughout the East, resort operators welcomed the “Why Skiers”—and their good weather—with open arms. Jean Dudley Weeks (right) took over briefly as short order cook at the Snow Bowl warming hut, Middlebury, when Proprietor Eben Joy was called away. Gene McLoughlin, an old short order man himself, approves. Max Shaw at Mehuon’s General Store in Waitsfield (bottom right) wraps up the surprise birthday cake later presented to Mary Roche.

stranger to Vermont, Dick took home an enthusiasm almost equal to the one he expressed for his home town of Mill River, Massachusetts (“The cultural and industrial center of the U. S.”).

Judged a big success by Walt Hard, Jr., Public Relations Director for the Development Commission (also Vermont Life editor), the “Why Ski?” competition is being repeated in early ’51. Once again undergraduates from 225 eastern colleges will offer their ideas on America’s newest major sport. Probably none of the entries will be as terse as one overheard while a last-year’s winner was being pulled feet-first out of three feet of snow, “Yes, why ski?”

END
At the Sign of the Quill

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

Finally, perhaps we Vermonters are too close to snow, too buried in it, to be trustworthy reporters of the snowstorm, and we need to look to someone to whom snow is a novelty. For such a report, mark the words of Frederick Sullens, editor of the Jackson (Mississippi) DAILY NEWS, who, when snow fell lustily in that southern clime, wrote editorially: "No form of weather is more fascinating than a snowstorm. To be moving about in the open when the great fat flakes are falling is something to delight the soul." And the old gallant goes on to say: "A beautiful woman snugly clad on a snowy day is a delight to tired eyes—more attractive by far than any nymph in a bathing suit. The wind whips color into her cheeks and tingling air lends sparkling brilliance to her eyes."

Well, I trust in this respect a Vermont snowfall does not fall short of one in Mississippi.

Winter in New England has its perennial foes and perennial friends; and as in the case of convictions about onions, perpetual argument between the two clans leads merely, in the case of individuals with no thermostats, to heated discussions, no conclusions, and frayed friendships. The dispute on the issue in Vermont—Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are the only states with civilized winters as God intended them to be—goes far back. One of my forebears—the only thin-skinned one in the lot—used to grumble: "The only trouble with Vermont is that you have to rattle around on wheels two months in the year." And I think there is another ancient remark—still believed, no doubt—: "Vermont has as many sources of interest and appeal as any other season. Vermont winter has as many sources of entertainment as any other season. Moreover, it is worth noting that nearly all our farm people have cars and their roads are plowed, and such roads lead to beauty and also fun that the main roads miss—but carry chains and a shovel, of course, if you are wise."

Winter Musings

Winter in New England has its perennial foes and perennial friends; and as in the case of convictions about onions, perpetual argument between the two clans leads merely, in the case of individuals with no thermostats, to heated discussions, no conclusions, and frayed friendships. The dispute on the issue in Vermont—Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are the only states with civilized winters as God intended them to be—goes far back. One of my forebears—the only thin-skinned one in the lot—used to grumble: "The only trouble with Vermont is that you have to rattle around on wheels two months in the year." And I think there is another ancient remark—still believed, no doubt—: "Vermont has three seasons:—Winter, July and August."

While I view tolerantly the annual trek of some Vermonters to Florida, some of them to die there peacefully with pneumonia, I might as well say flatly that a Vermont winter has as many sources of interest and appeal as any other season. The charm of the sleighbells singing silverly through a moonlit night along a country road—and the one girl tucked snugly beside you under the buffalo robe, lingers only in the memory of an older generation; and if one were to try to recapture that charm, he probably would meet some hill-chap rounding a curve in an ancient Ford, hell-bent for town. Nevertheless, some innkeeper may be wise enough to organize sleigh rides with a chicken supper, a fiddler, caller, and a rousing dance in some Grange Hall. The old square dances returned; perhaps the sleigh rides will—though I doubt it. However, even if the cutter, the girl, and the bells belong with the days of "I remember when—" there are other compensations.

No one has asked me, but if someone were to say, "What is the coziest spot on earth?" I would answer: "A snug hunting-camp, or a country kitchen, or an inn with a fireplace, good food in your tummy, good friends around you—and the wind whistling and the snow blowing outside." Choose your own spot, but one of the above or others in the same category answers the inner need of man for one place where he can defy the universe. Winter themes have not appealed to writers, it seems, but a Vermont writer, Charles Edward Crane, has done nobly by a Vermont winter in his Winter in Vermont [Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y. 90 illus. in gravure, winter travel map, index, $4.00]. I commend it to the cynic, the skeptic, the curious, and those who, enjoying winter, would like to see what a gifted writer discovers in it.

But there are values even Mr. Crane missed. Until one has stood in the winter peace of the evergreens and pines, for instance, far from the raucous racket of our mechanized civilization, or on a hilltop looking down a winter valley, he does not know what winter is. Until one has seen the purple shadows of evening drift down a hillside between the darkening trees, he has not sensed another lovely moment that winter creates. In fact, winter is not merely white; it is a spectrum of many colors to the seeing eye. Moreover, it is worth noting that nearly all our farm people have cars and their roads are plowed, and such roads lead to beauty and also fun that the main roads miss—but carry chains and a shovel, of course, if you are wise.

Wisdom is at work, however. More and more business houses are giving their employees a winter vacation; and I hope the idea keeps on expanding. And parents in the cities ought to do some serious thinking. After watching children in New York city, during my residence there, gaily hauling sleds from apartment houses to try to play in snow that reeked with grime a half hour after it has fallen—to last about as long—I have one urgent suggestion: bring the kids to Vermont and let them see and enjoy a real winter. If they never want to return home, three cheers for them!

Fireside Books

"The cheerful guest, the evening fire, the ready chair, the feast with plenty crowned—these make up Vermont," a wise Vermonter wrote some fifty years
Most of the guests were evidently the right type, becoming friends of their hosts rather than pests. I hurry on to say that there is not an unkind or harsh word in the book—part of its inherent charm of course. It is, also, written without the slightest undertone of straining for effect. It has the easy, friendly air of tolerant understanding of others' vagaries because the authors know they have them themselves. There must be a good many headaches in the business for resort-owners, but there is none in the book. My guess and hope is that Does It Always Rain Here, Mr. Hoyt? will go down in Vermont literary history as the first classic dealing with summer recreational business. There should be others—one on life at a ski resort, for instance. While I view with awe, and some doubt as to their sanity, the spectacle of human beings skidding down a mountain side on a pair of clapboards and refuse to be betrayed by them and their clapboards into trying them, I would lay $1 on a bookseller's counter any time to read about them.

Another book, fine for a winter evening, is Helen and Scott Nearing's The Maple Sugar Book.

The Maple Sugar Book

By Helen and Scott Nearing. Decorations old prints. Maple recipes, notes, bibliography, and index complete a substantial, valuable, and very readable volume on an industry still to reach its zenith.

The authors, Scott and Helen Nearing, came to Vermont about fifteen years ago and began homesteading in Jamaica, where their sugar farming began. Helen Nearing studied the violin in Europe, lived in India and Australia, and then, after the manner of many wanderers on the earth, settled down wisely in Vermont. Scott Nearing is well-known as a sociologist, lecturer and writer, with periods of teaching in three of the larger universities of the country.

Does It Always Rain Here, Mr. Hoyt?


The Maple Sugar Book


Another One Rushes In

The sight of my old friend and fellow feudalist in many a good and often hopeless cause, Vrest Orton, barging into that segregated domain of womankind, the kitchen [see p. 56, Vermont Life, Summer, 1950] and "sounding off" about Vermont cooking aroused my personal admiration for his courage or his gall—I am puzzled which. What I have to say I shall say from the kitchen door.

First, a word in defense of Grandpa's breakfast. A breakfast should put "fat on a man's slats," according to a sound old Vermont phrase, and "brawn in his back," and Grandma knew just what she was doing—getting him ready for a morning's work that wouldn't find him (continued inside back cover)
The Lyndon Outing Club lower ski area has an 800-foot rope tow. Another 800-foot tow extends over the hill. This area is lighted for night skiing and provides a comfortable warming cabin. (Armand Hébert Studio)

Winter Carnival at Lyndonville

by Milt Kerr and Herb Gallagher

Around the first of February each year some sidewalk humorist breaks out with, "Well, the old town's gone to the dogs for sure now." The cause for this timely outburst is the presence of a hundred or more sled dogs tied around the Darling Inn. Then you know it's coming on Winter Carnival Time at Lyndonville, Vermont because for several days before the event the dogs and their drivers and trainers begin coming from all over New England. The Annual Winter Carnival is only one activity of the Lyndon Outing Club each year. But it is singular in that the "town participates." The Carnival is a living thing with a tempo and a heartbeat that is being felt in an ever-widening circle each year.

Early in January the fever of Winter Carnival begins. The mystery—Who is Carnival Queen?—sets the pace of things to come. Last year the Queen herself didn't know until the Carnival was well under way. A large portrait of her was cut in a jigsaw puzzle and the various pieces scattered in store windows. It was anybody's guess from there on. And the beautiful ice sculptures on the parks and in front of Lyndonville Hotel and Darling Inn are evidence of the active participation in the carnival by the students of Lyndon Institute and Lyndon Teachers College.

38 VERMONT Life
Bob Boulrisse of Lyndoville, a senior at Lyndon Institute and one of Vermont's outstanding interscholastic skiers, soars through the air. (MORRIS BROS. STUDIOS)

"Silver Direct," over thirty years old, and Norman Healy, his owner and trainer, are still racing the quarter at the Driving Club Races at the Lyndonville Fair Ground. Silver Direct's record is 2:08 for the mile. (LARRY WILLARD)

Miss Ruth Cassady, the Carnival Queen of the 1950 Winter Carnival, is a resident of Lyndonville and graduated with the Class of 1950 from Lyndon Institute. (CALVIN CHESTER)

For several years the New England Sled Dog Club has held its New England Championship races at Lyndonville under the capable management of Kenneth Saxton of Greenfield, Massachusetts. Last year they took on all comers and held the World's Championships. It's a tense moment as each team comes to the starting line. And it's a beautiful sight as the dogs whirl away in a flurry of snow for a grueling test of eighteen miles of uphill and down. Then for those who like to watch the "horse kind," the Lyndonville Driving Club offers harness racing at the Fairgrounds. There the beat of hoofs and the whirl of racing sulks attract many fans on Saturday afternoon. Yes, it's a carnival of races at Lyndonville at Carnival Time. Three full days where you have your choice of watching your favorite—dog kind, horse kind, or mankind.

Saturday morning is dedicated to the youngsters who make the future skiing stars. The Northeastern Vermont Graded School Ski Championships are sponsored as a climax to one of Lyndon Outing Club's chief aims—to provide and encourage youngsters to ski and to foster within them a clean competitive spirit which will be helpful to them in high school, college, and future competition. All youngsters may have tow and jump privileges at the Outing Club ski area for less than $3.00 per year. They are well supervised and receive free instruction in
They come from farm, factory and school to see the dogs at the Lyndonville Sled Dog Races. Clarence F. Colt of Norfolk, Mass., holds the lead dog of the winning team, owned by William Shearer. (LARRY WILLARD)

This figure of Lincoln (above) was sculptured by Maureen Thompson and Patricia Manley of the Class of 1950 at Lyndon Institute. Depot Street (right) looks like this as Billy Belote of East Jaffrey, N. H., starts his team of nine Siberian Huskies out on the eighteen mile jaunt. (LARRY WILLARD)

techniques and jumping from older members of the club. In some cases the club or individual members furnish equipment to children who might not otherwise have the opportunity to ski.

Lyndon Outing Club, a community organization strongly backed by schools, hotels, restaurants, merchants, and town organizations, has sponsored more competitive skiing than any other outfit in the East. Between December 31 and March 19, last year nine ski meets were scheduled. There was very little snow in most parts, in fact so little that competitive skiing on the two 800-foot tow slopes was impossible. But the boys went out and found snow even though it wasn’t on their own ski area. As a result several meets scheduled elsewhere were run at Lyndonville. Among them were the Northern and Southern District Interscholastic meets and the New England Ski Championships.

As with the Carnival, all Lyndon Outing Club activities have been successful because of a close-knit working organization.

Kenneth Saxton of Greenfield, Mass., Secretary of the New England Sled Dog Club, congratulates winner Bill Shearer of Norfolk, Mass. Shearer is Club President. (MORRIS BROS. STUDIOS)
HIS HOBBY IS

Woodcarving

A septuagenarian craftsman proves that it is never too late to learn

Story and Pictures by MAURICE L. FINN

Not often does a person take up an art as a hobby at 73 years of age, and less often does such a person become as proficient at it as has Herbert Wilcox, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. Mr. Wilcox, a retired mail carrier, harness maker, ex-Captain in the U.S. Army, veteran of the Spanish-American War and World War I, was born November 20, 1873, in Victory, Vt.

Shortly after his 73rd birthday in 1946, Mr. Wilcox learned about a group receiving instructions in woodcarving, an evening a week, in a local schoolhouse. He became interested and, making further inquiries, found that the instructor (who came from Morrisville, 40 miles away) was really tops, that the class was sponsored by the State and the tuition fee was a nominal sum. After talking with members of the class who were very enthusiastic, Mr. Wilcox signed up.

He began to learn to do more than just whittle and the learning climaxed a long-felt desire to really carve things. His first efforts produced a simple wooden platter, followed by several more of increasing quality and with more intricate border designs. Soon after came a really fancy wall corner-shelf, followed by his first animal, a longhorn steer. With aptitude and proficiency increasing, he carved the first of his many horses. From then on some were good, some not so good but with each came a new measure of skill. When a horse didn’t seem to come out exactly right he often turned to carving other animals, especially steer and oxen, and now he carves them all with dexterity.

His skill as a harness maker enables him to fashion, in miniature, beautiful saddles and bridles and, no doubt, it has contributed to his ability to carve horses with extreme-
ly lifelike naturalness. A sense of animal proportions and characteristic features is also a keynote of his artistry. Now, he says, he looks at a piece of wood until he sees the animal in it and then just carves the rest away.

Carving, Mr. Wilcox insists, is not merely being a more proficient whittler as he himself once thought but is, in fact, a craft in which a knife is seldom used. His tools are an assortment of special woodcarving chisels of various shapes and sizes, and sandpaper, he says, “Lots of sandpaper.” He is able to obtain a sufficient supply of pine and bass wood from a nearby farmer but sends to his old instructor for occasional supplies of butternut. Cigar boxes often come in handy as material for sleds and wagons.

At the age of twelve Mr. Wilcox left school to learn the harness making trade and continued in it for 15 years with the exception of six months’ military service in the Spanish-American war of 1898. He served as a Sergeant with the First Vermont Infantry, National Guard. In 1900 he entered the Post Office Dept. in St. Johnsbury and carried mail until he went to Texas in 1916 for another six months of military service. Again he went with the First Vermont Infantry, National Guard only this time he went as a commissioned officer with the rank of Captain. In 1917 he was again called with his unit for service in World War I and as a company commander went overseas with the Sixth Division. Discharged in 1919 he returned to the post office. In 1921 he established a harness shop in St. Johnsbury which he operated successfully for ten years and then sold. Once more he returned to the post office service in his home town and served until his retirement in 1938 at the age of 65. Since then he has devoted much time to veterans’ organizations and, since 1946, to his woodcarving.

In his workshop in the basement of his home at 45 Summer Street Mr. Wilcox has many mementos of his old trade such as tools and metal accessories to harness making. He also has many books, pictures and statistics of past owners, drivers and champions of America’s greatest harness racing era. It is a very interesting place. His latest and current woodcarving masterpiece is an example of a typical Yankee’s sense of dry humor. To tease and confound some of his fisherman friends, he is carving a hand holding a very small fish as “the one that didn’t get away.” His woodcarvings are greatly admired at local craft exhibitions and although he gives many away as presents he has not yet been induced to part with his finest and most valued ones.

Yes, Mr. Wilcox has indeed given us a fine example of the art of woodcarving and also demonstrates that it is never too late for us to learn to do things that are worth while. Mr. Wilcox still attends the woodcarving class in the local schoolhouse but he spends most of his time there now, helping others.
Now silent beside Athens Pond on the crooked road to Townshend, it brings a wealth of memories to those who many years ago taught and learned in similar schools throughout Vermont.
MUCH POETRY has been written about little red schoolhouses. They do fit into Vermont scenery, especially into winter scenery, but they were really nothing to brag about. Mine was tucked into a curve in an uphill road in Athens, Vermont, so close to the wheel tracks that one day a stranger on horseback stepped his horse over to an open window, poked his head in and asked, "I beg your pardon, teacher. Is this Sparta?"

This schoolhouse of mine had a half dozen twenty-four-panel windows, and blackboards of heavy canvas cloth painted black. Its long double desks of inch-thick wood were pockmarked with jack-knifed initials and its benches were viciously uncomfortable. Nor were the benches graded for size. You grew to your bench and when you outgrew it you left school. For some of the big boys it was high time.

At the front of the room I remember a chunk stove with a sagging stovepipe running the length of the room into the chimney at the back, on the theory that it helped to heat the place. Nothing helped when the wind blew across the pond in January and piled up drifts across the doorway of the lean-to precariously attached at the back to serve as a woodshed and such.

The nearest house wasn't near so the road was not overtraveled. When anyone drove by—horses don't whizz—all the pupils and I looked out of the window and waved. We knew who he was, where he lived, how many cows and babies he had and if he went to church on Sundays. And one of us could generally tell the others where he was bound.

I barely escaped being boarded around when my first pupils and I arrived. My luck then because one family lived two miles or more back on the hills. The nearest house wasn't near so the road was not overtraveled. When anyone drove by—horses don't whizz—all the pupils and I looked out of the window and waved. We knew who he was, where he lived, how many cows and babies he had and if he went to church on Sundays. And one of us could generally tell the others where he was bound.

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In this ice-encrusted stronghold of Yankeeland, at the University of Vermont, harvest merriment straight from the Deep South is a traditional feature of the College year’s biggest week-end.

Kake Walk is the central event of the gala University of Vermont mid-winter carnival. Other colleges have their carnivals and winter weekends, but only UVM has the Kake Walk. When the University band strikes up the first notes of “Cotton Babes,” and the leading couple starts “walkin’ fo de kake” there is a lump in the throat of the oldest grad and the youngest student. The crowning event of a happy week has begun.

The history of Kake Walk goes back to 1893. The students had been looking forward to a military ball which did not materialize. At a “gripe session” some of them decided to take matters into their own hands. Shortly, there appeared a sign on the bulletin board in the “Old Mill”—“Kake Walk in the Loft Tonight.” Although there was no “walkin’ fo de kake” that night, that masquerade dance was the genesis of the present day Kake Walk.

In 1894 actual “walkin’ ” started. The name was as spontaneous as the event itself. Old timers will remember that walking for the cake was very popular among vaudeville fans. Some of the boys in the Hash House “bull session” knew or thought they knew what occurred at Kake Walks so their opinions were accepted. To them it was a celebration at the end of sugar harvest, down South, when colored belles and beaux dressed up in their best togs and walked in pairs. Those who did it most skillfully, attractively or uniquely were awarded a prize, which was a cake.

The idea of Kake Walk caught on at once. According to Dr. “Ned” Randall, of the class of 1895, “It was one of those spontaneous ebullitions of high spirits that rarely animated the whole college body.” It was sponsored by no one in particular, no class, fraternity, or other group. George P. Anderson, ’96, said that one of the principal reasons why the Kake Walk was so successful was because there was much need at that period for better feeling. There were many groups or fraternities and rivalries were sharp, and sometimes carried too far. The non-fraternity men in college, then a small group, were somewhat neglected figures. The Kake Walk was a happy diversion which tended to break up the spirit of aloofness and opened the doors to better college spirit.

Possibly the college spirits got too exuberant, or maybe the beer trickling down from the keg in the loft to the chapel below, the next day, was the reason why
Rod Smith gets in a few licks at his books—a rare event during Kake Walk week—while wife Carol sews buttons on his satin costume.

Rod and Carol, enroute to class, pause in the Waterman Building and meet the busiest people on campus, the three Kake Walk directors.

(All pictures these pages, PHILIP HASTINGS)

A group of campaign workers string up banners in a strategic spot to advertise their candidates for King and Queen of Kake Walk.

Carol's sorority sisters at Pi Beta Phi put the finishing touches on campaign posters for their own entry, Margie LeSuer, in background.
the Kake Walk was banned in 1895. However, in 1896, faculty permission was procured for a third performance with the understanding that this time there would be good publicity and more restraint. Representatives of the several classes made the arrangements. Greater preparation on the part of the participants took from the affair some of its spontaneity but added to its effectiveness. This and the succeeding Kake Walks were held in the State Armory until 1904. Since then, they have been held in the University Gymnasium or the Memorial Auditorium.

In 1897, “the Kake Walk” was held on a scale far beyond anything before thought of as possible. Specialties replaced the impromptu stunts of previous years. Judges were selected from the faculty and citizens, the hall was decorated, and a goodly crowd gathered. The stunts included the “Hay Hill Football Team,” the “DeWolfe Hopper Opera Company,” the “Salvation Army,” “Chauncey Depew,” “Lillian Russell,” “Tom Sharkey,” and even the doughty Richard Coeur de Lion appeared to delight the audience with comical capers and witty sayings.

It was also at the 1897 Kake Walk that the Master of Ceremonies was dressed as a devil. The YMCA Melodeon was borrowed for the occasion and the devil felt he had to strike or prod it with his pitch fork to make sure it would play, inasmuch as it was a Methodist organ. It was in this same year that Perry Winrich of Boston composed “Cotton Babes” which was later arranged by Band Leader Joseph Lechnyr.

From 1897, the progress was gradual but continuous even though walkers, at times, diminished down to three or four couples. The impromptu specialties, which had been presented as evidence of youthful high spirits became more and more elaborately conceived with finely rendered stunts with plots, careful costuming and ingenious, often bizarre mechanical effects.

It was in 1904 that a stunt called “Varsity vs. Co-eds” was awarded the coveted cake. However, it aroused the ire of the University women attending to the extent that they all left the hall in a body, some weeping copiously. The stunt in question depicted a mock football game between the men and girls of the college. The men’s team wore regulation football uniforms while the “girls” were costumed in huge hats and flowing veils. Wide lace flounces were visible at the bottoms of their trousers. Time was called at short intervals to allow the “girls” an opportunity to powder their noses with whisk brooms dipped into a conveniently placed bucket of corn starch.

While cakes are still used as prizes for the cake walking, various individuals and organizations have donated cups as prizes for the fraternity stunts. In 1920 (continued on page 52)
Band leader Tex Berne (above) crowns hometown girl, Jean Hard Queen, as the highlight of the Masquerade Ball. (Bob Thomson)

On Cake Walk night Rod Smith (left) entrusts makeup to his wife.

To the victor’s wife (lower left) belongs the smudge. The twenty-odd pounds of solid cake made fine eating at the Phi Delta house.

Queen Jean and King Howie Haddigan (below) receive congratulations from a former queen, Carol Farmer. Rulers’ identity is a closely guarded secret until about mid-way through the Masquerade Ball. (Bob Thomson)
The King and Queen of Kake Walk preside over the merrymaking at the Kake Walk Ball during UVM's annual winter carnival. Gay couples dance to the music of the country's best known bands.

Here, for the past fifty-two winters excepting one, students in dazzling costumery have cavorted for the cake during the biggest weekend of the college year.

This colorful custom probably originated in the South to celebrate the end of the sugar cane harvest, a cake being awarded to the couple whose agile capers attracted greatest favor with the onlookers.
In the earlier days of the Kake Walk the Masquerade Ball found the frolickers in all sorts of clever and weird costumes such as these. In recent years it has become more of a formal Ball.

The demand for seats became so great that it was made a two evening affair, and today it probably could play for a couple of more without taking care of everybody who would like to see it. People come from all over the State, and of course the Alumni sometimes travel half way across the continent to be in their seats for those first notes of “Cotton Babes.”

Each year the Kake Walk changes a little. Each year the student directors try to make it bigger and better. As time went on the masquerade was revived and made the opening event of the “Carnival.” It, too, has changed and has become the

Fraternities, competing for separate awards in the skit contest which precedes the Kake Walking, load Burlington’s Memorial Auditorium floor with all sorts of props as shown by these SAE’s in their “UVM Students Strike It Rich” production. (PHILIP HASTINGS)

Students, artistically inclined, work on ice sculptures in front of fraternity house praying that cold weather will hold the there during the Kake Walk-Winter Carnival weekend. (PHILIP HASTINGS)
A small church, lying just outside Stowe village at the base of Mt. Mansfield, has drawn the attention and interest of thousands of skiers to this Vermont winter resort. The church is modern in design but suggests an Alpine chapel, too, and is most appropriate to this mountain area.

Many stop here, attracted by the church's beauty, their curiosity goaded by the seeming oddity of the tropical scenes drawn in black on the plain, exterior walls.

This church, they learn, is a memorial to one of Vermont's greatest sons—Ira Dutton—born on the adjacent Stowe farm, a man who was a Civil War hero, and who at forty renounced his identity and way of life to spend his last forty-seven years as Brother Joseph in the far-off leper colony of Molokai.

This, the Blessed Sacrament Church, was the dream of the Rev. Francis E. McDonough, pastor of the parent church in Morrisville. It is the product of his energy and vision, coupled with the imagination of two young Burlington architects, Roland M. Whittier and Julian W. Goodrich, and the artistry of the celebrated French designer and painter, André Girard.

Simple in design and construction and with clean functional lines, the church has pioneered in creative religious art. Here for the first time, perhaps, paintings on glass, rather than stained glass, have been used with striking effect. Exterior murals have been used, too, depicting in line drawings scenes from the lives of Father Damien and Brother Joseph in the Pacific leper colony. The simple designs and plain materials used inside the church are enhanced by the judicious use of rich, decorative colors. Provided by nature is the natural serenity and beauty of the church's setting in the fertile valley below towering Mt. Mansfield.
Drawn in black on the tympanum (above) are Father Damien and Brother Dutton surrounded by the lepers. (LARRY WILLARD) The large panel (below) behind the altar is white with black heads below and golden heads and figures above. The altar and floor of the nave is verde antique and the floor of the sanctuary is a reddish marble quarried in Vermont. The uprights of the wood baldachino are painted gold and its ceiling is alternating bands of gold and silver.

(RICHARD GARRISON)

The exterior panels of each side elevation are decorated with scenes from the lives of Father Damien and Brother Dutton. The scene pictured above shows Father Damien in the confessional. (RICHARD GARRISON) The triptych (below) behind the side altar portrays "Our lady of Stowe." The wood slats of the chapel and choir, and the trusses and rafters of the ceiling are painted gold. Angelic figures are painted on the ceiling and the multi-colored line of painted windows is very effective.

(RICHARD GARRISON)
Here is a selection of the painted windows showing the following biblical scenes. (1) The Paralytic "Take Up Thy Bed and Walk," (2) Jesus and the Woman at the Well, and (3) The Wedding Feast of Cana, (4) Jesus Preaching to His Disciples, (5) Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me, (6) Jesus Preaching Among the Fishermen, (7) The Agony in the Garden, (8) The Last Supper and (9) Jesus and the Adulteress.

(RICHARD GARRISON)

This exterior panel scene (left) was common on Molokai since the average of deaths among the lepers was one a day. Many were so destitute that there was nothing to defray their burial expenses and the bodies were simply wrapped in a blanket for burial. As far as possible Father Damien built coffins for these himself. (LARRY WILLARD)
Occasionally a supply ship would capsize and this panel shows Brother Dutton, Father Damien and the starving lepers standing on the beach and watching with anguished eyes as their only hope for food is engulfed by the angry waves.

(LARRY WILLARD)

When Father Damien, known as Kamiano to the natives, died, his grave was dug in the shadow of the pandanus tree. The mourners refused to accept the fact that he was gone and even after the grave was filled they remained sadly shuffling about or sitting on the ground swaying, after the custom of their ancestors.

(LARRY WILLARD)

In 1908 President Roosevelt sent sixteen battleships around the world and learning that Brother Joseph hoped they would pass Molokai he wired them to pass there in battle formation. And the grey haired old man stood on shore surrounded by his lepers while the sixteen great ships of the U.S. Navy steamed slowly by and dipped their flags in salute to the aging veteran. (LARRY WILLARD)
The ox may appear to be the displaced animal of the machine age—but not entirely so in Vermont. For, while the number is constantly diminishing, on many a Green Mountain state farm these lumbering beasts work alongside their mechanized successors, going where a tractor cannot go.

It is not entirely for local color that a yoke of plodding oxen drawing a load of sugar buckets appears on the March pages of calendars and spring issues of magazines. While no one has ever invented a sure-fire cure for the tendency of tractors to become mired in spring mud, the subject of how to prevent an ox from getting stuck in his tracks has never come up.

Farming with oxen is both practical and habitual with many men, among them Arthur E. Maxham of Pomfret, a member of the Vermont House of Representatives, who "just couldn't get out of the habit" of using them, even though he also owns a modern tractor. Maxham, who was born in Pomfret 60 years ago, has said that as long as he continues farming, he'll have a yoke of oxen on his place. And as long as there are oxen on the Maxham farm, there will be someone to drive them, because the Maxham boys learn "Gee" from "Haw" as soon as they learn right from left. The youngest pupil in the art of wielding an ox whip is Bruce, whose father is Maxham's son, Henry. Bruce, who was four in July, has been under­studying his father for more than a year. The Maxhams use their oxen, about eight pairs, for drawing out manure and getting out wood in winter and for sugaring in the spring, when they hang some 1400 buckets. In the summer, one yoke is put to work cultivating and haying.

When fair time rolls around, they join their string with that of Glenn Parker of Norwich, who has 12 pairs, and, under the name of Parker & Maxham, hit the circuit for showing and ox pulling classes. The combine exhibited in 1949 at nine fairs, starting with Hartland, which opens the season in southern Vermont, continuing to Canaan, Hopkinton, Keene and Plymouth in New Hampshire, going as far as Fryeberg, Me., and coming back to end their tour at Vermont's largest exhibition, the Rutland fair, and its famous World's Fair at Tunbridge. Maxham & Parker took the blue ribbon for their town team, consisting of five pairs of oxen three years or older, at 10 fairs in 1949 and for three years have taken top honors in the working class at all fairs where they showed. Their stalls in the cattle sheds can be spotted from afar by the collection of ribbons, predominantly blue, and no feature of the fair cavalcade of prize livestock draws more attention than does their string of 20 pairs of oxen plod­ding down the race track, ranging from young animals wearing calf-size yokes to huge steers with long pointed horns. Guiding them are drivers placed like the animals according to size—little boys or an occasional girl for the younger oxen and the men of the outfit twirling their ox whips beside the larger ones. To make sure they will have well-mannered animals for these public appearances, the Maxhams start breaking their oxen when they are about eight months old.

Breaking a steer is not much work if they are "tended right," according to Olin Maxham, who is employed by his brother, Arthur. The calves are first halter broken. Then they are introduced to a yoke. The driver then takes a whip, taps the off ox, or right one, on the shoulder and the near ox, or left one, on the rump and "after awhile they come around," Olin explains.

The vocabulary of an ox, besides "Gee" which means right and "Haw" meaning left, consists of "Giddap," "Back Up" and "Whoa," all of which sound completely unintelligible to the average person when heard with an ox driver's inflections. Despite the fact that the driver apparently has little chance to keep a yoke of oxen from going AWOL should they so desire, Olin says he has never had a pair get away.

The Maxhams have all had experience with oxen since boyhood. Olin drove his first pair on his father's farm at five years of age and Henry, at the age of nine, accompanied his father to Rochester and Batavia, N. Y., in a freight car with a string of oxen for the show ring. Arthur's first animals were a pair of Jersey bulls which he broke himself when a boy. Later he switched to Durhams and Devons. Now he buys Durham calves from farmers in Cornwall or Waitsfield and raises and breaks them himself. Charles Maxham, father of Olin and Arthur, operated his Pomfret farm in his youth with a stag and an ox, which he broke to work together. The Maxham family owns about 300 acres in Pomfret and leases additional land. Theirs is chiefly a dairy farm, but four years ago they started raising Herefords for beef as a new venture.

Oxen nowadays are pretty much confined to New England, with Vermont, New Hampshire and Massa­chusetts leading the other states, the Maxhams say. In Vermont, most oxen are found in the rough, hilly land in the central part of the state where many farmers keep one pair to do the work tractors are not adapted for. An ox has advantages over a horse as well as over a tractor. The Maxhams point out that while "you just keep feeding" a horse when you have no work for him, you can always turn oxen in for beef and start out with a new pair when they are needed.

As the number of oxen has decreased, the difficulty of equipping them has increased. Ox shoes have become an even more scarce article than horse shoes, but are necessary if the animals are to travel in icy weather. The Maxhams have their steers shod by a friend, Francis Atwood of Taftsville, near Woodstock. The small iron shoes, which bear no resemblance to a horseshoe, are semicircular on one side and straight on the other, to

58 VERMONT Life
Despite the machine age, these beasts of burden still do the heavy work on some Green Mountain hill farms.

fit the animal's cloven hoof, and are affixed two to a foot. Ox yokes, which weigh 85 to 90 pounds each, are another problem, but Olin has solved that by making them himself.

Though oxen still hold places of importance on some farms, the total number in the state is dropping fast. According to the 1949 report by town listers to the Vermont Department of Agriculture, only 136 oxen remain in Vermont. The 1932 report lists 224 and the 1928-30 report shows that the state had 657 oxen 20 years ago.

Zadock Thompson's "Vermont," published in 1842, states that in 1841 there were 31,130 oxen in the state according to the grand list. Only in recent years has the Department of Agriculture counted noses among oxen. In earlier reports they are not listed separately from cattle. Though oxen came to Vermont with the first settlers, they were apparently taken so much for granted in early days that they receive but little space in the publications of the era when they were essential to the economic welfare of the state.

In 1949, Corinth in Orange county led the state in the number of oxen with 21. Norwich in Windsor county is second with 19 and Chester, also in Windsor county, was third with 10. Windsor, with 48 oxen, reported more than any other county, while Orange was second with 34 and Washington, which had only 15, was third. The Champlain valley counties, with their flat rolling land, had but few, with none reported in Addison, Grand Isle and Franklin counties and only two in Chittenden county.
Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By Vrest Orton

Making Jelly in Vermont

Our good and determined young friend, Clara Ross of East Hardwick deserves attention for her courage and her food. Left with three young children when her husband, a distinguished foreign service officer of the State Department, was murdered by the Greek Communists, Mrs. Ross with great ingenuity and culinary capability, has been concocting very edible and very toothsome jellies up there in East Hardwick. She has also released a concoction which I haven’t seen since the days we stood at bars in lower New York and Hoboken and in between drinks ate pickled eggs. Mrs. Ross has put up some very tasty pickled eggs. More power to her . . . she is a charming woman and it does my heart good to realize that the finest foods invariably come from the most charming women . . . they cook with something besides rules!

Vermont Food

Mrs. Clifton Kent, 78 years old, reports from Dorset that cabbage pudding her grandmother used to make should qualify as a unique indigenous Vermont dish. She writes: “First Grandma got her firm cabbage head and trimmed it, then boiled it in salt water until tender. She then drained it and shredded the cabbage fine; added a heaping tablespoon of butter, a cup of milk, 3 beaten eggs, salt and pepper to her taste, and a generous pinch of ground mustard. She placed this mixture in a yellow crockery baking bowl, sprinkled rolled cracker crumbs over the top and baked until the eggs and milk were set like custard. The family ate freely and with zest and all lived to a healthy, active old age. Grandma was born in Vermont in 1816 and lived in Vermont 86 years.”

Monument to Wolf

Harold W. Austin of Underhill writes that there is a monument in Vermont erected to a six foot wolf. This little known lettered stone stands on Aldis hill in St. Albans and may be one of the few monuments ever put up to such an animal. It marked the spot where, in 1838, Lawrence Brainerd shot a grey wolf which had been ravaging the north-east part of Franklin county. Austin wonders who erected this and why . . . he has asked people around St. Albans and no one knows. I guess this is a question for Doctor Peach’s department.

Yankee Character

A summer visit from my friend Stewart Holbrook, author of that good and very reveling book Yankee Exodus (which every Vermonter should read to find out what is the matter with whatever is the matter with Vermont . . . and maybe the world) prompts me to quote a pregnant paragraph which should be required reading in all schools today. It is so typical of Vermont and Vermonters of the earlier times . . . and we hope of many today. I quote Holbrook.

“Many Americans say that we are without a positive philosophy, that we are confused, that we search here and there and in vain for some anchor rock. No such doubts contaminated the thinking of the old Yankees. Perhaps that is why their notions interpenetrated the whole confederation. At the head of those notions was industry, along with a rigid moral code for which there was not, nor is, another name. And somewhere in their baggage of notions was economy, which one of their number, Noah Webster declared to be “management without waste.” The foundation of all those notions was, of course, their belief in the power of God. Those notions are dismissed today by the mass of Americans as old-fashioned, backward, narrow, antiquated. Perhaps they are. But they were formulated by an amazingly durable and most effective people who thought that their legs were made to stand upon.”

Other Vermonts

Another letter from a friend in Michigan revealed that there is a town called VERNONVILLE there which was founded by the Rev. Mr. C. G. Sylvester, who came from East Poultney, Vermont, in about 1835. He organized a colony, and went to Michigan, setting up with a set of covenants very much like those the Pilgrims adopted after landing in Massachusetts. My correspondent asks me to find out if there are other towns in the United States named after Vermont and I guess I shall have to leave this query to the readers of Vermont Life.

Place Names

Speaking of names, Doctor Stanley Norton tells me that his section of Vermont around Pawlet is called Brimstone Corners and the legend persists there that once it rained so hard that the farmers skimmed and scraped the brimstone off their water barrels and pots after the storm. He also reports that there is another colloquially named spot in those parts called Spanktroun where a Vermont Valkyrie once paddled the daylights out of an inebriated farmer by the interesting method of first tying him over a barrel. Someday there should be a collection made of all these names and the reasons for them.

The Medical Profession

Speaking of doctors, we continually notice many a noted physician now engaged in successful country practice here. I know one who was a famous specialist in a New Jersey city. He came to Vermont, bought a summer home, and soon fell in love with the place. After serving in the war, he suddenly awoke to the realization that there was no use working 18 hours a day in the city. So he gave up his practice, sold his house, and moved lock, stock and barrel to his Vermont summer house which he straightway turned into a Vermont year-round house. Finding that the nearby town had no settled physician, he opened an office and today is living the life he dreams of—having all the practice in general medicine he can handle. He also runs a farm, has plenty of time to fish and enjoy the country. End
“Opportunities”

The purpose of this column is to assist persons seeking special types of opportunity in Vermont as well as special types of opportunity seeking people. It is for the particular use of the many still outside Vermont who want to employ their talents here and for those within the state who have use for persons with special talents. It is not, however, a general employment service. After use in this column all letters are turned over to the state office of the Vermont State Employment Service. When writing us regarding “Opportunities” appearing in this column please address box number which appears before the particular item and your letter will be forwarded to the person in question. Vermont Life assumes no responsibility for the statements made in letters to it.

VL47. A married man, 26, a mechanical engineering graduate from Cornell in 1947 wants to settle in Vermont and will entertain any reasonable offer either in the engineering or administrative end of a business. During the war he served with the marines. Since then he has been employed by a prominent instrument manufacturer in both application engineering and sales work. He can furnish excellent references as well as a complete outline of his experience.

VL48. A management engineer with twenty years’ experience would consider a working partnership in a Vermont business.

VL49. A mature New York City photographer-journalist, his wife (who is an artist-painter), and their small daughter, who have been in Vermont many times and consider Vermont their favorite state, want to settle there for good. Any opening requiring journalistic, photographic or business ability, and a liking for and ability to meet all kinds of people—including kids—will be welcome. Can edit papers; do reporting and publicity; write advertising copy, magazine articles, and factual books; teach photography; conduct a studio; etc. Is familiar with merchandising and industry.

At the Sign of the Quill

(continued from page 37)

“half gone” by eleven o’clock. The modern breakfast? It’s a joke. And don’t remind me that the old fellow worked physically and the modern man works mentally, and so on. Here’s proof. Not so long ago, the head of a great New York insurance company dropped dead. A specialist, in commenting on his death, said somewhat bitterly: “An executive who spends a morning of concentrated mental effort is burning up energy; and if he expects to do it on orange juice, a slice of toast, cereal and coffee or even less, he is mistaken.” If he spends his morning with his feet on his desk, that is another matter. A good old Vermont breakfast started many a man on a solid day’s work, and he wasn’t keeling over with a heart attack around every corner. So much for Grandpa and Grandma’s breakfast.

As for Vermont cooking, it has its bad moments. I have eaten fried salt pork with Grandma’s sauce and it was the same experience. My lawyer friend was invited to lunch at the home of a prominent Vermont family and found himself being entertained with fried salt pork and molasses. He made a mental note of the recipe.

From a Vermont Book of Memories

My Silver Meadow

Of ye of the clever feet And fleeting voices, Come and dance in my silver meadow Under the white moonlight.

Come while I’m yet young And can join your thrilling laughter; For to you I leave my heritage— The silver meadow Under the white moonlight.

[From Morning Moods And Other Poems by Lorna Greene. The Century Co., 1928]

A Little Red Schoolhouse

(continued from page 45)

Music and drawing were spare time projects scarcely commended by the folks at home. Geography was an endless memory exercise. First we buckled down to learning the boundaries of whatever it was, county, state, country, or continent. Then came learning by heart the rivers and mountains, going on to the products and industries. We finished with capital and important cities. However it was with my pupils, I showed results. For what they had to learn, the teacher had to know first, a precaution that caused me to memorize a great deal of fine print. There are other ways of learning but that was one way. And in the plush days of the little red schoolhouse that was the way.

The farm folk preferred to have their offspring postpone large amounts of original thinking until they had stowed away a reasonable quantity of verbatim book-learning as leaven.

In our lighter moments we fuss over projects scarcely commended by the folks at home. Geography was an endless memory exercise. First we buckled down to learning the boundaries of whatever it was, county, state, country, or continent. Then came learning by heart the rivers and mountains, going on to the products and industries. We finished with capital and important cities. However it was with my pupils, I showed results. For what they had to learn, the teacher had to know first, a precaution that caused me to memorize a great deal of fine print. There are other ways of learning but that was one way. And in the plush days of the little red schoolhouse that was the way.

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VERMONT

the FOUR-SEASON STATE