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SKIING SPECIAL

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Left: Beginner's Luck, Jay Peak. CLEMENS KALISCHER

Covers: Front—Killington, DICK SMITH
Back—Hewitt Four Corners, FRANK LIEBERMAN
As ski centers go Jay Peak, located way up at the top of Vermont’s snow belt, hasn’t a very hoary history, no tradition that goes back to the climb-schuss-climb era. But Jay has gone ahead fast and steadily in the growth of its facilities and its patronage by devoted skiers ever since Manager–Teacher Walter Foeger, fresh from Europe, opened the then-little area’s first season there eight winters back.

The plans were begun modestly enough in this rural region when the North Troy Kiwanis club set out to...
The cold wait for a chair lift, below, has its own reward, as two Canadian visitors rise above the low-lying mist into upper sunshine. It’s a long run down, and then the conviviality and refreshment at the base lodge below.

promote an area ski slope. But Foeger’s energy and enthusiasm struck sparks immediately both among local business people and among skiers too. And Jay has grown for other reasons, besides.

For one thing this area revels in lots of snow and it keeps it for a long time—now providing up to 150 days of skiing with the new summit chair lift. For another thing Jay Peak lies not much more than an hour’s drive from Montreal’s millions, who number thousands of avid skiers.

Lots of Americans, too, soon began to find another reason to drive the extra miles north to Jay, for this became the headquarters of Walter Foeger’s phenomenally successful Natur Teknik, a method of teaching modern skiing to beginners, fast.

Foeger has many years of skiing behind him, experience both in racing and teaching, first in his native Austria, then in Germany and in Spain. Even before he came to this country in 1955 he was experimenting with a simplified method of teaching parallel skiing. This new skiing technique where the
skis are always parallel, was fine for the experts. But others had trouble forgetting their old snowplow stances, and novices couldn't get the hang of it easily. Foeger, who also is an expert in tennis and hockey, worked from natural body movements to a system which uses four basic elements. It's based on skating steps, sideslipping and hop turns.

Foeger's Natur Technik is still regarded by some as controversial, but beginners, who in a week can do parallel turns downhill—even wedeln—with aplomb, will attest to the system's value.

So here at Jay Peak is one of the largest ski schools in the state. Here as many as 35 instructors teach this new way to easy, parallel skiing in classes held twice daily for all levels of skiers.
Jay itself, which lies at the top-center of Vermont on a recently built east-west highway, is unusual also for being an entirely home-grown and home-financed effort.

It began as a local canvass and subscription affair supplemented by locally borrowed funds. Today—one Poma, two T-bars and two double chair lifts later—and solvent—it’s owned by 800 stockholders, most of whom are Vermonters and residents of Orleans and Franklin counties. On a good weekend there’ll be more skiers on Jay’s trails than there are residents in the town of Troy.

About a thousand hardy skiers that first season ventured to the new Jay Peak area, but by the past winter their numbers had increased sixty fold. On a typical weekend about eighty-five percent of the skiers’ cars have Province of Quebec plates. But at Christmas time and during other holidays and mid-week Americans number about ninety percent of the area’s patrons.

Since this is a sparsely populated area even by Vermont standards, Jay has been plagued with not having enough accommodations as the ski crowds grew. This season, however, some 600 skiers can be put up within a radius of twelve miles from the mountain, and many more not too far distant. The state’s main lodge at Jay’s base area, has been doubled in dining capacity, also.

The biggest news for Jay Peak skiers this season of course is the new double
Three skiers do an impromptu ballet figure on one of Jay’s trail corners.

At left one lady enjoys slope-side chivalry, while another, below, swings down an expert trail alone.

Others, bottom right, find different pleasures around a lodge’s fire.

chair lift to the summit, which opens a completely new northern peak area up to the 3825-foot level. Foeger expects that access to this high meadow area will add a good three weeks of skiing to Jay’s already long season. This new skyline area lift starts near the top of Jay’s other long chairlift, and thus the top can be skied when the snow is gone from lower elevations. From the new lift’s base it’s a 425-foot vertical rise to the mountain’s summit. Here, besides an expert and an intermediate trail, there is an easy, 4000-foot long trail for novices. This is a most unusual feature, because novices are usually relegated to a mountain’s lower slopes.

From the top of Jay a spectacular view unfolds toward Montreal, Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks to the north and west, Lake Memphremagog and the White Mountains to the east, and looking south the broad ridge of the Green Mountains unfolds in rows of white-capped peaks. This is Vermont’s famous ski country stretching southwards, and here at Jay Peak, just south of the border, you’re at the top.
IN THE LAST FEW DECADES SKIING PROGRESSED FROM TOE STRAPS AND SEALSKINS
TO LONG THONGS AND MILE LONG CHAIR LIFTS . . . . THEN

Came the Revolution!

A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND A LOOK AT THE PRESENT

by RALPH NADING HILL

Drawings by TAD BAILEY
There were no trails, no rope, chair, or gondola lifts, no parking lots, warming huts, or motor lodges, no ski racks, no safety bindings—indeed, no special boots to bind. There was just the mountain.

You unloaded your bamboo poles and white pine skis from the rumble seat, tightened your toe straps and started up the Toll Road, for that was the only way to climb Mansfield in the winters of the early '30's. If the snow wasn't too deep you could make it twice in one day, although the second time the frosty signs: "Hotel 2 miles" . . . "Hotel 1 mile" seemed much farther apart. Sealskins attached to your skis greatly facilitated your climb, otherwise you herring-boned much of the way, overworking a certain set of muscles that the new generation probably doesn't even know are there.

You had earned the ride down and it was a delight. The wind whistled through your sweater and stiffened your long woolen underwear. Hungry? You could have eaten your egg shells or the banana peel. There was no other place on the mountain to buy anything else unless you made a safari to Craig Burt's Ranch Camp where for twenty-five cents George Campbell filled the lumbermen and you so full of pork, potatoes, beans, pie and coffee that you couldn't ski all afternoon.

The fresh snow laced with deer and rabbit tracks, the deeply frosted evergreens, the stillness of the mountain, were soothing to the psyche. You were not competing with anybody, not even yourself, for there was no such thing as technique, unless it was the snow-plow. And nobody laughed at your laced-leg britches (the original stretch pants if they got wet) your ill-fitting sweater, or the toque that covered your head like a bowl.

Then came the Revolution!

At first the lowly rope tow seemed innocent enough, although anything that took the work out of pleasure should have been regarded with suspicion. Not that those first tows didn't require work. When the rope got icy not less than five hundred pounds of squeeze per square inch of finger was necessary to hold on through your wet mittens. The motor was apt to stop when you had reached the steepest part of the hill, or else the person in front of you fell, bringing you down too. Anyone who has collected his legs, skis, and poles and risen with a tow rope cutting along on top of him knows the agony of an invention that
was supposedly designed to take the work out of skiing.

With the advent of the T-Bar and chair lifts, successors of the rope tows, the solitary slopes of your youth became ant hills, and the professional, intermediate and novice trails to the tops of the mountains, heavily populated speedways. The deer and rabbits retreated, and properly so. What rabbit in his right mind could remain near an icy highway down which every minute or two every daylight hour all winter long, a human being came rattling and scraping down on two large boards, many of them wild-eyed and fearful looking, uttering their strange war cry: "Track!", their boards crossed, their poles flaying the air, until a frenzied pirouette brought them crashing to the ground?

Thus it came to pass that at the foot of the ski tows were constructed great parking lots for the cars that brought the people to engage in their struggle against gravity, and to show them clever ways of struggling, troops of instructors were engaged. And around the ski tows grew clusters of buildings to feed and amuse these people, and on the roads near these tows arose lounges, chalets, A-frame cottages and every manner of structure where these thousands could rest and dress their wounds between campaigns; and in the stores of the towns near these tows was piled apparel of every description and paraphernalia to bind the feet of these thousands to their boards. And thus a great industry, where a few decades before there had been none, was born in the mountains.

Today's skier must take his place in a well established pecking order both of ability and appearance. A sport which within a reasonably short time has passed through the snow-plow, the tail-wag, the Arlberg crouch in three stages, the single-stem, double-stem, and lifted-stem Christies, the pure and open Christies, and the reverse-shoulder Austrian style, has now come to the French technique, which asks nothing of the shoulders and everything of the knees and ankles. The imperative of the moment is clear: hard as it was to learn the reverse-shoulder, he who would remain on top of, or rise in, the pecking order must abandon Austria and embrace France, or is it America, this year?

As for his appearance he must make certain that he has the best (that is, the
most expensive) equipment. He must be careful not to appear in a sweater with a deer or antelope on it. These went out years ago. The sweater should be home-spun, preferably foreign, with an intricate and obviously expensive, yet casual weave. Everything else, except boots and socks, should be of stretch material. Never mind if the pants are too tight to sit down in: only the lean, hard, cat-like look is acceptable right now. A bronzed face will help, even if it was acquired under an ultra-violet ray lamp, or from a bottle, for who except one’s most intimate friends will know that it was not achieved on the Nose Dive or Suicide Six? A few years ago anyone in knickers would have been laughed off the mountain, but now they are back, and a veteran’s appearance can be obtained with long thongs wound around the boots and sun goggles worn high on the left arm.

Stretch pants will help the ladies acquire the lean, soft look, although they must be careful about colors: lavender haze may be out this year and anemone, in. At the moment parkas of exotic fur—baby seal, lynx and even mink, with matching fur hats, are creating great excitement. Perhaps an ensemble all of black to match the seal parka might be compelling this year. A passion for color can be indulged in one’s after-ski outfit, since it is by the fire and not on the mountain that the lean, soft look will be most apparent.

Since half or two-thirds or more of the day’s skiing is what one tells everybody it’s been, the novice must talk aggressively. And he should learn the game of Placemanship. When someone says: “Aspen was really fantastic in February . . .,” the novice can allude to conditions at Klosters or Cortina during the Christmas holidays, even though he wasn’t there. In doing so he is not selling Vermont down the river. This is a universal game; at Klosters they are saying that they spent the holidays with friends at Sugarbush or at Mad River.

Assembly-line skiing has brought Vermont probably the greatest variety of developments in the country. There are those for the impecunious, those for professionals, and those for New York secretaries whose purpose is to stand around in fancy outfits prospecting for boy-friends (and “young-men on the way up” looking for girl-friends). There are nearly private mountains and chalets for the rich where, after skiing, one reclines before the massive fireplace in one’s leopardskin leotards on a bearskin rug, sipping a cocktail and listening to folk songs on one’s stereo.

Skiing is still a young sport but it is already time that some elaborate lodge created a museum of all the funny old ski clothing and antique equipment. The main feature of this museum should be a lighted shrine containing a set of long woolen underwear, bamboo poles and white pine skis with toe straps, on a background of snow laced with deer and rabbit tracks.
IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY OF VERMONT IN THE WINTERTIME
THERE ARE MANY WHITE SLOPES AND TRAILS THAT WILL TEMPT YOU TO

Ski and See!

YOU CAN ENJOY THE FUN OF WATCHING
OR JOIN THE SPEEDING SKIERS—
IN EITHER CASE YOU'LL ENJOY
THE EXHILARATION OF THE COLD DRY AIR
AND THE BEAUTY AND GAIETY
THAT SURROUND YOU.

Mountaintop chair lifts provide a bonus of
spectacular views with the skiing.
Among the most photogenic is Killington,
in central Vermont, seen at the left,
in a photograph by ROBERT PERRY.
In the VTD photograph below, two skiers on
the upper lift area of
Madonna Peak, just north of Stowe,
watch (with what may be
a touch of envy) an expert
demonstration of reverse shoulder
and the “coma” position.
Post-Olympic racing at Stowe, above, and, lower right, closeup of Billy Kidd (P. Miller). At right Herbert Schäüler jumping at Magic Mountain (L. Case). Below, swimming après ski, à la Mt. Snow (M. Robinson). Left, slalom racer in trouble on Woodstock’s Suicide Six (H. Carroll).
Completely at ease, Austrian expert Luis Schafflinger takes it straight down a steep trail at Sugarbush (VDD)

At right, a frost-flecked sunny morning on Prospect Mountain near Bennington (BULLATY-LOMEO)
The views sometimes are enough to make a skier forget what he came for, but then such vistas as the one at the left, taken by ROBERT PERRY at Killington Basin, provide excuses enough.

Above, the lights of Brownsville shine in the gathering dusk as the snowmakers begin their all-night work on the slopes of Mt. Ascutney (KEN ROY).
Studrun Stable in Putney is scene of harnessing and ski joring (below).

Horses jogging (right) are at Maresnest, Brattleboro, while fourth picture is at Lyndonville Track.

When horses go in clockwise direction they are trained to jog; when counter-clockwise, as on page 23, they go fast miles.

IN THE CLEAR CRISP SNOWS OF VERMONT TROTTERS AND PACERS RELAX AND RETRAIN FOR NEXT SEASON'S RACING WITH an Equine Winter Tune-up

by SHIRLEY LOCKE
Photographs by CLEMENS KALISCHER
Harness horses, like racing car engines, are both tender and temperamental. To race them successfully, you must be expert horseman, blacksmith, veterinarian, psychiatrist. And it's useful, too, to be possessed of a store of folklore and gypsy tricks.

In spite of such demands, harness racing is booming today as never before. Bettors are numerous and, on good nights at least, happy. State money managers gleefully balance budgets with tax proceeds.

And the economics of the sport are such that today almost anyone can own and race a harness horse and with a little luck can maybe make a dollar or two. Tracks, such as Green Mountain Park in Pownal where harness racing was introduced in the Spring of '64, are springing up all over the country. If a horse stays sound and willing, it can be raced year round.

But although a harness horse can race in theory from the age of two to fourteen, it never does. Its frailties—including splints, muscular strains, stifles...
trouble, spavins, curbs, jacks, quarter cracks, ringbone, bowed tendons—are legion. And even if the horse doesn’t break down from some real or imagined ailment, it is likely to go sour after a few months on the circuit and decide simply not to compete any more.

So back it comes to a training stable. It is turned out in the paddock for a week or two, doctored up if necessary by the vet, fussed over by trainer and stable boys, fed on favorite dishes—which may run to anything from honey and vinegar to, in at least one instance, chocolate milkshakes.

Then starting from the beginning, it is worked back into racing form. It may jog a mile the first day out, two miles the next. Mondays through Saturdays over an eight-to-ten-week period it circles the track, a little further and faster each day, pointing toward the almost but not quite impossible goal of the two-minute mile.

Much of this training is done from September to March, and at a number of private and fairground tracks in Vermont. For although Florida is popular during the winter with trainer and horse alike, some trainers prefer to jog their horses over a snow path: it’s good, they say, for the animals’ feet.

Photographer Clemens Kalischer has visited three Vermont tracks to get the pictures for these pages: the public track at Lyndonville, and the privately operated Studrun in East Putney and Maresnest in West Brattleboro.
MEASURE THE LANDING IMPACT OF A FLY? OR THE TICK OF A WATCH?
NOTHING COULD BE EASIER FOR

The milligram watcher of Barlow Street
by FAIRE EDWARDS AND EVELYN LOVE DAY
Photography by JOSEPH NOONAN

Note to the non-metric minded:
A milligram is 1/1,000th of a gram and a gram is 32-1,000ths of a troy ounce.

The man's head moved from left to right, left, right, not quite in rhythm. From time to time he stopped and peered into the air. I couldn't stand it any longer," Harlan Hadley recalled. "I eased over where he was. We were at a chemical meeting and he was standing in front of one of our company's scales on exhibition there. His head kept turning to one side and then the other. You know what he was watching? A fly had gotten into the room and was traveling back and forth from one platform of the scale to the other. Every time it lit the indicator registered about 50 milligrams. Since then I've actually considered screening in a scale and using bugs for demonstrators!"

Such an innovation might be well in character for H. A. Hadley, president, founder, and creative designer of the company which bears his name. His business is located on Winooski's Barlow Street in a serviceable brick building. No symbols mark its status. Part of the building is rented to another firm. Once the Hadley Company made equipment which automatically check-weighed packages, and it used the whole building until the process was sold.

Hadley's small sign lists only the products, not the name of the inventor nor his firm. But purchasers across the country would happily beat down many doors to find a measuring device which is not merely better, but unique. And enthusiastic customers do just that. The Hadley Mastergram and Metrogram were designed by demand—are usually made to specifications laid down by the customers.

In Mr. Hadley's upstairs plant stands a collection of varied metal-
working machines ready to make balances of incredible sensitivity. Sometimes, when an order is in production, the shop is full of men. Sometimes only a few will be working. At one side samples of completed scales stand on a table. Other scales are semi-complete, ready for the addition of alternates that will suit them for a specific task.

Like his company Harlan Hadley puts on no airs. No airs are needed. He is medium in height and square of shoulder despite a fringe of whitened hair. His gaze is keen, his face experienced at smiling. There seems no tension—no waste motion.

The Hadley world is another world—where people talk about precision balances and mean scales of unbelievable accuracy. They speak of sensitivity and mean the response of a scale, or capacity and mean the amount that a particular scale can weigh. Repeatability is the number of times a scale can weigh materials accurately, and, like virtue, should never diminish. The metric system of weights, rather than avoirdupois, is more commonly used in this world. Most exciting—in Hadley’s world, creative development goes on continuously.

H. A. Hadley’s present types of scales were developed in response to requests from customers—particularly the Atomic Energy Commission—immediately after World War II. There was great need for some means to weigh accurately large quantities of highly valuable materials. Until that time laboratory balances had been the only scales capable of extreme accuracy. However, they could weigh only tiny quantities at a time. To use them for any volume of material was a long, painstaking and monotonous job. The over-and-under balance scales (like candy scales) accommodated more quantity of material but were far less sensitive. Between the two lay a Grand Canyon gap with no device capable of a high degree of constancy and sensitivity at fairly large quantities. It was this gap which Mr. Hadley was able to bridge with several completely new ideas—some of which he is still developing.

The real heart of his scales, Mr. Hadley explains, is the knife edge and bearings. Using a model, he shows how the knife edge (a bar) goes between the two sides of the scale and pivots on bearings as it balances. The problem is to get the pivoting action to remain exact despite the tiny amount of friction or slipping that would destroy the extreme precision demanded. A few grains more or less are unimportant when one is measuring out sugar, but when some nearly priceless atomic ingredient is involved, grocery-scale accuracy is not good enough. The difficulty lies in the fact that, as weight is added, the slipping and friction increase. True—they create only small inaccuracies but even that is too much.

To minimize the slipping and friction and yet hold the knife edge well into its proper location, Mr. Hadley developed a new design for the bearings. It is the essence of both the Mastergram, the mechanical balance, and its electronic cousin, the Metrogram.

In his long career, Mr. Hadley has had opportunity to watch the development of electronic devices. He feels that all too often engineers tend to build electronic additions onto something that is mechanically unable to respond to the electronic device’s potential accuracy. If they are to be used with electronic components, mechanical devices should be specially designed, he believes. An example, and an object of pride, is an intricate weighing and counting scale mechanically designed to accommodate an electronic device designed by Thaddeus Kobylarz, associated with the firm. It was Kobylarz’s master’s degree project in electronic engineering.
The last two decades' work in scientific measuring equipment is more than familiar to Mr. Hadley. During World War II, he worked primarily with measurement devices in wind tunnels. His office wall holds pictures of the recording desk and dials of tunnels at Wright Field and United Aircraft. He also worked with the Canadian government and the National Advisory Council on Aeronautics, assisting in the development of the first computer-linked measurement devices which took weighing scale readings, computed and recorded the information into usable data.

After this demonstration of ability to work out new ways to measure new things, it was only logical that he should be sought out to create a previously "impossible" scale. Even then, Mr. Hadley already held an impressive collection of patent awards, recorded over the years. His entire working life has been spent in the area of measurement, as a designer, product engineer and manufacturer. He prefers creative research, more or less on an independent basis, and obviously enjoys getting his capable, square-tipped fingers onto the work in progress.

Marketing the Hadley scales is no problem. Most of them are sold through scientific supply houses. Occasionally Mr. Hadley is called out to some firm or laboratory to evaluate a problem. He says, "We try to solve it—if, of course, it is a weighing problem. Sometimes the problem is something else entirely. I always try to reach the truth even if it means losing a sale. After all, nothing would be accomplished if the problem remained."

At various times, the Hadley family has lived in other states, but hastened back to Vermont at the first opportunity. Mr. Hadley feels that Vermont is a good place for research and light manufacture. He says he can easily get what he needs and ship what he makes. And he likes to live in Burlington. One son and his family live nearby—a constant pleasure to the senior Hadleys. Even though he's easing up a bit on his golf now and no longer entertains with amateur magic shows, Harlan Hadley's a contented man. He's where he wants to be, can do what he wants to do, and there's always the plant on Barlow Street where he can work out ever better ways to measure milligrams and fractions thereof. A tiny crumb unbalances a steel weight one million times as heavy.
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WHEN YOU CROSS the bridge from West Lebanon, N. H., to White River Junction, Vermont, practically the first thing you see on the Vermont side is a large green and white sign. This bears two messages, almost equal in prominence. The top one says, “Welcome to Vermont, Last Stand of the Yankees.” And underneath it says, “Hartford Chamber of Commerce.”

Only Vermont could have a sign like that, I think. Vermont makes a business of last stands. Consider just a few. It is the last stand of teams of horses which drag tanks of maple sap through the frosty snow. It is the last stand for farmers who raise oxen and do the chores by lantern light. Together with New Hampshire and maybe a few places in Ohio, it is the last stand of dirt roads that people really live on, and of covered bridges that really bear traffic. It is the last stand of old-timers who lay up stone walls by hand, of weathered red barns with shingle roofs, of axmen who can cut a cord of stove wood in a morning—of, in short, a whole ancient and very appealing kind of rural life. This life is so appealing, in fact, that people will pay good money to see it being lived, which is where the trouble begins. There’s a conflict of interest here.

On the one hand, it’s to the interest of everyone in the tourist trade to keep Vermont (their motels, restaurants, chambers of commerce, etc., excepted) as old-fashioned as possible. After all, it’s weathered red barns with shingle roofs the tourists want to photograph, not concrete-block barns with sheet aluminum on top. Ideally, from the tourist point of view, there should be a man and two boys inside, milking by hand, not a lot of milking machinery pumping directly into a bulk tank. Out back, someone should be turning a grindstone to sharpen an ax—making a last stand, so to speak, against the chain saw.

On the other hand, the average farmer can hardly wait to modernize. He wants a bulk tank, a couple of arc lights, dry-lot feeding equipment, and a new aluminum roof. Or in a sense he wants these things. Actually, he may like last-stand farming as well as any tourist does, but he can’t make a living at it. In my town it’s often said that a generation ago a man could raise and educate three children on fifteen cows, and put a little money in the bank, too. Now his son can just barely keep going with forty cows. With fifteen cows, hand-milking was possible, and conceivably even economic; with forty you need all the machinery you can get. But the tourists don’t want to hear it clank.

The result of this dilemma is that the public image of Vermont and its private reality seem to be rapidly diverging. My favorite example comes, of course, from the maple-sugar business. Suppose you buy a quart of syrup in the village store in Thetford Center. (This is a good idea: they sell a nice syrup.) It comes in a can with brightly colored pictures on it. These pictures show men carrying sap pails on yokes, sugarhouses with great stacks of logs outside, and all the rest. They are distinctly last-stand pictures.

But suppose you decide to go into the sugaring business for yourself. When you write away for advice, you get a go-modern or private-reality answer. You are told not to use pails at all, much less carry them to the sugarhouse on a yoke. Instead, install a network of plastic pipes. Don’t bother to cut any four-foot logs, you’re told, even though your hills are covered with trees. Texas oil gives a better-controlled heat. And finally, your instructions say, the right way to market the stuff is to put it in cans that show men carrying sap pails, sugarhouses with great stacks of logs. . . .

The state is full of this sort of thing. I have seen a storekeeper taking crackers out of plastic-sealed boxes and putting them in the barrel he thinks summer visitors expect him to have. I have driven over a fine old covered bridge, intact and complete from floor to roof, and just as busy with modern traffic as it ever was with wagons. Tourists stop constantly. But whenever one gets out of his car and goes poking around
below (it doesn’t happen often), he sees that it secretly rests on new steel I-beams, set in concrete. The great wooden trusses up above are just decoration now.

Or take fairs. I’ve been at a fair where the oxen for the ox-pull were trucked in from fifty miles away. The town was full of oxen. If you didn’t happen to notice them arriving in the trucks, you’d have concluded that here was a real last-stand neighborhood. Or you would until the contest began. Then you might have gotten suspicious. What the teams were pulling was more concrete. Furthermore, when each pair of oxen had made its lunge, a distinctly modern element appeared. This was a large yellow backhoe which would rumble up and give the slab a quick push back to the starting point. The net effect was rather like watching the Dartmouth crew at practice, which I’ve also done. The college boys are like the imported oxen. They use muscle-power. The crew surges up the river between Vermont and New Hampshire, every man pulling his oar for dear life. The coach is like the backhoe. He skims alongside in a fast motorboat, steering casually with one hand, and shouting orders through a megaphone he holds in the other.

Most of all, though, I see every day the difference between Vermont in photographs, on calendars, in advertisements, and the state as it is actually getting to be. I’m thinking, for example, of roads. Even in California they know what a Vermont road is like. It’s a last-stand road. It may be dirt or it may be blacktop, but what matters is that it’s narrow and it follows the lay of the land. In most of Vermont, obviously, that means going in curves. The road will curve in so as not to spoil a field, curve out again afterwards, meander up a hill. It has, of course, a stone wall running along each side. Generally a row of big old trees marches beside each wall. Often these are maples, and then the farmer who owns them taps every spring, using buckets.

But what if some Californian gets sick of twelve-lane expressways and moves to Vermont? What if he buys a house on such a road? He hardly gets the place remodeled (exterior unchanged, interior restored to authentic 1820, cellar packed with shiny 1964 machinery) before the town road commissioner comes to see him. The town’s going to resurface the road next summer, the commissioner says. While the crew are at it, they plan to make a few other changes. They’re going to take out all the sharp curves, reduce all the steep gradients, and widen the whole road by six feet. Twenty feet, if you count shoulders.

To the Californian’s horror, it turns out that this will mean taking all the stone walls on one side, and most of the trees on both sides. It also turns out that the road will no longer follow the lay of the land. In particular, it’s going to be raised four feet where it passes his house, and the road commissioner is hoping to use his stone wall for part of the fill. Next year the town it’s in had to decide whether to repair it or to replace it with a modern highway bridge. Here also are his Los Angeles background in wanting to save a stone wall when it’s barbed wire you need for keeping cows, but they don’t really disapprove. In fact, the road commissioner freely admits to liking last-stand roads himself. He was raised on one. What’s on everybody’s mind, it turns out, is that the town is not going to get any State Aid unless it widens and straightens the road to state specifications. And, of course, a lot of people in town are tired of having to stop every winter when they see another car coming. But the money is the main thing. The commissioner rather thinks the state itself gets Federal road money on similar conditions. In other words, town and state are under the same pressure all the dairy farmers are: go modern or go broke. That’s a strong pressure.

And yet it’s not the only one. Opposed to it is the natural cussedness of Vermonters, lots of whom don’t want to go modern—or at least to admit that they do. And some would say it’s not just cussedness, either. There are deep satisfactions to last-stand life. And, finally, there is that good money the tourists pay.

All this has amounted to almost equal pressure in the two directions, at least until very recently. Probably nearly everyone in Vermont is at least partly on both sides. But most are more on one side than the other. By oversimplifying a little, one can draw up a sort of chart of the battle lines.

Let me start inside the fort. Manning the loopholes, and actually making that last stand of the Yankees, are a hard core of hill farmers, country storekeepers, ox breeders, and so forth. Economically their pressure is small. Most of them earn less money every year. But they aren’t about to quit. In my part of the state, a fair number have taken full-time jobs so they can keep farming nights and weekends. These are the kind referred to on the sign in White River Junction.

Allied to them are about half the summer people. (The other half aren’t opposed; they’re neutral. In fact, they’re mostly too busy water-skiing and playing golf even to have noticed that there are farmers in Vermont.) But the first half like coming to a region of old-fashioned farms, and having farmers for neighbors. They may not want to look after cows or build stone walls themselves, but they like to watch other people do it. Meanwhile, the money they pay out for caretaking, barn-painting, and meadow-mowing is what keeps a good many last-stand families going.

Also allied are nearly all of those sometimes called “year-round summer people.” Most of them were originally drawn here by last-stand life, and a certain number actually lead it. I know one couple, both with college degrees, whose first action on getting their Vermont farm was to turn off the electricity. They do the chores by lantern light. I know another man, born and bred in Maryland, who has become as good a country plumber and as authentic a rural character as there is in New England.

Finally, there is a scattering of people outside the state who provide economic support in one way or another. Here are the covered-bridge lovers who send money to help a Vermont town keep one. The bridge I mentioned a while back drew contributions from no less than four covered-bridge clubs last year, when the town it’s in had to decide whether to repair it or to replace it with a modern highway bridge. Here also are...
the city people who will spend extra time and money to get old-fashioned cheese, or barnyard eggs, or hand-made wooden toys—and in so doing have put a good many country stores in the mail-order business. If you could only get it by mail, some of them would probably buy hill cider that’s capable of turning hard, rather than the pasteurized stuff available where they live. If they only had trucks, some of the suburban ones would love to come up and buy half a ton of old-fashioned manure for their gardens. At present the number of such people is small.

Turning to the other side, an equally mixed group is pushing toward modernization. In the center are what I guess to be a majority of all native Vermonters under fifty, starting with the valley farmers who already have big herds and bulk tanks. They don’t want to be the last stand of the Yankees. (After all, look where Custer was after his last stand.) They want their sons to be able to go on farming after them—even if the “farm” turns out to be a lot of hydroponic tanks inside a concrete shed, fronting on a twelve-lane expressway.

Nearly everyone concerned with either education or government is also on this side, at least officially. So are all of us who drive to chain supermarkets instead of walking to the village store. And so, with a superb irony, are many Vermonters in the tourist trade, plus the tourists themselves.

The irony is that the tourists don’t know they are. They come here to look at last-stand life. They wouldn’t cross the road to look at a supermarket or a two-acre concrete shed. Most of them firmly believe they’re helping to support old-fashioned Vermont by coming here at all. But though they flock to see the last-stand country—and, if they’re here in the spring, to take a free taste of hot maple syrup, or in the fall to do a little free hunting (free as far as the owner of the land is concerned)—inevitably where they spend most of their money is in the hotels, filling stations, and restaurants. Last-standers get only a little directly. They don’t get much indirectly, either. Even though the restaurant owner knows that his tourist customers have come to look at last-stand life, and even though he personally hopes it will survive, he’s still in business. He mostly buys his eggs at the battery farm, his milk at the big automated dairy, his beef from Kansas City, and so on. His gesture toward last-standism is to make sure his syrup cans have pictures of sap buckets on them.

In the last five years the balance has perceptibly tipped in favor of modernization. Most people agree that the last stand is likely to end in about one more generation. What will happen then? Let me present an admittedly partisan view.

Most of Vermont will look like—well, it will look like central New Jersey with hills. Where there are now fields and meadows, there’ll be scrub woods mixed with frequent tree plantations. Every now and then there’ll be an automated concrete “farm.” Around each lake will be a ranch-style summer resort. The entire state will be linked by superb highways. In more rugged sections, these highways will take most of the valley land there is. (Right now a four-lane highway built to Federal interstate specifications consumes forty acres out of every square mile it goes through, or one-sixteenth of the whole square mile.)

There will, to be sure, be three or four villages left in which last-stand life goes on. Two of these, I guess, will be commercial ventures, and two will be owned by the state. All four will be pure fake. If you drove into one—I’m going to call it Old South Strafford Village—first you’d see a wooden barn with four live cows in it, and a man specially trained to milk them. Then you’d notice a grove of maples next to an old-fashioned sugarhouse. Probably the maples will have to be made of plastic, with electric pumps inside, since the main tourist season begins in June rather than March, and since there’s no way to keep a real maple from budding until June. But it will be genuine maple sap that the electric pumps draw up from a refrigerated tank under the sugarhouse.

Beyond the plastic maple grove will be a large woodshed. There for 50 cents you’ll be able to watch a man first sharpen his ax on a hand-turned grindstone and then chop up a couple of logs. Every twenty minutes he’ll reblunt his ax by smacking it into a block of granite. An expert from Colonial Williamsburg will check his technique twice a day. The crowd of tourists will be huge. And public image and private reality will now be completely separate.

There’s only one thing that makes me think this won’t happen. I told my vision to a hill farmer I know. “Shucks,” he said, “You think I could get hold of some of those logs when the fellow’s through with them? My furnace eats wood something awful.”
PHILIP H. HOFF  
Governor, State of Vermont

“Society marches relentlessly onward. This is something which we cannot stop, but it is something we can work to direct. We must control the growth . . . not merely react to it.

“This, of course, will not be possible if we throw up our hands and say only that any move toward modernization will turn our state into a rural honky-tonk festooned with ribbons of concrete highways and neon commercialism. Vermont is in the unique position of being able to preserve . . . (its) scenic splendor and at the same time meet the needs of today’s modern world.

“There is no true satisfaction in making a ‘last stand’ in Vermont if this ‘last stand’ is geared to an acceptance of poverty in a land of plenty, to an idealization of inadequate education in a world of increasing educational needs and opportunities, or if it is based on an acceptance of unemployment in a land with an ever-expanding economy.

“If one looks under the smokescreen of nostalgia or quaintness, he will find that Vermont’s greatest assets lie in its natural and human resources.

“This is our challenge and opportunity. The problem, however, will never be solved by the light of a kerosene lamp.”

MILTON J. NADVORNY  
Professor, Commerce & Economics, University of Vermont

“It troubles me a little bit to hear the phrase ‘last stand of the Yankees,’ repeated so often, because it conjures up a distorted and false picture. Actually . . . the New England Yankee was hardly a stand-patter, let alone a last-stander.

“The last-stand people exist, of course, in every generation and in every area. These are people who, by choice, prefer not to change, nor to do anything differently, regardless of the worth of the new ideas or methods. I think ‘last-standism’ rejects, out of hand, any new program, and I think this is wrong.

“We can and should have room in our state for diversity—for those who wish to retain ‘quaint’ ways . . . as well as for more ‘modern’ folk.

“The choice we are often presented with is whether Vermont will be stripped of walls, fences, fields and oxen, or whether Vermont will be completely covered with such things. This is no choice at all, for it is based on no reasonable assumptions. It is certain that Mr. Perrin’s twelve-lane highways will never cover the state of Vermont, nor will there be factories blanketing the beautiful Green Mountains—it just isn’t in the cards.

“We do, however, have a choice in deciding how we want to strike a balance among all our social and economic forces and traditions—how we want to improve our economic health, to provide for change in educational and cultural activities, and to leave enough elbow room for those who want to join the ranks of the last-standers.”

W. ARTHUR SIMPSON  
Representative, Town of Lyndon

“That Thoreau said that if a man does not keep step with his companions perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. There is nothing incongruous in the fact that different people will hear a different measure of music from Mr. Perrin’s drum. We like to think we are the last stand of the Yankees and perhaps we are, although the philosophy is naturally somewhat diluted.

“What I hear from Mr. Perrin’s drum is that we have tremendous assets of air, water and land, and that we should be about our business of protecting and preserving them by regional planning, statewide zoning and every means at our command.

“This state is destined for unbelievable growth. Now is the time to prepare . . . There is no good reason why the new and the old should not complement each other.”

BRADFORD SMITH  
Writer & Educator, Shaftsbury

“It’s about time somebody spoke about the conflict of old and new in Vermont. But I’m not as pessimistic as Noel Perrin is.

“Vermont has always had to rock with the punches. And it is coping now with the change in dairying with the same fortitude, as Mr. Perrin shows.

“Most of the summer people, retired folk, commuters to nearby small industries or part-time Vermonters, when they buy rundown property out in the country, are doing a lot more for the state than marginal farming could ever do. What we have to fight is the planless, scarifying growth of ugly little stands and still uglier signs and billboards and and auto graveyards which threaten to extend urban blight into the state. These things can be fought and are being fought.

“The Vermont idea is not dead. It is alive in many minds, and the people who have it are drawn as by magnets to put their roots down here.

“I’m not talking about some hazy ideal, but about the kind of life I have known these past twenty years. Vermont is going to be one of the few places where such a place can still be lived, and it is far from overcrowded with those who seek such living. The very problems which have always beset Vermont economically will prevent the urbanization which is taking place all around us. Neither the new dairying, nor the ski business, nor visitors in search of an imagined old Vermont can destroy it.”

HERBERT G. OGDEN  
Vermont Home Rule Committee

“The eternal essence of the Yankee is not that he milked by hand or used a team in his sugar orchard, but that he, as his own boss, ran his own small home industry . . . or worked closely with such a man.

“This Yankee philosophy has been given new life in recent years by the
many ‘outsiders’ who have settled here in order to earn a modest but highly satisfactory living from a small enterprise.

"Truly the way of the Yankee is now seriously threatened. A major threat is the ill-advised and costly highway building program destined to turn Vermont into a honky-tonk. A second threat is the equally short-sighted determination by some . . . to abolish our pattern of town government in favor of ‘regions.’ I’m still betting on the Yankee.”

JOHN DRYSDALE
Publisher, White River Valley Herald, Randolph

"The display sign erected by the White River Junction chamber of commerce is a tenuous peg on which to hang an allegation of Vermont duplicity. Actually, the sign was a good-natured response to another magazine article which scoffed at some Vermont virtues while exposing some of the weaknesses, such as urban blight, which it shares with other states.

"The pressures generated by slowly increasing population, small industry and the interstate highways of course will change, or even wipe out, many relics of our present as well as our past.

"But the authentic image as well as the reality is still to be found just off the superhighways. And they will continue to exist longer here than where the pressures are greater.

"The charm of Vermont is still its reality—and as of now you don’t have to visit a museum to find it—if you live in Vermont.”

RICHARD A. SNELLING
President, Shelburne Industries, Inc.

"Mr. Noel Perrin’s article is a beautiful exposition of something many Vermonters have known about for a long time, but haven’t discussed publicly. It seems to me, however, that there is a third Vermont, to which Mr. Perrin only briefly refers.

"The fact is that picture-book Vermont does not provide a living for urban Vermonters any more than it does for the rural Vermonters. The tourist business has been good for Vermont, but . . . cannot support either our urban retailers or our ‘misplaced farmers.’

"Industry—modern, technical and automated industry—has been growing in Vermont. This is the third Vermont. Because tourists do not concentrate in our urban areas they know little of the twentieth century Vermont, which is . . . dependent as much on manufacturing employment . . . as on agriculture and tourism.

"I look forward to the time when tens of thousands of modern Vermonters can afford to take vacations. They will return to Vermont knowing that they combine better than most Americans a decent standard of living and an environment in which they can enjoy it year-round."

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
Trustee, Vermont Forest & Farmland Foundation, Rupert

"—Maybe the Colonial Williamsburg-itis will really prevail in Vermont, as it does in Virginia (and elsewhere). But I hope not and really doubt it.

"I hope and expect that Vermonters will go ahead propping up inadequate bridges with money donated by kindly antiquarians—thereby assuring that the bridge will be able to carry the cement trucks, and at the same time assuring that the outsiders will have the sort of ‘proprietary interest’ in Vermont which is the soundest basis for a continuously profitable tourist trade.

"If Vermonters put too much confidence into the belief that tourists want weathered red barns and shingle roofs, first thing you know the tourists will all be going to Illinois to photograph aluminum grain bins.

"Sure there are two Vermonts, plus several others. What’s wrong with that?”

RICHARD M. JUDD
Professor of American Civilization, Marlboro College

"I don’t know the answer to what will happen, but I’m fairly clear about what can be done to avoid much of Mr. Perrin’s nightmare. What is needed is some long range planning by people who are not in too much of a hurry to usher in the 21st Century, but who are alive to the necessity of saving a way of life before it is obliterated.

"The hill farm or subsistence farm, as an economic unit, is obviously dead, but it need not vanish as a place to live and as a way of life if the policies of state government will recognize the need to revitalize the small towns rather than seeking to drive them out of business in the name of ‘progress.’

"For the bureaucrat, the temptation is always to standardize in order to upgrade the schools, roads and welfare services. But the strength of Vermont towns—and of Vermonters—is in their individuality. If, in the course of creating jobs and improving institutions and services, we lose our right to be different, we shall have lost something far more important than the covered bridges, the wood-fired evaporator and the ox yoke.”

This is the first of several articles presented by Vermont Life’s editors to air present-day social and economic conflicts of concern to Vermonters and visitors alike.
How is it possible that a literary light should pull such bloopers, and how could these errors escape the eagle eye of the rurally-oriented editor? I can only say that Edward Weeks of the Atlantic Monthly would not have made the mistakes he did if he had first read the "Maple Sugar Book." One assumes that Robb Sagendorph who edited "New England," with color photographs and essays by distinguished authors for each of the pictures (Arthur Griffin, Winchester, Mass., 1962,$14.95) knows better, for as editor of The Old Farmer's Almanac he ought to be familiar with sugarin' in New Hampshire if not in Vermont. Be that as it may, here are two great books, neither of them just off the press, but both still available.

"New England" consists of 44 magnificent color photographs, beautifully reproduced. It is not possible to translate the beauty of these pictures into words, and even the distinguished essays which accompany each view (ten of the pictures are of Vermont and eight of the essayists are or have been Vermonters) do not attempt this. But they do, almost without exception, enrich the appreciation and understanding of the beholder.

Having started off with a criticism it behooves me to be explicit: The first picture, "Prosper, Vermont," beautifully depicts a late sugaring scene. In commenting on it Ted Weeks says: "In the background you will notice the evaporator, the shallow long trough in which the melting takes place." Well, the evaporator is inside the sugar house and cannot be seen; and who melts what making syrup? Anyhow, apparently he has called the gathering tank an evaporator, and the pipe which conducts the sap into the storage tank inside the sugar house he has designated as the mysterious melting machine!

This is carping criticism, I know, and it is not in my mind to detract from the book. It is a great piece of work and well worth the price. (It also could be used as a weather guide: when the color prints buckle, it's going to rain.)

The "Maple Sugar Book" by Helen & Scott Nearing, (The John Day Co., N.Y., 1950, $3.75) surely must be the most complete and thorough study there is of this unique operation. The Nearings have left no area—historical, economic, technical or social—unexplored in their account. For the sugar maker it constitutes an invaluable technical handbook, and for the general reader it illuminates a little-known aspect of American life.

So we come to "Out of the Salt Box" by Ruth M. Rasey, (Rand McNally & Co., N.Y., 1962, $4.95), in effect the history of a small Vermont town from the time of its first settlement until the "sun-tanners" took over not too many years ago. With the coming of the summer people came the tearing down of the old "salt box" house, which had housed five generations of the family. This is the story of Rupert, Vt. delightfully told by a descendent of Zachariah Harwood, who built the salt box house wherein, over the kitchen mantel, hung the veritable salt box, one of the treasured lares and penates of that household. The device used is the family story, and the frame upon which this is successfully draped consists of various physical aspects of home and community, from the house itself to the cheese factory and meetinghouse in the village. It is good history and interesting reading.

For my part this is a more acceptable method of recreating the past of a town than is found in the conventional town history, and I find one of these on my list. This is "Stowe, Vermont-Ski Capital of the East" by Edwin L. Bigelow, (Stowe Historical Society, Stowe, $6.50). I do not mean that this is not a good town history, for it is, and its 200 pages contain many interesting facts intelligently and lucidly presented. The point is that it is deucedly difficult to make the materials of the life of a small community of more than passing interest to the general public. But in this case Mr. Bigelow has performed an excellent job, and he has had more than conventional materials to work with, for here is the story of the development of the principal ski community in the East. For this reason the book is of exceptional interest to me, and will be to many others.

Another book of history, written by Shirley Whitney Kelley for fifth and sixth grade children, is "Little Settlers of Vermont," (Equity Publishing Corp., Orford, N.H., 1963, $3.45). It is the story of a family transplanting from the relatively civilized purlieus of Massachusetts to the wilderness of newly-named "Vermont." (I wish we had been told how Montpelier got its name.) The only bit I found hard to swallow was that Pa could "fell, clear and cut into logging lengths all the trees on one acre in a single day." Well, maybe it was a small acre and the days were long, and there weren't many trees, and those were little ones. At any rate, it is a good book which I can recommend highly.

"The Great Turkey Drive" by Charles Morrow Wilson, (David McKay & Co., N.Y., 1964,$3.50) took place 38 years later, in 1824. This book beats me; I can explain it only as perhaps a hoax. There is scarcely a page whereon there is not to be found a statement too bizarre to be believed—for example that these poor and simple turkey drovers carried along for food cream puffs and smoked oysters! But it makes interesting reading, and for collectors of literary, historical and botanical errors it should be a bonanza. Here are a few examples: the drovers had for a salt ration a half quart per person per week; one chops down trees with a broad axe; the young scout could lead to the southeast by keeping the northeast wind at his
back; pear pie is fried on skewers; chinquapins grow in Vermont; the brooks of Vermont yield sun perch or tenches, no trout; a covered bridge had one-piece yellow pine sills nearly 200 feet long; a catamount and Canada lynx are the same animal; the term “wood nickel” was used in 1824.

Anyhow, the book is an example of dubious research, contrasted with the meticulous job done in “Henry Stevens of Vermont” by Wyman W. Parker, (N. Israel, Amsterdam, 1963, $7.50). Certain to be of prime value to bibliophiles, this book promises entertainment for all interested in biography and the Victorian period. It is the story of a country boy from Barnet who worked his way through Yale, and two years later, in 1845, found himself securely established in the book trade in London. He went on, by means of brashness and dubious ethics but with boundless energy and immense competence, to become the foremost book dealer of his time. Oh, this is great reading. Even though Benjamin Moore described our hero as “a coarse, vulgar English looking libidinous Yankee, full of assumption, pretension and impudence,” he will not fail to fascinate you.

One project Stevens proposed in 1848, a bibliography of all American publications, was never fairly started, but his concept has been partly consumated in “Vermont Imprints 1778-1820”, compiled by Marcus A. McCorison, (American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., 1963, $15.) This monumental work of nearly 600 pages will be of inestimable value to every historian of the Vermont scene, for as the foreword by Clifford K. Shipton says: “This book is a roll of the witnesses of the first period of Vermont history.” Both books are beautifully printed, though the Stevens book is marred by several typographical errors.

“Town Government in Vermont” by Andrew E. Nuquist, professor of political science at the University of Vermont, (Government Research Center, U.V.M., Burlington, 1964, $5), is another book of special interest to students of the Vermont scene. It is a shame that Professor Nuquist was not content to compile a reference work and let it go at that. Instead he has allowed his dedication to the cause of consolidation and centralization to lead him to the stating of conclusions which common sense should have warned him not to make. I recommend to him, and to all interested in country living, “Living the Good Life” by Scott and Helen Nearing, published by the Social Science Institute, Harborside, Maine in 1954.

Two important books from Charles E. Tuttle Co. of Rutland have to do with the appurtenances of household living in earlier days. “Early Lighting in New England” by Helen Brigham Hebard, (88 pp., ill. by photos and sketches by Ellen Hatch Brewer, $3.50) is a complete and scholarly work. Particularly for the collector, it is nevertheless a well-written book which sheds light on other days and times. A more ambitious undertaking is “Victorian Antiques” by Thelma Shull, (421 pp., $12.75.) This profusely illustrated book covers a multitude of items from cuckoo clocks to Rogers groups to fans and parasols. “The Talkative President” a compilation of off-the-record press conferences of Calvin Coolidge, is edited by Howard H. Quint and Robert H. Ferrel, (University of Massachusetts Press, $6). Here is much to fortify my already great admiration for this great Vermonter.

The other items are from the Stephen Greene Press, and each has to do with Vermont things and people. “The Mad Doctor’s Drive” by Ralph Nading Hill is the fascinating story of the first trans-continental automobile crossing, made in 1903 in a Winton by Dr. H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington and his side-kick, S. K. Crocker, (Brattleboro, 1964, cloth $3.50, paper $1.50). The other book, “How to Identify Bennington Pottery” by Richard C. Barret, curator of the unusually fine Bennington Museum, (Brattleboro, 1964, cloth $3.50, paper, $1.95), is a must for the collector. Both books are illustrated.

Three last-minute entries have to be squeezed in with little room for comment. “No Wiser than the People” by Leonard S. Thompson, town representative from Townshend, (Carleton Press, N.Y., 1963, $3.50), is of interest to anyone who wishes to gain some sort of view of the workings of the state legislature, but as far as I am concerned the portrait bears little resemblance to the sitter.

Now I am left with paperbacks which I must deal with in all too summary a manner. Of these the most important in my opinion is “The New Vermont Guide” by Walter Hard, Jr., June B. Hobson and Esther M. Swift, (Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, 1964, $1.50). Fresh off the presses, this is a charming and invaluable guide to all who would explore the fascinations of Vermont. This will sell like hot cakes to the tourists, but if I had my way about it the first edition would be taken up entirely by Vermonters themselves.

A slight but important bit of historical research is found between the covers of “Hoot, Toot and Whistle” by Bernard R. Carman (Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, 1963, $1.50). By means of this sort of essay, which is intrinsically of great interest to many people other than the railroad buffs, authentic pictures of the not-so-distant past are saved from oblivion. This is a history of the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington Railroad in southern Vermont, and it is a fascinating story.

As a final item of Vermontiana, for it was written by a resident Vermonter and published here, I recommend “Original Letters of Alexander Botts” by William Hazlett Upson, (Vermont Books, Middlebury). One of these, “Tax Haven,” is a story never published before, and this, along with “Botts in the Islands,” “A. Botts, Easy Mark” and “A. Botts, Jailbird,” can be had for $1.95. For Botts addicts what more need be said?

In closing I must mention four pamphlets, which should be of substantial though varied interest to Vermont Life readers. I have space but to list them: “From Colonization and Depredation to Conservation and Education,” available from the Vermont Fish & Game Department, Montpelier, and “Canoeing on the Connecticut,” available from the Vermont Recreation Department, Montpelier. Besides these there are two items on water dowsing and water divining, available from Raymond X. Willey, Schenectady, N.Y.: “Discovering Dowsing Talent” for 25 cents and “Remote and Map Dowsing Techniques” at 50 cents. I mention these because the national headquarters of organized dowsing seems to be in Danville, Vermont.
LIKE THE FACE OF THE OCEAN
VERMONT'S WINTER LANDSCAPES,
IN SUNLIGHT, STORM AND AFTERGLOW,
TAKE ON NEW COLORATION EACH

Morning, Noon & Night
Right, South Pomfret—David Lawlor

Below, East Jamaica—John H. Harris
Who will help these Children?

by FAIRE EDWARDS

Photographs by HANSON CARROLL

Today any school faces the challenge of a technology which is fast eliminating the unskilled worker. If they are to earn a living, young people must be trained for the occupations of the future; their skills must be the skills of the educated.

Seeking to develop full time citizens in the hearing world, the Austine School for the Deaf is walking right up to the challenge, with vision that would do credit to any school serving non-handicapped students. Its Supervising Teacher, Grace Wilson, says, "of course, we're trying to teach the children to communicate . . . but that's not enough. We've got to train their minds to think!"

For over half a century, Austine School has faced the formidable problem of educating children in words which they cannot hear. In 1904, Col. William Austine, U.S.A. Ret., then the oldest surviving Civil War officer, left a bequest of $50,000 to establish a hospital in Brattleboro. Since a new hospital had just been constructed there, the trustees wisely determined to use the fund to build a school for the deaf and blind. Located on a sightly hill about a mile from the center of town, Austine School opened its doors in 1912. After the first five years, the school discontinued admission of blind students, referring them, instead, to the Perkins Institute, considered better equipped for their needs. Austine had determined to concentrate on deaf children . . . to help them broach the invisible wall of silence.

From its beginning, the school has always included students from both Vermont and New Hampshire. Some come from other states and even Canada. Enrollment now totals about one hundred . . . from four-year-olds through high school.

Although Austine is independent and privately endowed, the Vermont legislature has, from time to time, provided funds, particularly for buildings and equipment. The generosity of neighbors and various service organizations has meant much to both the institution and its individual children, according to J. Jay Farman, the Headmaster.

Austine's students are drawn from the one per cent of the population for whom the sense of hearing is, by definition, non-functional for the ordinary purposes in life. Most of these are nerve deaf. (Children whose injury is within the ear, are usually able to remain at home, assisted by a hearing aid and, perhaps,
Teacher Mildred Ward helps a five-year-old to "feel" the sound of a word he's having trouble with.

by some part-time training in speech and lip reading. Some of the children at Austine have never heard the sound of a voice. Others hear faintly at some frequencies with assistance from special hearing aids. Even a tiny residue of hearing helps a lot, the teachers say. For all these children, lip reading will be the principal means of understanding other people.

Interestingly, almost all the students are offspring of hearing parents. Perhaps one tenth of them have deafness in the family. Some were born deaf, some suffered injury or illness. Meningitis is an important cause.

Boarding school can be expensive—far beyond the means of many families. Hence, the State of Vermont, under its special education legislation, pays the difference between the cost of its deaf children's schooling at home and at a special school. The child's local school district contributes a sum equal to the cost per pupil for education at home. Vermont's director of special education, Jean Garvin, serves as one of Austine's trustees.

The children's physical needs are met with an easy efficiency. Rules are reasonable and must be observed, but housemothers gather their broods with a pat and a smile. Pleasant modern colors have brightened the interior of the venerable original building. Dormitories are cheerful, and playrooms light and comfortable. Yards of shelves hold treasures according to age of the rooms' tenants—cars and trains, dolls, even pictures of Beatles! The older girls have their own house on campus, run much like a college cooperative house. A new residence for teen-age boys opened with the school term this year.

Around the building there seems to be space for sleds and skis and other sports equipment. The Austine Arrows are members of the Molly Stark basketball league. This year they intend to improve their runner-up status of last season. They've also been clobbering some of the other schools for the deaf.

However, the main business of the school is teaching—helping children to achieve their individual potentials. This, by the way, involves very careful evaluation. To be sure, children come into the school complete with a voluminous case file covering medical, psychological and social write-ups from referring agencies. Even so, it is extremely difficult for the staff to estimate the intelligence of a new student. Tests are based on words. Deaf children haven't heard words. Performance tests can evaluate dexterity, but not true mental capacity. Each student must be observed and evaluated. Nothing infuriates the teachers more than some-
one's snap judgement underestimating a talented deaf child.

Of the school's sixty personnel, twenty-one are on the education staff. Classes, of course, are small. Although there is a national scarcity of teachers trained to work with the deaf, Austine's faculty members have had special training and everyone seems to be taking additional courses every summer. These teachers work terribly hard in the classroom. Within the space of a few moments, one may use action, dramatization, words spoken, lip reading, gestures, flash cards, and words on the blackboard. Perhaps a few demonstrations on word formation and speech mechanics will be given. Maybe a little diagram will symbolize a word, make it easier to remember. When a child does well, his reward is a good, unmistakable gesture of applause—perhaps clapping hands. These teachers project!

It was unexpected, but entirely reasonable, to find even the nursery class children reading short sentences. The kindergarteners are well ahead of the general run of their hearing peers. Either their intense motivation or their practiced vision must enable them to recognize letters and words earlier than other children. This, one gathers, has been the subject of some discussions. However, the faculty take the attitude that, if successive classes repeatedly learn to read early, they must be ready to do so. No excessive pressure is put onto the children, yet they give every appearance of enjoying reading, at an age when hearing children would probably drive everyone mad asking word-of-mouth questions.

Deaf children like to ask questions, too. In the intermediate room, a visitor is no sooner seated that small hands shoot up. "May I ask the visitor her name?" "Where is your home?" "Have you a family?" Their sentence structure is guided by a chart, posted as a reminder. It is a framework on which to build a sentence:

Who? = (sign for verb) What?

The little ones start by filling in blanks or boxes, one per word, on the blackboard. Additional components of the sentence are added onto the blue charts posted in the advanced classrooms. Unlike those who can hear and imitate, these children must learn to construct every sentence by rote.

Constant emphasis is placed on speech and lip reading. The student whose lips noiselessly form words is told to "Talk!" If he still does not produce sound, he is helped to feel vibrations from speech-sound. However, after students arrive at high school level, lip reading is supple-
He hears a bell on phones; rings one.

He imitates teacher, learns a new sound.

Nursery girl talks about her vacation plan.

Learning to do a handstand is hard for any youngster.

Fifth grader plays teacher in vocabulary drill.

At one time, authorities believed that the training of deaf children could be limited to instruction in speech and language, lip reading and vocational training, with little material beyond the elementary level. Completion of Austine’s new classroom wing is providing the laboratory and library space required for full accreditation as a secondary school under the latest Vermont
standards. In this, Austine is pioneering among schools for the deaf in New England. Students able to handle college work are prepared and encouraged to go on to Gallaudet College for the Deaf. Those with less academic talent may graduate from a non-college-preparatory course, or receive a certificate of attendance. Vocational offerings include: printing (in letterpress and on a new offset press), linotype, business education, home economics, industrial arts, commercial art and mechanical drawing.

All this has not been accomplished easily. Administrative conferences sometimes last far into the night. The well-chosen texts are a result of very thorough professional evaluation from a wide selection. This year's building program was undertaken with $75,000 still to be raised, because Austine believes that deaf children ought to be able to attend an accredited high school. Delay in building would have deprived some children forever of the opportunity. As they say, “If we don’t help these children, who will?”
WE WERE WALKING through a bunch of spruces and alders some years ago, old Charley and I. He'd seen some eighty winters, and I counted it a privilege to be tracking in the snow with him. We crossed one trail after another of the tracks of an animal that must have leaped like a greyhound, doubling up so its hind feet hit the ground ahead of its front ones. The front tracks were the size of stamps, the hind ones like opened match books.

Finally we paused. Tracks went up the trail, across the trail, everywhere but up a tree. "How many rabbits?" Charley asked me.

"Well," I countered, "from the tracks, it looks as if there must have been half a dozen, at least."

Charley grinned. "You're about five rabbits too high." Then he softened a little. "Well, maybe it was two rabbits. But I'll bet there weren't any more. Old Snowshoe is a great hand to kick and run half the night. But he likes to do it alone. Snowshoe rabbits aren't too sociable with others—except in breeding season. Get more than one every few acres, and one of 'em will move off where it ain't so crowded."

This was my introduction to one of Vermont's most interesting woodland personalities. He's a critter that scampers through the woods most of the night and loaf all day. He wears a pair of snowshoes and boasts a set of ear trumpets. Neat as a cat about grooming himself, he yet rolls in the dust like a barnyard chicken. In spite of his nickname of "white rabbit" for his white winter coat, he's still confused with his little brown cousin, the cottontail rabbit, in summer. Yet, if you want to be technical, he's not even a rabbit at all.

*Lepus americanus*—the snowshoe hare—even begins his life, quite literally and figuratively, on the run. His mother seems scarcely to pause in her daily rounds to have her babies. She may give birth to them in a slight hollow or "form" kicked out at the base of a spruce or old stump—the only place she could call home—or she may merely have them at a sheltered spot along the trail.

Such a haphazard cradle would be a terrific handicap to most young animals. However, the little hares make the best of it. No naked, blind infancy for them. Fully furred, with wide eyes surveying the world from birth, they can hop almost at once. This separates the true hares from true rabbits with their helpless pink babies.

Several years after that winter's walk, I discovered a snowshoe's nest in June. It erupted in four different directions as the tiny family tried to escape my incautious gaze. Such bombshell behavior has probably saved at least part of a hare's brood from a pouncing fox.

At first the three or four youngsters stay close together. They're visited periodically by their mother, who transforms twigs, green shoots and leaves into her own milk for their first ten days of life. A young hare is an appealing little tyke. He weighs about 3 ounces at the start, with half-short ears and half-long legs. His brownish gray coat blends with the leaves—until one of those sudden exuberant hops gives him away.

Within ten days after he is born, the little snowshoe hare begins to sample
the greenery first-hand. He begins an experimental nibble on a piece of grass or fern. Within a month, he's on his own, trying out nearly every green plant that grows. His mother, meantime, is probably about ready to produce her second brood. She may have two families a year.

By the time he's five months old and adult in size, the hare shows another characteristic that's all his own. Last autumn a friend took me to a cage in his back yard.

"We hit this rabbit with the car last week," he said. "As soon as it's better, I'm going to let it go. But look at the length of those hind legs. That's not a regular cottontail rabbit, is it?"

We decided it was a snowshoe hare, for the long legs were another way in which you can tell a hare from a rabbit. In full flight, the long-legged hare can make great leaps of eight to ten feet at bursts of 25 miles per hour.

In September or October, the snowshoe hare gets ready for winter. Bit by bit, the old brown coat begins to drop out. At the same time, hairs of a new white coat begin to take its place. Each fall on our strolls through the woodland we find Old Snowshoe in the act of switching garbs. The complete change takes about two months. Apparently it's triggered by a change in the length of daylight, for captive hares in windowed buildings will change their coats just like their wild brothers in the frosty air.

In full winter dress, the snowshoe is quite a sight—that is, if you can see him. His white fur blends with the snow perfectly. Only his dark eyes, twitching nose and black eartips give him away. Pads of coarse hair have thickened on his feet so he can run on the fluffy snow without sinking. This, of course, is how he gets his name. So now, with boots and winter parka, he's ready for the worst that can be thrown at him—animal, human or weather. And he seems to take delight in confounding them all.

With many enemies, he may just quietly sneak beneath a snowladen fir until danger is past. If routed out, he may run ahead a short distance and stop. But if his enemy is persistent, he jumps into the game with all four feet. Twisting and doubling through the familiar trails of his home territory, the snowshoe soon makes a hopeless maze of tracks. Then, as a neat final touch, he may circle around to where he was surprised in the first place.

One such race with a dog was witnessed by a friend with a pair of binoculars. "The dog was roaring a willow thicket across the valley," he told me. "He was just out for an afternoon stroll, when this snowshoe rabbit jumped up in front of him. That rabbit took off like a big white bouncing ball with the dog right behind.

"For a while he twisted through the bushes. This slowed the dog, but he kept right on the trail; barking his head off. So finally the rabbit pulled the nearest trick in the book. He ran right out into an old woods road. Then he raced down it while the dog was still nosing around in the bushes. He turned and raced right back in his own tracks for a couple of hundred feet. Then he gave a whopper of a jump into the bushes at the side of the road and 'froze' where he landed. You should have heard that dog change his tune after he'd run right past the rabbit and hit the dead-end where the tracks stopped in the middle of the road."

Old Snowshoe spends most of his life within perhaps 600 feet of his birthplace in a wooded swamp or a bunch of bog spruces. If there's a country road nearby, he may help himself to a dust bath now and then. He seems to have a liking for places where there's a little water, and can swim quite well when he wishes. But he's got just enough contrariness in his nature so that he won't always swim. Stranded on a stump by rising spring floods, snowshoes have been known to starve rather than make a break for dry land.

With the coming of spring, the snowshoe hare begins to reconsider his view of others of his kind. Thumping messages with those powerful feet in a tattoo on the ground, and straying across his own invisible boundary lines, he may visit the domain of other hares. There's lots of scurrying and thumping and fighting until the creatures are quite nearly "mad as a March hare." Somewhere in this progressive family reunion a brief alliance is formed between the sexes, and there's a new brood of leverets some 36 days later. The same thing may continue on into mid-spring for a second family.

Even in the exuberance of spring mating, the snowshoe hare must keep those great sound-scoop ears alert for enemies. But, in a way, his worst foe is himself. Those Bugs Bunny teeth can get him into a lot of trouble. The incisors or cutting teeth are arranged with an extra set behind the first in the upper jaw like a couple of spares. These teeth show his relationship to the rabbits and western pikas. They also point out his distinction from the true rodents, which lack this double row. The trouble is that, rodents or hares, the animals must keep gnawing to keep the teeth worn down. So everywhere he goes, the hare nips the ends of plants, leaving behind the peculiar slanted cuts which are the trademark of the buck-teeth set.

"They love willows," a forester told me, "and few people mind when they help themselves to willow shoots. But it's different when hares turn to maple or pine—especially when they're forced to it in years of peak abundance."

He was referring to an approximately ten-year cycle of abundance followed by scarcity. "The hares build up year after year," he pointed out, "faster than their enemies seem to take care of them. They have a regular population explosion. I heard of a place in Ontario that was supposed to have 3500 snowshoe hares to the square mile.

"Then comes the crash. Almost all of them die out. Nobody knows the real cause. Perhaps it's disease, or parasites, or starvation or predators—or all of 'em."

We don't see this cycle plainly in Vermont, possibly because of the leveling effect of constant hunting pressure. But over much of the snowshoe's range—Canada, the northern tier of the United States and south along the east and west mountain ranges—the cycle is striking.

Apparently the snowshoe hare gets along quite well, cycles and all. The Indians have long set snares in his runways. His remains have been found in the kitchen middens of the American mound builders of centuries ago. And there are few predators—from eagles to owls to foxes to weasels—that would refuse a chance for a snowshoe meal.

But the snowshoe hare takes them all in his jackknife stride. He's still one of our most plentiful woodland creatures. Perhaps this is because he's wearing four rabbit's feet—just for luck.
ON A COLD WINTER'S EVENING
A DELICIOUSLY RICH AROMA
IS APT TO COME FROM MRS. APPLEYARD'S
Kettle on the Crane
by LOUISE ANDREWS KENT
photograph by HANSON CARROLL

IT WAS a fine crisp winter day and Mrs. Appleyard had all
the materials ready for a fish chowder when a tree fell on
the power line. A strange silence settled down on the house.
The washing machine paused in mid-spin. The dryer ceased its
energetic tumbling. No water rushed into the dishwasher. The
Beatles stopped strumming their guitars. Wind no longer
rushed from the hair dryer upon the synthetic curls of the
occupant. The furnace sighed and purred no more.

Mrs. Appleyard showed great presence of mind. Though it
would have been possible to make her chowder with melted
snow, she prefers water and she promptly ran enough into a
pitcher while there was some left in the tank.

"I'll make it over the fire," she told her daughter Cicely.
There were already flames licking around the white birch
logs, for Cicely had called about the power failure and had
been told it might take two hours to restore service. By the
time Mrs. Appleyard had sliced the potatoes, there was a fine
bed of coals in the fireplace and water was beginning to simmer
in one of the kettles on the crane.

Here is the rule she followed. She is glad to say it works
equally well over electricity except that a certain subtle flavor
is missing. It's called smoke—in case you'd like to include
it—and it's quite easy to duplicate. Just hold a piece of burning
shingle over the kettle and let a few charred bits and a spark or
two drop into the contents. When Mrs. Appleyard gets around
to it, she plans to invent some genuine bottled smoke flavoring.
Watch for it in your supermarket but in the meantime make
your chowder this way.

NEW ENGLAND FISH CHOWDER (S.W.E.)
A 4 lb. haddock cut for chowder, head and all
3 c. rich milk
1 c. heavy cream
8 Montpelier crackers
1/4 lb. salt pork, diced
2 T. minced parsley
1 lemon, sliced thin
Batter for crackers
4 c. hot water
3 large onions, thinly sliced
1 t. salt
1/4 t. black pepper (ground fresh)
1/4 t. paprika
1/4 t. thyme
1/4 t. marjoram
1/2 t. dried chives
2 T. instant flour

Slice potatoes as thin as four pence. That's what Mrs.
Appleyard's grandmother told her. Never having seen a four
pence, Mrs. Appleyard slices them as thin as a nickel. The
point is not to have any chunks of half raw potatoes in your
chowder. Furthermore salt pork dice mean the kind of dice
you use for backgammon, not unwieldy chunks. Fry the dice
in your kettle till they are a delicate tan, skim them out and put
them on a plate. Fry the onion in the pork fat until it is a
delicate straw color. Skim it out.

Lay in the fish cut in 4 pieces, head, tail, bones and all. Add
the sliced potatoes, onions and pork dice. Sprinkle in the
seasonings. Pour over enough water to cover the fish and
potatoes and cook until fish falls from the bones, about half
an hour. Now swing out the crane and fish out the head and
all the bones you can find. You won't get them all so say,
"Beware of bones," to your guests. Thicken the juice with
woman's best friend, Instant Flour: just stir it in.

Serving time has now come. Your milk and cream have
been heating in your second kettle. Pour them over the fish.
Brisk up the fire with some shingles thus providing a little
extra smoke for flavoring and for the cook's eyes. Cook the
chowder about 5 minutes. It should not boil or the fish will
curdle the milk. Add the parsley and chives, freshly clipped
from the plants in the window. Add the lemon slices.

Break 2 of the Montpelier crackers, which have been split
and buttered and heated in a skillet over the coals, into a blue
Canton soup tureen. Pour the chowder over them. Pass the
others with the chowder, eat it by candlelight and be thankful
that the electricity came on in time to wash the dishes.

This fish chowder, made on an electric or gas stove—in case
your favorite tune is not "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," not to
say a word about ashes and how your knees feel and the crick
in your neck—is the basis for several different kinds
of chowder.

Minced clams may be added to it, though Mrs. Appleyard
prefers chowder made just with clams instead of fish. Oysters
may be added the last minute after being cooked in butter
until their edges curl. Shrimp, cleaned, cooked and fresh
frozen are a good last minute addition and if you want some­
thing really deluxe, shrimp, lobster and crabmeat can all be
included. The original chowder rule was planned for six. With
an extra cup of milk and half a cup of cream, the extra shell
fish and extra crackers, you can serve eight or ten.

And if you have a beach near you and a fire built between
some rocks, you can cook it there and get almost as smoky as
Mrs. Appleyard did. She hopes you'll try it!
Vermonters were particularly pleased last summer when International Business Machines announced plans to triple the size of its plant in Essex Junction and to increase the work force threefold, also, to 1500. The source of greatest satisfaction was IBM’s main reasons for making the Vermont expansion: because of the demonstrated efficiency and work output of their Vermont employees, and their aptitude in acquiring new skills. Fine community relations and the appeal of Vermont, as a place to live, were strong points, too.

Somebody slipped up at the World’s Fair last summer when front page blow-ups from a few big city daily papers were displayed at the U. S. Pavilion. Standing prominent and proudly among the Los Angeles Times, the Chicago Tribune and New York Times was a small but handsome weekly, the Addison Independent from Middlebury, Vermont.

The last panther shot in Vermont (at Barnard in 1881) is the popular pride of the State Historical Museum in Montpelier. But another felis concolor from the Green Mountains now stands in grinning magnificence at the Museum of Science in Boston. This is the Wardsboro panther, shot near the West village in 1875 and purchased by the Museum in 1915. Freshly refurbished, he is shown here with his teeth being polished by Museum staffman, Joseph Spacer.

Vermont’s Health Department and the state granite industry point with considerable pride and satisfaction to the fact that not a single case of the dreaded lung disease, silicosis, has developed among granite workers here since the industry’s dust-control program was begun 26 years ago.

High fashion hairdresser Robert Verdi of New York is expected back at Sugarbush Ski Area this winter with his paisley-decorated jeep (which calls for patrons.) Weekends during the ski season he sets up shop at a local lodge, and practically provides trailside coiffeur service for well-groomed lady skiers.

Up in Lyndonville the Vermont Tap & Die company recently put into production a new “Flo-forging” process which produces a more durable twist drill—the first such in this country. Twist drills are the common type you use to bore holes in metal. When visiting technical writers flocked in from Chicago, New York and Boston to witness the intricate new process they were seated on a motley collection of unmatched chairs. But company executives explained later they like to put their investment into machinery and not into fancy office furniture.

Not enough copies of our 1965 Engagement Calendar were printed, we now find too late. This is the weekly Calendar with photographs by Sonja Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo. In the sad expectation they’ll be all gone by the time you read this, we have not advertised the Calendar on pages 28 and 29. Next year we promise to do better.
JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT
COME TO VERMONT AND
GO SKIING!

You don’t have to ski when you come to Vermont. You can take brisk walks in the crystal air, read by a cozy fire, even try a moonlight sleigh ride. There’s skating, too—lots of things to do.

Then try relaxing at a ski area’s base lodge, watch through the big slopeside windows the weaving dots of color swing down the snow ridges, throwing bright spurts of snow into the sunlight.

And finally you’ll just have to try it. Why not write now for the colorful new SKI VERMONT folder? It’s free. Just write the Vermont Development Department, Montpelier.
...the whitest blanket
Wraps him in ice and snow.

HEINRICH HEINE