Editor's Uneasy Chair

We take pleasure in announcing here the winners of medallions in the first Vermont Life photographic contest, held last summer in conjunction with the Southern Vermont Art Center’s annual Photographers Exhibition.

The winning photographs, which will be reproduced in our Spring issue, were:

Black & White
After the Storm, Robert Bourdon, Stowe.
Country Winter, Newell Green, Ascutney.
The Singers, Burton Wolcott, Claremont.
Honorable mention went to Neil Priessman, Wilmington (horse series) and to Judson Hall, Putney, Icy Corner.

Color Winners were:
Time out for Lunch, Alouise Boker, Dorset.
Londonderry Artistry, Cecile Briggs, Brattleboro.
Green Valley, Dolly Magnaghi, Brattleboro.
Honorable mention for Burton Wolcott’s Last Row.

SEASONAL ADDRESSES, A NOTICE

We are now accepting split subscriptions from readers with permanent seasonal homes. Send with your subscription the address where you’ll be living from November 15 to March 15 (to receive Winter & Spring issues). Tell us also what your Vermont address will be between May 15 & Sept. 15 (to receive Summer & Fall issues). If you winter in Vermont and wander off summers, we can fix that, too—provided you wander in a fixed pattern. If it turns out you won’t be at the designated address on time (for instance—not back in Vermont until June) arrange with your postmaster to hold on forward your copy. Issues are mailed about Dec. 1, Mar. 1, June 1 & Sept. 1.

This service is an experiment designed for those who reside at the same places each year. We hope it will prevent many from missing certain issues and void any need to carry two subscriptions. w.h.

THE COVER—The Herbert Randall place outside Bradford, Ed Palmer, his horse and sleigh, Marjorie Heilman the passenger. The scene was taken by her husband, Grant.
There are winter sports and winter sports. To the P.B., the throngs of people who appear at this time of year on the snowy horizon, clad in the habiliments decreed by fashion and/or comfort, lured by the delights of riding uphill to slide down again—these are the real WINTER SPORTS. What these cold weather enthusiasts DO, in his mind, takes a secondary place. In thinking the matter over this is due to the fact that his youthful days offer no picture of any such thing as a real live Winter Sport, nor were whatever activities then engaged in of a recreational nature, referred to as "sports." Such things were not then organized, a condition for which much good could be said, nor were they classified. Any idea of luring people from their warm city firesides was naturally unheard of.

In the OLD DAYS the country dwellers accepted what opportunities nature offered, in the way of recreation, and made little attempt to add anything that demanded other than the simplest mechanical devices. The most primitive means of speeding downhill on snow was probably the JACKJUMPER. Any boy equipped with a hammer and some nails, a barrel stave, a piece of board for a seat and an eighteen-inch stick of wood to connect the two, could construct a fairly good vehicle of this type. The P.B. does recall that Herb King made a jumper de luxe with a board seat, a pair of "trackers" or a "double-runner." By a board a bit wider than the sleds made by a crossed rope on the front sled. Some were cross pieces for footholds and the steering was done most often in the P.B.'s locality. (The word is not in our dictionary and probably a pair of "trackers" or a "double-runner." They were also called "travises," perhaps most often in the P.B.'s locality. (The word is not in our dictionary and probably just isn't proper.) There were cross pieces for footholds and the steering was done by a crossed rope on the front sled. Some held three and some even twelve or more. These latter usually required special sleds, wider than the usual kind.

Sidewalk sliding in our village was customary even though there was always some growing from the elders who were driven to walk in the road. It might be that some householder would be so unmindful as to keep his walk clear of snow and thus thwart the coasting enthusiasts. However on the street where the grade was just right, with a steep pitch to start off with, in the P.B.'s village, nobody thought of committing any such dastardly act and double-runners made deep ruts in the accumulation of snow and ice making steering easier. A sharp bend at the foot of the first steep drop and a row of trees down the whole street offered enough possibilities of a smash-up to be stimulating. Of course there were times when the highways were sufficiently uncomfortable for horse travel to make sliding about perfect, with a course sometimes over a mile long. There were no tows but it did sometimes happen that a cutter or a logging sled might be going the right way offering a hitch. Highway sliding gave the chance of scaring a horse now and then which naturally added to the excitement if not the general popularity of the coasters. Since the participants in these activities were usually of the age to feel the tinges of romance the P.B. recalls that gallantry often demanded the lady in front of one on a double-runner be protected, lest she spill off on a curve. In fact the steersman often produced occasions demanding strong arm methods by zigzagging. Add a moon and crisp cold air and there you have it!

And there was skating whenever nature cooperated. Not, you may be sure, on any man-made rinks but on any body of water susceptible to cold and big enough to cut a decent circle on. There were times, following a rain and heavy thaw and then sudden freezing, when flooded meadows and ice covered highways and sidewalks produced a glorious holiday for all skaters, young and old. Of course the ponds had one thing modern rinks do not, in addition to beautiful settings. There was always the possibility that someone might fall in.

The P.B. never played hockey. At least it wasn't called anything but "shinney." The sticks were cut from some accommodating tree which produced a branch with the right curve and instead of a puck an old tennis ball served. And brother, it was exciting.

The ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH furnished its own recreational and heart-warming pleasures well known in song and story. The sleigh ride parties too, often arranged on the spur of the moment due to the sudden change in weather, following perhaps a snow storm and then a moonlit evening, often jingled through the village, ending at someone's warm house where hot chocolate and doughnuts and cheese wound up the evening. How would you like, dear reader, to join the group around the fire?
Merry Christmas, Inc.
Katherine Crockett came back to Vermont -- started a thriving business -- makes beautiful Christmas cards surrounded by orders is manager John Marnell.

If you long to design Christmas cards for a living, and want them to sell well, fashion your designs to appeal to a bank president. This is the advice of Katherine Crockett Marnell, who has devoted twenty-five years to the business and should know.

The generous impulse that prompted the first message of yuletide greeting to a friend occurred to an Englishman, as near as anyone can find out today, about a century ago. Now perhaps two billion cards are sent out yearly in this country alone. Of the several Vermont producers who contribute to this total, none is busier, nor sells handmade cards on a more extensive scale, than Mrs. Marnell of Pittsford.

An occasional buyer of ideas and designs which are later tailored to her own requirements, Mrs. Marnell makes the suggestion about the bank president simply because she has found from experience that the card slanted toward this reputedly sober executive has a wide appeal and often sells better than cards aimed at other professions or groups. Bank presidents do not necessarily buy more greetings than, say, doctors; in fact a Connecticut doctor established something of a record recently by ordering 2,500 of her cards at $28 per hundred. But the dignified middle-of-the-road type of greeting that the tyro designer conceives of as the banker's choice happens also to be the choice of many of the rest of us.

And Mrs. Marnell, who markets close to half a million Christmas cards each year under the name of Katherine Crockett Marnell, who has devoted twenty-five years to the business and should know. This takes a deft touch. It is Mrs. Marnell's theory that people buy her product for one of two reasons:

Photography by Neil Y. Priessman
because the cards represent Christmas, or because they represent the buyer of the cards. Shepherds, sleighs, angels, holly are all good standard Christmas subjects, and sell well when effectively designed. But skiing cards appeal in the main only to skiers, and a family group with three little girls hanging their Christmas stockings will sell only, she has learned, to a family which has three little girls. For this reason her representational cards must stick closely to U.S. census figures; and, in this day of small families, the children appearing on her cards must be few in number.

It hurts the sale of a religious card, she has found, to make it too contemporary in appearance, because those who want a religious card are not likely to favor a "modern" approach, and young moderns as a rule go in for secular themes.

The basic problem in a business like hers, Mrs. Marnell says, is to make a good product, "one that is beautiful, original and cheap enough to make people want to buy it."

A long apprenticeship in the arts, hard work and tricks of the trade such as these have brought Mrs. Marnell a long way since she first experimented with woodcut prints of Christmas subjects some thirty years ago.

She had studied art in Boston and New York, and had taught it in three states, when a card designed for her own use in 1925 led to a small order from a friend. The following year she had more orders, and by the early thirties was designing cards which were printed in New York City and sold by the thousands throughout the country.

But the printed market requires volume and yields only a small profit per card. When the wartime paper shortage threatened to close her business, Mrs. Marnell experimented with silk screen printing, liked the medium, and before long was producing and selling—at a higher unit price than before—a card with truer color and texture and a generally more individual appearance. And more, silk screening is something you do at home or in the workshop; no commercial press is necessary.

When Mrs. Marnell, then Miss Crockett, found that she was no longer tied to New York by her printer, her thoughts turned to Vermont where she had lived as a child. She married John Marnell, a New York warehouse and trucking executive who was to take over many of the business details of her work,
Kathy White mixing paint in an important step. Color for the screens must be just right. Racks of drying prints line the room.

and then the Marnells bought an old barn on a hard-surface road outside the village of Pittsford. They converted it into a combination home-workshop, and in 1951 moved the business to its new quarters.

The votaries of handicrafts have an especially warm spot in their hearts for the silk screen method: not only has it survived in an age of machines, but it has even displaced the machine in some instances. First used in China some 2000 years ago, its modern development dates from about 1920 when modifications leading to a quicker and cleaner technique were introduced.

Today it is still essentially a stencilling process, but not, the purist will tell you, true stencilling, for the artist using silk screen can leave islands of color independent of other areas of the same color. The true stencil—as used, for example, in lettering shipping crates—requires a bridge to the center of a letter such as "O".

The basic tools used by Mrs. Marnell today are not so very different from those of the ancient Chinese: wooden box frames over which sheer silk has been

Cutting stencils is delicate work. Mrs. Marnell uses a magnifying glass.
stretched taut; stencil sheets consisting of a film of paint-resistant lacquer attached with rubber cement to waxed paper, lacquer solvent, and a scalpel-like stencil cutting knife.

To make a stencil, the lacquer film is first cut away from the waxed paper—a delicate and difficult operation—to give the exact pattern for a single color. The remaining lacquer, which is technically called the resist, is then transferred to the silk by use of the solvent, and the waxed paper is peeled away. A different stencil must be cut for each color.

Pigment of a whipped-cream consistency is then placed in the stencil frame, and when the stencil is pressed against the paper to be printed, the pigment is drawn across the silk with a rubber-edged tool called a squeegee, a close relative of the utensil used by window cleaners. Naturally the color prints through only those portions of the silk screen which are free of lacquer. When a number of cards have been thus stencilled, and have had an opportunity to dry, the screen is replaced by one prepared for another color, and the cards are run through again. This is repeated until the cards have had their full complement of colors, anywhere from three to seven.

Vermont, the Marnells feel, is an ideal place for their work, and for handicrafts in general. Not only do the features of the
Pittsford landscape—the stone walls running across the flat valley floor and the spruces seen against a horizon of hills—lend themselves to use in her designs: the area is congenial, she finds, for the particular type of self-expression her work entails. There is a gratifying relationship with the six loyal neighbors who comprise her staff. The rewards of good work take on a savor they never had before.

The job of designing the new cards, making stencils, printing them and getting them off to the retail outlets is a task that keeps the Marnells and their staff busy throughout the year. And November and December, when orders stream in from all over the country, are the busiest months of all. Cards must go to the Rutland printer for imprinting names, orders must be checked and double-checked before they go the post office. Perhaps one design will prove more popular than anticipated: getting out thousands more means long hours for everyone.

So when Christmas itself finally rolls around the Marnells are more than ready for the end of the year’s work. Their troubles and irritations during the past season, they know, can have been no less than anyone else’s but they are sure, as they snatch a moment of quiet to look out the big windows over their favorite trout stream, that they’d rather have them in Vermont than anywhere else.
Squabbled for years with my housekeeper over who made the best doughnuts. Guess she finally came to my way of thinking. Anyway, she quit making them altogether.

"Looked like I was elected, so I kept on frying 'em. Always used the same receipt—my mother got it from her mother. Got so I'd make a few extra to give away. Then somebody made me sell them a dozen; couple more people ordered every week—and there I was in the doughnut business.

"It's easy enough to make them. For twelve dozen doughnuts take:

- 4 cups sugar
- 8 eggs
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 4 tsp. soda
- 1 cup lard
- 4 tsp. nutmeg
- 4 tsp. ginger
- 4 cups buttermilk
- 1 tsp. salt

Flour enough to handle it. (About 12 cups sifted).


"Get all finished with that batch and all you'll need is a big appetite, a large family, or a delivery route."

END
Then fry the doughnuts in pure, hot lard.

All you’ll need now is a delivery route.

The Village grain store holds willing samplers.
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hepaticas, records of the days' doings, hopes and plans for the future, even quotations in German and Latin, but above all a love so devoted it is most touching. There came the happy day when "the eagle and the dove", as their friends called them, were united in marriage by their teacher and friend, principal of the old academy which both had attended. Comforts were few in their first home, but the journal records that the very first Christmas he arranged for the rental of a melodeon (at $1 per month and the chance to buy it outright for $50 if pleased with it), as a surprise for Julia. Her delight is described, and their mutual pleasure as they made music far into the winter nights, he playing the flute to her accompaniment.

Central heat wasn't dreamed of. One new dress a year was more than Grandmother expected. But the melodeon, a thing of beauty from which beautiful harmonies could be drawn, was cherished and deemed essential. That was nearly 100 years ago, but the pattern hasn't changed.

Grandfather has a grandson now, a farmer as he was, living only a mile from the old place. Like most farmers he works long hours and has to be a good manager to make the farm pay. But he and his wife see to it that their girls are having violin and cello lessons, and he will drive thirty miles at night to take the girls to orchestra rehearsals. They bought a record player and one album. The girls learned every note of it. Later came more records, but slowly, for they are expensive. Each was learned and loved as the first one was.

I know another Vermont family who went without butter for a whole year in order to buy an encyclopedia. No, it wasn't a hardship. They chose to do it. Those six children, three of whom became teachers, appreciated and used those books.

Another Vermonter—farmer, businessman, selectman of his town for 18 years, director or trustee of several institutions, worked from five in the morning to eight at night or later. Yet on a Sunday he often tramped the hills all day searching for wild orchids, and then tenderly transplanted them to a wild garden in his own yard.

I knew a brisk, busy Vermont mother, like thousands of others, whose hands were never idle. But in spite of her busyness, how often have I seen her step out to her front porch in the early morning, sniff the sweet air, sweep the treetops and sky with an appreciative glance, and exclaim: "This is such a pretty day!"

Her favorite flower, surprisingly, was the Spring Beauty—such a tiny delicate bit of blossom! But her favorite season was autumn. There was nothing, in her opinion, to compare with a glorious October landscape. In her later years, living "down below", (as the older natives termed Massachusetts), she would sometimes say, "If I ever should be homesick, it would be in October." And then she would straighten her shoulders, as though to deny any such possibility. I knew that she was deeply touched by the beauty of even one sugar maple with the October sun upon it.

Yes, Vermonters do appreciate beauty and the good things of life. You won't hear them rave over an exquisite ferny glen or a performance of their orchestra. More likely, if they comment at all, it will be to label it "not bad," but a little gleam of pride and affection in the eye will add volumes to that understatement.

END
Haven for Trail Skiers

Manager Webster Ottman dreamed of his ski area as a smaller Stowe.

"Little Stowe"—That's what many skiers from all over the Eastern Seaboard fondly call Dutch Hill, one of Vermont's newest ski centers sprawling over 375 acres on a 2,470-foot mountain in Heartwellville.

Dutch Hill appeals primarily to the winter sports fan who prefers trail skiing, and those enthusiasts will tell you that next to the bigger Mount Mansfield resort or Mad River Glen in Waitsfield, Dutch Hill comes the closest to their opinion of what trail skiing should offer.

Its five trails offer a wide variety of challenges, from the mile-long Dyke novice trail to the steep and curving half-mile Christiana and Windmill trails. And for those who lean toward slope skiing there is the intermediate Ski Lark and the novice Dutch Meadows.

The story of Dutch Hill began twelve years ago when Webster Ottman of North Adams, Mass., now manager of the resort, stood at the foot of the mountain and thought of establishing a ski center on its rugged slopes.

Having skied the mountain trails at Stowe many times, Web Ottman felt there was a need for a similar, but smaller, type of development in the southern part of the state and he knew the mountain called Dutch Hill was just the spot. It was in "virgin" territory, too, since the nearest large ski centers in the state at that time were Big Bromley and Snow Valley in Manchester. Hogback in Marlboro opened the same year as Dutch Hill.

The Massachusetts man knew that the north-northwest exposure would assure a long season and the center would be easily accessible since it would be located on a main highway.

Before the birth of his Dutch Hill project Ottman, then a salesman, devoted much of his spare time to assisting the North Adams Ski club in maintaining and operating a small ski slope in North Adams, but even at that time he dreamed of some day turning his part-time interest into a full-time business venture.

In 1943 Web Ottman interested three other men in his dream and they bought 30 acres and leased another 35. On the Fourth of July in 1944 they started clearing an open slope and five short trails out of dense woods. Dutch Hill formally opened in November, 1944, with the slope and trails served by a 1,000-foot rope tow.

Written by
J. Howard Buffum, Jr.

Color photography by
W. J. Barrett & J. B. Hadley

Spectacular scenery is a bonus in Vermont skiing. Dutch Hill has its quota.
Dutch Hill

Looking up the lift line, the downhill trails converge from left & right.

Things were pretty haphazard at first. The small lodge had no running water, no electricity and no toilets, and skiers had to dodge each other as well as boulders and trees on the narrow trails. But the interest displayed in Dutch Hill that first season convinced the operators they had started something.

Now they had to finish it. But the task of turning Dutch Hill into a real ski resort needed more money than the four men could pool. There was a change in ownership in 1946, with Web Ottman and David Allen joined in a partnership by Edward Dondi and John Pedercini, North Adams businessmen, who also were convinced that Dutch Hill could be developed into a fine ski center.

The Dutch Hill Ski company added a 106-acre lot to the north and a 25-acre chunk on top of the mountain and then men with axes and power saws set to work cutting the line for a proposed T-bar lift as well as longer trails. The tow was moved to the adjacent Dutch Meadows.

On Jan. 4, 1947, the first skiers rode the 2,000-foot Constam lift to the top of the mountain and had their first thrills on Dutch Hill's longer trails.

The Dutch Boot lies just to the right of the color view above. It contains a comfortable lounge, cafeteria, a ski shop, first aid and rest rooms—and Web Ottman's private retreat.

Orton

VERMONT Life 13
Giant beech trees cover the summit. Trails turn down to the west.

But even then there was much room for improvement. The lift could handle but 600 skiers an hour because of the size of the motor, the trails were rough and narrow, parking of autos created many headaches for Dutch Hill operators, traffic police and the skiers themselves. The lodge had no central heating plant, the water supply was very inadequate and the ski shop had to share quarters with splints and bandages in a cramped corner of the basement.

The skiers didn’t complain though. The 102 days of skiing recorded that year still remain to be broken. Dutch Hill’s season, long for the southern part of the state, normally extends from New Year’s day to April 1st.

In 1948 Dutch Hill launched further improvements. A parking area was cleared on both sides of the main highway to provide room for at least 400 cars and a 14,000-gallon water storage reservoir was installed.

In succeeding years the Dutch Meadows novice slope was widened and graded to provide smooth skiing on a five-acre meadow 1,400 feet long and 200 to 250 feet wide. The improved tow pulls skiers along at the rate of a thousand an hour and at a speed of 12 to 14 miles an hour.

In 1949 a bigger motor was installed for the lift and more T-bars were added so that it now can handle 810 to 820 skiers an hour.

The handsome Dutch Boot lodge with its massive fieldstone fireplace has a cafeteria which seats 100. The basement contains the well-stocked Dutch Oven ski shop managed by Frank Harrison of nearby Stamford, a first aid room and two smaller rooms simply marked “Hansel” and “Gretel.”

The furnace room is off-limits because, explains Miss Madelon Mulroney, Dutch Hill’s able publicity director, “there’s a rocking chair in there and that’s the boss’s retreat—his inner-sanctum where he goes when too many people are looking for him!”

But Boss Webb Ottman will readily admit that even while in the rocking chair he’s often planning bigger and better things for Dutch Hill.

To provide more room in the cafeteria, Dutch Hill set aside a room in the lift house where skiers who take their lunches may eat. It also serves as a warming hut.

The most popular trail at Dutch Hill looking down the T-bar north-northwesterly toward Woodford Mt.

14 VERMONT LIFE
Orton

Midway part of the Yankee Doodle.
Obstacle race on skis is part of the annual Winter Carnival held usually in March. It is the Dyke, the mile-long novice trail. It passes by the top of the Dutch Meadows slope and thus offers a skier the chance to veer off onto the slope at times for more variety. Skiers may also take the rope tow to the top of the slope and ski down the last part of the Dyke. This is especially popular for fledglings who want to break into trail skiing but don't yet have the confidence to attempt the entire novice trail.

On the opposite side of the resort is the Dutchman's Holiday, a 1 1/2-mile novice-intermediate trail. In between the Dyke and Dutchman's are the Yankee Doodle, three-quarter mile intermediate, and the half-mile Christiana and Windmill expert trails.

And running off from the "Christie" is the Ski Lark, an intermediate slope four-tenths-of-a-mile in length and from 200 to 250 feet wide. Practice slopes are located close by the highway at the western end of the development.

Last summer major bulldozing projects were carried out, including the completion of smoothing of the Ski Lark, and on the Yankee Doodle trail where a particularly rough corner was eliminated.

The upper half of the Dyke, known for its roller-coaster ride, was given a complete face-lifting with the trail widened and the bumps cut out.

Another big improvement project was carried out on the Dutchman's Holiday.
That trail was bulldozed from beginning to end and an especially steep drop at the bottom was lowered six feet.

Every Thursday afternoon Dutch Hill offers free use of its facilities to high school students from nearby North Adams. One of the students who learned to ski there is "Jack" Dempsey, now an ace skier at Norwich University. Another product of Dutch Hill is Mike Catrambone of North Adams, a U.S.E.A. certified instructor who now manages the Dutch Hill Ski school. The smartly-uniformed ski patrol, captained by Joe Spagnola, is expertly trained in winter first aid. All 18 members have passed standard and advanced Red Cross first aid courses plus a 10-hour "Frosted" course for treatment of cold weather injuries.

Dutch Hill is proud of one thing especially: The short wait for rides up the lift and tow. The resort is able easily to handle big week-end crowds because of the wide variety of skiing spread over its 375 acres. The rope tow at Dutch Meadows is a big asset since it relieves much of the demand that otherwise would be put on the T-bar lift. And the tow itself moves swiftly enough to keep the line short at that area.

The Heartwellville resort is located on Route 8, a hard-surfaced highway, 10 miles north from its junction with Route 2 at North Adams. It may be easily reached from Route 9 via Searsburg and Wilmington. Your car's speedometer will click off 45 miles from Albany to Dutch Hill, 136 miles from Boston, 92 from Hartford and 165 miles from New York City.

Heartwellville, a hamlet in the town of Readsboro, was named for pioneer settler Joseph Hartwell. History does not explain why the spelling was ultimately changed.

In 1837 Asachel and Darious Ballou settled on a hill north of Howe pond, the hill now known as Dutch Hill. The Ballous cleared the forest and for 19 years were the only residents of that high part of the town. In 1856, German-Dutch families bearing the names of Strope and Fesch moved into the area, but by the early 1860's the entire settlement was abandoned. Today the only reminder of the once-active colony is the name Dutch Hill.

Fans who go to Dutch Hill for week-end outings find good room and meal accommodations in that community, in adjoining Stamford and in the North Adams area.

Snow conditions reports from Dutch Hill are provided newspapers by the Associated Press, and many radio stations also keep skiers up to date on the skiing outlook in Heartwellville. In addition, Dutch Hill has a personalized snow report service, mailing on request weekly reports to skiers every Thursday, and last-minute telephone reports may be obtained in New York City, Boston, Torrington, Conn., and Albany.
Ski-O-Ree

Fun on Vermont’s
Winter hills for
Skiing Scouts

Photographed by
GEoffrey D. C. ORton

Lyndonville in the winter is one place where you’ll find Vermont youngsters making the most of the snow in their own back yards.

These photographs show some of the events (and the fun) in which 92 boys took part last year. They were Scouts from eight troops of the Maple Leaf district. This, the third “Ski-O-Ree,” was put on by the Lyndon Outing Club, a pioneering group which also runs Cub Scout ski outings and tests for ski merit badges. The Club as well sponsors several high school and college meets.

The Scout competitors are divided into two groups—those under 14 years of age and those older. Events include downhill, slalom, cross-country and obstacle races for skiers. The snowshoers have a quarter-mile dash and an obstacle race.

The “Ski-O-Ree” program always finds an enthusiastic audience of elders and would-be competitors on hand (see at left). In Scout tradition is the cookout of their dinner. After the last event, a movie on Scouting subjects is shown, and last the winning troops are announced and awards are made. It ends up a big day for Scouting and for Vermont winter sports.

Would-be competitor gets the feel of things, finds that it’s fun.
The setting—the Lyndon Outing Club ski area, with ski tow at left and warming shelter at right. In right distance is new ski jump.

and snowshoes have their place

Bottoms up in snowshoe obstacle race.

Running on snowshoes looks deceptively easy. Lad in center uses tail-less “bear paws.”
Time out for lunch. Kindling a fire from wet wood in the snow is a test of Scout training. Empty stomachs supply ample incentive.

Heavy competition stokes up for the afternoon events.

Success — here with a slalom gate — is no small part of Scouting and skiing.
There isn’t any proscenium or footlights. The players come down the aisle and make their appearances without benefit of wings or backdrop. But there is a huge decorated spruce in the corner. The lights and the tree’s aroma, the barely suppressed
Parents arrive with children who’ll take part in the program.

Youthful performers forget their lines but recover with prompting.
excitement of the children, all add to the magic that comes only at Christmas.

There are the sheeted shepherds, the high school choir, the minister’s message and the brief recitations of the tots.

When this informal, unhurried and completely delightful program is over, the audience lingers on a bit. These people make up most of the town. Now is the time to go over to speak to this one, shake hands with another.

As the last ones leave, taking tired youngsters home to dream of Santa, you know that this is a good way of living, and that a Vermont village church was the right place to be on Christmas Eve.

(Photography continued on next page)
An attentive audience favors the sure performer.

The waiting Santa Claus wears a Mazda halo.
"Now is the time to go over to speak to this one—."

"—Tired youngsters, home to dream of Santa Claus—."
The North Country of Vermont
This is the Scott Bridge which spans the Brezzer River in Jeffersonville. Another Scott Bridge crosses the West River in Townshend. Travelers on Route 108 through Smuggler’s Notch will spot this old structure just off the highway. During the winter, however, the summit section of the Notch is closed by snow. Not long ago Scott Bridge and its laid-stone abutments were damaged by high water, but have been repaired. It is a Queen Post type with 7½ foot span and a narrow 13½ foot roadway. The Brezzer River rises on the north slope of Smuggler’s Notch and joins the Lamoille about a mile from this spot.

Coventry lies next to Newport in northeastern Vermont. The 151-year-old farming community reached a population peak with the Civil War. Ira Allen once owned the whole town. Originally it was granted to Maj. Elias Buel whose many “gores” have made his name immortal. In 1840 Coventry changed its name to Orleans hoping to win the county seat. The effort failed and the old name reverted. A century later Coventry acquired a large airport, a Defense Landing Area of World War II. Today the field is owned by the city of Newport. Adjacent land provides a bountiful hay crop, which takes care of the taxes nicely.
Tramp the back roads of Newfane this Winter and you may come upon this setting, painted by Mr. Teller ten years ago. Receding snow on the barn roof indicates a late Winter sun.
"I left Bellows Falls at six o'clock one frigid February morning during the war and arrived in Chester at about eight o'clock. The sun was just coming up.

"Getting out of the bus was something of an ordeal. I hadn't yet mastered the art of maneuvering myself about with the cumbersome load I had—a couple of cameras and a gadget bag about my neck, a sketch-box with extra canvas panels strapped to it in one hand, and a heavy traveling bag in the other, plus a sketching stool under one arm and a pair of heavy snow-boots (which wouldn't fit in the bag) under the other. I can't recall carrying anything in my teeth.

"It wasn't easy getting around during that period. I had to walk where I wanted to go. I left all my trappings at the hotel, then walked miles around the town, making notes of where I wanted to paint. Of course it was necessary to walk back to the hotel, gather my equipment and hoof it back to the place I had selected." (see following page).

"Need I mention that it was a bit on the chilly side, too? Sitting out in the snow in sub-zero weather for a couple of hours is not apt to be exactly comfortable. All
my outdoor sketching is done small—12 x 16—and I sit. From the small sketches I make large paintings in my studio where it is comfortable and I can think better.

"In Newfane (preceding page) it was a little better. I had saved up enough gas coupons to get there and back again to New Jersey. But I still had to walk all over the countryside to paint. I stayed with my friends, the Wares, at their West River Camps in Brookline, and painted a great deal in that vicinity."

Grif Teller graduated in 1918 from the Faucett School of Fine Arts in Newark, N. J., and after a couple of years at the Art Students League in New York studied landscape painting with the late John F. Carlson in Woodstock, N. Y. For 35 years he did landscape and commercial art work for The Osborne Company, (by whose courtesy these paintings are reproduced).

Mr. Teller is a member of the Salmagundi Club in New York and has exhibited in New Jersey and New York, including the National Academy. He began photography (see Vermont Life centerspread, Autumn 1952) as a hobby; now is doing color work almost exclusively.

Grif Teller was introduced to Vermont in 1923 when he spent the summer in Thetford studying art with West coast artist Ralph Johonnot. Today the Tellers with their children (now grown) are constant visitors. They often are found at the Woodstock home of the Philip Cummings, where the Teller, Cummings and Milton Cross families enjoy chamber music sessions together, Mr. Teller "tootling the flute."  

An extensive presentation of the Vermont scene in Fall, also painted by Mr. Teller, will be presented in the next Autumn issue of Vermont Life, courtesy of The Osborne Co.
"The artist takes the basic elements of a scene and juggles them around to suit his composition; leaves things out here and adds them there." That accounts for the church in this Chester scene.
Grant and Marjorie Heilman, specialists in agricultural photography and writing, make their home at Lititz in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. “But the majority of our scenic photographs still come from Vermont,” Grant Heilman says. “We count on several weeks here during the fall, and often a month in winter. And I’ve been known to sneak off for a couple of weeks during sugaring.”

“Come to think of it I’ve made more than one summer tour of the Green Mountains. Maybe, looking back on it, we should have built our home in Vermont!”

Grant Heilman studied economics at Swarthmore and during the war was a Counter Intelligence officer in Africa and Europe. While her husband has become more active in photography, Marjorie Heilman, who studied sculpture at Carnegie Tech, spends more of her time in wood carving and painting, often Vermont subjects.

The combined artistry of the Heilmans is familiar to readers of The Woman’s Home Companion, Farm Journal, Collier’s, Country Gentleman, The American, not to mention Vermont Life. Other examples of their work are found on the front cover and the article starting on page 58 of this issue.
LATE AFTERNOON NEAR GLOVER
Near South Woodstock
to settle in. The old farm house had been built in 1837 and had some years before been beautifully restored by the Dudleys, so the Lanes were able without delay to get ready for the tourist business with no major changes.

When they had plowed boot deep in snow through the path up to the house early in the spring of 1950 (and it was a cold day, Lane tells me) he says that it would have taken the combined efforts of Hollywood's top writers to do justice to the view. Although they were scared at their brashness of going into a business they knew nothing about, as they stood there looking at the magnificent panorama of the Green Mountains on the east, the Taconic Range on the south, and the Adirondacks on the west, there came to them at that time, as it has many times since, that passage from the Bible: "I shall lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." I, myself, have seen this view from the Lane home and I know exactly how they felt.

With a delightful, livable, historic Vermont house and a lot of land for boys to roam over and such a remarkable soul-relishing view, a man with determination can do things he never dreamt of. This is almost exactly what Bill Lane did.

The first job was to find a name. After a family conference they selected "Holiday Hill." They put it on a sign. They were ready for business.

The Lanes can't say enough about the splendid reception they got, when they moved in, from the neighbors and people of the community. Everybody was ready and even eager to help them settle into Vermont. This surprising welcome (they had heard Vermonters were cold and offish) set a pattern which they tell me has never been broken. They soon discovered one important philosophy back of the Vermont way of life:—some people who come to our hills and do not get to know exactly how they felt.

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The Lanes didn't have to make a living here, I doubted if there were any easy ways. To prove my point I cited the case of Bill and Edith Lane.

Bill and Edith used to live in Bayside, Long Island. At one time Bill worked for Macy's in Manhattan, then in a brokerage office and finally in the real estate business in Bayside. In his own words, he had always lived a comparatively uneventful prosaic life, with no major upsets or special peaks. His wife Edith had lived in Vermont as a girl and her brother, Joe Sanford, had a place in Brattleboro where she used to spend vacations. Thus the seed was sown and when the time came to make a change, Vermont was one of the first places the Lanes thought of.

Being blessed with a family of four growing and active boys, and realizing that the city schools were crowded and that the country was the best place to bring up such a family anyway, the Lanes in 1950 finally made the break and came to Vermont. In an unguarded moment once while they were staying in a motel, Lane had told his wife that perhaps some day he would like to go into the tourist business. Little did he realize that in June of 1950 they would have bought the old Dudley place in Salisbury, Vermont and be in the tourist business.

Here on a beautiful hill with a magnificent view and a very short distance from Route 7, the Lanes began in June of 1950 to drive through a neighboring town and some wild driver coming out of a side road ran smack into him and demolished his car. Neither Bill nor the four boys were hurt but it was just another one of the things that happened to the Lanes who had before lived just an uneventful life. Not long after, one of the boys was taken ill and had to be rushed to the Rutland Hospital. It was touch and go for a long time but finally he survived. Both Bill and Edith Lane can't say enough good things about the wonderful doctors they found in Vermont.

All the way through the Lanes' story it is important to realize that the Lanes had to do most everything themselves. When it came to building the cottages Bill designed them with the help of his wife who had been studying home magazines and had some ideas about what sort of a cottage they themselves would like to stay in. Little did they realize that the whole family would live in one soon. The cottages at Holiday Hill are rather unusual. They are big and roomy and consist of a living room with a wood burning
fireplace. The beds don't look like beds, they look like couches so that the traveler could feel that he wasn't sitting in a bedroom. Then with a bath and a kitchenette the Lane cottages were like miniature country homes of decided charm and comfort. Bill tells me that he didn't know anything about carpentry when he started but he has learned something by now. He cannot praise too much the versatility and ability of Vermont workmen to do all manner of building jobs.

On one beautiful May day in the spring of 1951, the next and greatest test of the Lane character happened. Literally at this moment the Lanes' world came tumbling down around them. At six o'clock in the evening one of the boys noticed that there was a fire starting near the railing of the porch. Bill and his sons ran with fire extinguishers but they could do nothing. In a few moments the whole structure was bursting into flame. Edith ran out of the house with what pieces of silver ware she could grab in one hand. Bill and the boys grabbed the first thing they could see and ran to safety. In five minutes after they discovered the first flames the house was beyond saving. A landmark for over one hundred & fifteen years on Holiday Hill, the old house in one and a half hours was no more. Nothing was left standing but the chimney of the fireplace.

It was now that the Lanes began to realize what neighbors meant. They tell me it is hard to remember the names and faces of the many people who were there on that tragic occasion and who later came up with offers of sympathy and aid. Bill tells me that a perfect stranger even handed Bill a khaki shirt, probably the only other shirt the chap had except the one he was wearing. Bill took it. A group of kindly women prepared food and they were offered shelter by many people who attended the fire. Bill tells me that for months afterward when they met people in surrounding towns on the street these people would say, “Don't you remember me? I was up at your place during the fire. How are you getting along? Is there anything we can do to help you?”

Well, the Lanes survived this disaster and with a new determination decided immediately to rebuild. On July 6, 1951 they started to clear out the debris. Around the chimney left standing from the fire they began a new house as nearly the size and style of the old one as they could design. While the home was being constructed they lived in two of the new cottages across the road. With the help of Ray Willis, a master carpenter and, as Bill says, an all-around genius, and some other workmen from the community, the house moved forward with unusual speed. Bill realizes now that this speed was not due to anything except a desire of his friends and neighbors to see that he got a house to live in before the summer was over. Naturally Bill, his wife, and the boys, helped. So on the Saturday before Thanksgiving in the fall of '51 they moved in to a brand new Holiday Hill. Three hours after the painters finished their job in the new house, Edith served dinner for 20 people from Middlebury College. Once again Holiday Hill was open for business.

In the summer of 1952 Bill finished some more cottages making their little colony seven cottages in all. Now with all the disasters over and time to plan the way they wanted to, they built a new cottage which would serve as a model for all subsequent construction. This one had a large living room with fireplace, a kitchenette, a bath and a big bedroom with a porch on the south side for the view. This model cottage was built from some of the wood salvaged from the fire.

The Lanes are workers. They may be leading eventful lives in Vermont compared to the prosaic ones they lived in Bayside but I doubt, in spite of what Bill says, that he learned to work overnight. Having visited the Lanes over the week end I can see with my own eyes that character doesn't pop out in middle age without warning.

The Lanes, I am glad to report, are now on their way to a success, living and making a living, in Vermont. They are doing all right. They found the schools good for the boys. They found the neighbors congenial. They like the tourist business.

But they are not going to stand still. They are two of the most ambitious people I have ever seen. Just to show you what I mean; this is what they did in 1953:—Edith got the idea of seeing if she could sell some of her famous fruit cake. She had been making fruit cake for some time. The family thought it was wonderful and so did their guests. So Bill sent out 70 postal cards on Thanksgiving Day in 1955 and the first order they got was for 33 fruit cakes! Now the Lanes are in another business (on the side). This, I suspect, is the way they will be right along . . . always looking for some new way to help make their home in Vermont more secure and more permanent.

The Lanes are the kind of people who will succeed anywhere. I am glad they picked Vermont for their experiment. They are the kind of folks who find our Vermont way of life congenial and they are the kind that the Vermont way of life seems to fit so well.
Cameraman on Skis

A Young Vermonter
Makes his hobbies a full-time vocation

By A. W. Coleman

Photography by
Robert Bourdon

The voice outside the darkroom door said: “Bob, there’s a man coming down on the chair lift, name of Duryea. Had something to do with the early Duryea automobile. The boys thought you might like a shot of him.”

It was a morning last summer when I was looking over photographs for this issue of Vermont Life with Robert S. Bourdon, manager of the Mt. Mansfield Company’s news bureau at Stowe. The man on the lift turned out to be Mr. J. Frank Duryea of Madison, Conn., who had built the first operating gasoline-driven car in America, in 1893.

I asked Bob if he got many calls like that. “More in the winter, of course,” he said. “If there is anyone newsworthy around we try to get a picture. We keep busy, you know.”

Bob Bourdon has the kind of job that thousands of shutter-bugs dream about nights after they have washed the hypo out of the bathtub. But besides doing all the photographic work for the area, both stills and movies, Bob writes spot news stories, acts as a clearing house for information, books the motion pictures, conducts VIP’s around, and handles numberless other chores for which the news bureau is responsible. And on his own he takes photographs and does some writing, plays in an orchestra, collects old guns, sails a small boat, works on his farm, helps bring up four youngsters and an assortment of dogs and horses—and skis. He keeps busy.

He started in professional photography the way most people probably do, by buying a camera and becoming interested enough to really learn the business. Only Bob did not begin with the traditional Brownie.

Bob Bourdon in “gimmick” photographs both his book and skiing at Stowe.

Spur of the moment shot taken in Stowe village. Rolleiflex used in most photos.
Late in World War II he was stationed at a rest center at Cortina in Italy. He bought a Leica (almost a must for GI’s in Europe) and made a deal with the photshop to take postcard pictures in return for his film. “There’s nothing can beat learning to take pictures on free film,” he admits now.

After the war he taught skiing at Sun Valley, Idaho, and at Stowe, and for three summers made a specialty of photographing horse races, horse shows and hunt meets. He had been making a lot of skiing pictures, of course, and was the obvious choice when the Mt. Mansfield Company needed a full-time man to handle its photographic work. His professional training was taken at the Country School of Photography run by the nationally known pictorialist John M. Doscher at South Woodstock, Vermont. Bob goes back there occasionally for various courses and has just finished one in motion picture production, an important part of his work.

Actually, Bob Bourdon’s skiing prowess tops the list of his many accomplishments. Born at Woodstock, Vermont’s pioneer ski center, he has the distinction of being the first skier to ride on the first ski tow ever built in the United States. That historic contraption was unveiled on Gilbert’s pasture at Woodstock in 1934 and was the forerunner in this country of all the uphill ski carriers that have been responsible for the tremendous popularity of the sport.

Bob learned to ski around Woodstock in the early Twenties and became good enough to teach there. (“My dad manufactured skis at Woodstock before 1920.”) He obtained his professional instructors certificate in 1938. Sepp Ruschp induced him to come to Stowe in 1941 where he joined the staff of Sepp’s famous ski school. Bob’s wife, Mary Bourdon, also was a professional instructor in the same school when he returned after the war. She still teaches occasionally, besides helping him in the news bureau. “Mary can take a good picture, develop and print it—and frequently does. She’s my best model, too, and does most of the news writing.” Mary Bourdon, incidentally, is an expert horsewoman.

Last year Bob wrote and illustrated a book “Modern Skiing” (published by Lippincott) based on eighteen years of teaching and racing experience. In review-
It's the Nose & Forehead of Mt. Mansfield and the Summit House. Speed Graphic.

"Rather nice picture, terrific clouds," Bob says. Taken near Hazen’s Notch. Rollei again.
ing it, Frank Elkins, the country’s No. 1 ski reporter, said that it “flows as smoothly as Bourdon’s technique on a steep trail or slope.” That technique is the envy of lesser mortals. Bob is a natural for skiing—a stylist who makes no more commotion whipping down a rough mountainside than you or I would make strolling to church. His competitive record is impressive, particularly when you consider that most of his racing came after he was 30, because there were not a great many races open to professionals before the war. In service, where there were no such restrictions, he won three European Army Championships in downhill and slalom, and was Allied Army slalom champion. Last winter, when he was 37, he took the U.S. National Senior downhill-salom at Franconia, N. H. He has been reinstated as an amateur since he gave up teaching two years ago.

**“Typical angle shot, composition and stuff like that.” Taken at Burt's mill in Stowe.**

Despite the Bourdon agility on a pair of skis and competence as a photographer, he makes it clear that music has been very important in his life. “I’d rather play than do anything else, but it’s a tough way to earn a living even for the really good ones.” Bob and his brother Paul were charter members of the Vermont Symphony Orchestra. Bob played with it for five years before the war, mostly as first trumpet, and his brother still plays first bass. Now, even with all his other
activities, Bob works regularly with a local dance band called the Ambassadors. Bob's father used to be a part-time musician and his mother is an accomplished pianist ("She has played for as many dances as I have.") so he was exposed to music early. He studied cello for several years but finally switched to trumpet. "My ambition was to become a top-flight trumpet player—not a skier," he says.

You might think that all these interests would make for a rather full twenty-four hours a day, but I haven't said anything about the sailboat or the 235-acre farm with the two horses and the three dogs and the four youngsters. One more thing, though, a little out of the ordinary, is Bob's collection of Kentucky flintlock rifles—"the first real American rifle; the kind Daniel Boone used, you know." He owns four fine specimens and keeps them in firing condition. The only deer he ever shot was with one of these weapons.

When Mr. Duryea came down on the Mt. Mansfield chair lift that day last summer, I thought Bob seemed to know something about old automobiles. "Funny thing," he said in answer to my query. "My brother and I fixed up a 1910 Stanley Steamer and drove from Woodstock to the New York World's Fair in 1939. Paul still drives it and has three or four more in the barn."
A first glance, Enosburg Falls, up on Route 105, in a curve of the Missiquoi River, seems much like other small villages: a self-sustaining community with its economy based on the prosperity of the fat dairy farms roundabout; its merchants with a weather-eye on the price of milk, its population almost constant, its manufactures limited to small pay-rolls of a half-dozen or so. It has no more than the usual number of inexplicable oddities—a fire department owning a twenty-foot crash boat, an American Legion Club Room in a converted Queen Anne railroad station, a movie theater where patrons enter from the screen end, sociably face-to-face with the audience.

But two things are marked.

First, Enosburg has, and has always had, a genuine interest in youth. It may have been its happy combination of citizens—fun-loving, family-conscious French-Canadians, and practical but warm-hearted Yankees—certainly through the years these hard-bitten voters have never hesitated to shell out where their children were concerned. The result is an excellent high school that attracts outside students, adequate grounds and athletic fields, and a gymnasium where enthusiastic Enosburg rooters watch with keen delight their B-class basketball team in action (and follow it, on winter nights, through sleet and snow and over icy roads, to other towns). These same voters, or their fathers or sons, have maintained an ice-skating rink for forty years. They have warmly supported school minstrel shows, and underwritten 4-H gatherings, and
Spavin Cure Town

by Hildreth T. Wriston

Photography by Geoffrey D. C. Orton

Equine infirmities built Enosburg into a solid, comfortable town. Now cars, not horses, line Main St.
built a double-decker bandstand—the lower half for practice, the upper for concerts—which is the envy of other school bands.

There is therefore in Enosburg the general feel of an academy town; on the streets at noon, in the drug stores and restaurants and wherever the high school crowd gathers; a lively town, a good town for youngsters to grow up in.

The second thing about the village is a neatness pattern obviously long established. The width of its well-paved Main Street (ideal for Memorial Day parades or street dances when flags are set in sockets along the sidewalks) did not happen yesterday. The width of its well-kept lawns is that of homes built in a more leisurely era; not modern homes—hardly a house a year is added—not colonial. There is not a pre-Revolutionary house in the village (for Enosburg was settled late). More than half were built between 1880 and 1910. More than half had barns, now remodelled into apartments or making do as garages. It is most obviously a town whose pattern was set in the horse-and-buggy era.

The answer stands at the head of Main Street—a gray three-story building of dignity and repose, with green mansard roof and square tower above, the plant of the Dr. B. J. Kendall Company, makers of Spavin Cure, of horse liniments, blisters and powders for eighty years.

It is quiet now—only two employees bottle the mystic formula, surrounded by the drums of the Gulf Oil Company which rents one floor for storage. Still operating, but barely, in an outsize plant that once employed twenty men and thirty girls, the Spavin Cure building is a mute reminder of a shrewdly managed and colorfully advertised business that made three moderate family fortunes and brought material prosperity and a civic feeling for cleanliness and order to one small village.

Along in the 1870's Dr. B. J. Kendall was spending his evenings in the back room of his drug store concocting a cure for spavins. Doubtless his own horse was afflicted with this "painful and deforming disease of the bones of the hock joint." He knew spavins. He knew he had a good cure and that there was unquestionably a market for it, with hardly a man alive who was not interested in some horse. But he did not know what to do about it, beyond peddle it over his own counter.

He was fortunate. He found capital, that of Carmi L. Marsh, a prosperous Franklin farmer; he enlisted the drive and resourcefulness of Olin Merrill, a young law student.

The three pooled resources and for a year made their liniment in a small shed. In 1880 they built the present plant, complete with quartered-oak roll-top desks and carpeted floors in the offices, with laboratory, packing rooms and press-room, with speaking-tubes and an elevator. They built it, not as an ordinary factory down by the Falls, but at the head of town. The plant had tone; it was not
noisy, it was not dirty, it did not smell,
either of the liniments or of horses. It did
not look out of place in the residential
part of town (nor does it today).

Business boomed, enough to interest
Moses P. Perley, a young travelling-
salesman from Boston, who bought in;

and made the doctor’s quarter-
interest, when he sold out in 1884 to the
other three, worth the then-fabulous sum
of $100,000. Dr. Kendall, who had
already written his “Treatise on the Dis-
esases of the Horse,” destined to become
one of the best sellers of the era, sat
quietly down to write “The Doctor at
Home.” Young Merrill as manager went
to work. With amazing results: from this
small factory the fame of Kendall’s
Spavin Cure soon spread over the entire
United States, and later beyond, to
Canada, to Europe, and to Australia.

For nearly forty years twenty two-
horse teams rolled out of Enosburg Falls,
carrying copies of the “Treatise,” brilli-
antly-colored billboard posters, paste
powder and long-handled paste brushes,
and sample bottles of liniment and of
newer cures, such as the Family Liniment
Formula and Prof. Flint’s Horse and
Cattle Renovating Pow’ders.

The posters they plastered over the
countryside, on the sides of barns, in
covered bridges, on church sheds and
livery-stable walls. The “Treatises” they
handed out to small-town newspapers in
payment for advertising space, and the
newspapers handed them on as premiums
to new subscribers. With a psychology
like that of the “Free Square” on a

Bingo Board, the pamphlets have always
been labelled price per copy, 50c, have
always been a give-away.

The Spavin Cure travellers did no
peddling but they created a consumer-
desire. In Painesville, Ohio, or Manistee,
Michigan, the ultimate consumer, owner
of some ringboned or spavinned nag,
gawked at the lithographs, asked the
drugstore for Kendall’s. The drug store
proprietor asked the drummer from the
wholesale druggist and the wholesale
druggist increased his order to Enosburg.
The wagons went as far west as Kansas
City and as far south as Raleigh and
covered as much as 3000 miles in a
season, and most of them wintered where
they found themselves in November. At
least they wintered the horses there,
finding a snug barn and a trustworthy
farmer, while they went back to the home
office on the cars. In April the drivers
returned and spent a fortnight conditioning
their horses. For a well-kept healthy bit of
horseflesh was the best advertisement.

But they had other tricks of advertising.
It was not thought entirely accidental that
Heighty Bogue, seven feet tall, and Ezep
Mitiguy, a jolly five-by-five, were paired
together. They were almost as good as the
Kickapoo Indians. And Harry Hadd and
Leroy Smith had another gimmick—two
greyhounds who followed the team, slept
in the wagon, investigated the backyards
of strange towns with “Kendall’s Spavin
Cure” written in a crescent on each side.

Daily Messrs. Smith and Hadd touched
this up with hair dye.

Back in Enosburg Falls a couple of
steam presses (stoked by four-foot cord-
wood) turned out copies of the “Treatise”
in German, French, English and eight
other languages, while Olin Merrill sat in
his office with the comic Currier & Ives
horseprints on the walls above and
dreamed up more ways to expand.

Some figures? Bear in mind the econ-
omy of the 1880’s.

$75,000 a year for advertising, mostly
for the lithographs which were widely
sought.

$2,000 a month pay-roll when $2,500
would buy a good house.

A $75,000 loan once raised in Boston in
a few hours on the simple note of the
company.

Some tangible effects?
It was Kendall money that built the
Opera House, the fount of culture for
succeeding generations; the opening at-
traction in 1893 — “Lost in London, with
the young emotional actress, Lora Addison.”
A good town for children and good schools; these were the aims of Enosburg people always.

Victorian charm mixed with the native Vermont makes Lincoln Park a pleasant oasis.
Clift, Admission 20c" was presented by the Kendall Company.

It was largely the volume of Kendall business that raised the post office to a "presidential office," although Kimball Brothers, makers for many years of lemon and vanilla extracts, patent medicines and black oil, did a thriving business, too.

It was the B. J. Kendall Company's installation of their own system of spring water that practically eliminated typhoid fever from the town; for at the same time they laid pipes that took care of a hundred families. Most households had both the doubtful "river water" and the pure Kendall fluid, and many people reached adolescence before they learned that right-thinking citizens of other towns drank, with perfect safety, liquids not known as "Spavin Cure Water."

And less tangibly, as the Marsh, Merrill, and Perley owners built their own homes—good examples of what was tops in the horse-and-buggy era, with barns nearly as large as the houses, with bay windows and porte-cochères and wide open verandahs and fifty-foot parlors—the tone of the town was set and a civic feeling for propriety and neatness firmly established.

By 1906, pushed by the Pure Food and
Drug Act, the “Cure” became the less colorful “Counter-Irritant.” By 1908 the teams were no longer appearing on the mid-western roads, and colored posters, from Wisconsin to Kentucky, were peeling from livery-stable walls. The automobile was coming into its own; even Enosburg had a few, and the demand for a horse liniment was growing more limited. Nevertheless that demand has never entirely stopped. It never dropped off as much in Canada, and yearly one Kendall employee goes to Montreal to bottle the Canadian supply. In this country, the demand has even begun to grow again with the increase of race tracks and a general interest in saddle horses. There are an estimated 6,000,000 horses in the nation and supposedly they still have spavins and other complications that horseflesh is heir to (except possibly “Monday Morning Disease”). In any case the “Treatise” has been brought up to date with pictures of Hopalong and Topper, is still advertised in The Blood Horse, Hoof Beats and Western Horseman.

The business is still in the family, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. Kent Perley and Miss Katherine Perley; by Mrs. E. W. David and Mrs. Roy E. Strohecker, daughters of Mr. Merrill; and by Mrs. Ruth Hyde and Mrs. C. J. Bachelder, of the Marsh family. Mr. Perley is president and manager.

And though the steam presses are idle and no one stands at the stand-up bookkeeper’s desk, and the flag no longer flies from the square tower, nevertheless a steady trickle of shipments goes out to wholesale druggists and dealers in stable supplies.

Down at Hialeah, when the racing season opens, there also opens a small shop across the street which each year stocks a supply of Kendall’s Counter-Irritant. At Saratoga it is for sale at a booth on the grounds. Out at the Tanforan race-track in California a retail druggist stocks a large supply annually. And all through the ranching country and wherever rodeos are scheduled, cowboys know the value of Kendall’s and refer to the “Treatise” for information on saddle galls, stifle lameness or strangles.

END
Vermont in winter is a land of loveliness with the rivers frozen like ribbons of tinted glass and her little towns and villages snuggling like sheep in the valleys between her white-clad mountains and her hills... There is beauty and grandeur, too, in these summits and their rises and the enduring green of the hemlock, pine, spruce, and balsam that stand in graceful ranks up and down her sides... Gray smoke spiraling from a farmhouse chimney, the farmhouses nestling close to the ground—these are heart-warming sights. Small white churches limned against the sky or throwing soft beams of light through frost-rimmed windows, are symbols of peace and eternity, beautiful and very comforting of a winter evening... But these are but part of Vermont in the winter. There are the Vermonters themselves, true friends, unchanging in their loyalties, gracious hosts. There are inns and hotels, and welcoming hands extended to the visitor. There are resorts, large and small, where winter sports are king.

Reading can be quite an adventure if one learns to handle his intellectual rudder and mental sails and can roam freely through a surf of books and magazines, promptly shifting his course to keep away from the dead waters of boredom and at the same time avoiding the reefs of cheap writing and cheap ideas. Somewhere along the course, there are bound to be interesting harbors of surprise, pleasure, wonder, and, now and then, useful information.

For instance, to drop my ancient figure of speech, I have been prowling through one of these scholarly magazines that some people must read, to wit, The New England Quarterly, published in Brunswick, Me., and carrying the subtitle, “A Historical Review of New England Life and Letters.” It is a quarterly, and as a rule such a magazine is ruthless in its professorial, meticulous, “footnotey” treatment of its themes, but one never knows, and it is usually rewarding to roam around through one.

To come to the point, I stumbled on a review of Mrs. Fisher’s book, Vermont Tradition, and settled down to read the usual professorial treatment of a book that is intensely alive, and found myself settling down on a surprising tack thus:

Vermont is more akin to Maine than the White Mountain State. The rest of the United States seems to consider them parts of a common entity, like the separated pieces of Pakistan. Nothing could be farther from the fact than this ill-informed viewpoint. For while the inhabitants of the two most Republican states in the union have much in common besides their loyalty to one political party, their differences are vast and elemental. One traps lobsters, the other breeds Morgans. The Vermonter is a greater panther pursuer, the State of Mainer a bigger liar. The Maimiac lives on clams, potatoes, deer meat, spruce gum, and hard cider. I never heard of a Vermonter eating anything.

I removed the tack of course, and scented as I did so. While such a paragraph tends to prove my earlier dictum that one who goes reading goes adventuring, and often into surprises, my purpose at this moment is to challenge such an uninformed assertion as “the State of Mainer” is “a bigger liar.” I can name Vermonters by the score who can outlie any Mainer anytime, anywhere. Probably the most superb lie ever told won a national contest not long ago; the man who told it claimed he had a grandfather’s clock so old the shadow of the pendulum swinging back and forth had worn a hole in the back of the clock. Taking this story as “tops,” many a Vermonter can score far closer to it that any Mainer I ever heard of—and these tales bob up at you from every corner in the state except in the highly commercialized communities where the yarns you hear are revamped from a certain New York magazine. Drop in any country store, and if you linger long enough, you may hear something like this. An oldtimer is telling about the snowdrifts of his youth, and explains that they were often twenty-feet and more.

The old type, the Vermont Country Store.

Grant Heilman
high; then he shifts to sudden thaws, and explains that when he was fourteen years old, he was standing on a high drift and the thaw came so suddenly that he broke both ankles when he hit the ground. With that they are off, and another oldtimer, solemnly agreeing with the other that there were sudden thaws in the old days, explains that once he threw a snowball at a friend, and the snowball turned to hot water and scalded him, and they all acknowledge that "That was some thaw!"

These are mild samples of Vermont lies, but they point the way of my argument: Vermonters can outlie any Mainite.

As to being "panther pursuers," the reviewer has something there—a respectable panther would get out of Maine and into the friendlier atmosphere of Vermont where certain distinguished Vermonters claim there are panthers—which they have not been able to produce in a dozen years, even with awards of $100 in cash awaiting them. But, later on, since I have been the victim of vociferous attacks after my blunt statement, three years ago, that there were no panthers in Vermont, I will dispose of this panther issue for good—and tell the whole story.

My main concern at this moment is with this utterly reprehensible statement: "I never heard of a Vermonter eating anything." This is high treason of the first water—if you can mix water and treason. For more years than I care to remember I have been heading for country church suppers—and many a wise man has been following me—where nothing comes out of tin cans but straight from gardens and cool cellars and chicken yards. We here in Vermont are far beyond the "spruce gum" stage; we use it here, if at all, for chewing purposes, but not for sustenance.

Finally, I look to see who the reviewer, Ernest S. Dodge, is, and he turns out to be from Salem, Mass., a fact that explains much, and he is director of the Peabody Museum in that city which explains even more. I will not offer him a salaam in view of his comments, but if he will wander up this way from Salem, I will introduce him to some real Vermont liars and a country supper—and that combination should enlighten even a museum director.

**Anchors Aweigh!**

Turning to my earlier theme of roaming through books, I should, in more serious vein of course, refer to Mr. Dodge's estimate of *Vermont Tradition*, phrased thus in part:

*Vermont Tradition* is a book by a professional writer who has a great love for her native state and a deep appreciation of its history and traditions. It is a sound book but I find it difficult to read. Mrs. Fisher, in her endeavor to make her points, at times belabors them rather wearingly. But for all that it is a book that presents Vermont history and life from the point of view of an eminent and articulate daughter of that state who has thought on these things for a lifetime. Few will argue that the Vermont outlook on life does not still exist, but that it has not over the years, exerted a profound influence for good upon other regions, wherever her sons have gone forth. While packed with factual details it is the spirit of her state which the author is attempting to translate. And in this attempt she is successful.

This is a wise paragraph, showing understanding of and insight in the book—and far wiser and more effectively phrased than any review I have seen in the so-called popular literary weeklies. I reviewed the book at length in the Spring issue of our magazine, calling it the most significant book of the last century on Vermont, as I am convinced it is; and I have only a few brief and final remarks to make. Certain readers have echoed in letters to me Mr. Dodge's "rather wearily,"

In the book Mrs. Fisher was discussing certain issues that were generations old, and there was only one way to meet them—with ample analysis, documentation, and full statement; and such careful methods mean hard reading at times—also the final answer for the future years and their questions. Personally, I am weary of the ceaseless effort to soften up and make into intellectual mush ideas that need harsh and rugged statement—and close thinking on the part of the reader. A recent book contains a brilliantly argued essay by Joseph Wood Krutch to the effect that we are beginning to suffer from the "tyranny of the average." A man who breaks away from the common, the average, is likely to find the envious wolves and the mud-slingers on his trail; and part of the evidence to support Mr. Krutch is found in practically all of us today—the hunt for the easy and pleasant path in life and books. Books that have a lasting meaning are hard to read—all of them; and Emerson's old dictum that to master such books you must read them three times held in his day, does now, and will forever.

Some criticisms of *Vermont Tradition* coming to me were complaints that the book was not a "history of Vermont." Ye gods, it was not intended to be! The subtitle of the book says as plainly as type and words can say it that the book is "The Biography of an Outlook on Life." That is just what it is, and it is that essential quality that gives the book its richness and its great promise. That outlook has gone, as Mr. Dodge states, into "other regions" and exerted a "profound influence" as it will in the future unless destroyed by Vermonters themselves in their own state.
Ira Allen, a youngster of nineteen, brother of Ethan, wandered into the wilderness that became Burlington and dreamed, even as he busied himself with plans for his financial betterment, of a state university. The dream came true, and the University of Vermont, this year, is celebrating its founding. Professor Julian I. Lindsay in Tradition Looks Forward: The University of Vermont: A History: 1791-1964 has written a most engaging account of the University’s long story. Histories of colleges are usually pretty deadly affairs, more useful for reference than for reading, but he has given his text sound documentation and the same time has tinted it with a leisurely dramatic quality that makes the reading of it both informative and pleasant. The title is a happy one—“Tradition Looks Forward,” as it most certainly does, even if the careless and unintelligent mind cannot see it, and it is fitting that the title should be drawn from a quotation by one of the University’s most famous graduates, John Dewey—“Tradition looks forward as well as backward.”

A persistent thrush, singing outside my apartment window, last spring, at dawn, did not arouse my wrath but did set me off in long philosophical musings on how to answer this question: “Who put song in the heart of a thrush and on the lips of man?” You answer it; and I will go on to say that the grand old hymns of the Christian church have a meaning far beyond the ideas they phrase and the tunes that cadence them. Anyone wondering about them, who wrote them, etc., is usually stumped unless he is willing to go wandering through some involved reference book. Helen Pfatteicher, assistant librarian at the Wilbur Library of the University of Vermont, has come to our rescue. In her book, In Every Corner Sing, she has prepared what she calls “an introduction to the vast field of Christian hymnody,” but her book lists 102 writers of hymns, 50 composers, 238 hymn tunes, and about 440 first lines and titles, with information about each and all of them, even if brief; so she has done very well with her “introduction.”

Luckily for Vermonters and their friends and students of Vermont history, a crop of good town histories is on its way these days. Such histories not only rescue the past, furnish needed information for a variety of folks interested in mere information, but as a rule they make interesting reading even for the casual reader; and they do, what is by no means least important, give the youngsters of a town a chance to sink roots in a country where hundreds of thousands are rootless. Here is Putney: 1753—200 Years—1953, and a detailed story of one of the most historic towns in the state. A committee of a women’s club, The Fortnightly Club, had the courage, not only to finance the book, but write it, and they turned out a book that is a credit to them and to Putney—a model for other Vermont towns to follow.

And then there are our old academies. Every one should have a history, for they were the educational pillars of the old days even unto the present. Time tends to dim their histories, but now and then capable hands rescue them in books that become a permanent part of the archives of Vermont. Professor Alexander D. Gibson of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., was called upon to write the history of his home academy, and he did a scholarly task exceedingly well in his History of McIndoes Academy.

It is pleasant, indeed, to turn away from our newspapers that reflect, as they must, the bitter conflicts of today, to such books as these that speak quietly in terms, that none can deny, of the courage and vision and faith of men and women in days long gone, days often more dangerous and doubtful than our own; and through such books we can escape, to quote Gilbert Murray, into the past “where the strong iron is long since rusted, but where the great things of the human spirit still shine like stars . . . where even the little things, the beloved and tender and funny and familiar things, beckon across gulfs of death and change with a magic poignancy, the old things that our dead leaders and forefathers loved . . .”


Staunch McIndoes Academy begins its second century educating Vermont boys and girls.

Larry Willard

VERMONT Life 57
THEY STILL CUT ICE

An early sun silhouettes the motor-powered saw, scoring the thick ice in big blocks.

Sawing key blocks by hand to open a cut.

They tamp snow in saw cuts to halt re-freeze.
Chances are that the next generation will look on the science of ice cutting as an antique, forgotten art. Fifty years ago heavily dressed crews worked in zero weather to put up ice at ponds near almost every town in the northern United States.

But nowadays most of us get our ice much more simply, by opening the freezing compartments of our electric refrigerators. In all probability the last of the ice cutters will disappear from ponds within a few years.

Even today there are few youngsters who have ever had the thrill of watching a circular saw score a pond of ice, tossing a powdery film high into the air in front of it. Nor have many of today’s youngsters ever watched an ice cutter leap nimbly from one floating block of dazzling white ice to another.

Most of the major ice cutters have already disappeared. But up in Lyndonville the third generation of the Handy family still puts up about four thousand tons of ice each year. It’s hard work, but they enjoy it, for it takes a skill which few people any longer have.

In fact, one of the major problems of the Handys is to find enough helpers to do a good job. Lately they’ve relied on high school boys because most of the old timers in the ice cutting business are too old to work any longer.

First job in ice cutting is to score the pond surface into 22 by 44 inch blocks. The Handys use a gasoline-powered
Spearing vagrant blocks calls for agility mixed with caution.

Floating ice rafts are broken into cakes at the chute's mouth.

circular saw which cuts about nine inches deep. They like to put up the ice when it's about fifteen inches thick, so the saw will cut deep enough to allow the ice to be broken apart with a single blow from the heavy "breaking chisel."

While the ice is being scored, other members of the cutting crew are working with long, big toothed hand saws, cutting a curved channel to the loading chute.

Key blocks of ice must also be cut with the hand saw. Then, using breaking chisels, the crew can split off thirty or forty blocks in a solid row, and float the raft of ice down to the loading chute. There, again using chisels, they break the raft into individual blocks and put the blocks onto the chute.

Powered by a truck, a cable, with heavy steel hooks attached, pulls the five hundred pound blocks up the chute to the top, where they slide onto another ramp which slopes slightly downward, into the ice house. As they slip down the ramp the blocks gather speed.

Inside the ice house the crew digs into the fast moving blocks with pike poles, and bucks them into place. The house is filled a layer at a time.

Double walls with insulation between provide protection for the ice against heat. After all the ice has been removed from the pond and stored, the Handys cover the top layer of the stored ice with straw. The house is then sealed until the hot summer sun gets the local folks longing for a block of that clear, hard, pond ice.
Inside the ice house blocks are built up in layers. The top is covered with straw.

It's always been wet cold work. This is an 1898 view at No. 10 Pond in Calais.
“Religious toleration has here been exchanged for religious liberty and equality — privilege for right — royal sovereignty for sovereignty of the people.”

Marquis de Lafayette at Montpelier, 1825