VERMONT'S developed ski areas, more than 20 in number and equipped with over 40 lifts, tows and tramways, lie the length of the state, either along the slopes of the Green Mountains or on the rolling hills to the east.

Taking advantage of the heavy snow belt that parallels the mountain range and then swings east, the larger mountain developments operate throughout the weeks whenever the snow cover permits.

The hill areas further east are located on natural open slopes where smooth, grassy slopes permit skiing with a minimum of snow. Many of these are in operation daily when snow conditions permit. Others restrict the running of tows to week-ends.

Beginning at the state's southern border, the first mountain ski region lies between Bennington and Brattleboro straddling U. S. Route 9. Two major developments, each with tramway lifts, lie almost an equal distance from Wilmington. Nearer Bennington at Woodford is a smaller, wooded area served by tow.

Further north, in the mountains east of Manchester, two other big areas are located—now only a few miles apart by a new junction of Vermont Routes 11 and 30. Almost 1500 acres of trail and slope area here are served by six lifts and three rope tows.

The Rutland region, reached by U. S. Route 4, includes the development on Pico Peak, nine miles from Rutland, and a smaller one five miles beyond on Vermont Route 100 at North Sherburne.

In the mountains east of Middlebury lies the Bread Loaf area with two tows, developed by Middlebury college.

Following the easterly curve of the snow belt, the state's newest development is located on Stark mountain in Fayston. The area, on the old McCullough Turnpike, is four miles west of Waitsfield off Vermont Route 100. This development will be ready during the 1948-49 season.

The last of the mountain areas, at Stowe, is the state's largest in trail development and has one of the first aerial chair lifts to be constructed in the country. Turning off Route 100 at Stowe, the skier reaches Mr. Mansfield from the Smugglers' Notch road. A parallel development, with long downhill runs, is located on the western slopes of the mountain near Underhill, off Vermont Route 15.

The second type of Vermont's ski developments, all located in the rolling country between the Green Mountains and the Connecticut River, lie on grass covered hills and natural open slopes.

East Corinth

Working south near the Connecticut valley, a development of this type is located in Bradford village, and a larger one ten miles west on Vermont Route 25 at East Corinth.

Swinging west from White River Junction on U. S. Route 4 toward Rutland, the skier reaches the hills near Woodstock where the first ski tow in North America was built. Three separate developments, all near the village, are served by eleven rope tows. Near White River Junction at Norwich is a 35-acre open slope area with two tows.

Further down the river valley is the recent development on Mt. Ascutney five miles west of Windsor, a mountain region combined with open slopes and served by two tows.

At Chester, on the cross-state Route 11 toward Manchester, is an eastern slope region with tow. Nearby, on Vermont Route 121, is the Snow Bowl close to Bellows Falls, with trails, open slopes and tow.

Following Route 5 to Putney another area is located with two trails, slopes, a tow and ski jump. Near West Brattleboro, on Vermont Route 9, is the most southerly of the open slope areas, also served by a tow.

VERMONT Life
The
GREEN MOUNTAIN
Postboy

CONDUCTED BY WALTER HARD

BROAD IS THE WAY.

No, the Postboy isn't referring to the one which leads to destruction. Quite the contrary. The motoring public considers the narrow road, the one which pleasantly follows the sinuous trail of a loitering stream, the dangerous way. After speeding along on four lane boulevards we can fully understand how it feels. Here we simply want to explain why Vermont has narrow roads through its valleys. Traveling as we have to, being a postboy, we find the main obstacle to increasing our roads width is that there isn't room for any more road between the house and the barn. A wider road would shear off the steps of the front porch on one side and the ramp into the barn on the other.

Even the most ardent lover of snow must realize that getting to the barn in winter is made a much less arduous journey when the barn is near the house. Just across the road was a natural site even if it cut off the view which today has become such an asset. After all “there isn’t anything behind that barn but some mountains.”

There is one type of farm architecture which has no effect on the road question. That’s the processional method of building. The horse barn adjoins the woodshed and from the horse barn one may go into the cow barn and thence to the chicken house and on to the hog pen without once sticking his nose out into the atmosphere.

It was at the kitchen door of such a succession of buildings that a new summer resident knocked. He had bought the adjoining farm and had come up very early in the spring to make plans. Refusing the invitation to come in he asked the neighbor what kind of a winter they’d had. “Dunno” the sheltered farmer replied, “ain’t been out.”

So the Postboy begs the skier who naturally wants to do some speeding on his own feet, to forego doing it with his car, accepting the narrow roads, and the reason therefore herewith given, with good grace.

A STARK FACT.

Among the year’s visitors the Postboy ran onto two army men, one retired and the other active. The retired Colonel recently confirmed what the active Captain had told us after he’d spent part of a day on the field where the battle of Bennington was fought. He had studied the relief map there very carefully with an especial eye to the strategy of General Stark. The Captain reported that much had been said of the cleverness and originality of the German strategy employed in the Battle of the Bulge. Even its originality was mentioned. He found that when Baum (as Thompson states it in Independent Vermont) “reached out to rob the hive and got badly stung,” General Stark deployed his men against both flanks and then drove in at the center just as was done by the Germans on those fateful days in our latest conflict. Odd, too, when you stop to consider the amazing changes in everything else connected with warfare.

WINTER VACATION.

When Vermont’s winter attractions are working full time the Postboy recalls that tale which Charles Crane tells in his book Winter in Vermont. It is quoted from a newspaper article published in 1939 which in turn claimed to have got the material from an old scrap book. A traveler tells what he saw in a mountain cabin one winter. The gist of it was that he found four men and two women, one a cripple and the others past the age of usefulness, lying on the floor, drugged. Later they were stripped and placed out in the freezing night while other members of the family went about their usual household tasks. Later the bodies were placed in a box which was in turn covered with evergreen boughs and placed at the foot of a cliff where it was soon buried in snow. “We shall want our men to plant our corn next Spring.” The wife of one of the “freezees” was speaking. So when Spring came the traveler returned—on the 10th of May to be exact. The box was opened where it lay, the snow having melted from the top. The bodies were placed in troughs and gradually immersed in hot water. Stimulant was administered when the color began to show in the cheeks and in due time they were enough thawed out to walk to the house where they soon partook of a very hearty meal. The report goes on to say that they all seemed younger and very much refreshed by their long rest.

It would be much cheaper than going to Florida and no doubt more restful. Sometimes, since we read that story we’ve wondered about newspaper items stating that Mr. and Mrs. Soandso had gone South for the winter. Might be well to look up in the attic.
Dryads To Ducks.

Mack Derick's cover Autumn Dryad for the Autumn issue brought forth a great variety of comment pro and con. The Rutland Herald protested that it was incongruous, while the Newport Express replied by quoting unsolicited but rhapsodic accolades from distinguished artists and photographers. Seems as though Mr. Derick had the last word, though he never spoke out at any time. The picture won the Gold Medal at the New England Photographers Exhibition, from amongst a collection of unusually outstanding entries by nationally known cameramen. However, for our Winter's cover, we present Mr. Derick in a more reserved mood, with a scene near a Woodstock ski slope, featuring some completely unclad ducks in the foreground.

Picture story contest winners this issue are: Color: First prize, Warren Case (Vermont Symphony); Second prize, Harry Richards, (Miss Vermont); Black and white: First prize, Ian McLaughlin (Good Neighbors). After this issue entries may be submitted (five months in advance) in either color or black and white, or (preferably) a combination of both. They will be judged in a single category: First prize: $25.00; Second prize: $10.00; Third prize: $5.00.

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SECOND OF A SERIES ON THE GROWTH OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE

By Earle Williams Newton, Director, Vermont Historical Society

REDSKINS TO REDCOATS

The story of the land of which Vermont was a part, from the days of Indian dominance to the conquest of New France by the British.

In the beginning, there was no Vermont. Of course, there were the wandering waters of the great Connecticut in search of the ocean, and the azure expanse of placid Lake Champlain, pouring its waters into the majestic St. Lawrence, also seaward-bound. Between these waterways was a green clad land, studded with towering peaks and sparkling streams, and populated by the bear and the beaver, along with probably a few men with skin of copper hue.

There were then no boundaries, as now, and the Indians of the St. Lawrence and Connecticut River Valleys wandered freely across its well stocked hunting grounds and occasionally camped long enough to plant some corn among the lush meadows of the Great Oxbow at Coos, or near the mouths of Otter Creek or the Winooski River. It is hard to know where Indians lived. The inquisitive shovel of the archaeologist has brought to the surface in many places flints, arrowheads, pottery, and even skeletons of men who inhabited the land, for a while at least, centuries ago. But the northern Indian was ever a wanderer, and his residence in any one spot was usually of short duration. Thus it is hard to say that at any particular spot in Vermont, there lived a certain tribe.

But the pathways of the redman were the blue trails of streams and lakes, and along them—especially Champlain—there were always Indians, coming and going, hunting and fishing, or pursuing a stealthy warpath.

There were two great Indian cities, known as Stadacona and Hochelaga, on the sites of present day Quebec and Montreal, when Jacques Cartier sailed down to St. Lawrence in 1535, in search of the fabled passage to the Indies. At Hochelaga he ascended nearby Mount Royale, from which, looking over the blush of autumn foliage to the south, he may have seen the dim peaks of the Green Mountains.

But Cartier turned back without exploring further south or westward, leaving the blue lake and the green land that edged it to the discovery of another Frenchman who followed in his path some sixty years later. It was Samuel de Champlain who established the foundations of France in the New World. In the long years between, the St. Lawrence was visited only by French and Breton fishermen, who utilized Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay River, as a trading center.
Samuel de Champlain, explorer, navigator and historian, founded Quebec in 1608, and the following year laid claim for New France to the lands surrounding the great lake to which he gave his name.

The great historian, Francis Parkman, has painted a reminiscent picture of the arrival of Champlain in 1603: "Like specks on the broad bosom of the waters, two pigmy vessels held their course up the lonely St. Lawrence. They passed abandoned Tadoussac, the channel of Orleans, and the gleaming sheet of Montmorenci [Falls]; they passed the tenantless rock of Quebec, the wide lake of St. Peter and its crowded archipelago, till now the mountain reared before them its round shoulder above the forest plain of Montreal. All was solitude. Hochelaga had vanished; and of the savage population that Cartier had found here 68 years before, no trace remained."

What had happened to the inhabitants of these two greatest cities? Indian legend has it that the Iroquois once dwelt in the lands north of the great river, but were pushed to the southward by advancing Algonquin tribes from the north. Stadacona and Hochelaga were almost certainly Iroquois settlements. Yet in seventy years an enforced shift of population had taken place, and the ground was already being laid for a century and a half of bitter struggle between the tribes of the Iroquois and Algonquin.

In the five years which followed this first voyage, Champlain returned several times to explore the coast of Nova Scotia and New England, and in company with his patron, the Sieur de Monts, to attempt unsuccessfully the settlement of Acadia. On the latter expedition de Monts, a Protestant, had taken both a Catholic priest and a Huguenot minister. The two entered into increasingly bitter discussion, until the tolerant Champlain wrote in his journal: "I have seen our curé and the minister fall to with their fists on questions of faith—I leave it to you to judge whether it was a pleasant thing to see." By a strange coincidence both died shortly after the expedition struck land, and the relieved sailors buried them in a common grave to see if, in death at least, they might not lie peacefully together.

The incident was an evil portent for the future. Within a generation Jesuit priests were inciting bloody Indian raids against the heretic New Englanders, and Puritan preachers in turn blessed and sometimes accompanied expeditions of revenge against the Canadian settlements. Men combined religious hatred and intolerance with national rivalries to blaze bloodstained trails across the peaceful Green Mountains which lay between them.

In 1608 Champlain returned to the Valley of the St. Lawrence, founding on the rocky heights of Stadacona the citadel of Quebec. The following year he determined to pursue the course of the St. Lawrence further, and if possible, to see with his own eyes the great and beautiful lake which his Indian neighbors had described to him. In the late spring of 1609 he agreed to accompany an Algonquin war party on an expedition against the ancient enemy, now located somewhere to the south of this mighty lake. They paddled up the St. Lawrence until, on the left bank, they came to the mouth of a river of considerable size. Already fear of the terrible Iroquois began to take hold of the redskins, and three quarters of the party turned back. After a difficult passage of the rapids at Chambly, where the explorer sent back all but two of his white companions, the little party burst forth on the
placid waters of a great lake, which stretched southward far beyond sight. Let Parkman again draw the picture: Left and right stretched walls of verdure, fresh with the life of June. Encamped on the lake shore, he saw “the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven. . . .”

Then, the next day, as they glided smoothly down the lake, to which Champlain was to give his own name, he saw looming up, now to the east, a chain of green-clad mountains, the highest peak of which (Mansfield) he thought to be capped with snow. During succeeding weeks he wandered along the shores of this primeval wilderness. In this year—when most of the British colonies were yet to be discovered, and while the struggling colony of Jamestown fought for a second breath,—in this year, a Frenchman discovered Vermont.

Eventually, as the Algonquins and their three white companions, proceeded down the lake, they happened upon a large war party of Iroquois. Hurling insults across the water, the redskins made careful arrangements for a battle on the morrow. Champlain and his men had kept carefully out of sight, and when, at daybreak, the opposing forces approached each other in careful formation, the whites were still artfully concealed among surrounding redmen. At a signal the ranks broke apart, and there stood revealed to the astonished Iroquois a strange white god, dressed in shining raiment. He pointed at them a strange stick, from whose end came thunder and lightning. Immediately two chiefs, though clad in arrow-proof cotton and wooden armor, fell dead. The startled warriors released a barrage of arrows, but as thunder belched again from the forest to their side, they broke and ran, pursued by shrieking and delighted Algonquins, who took many prisoners. One of these they tortured mercilessly, until the disgusted Frenchman was granted the “privilege” of putting him out of his misery.

The warriors of the Long House never forgave the French the shame of that day. Yet historians who attribute to Champlain’s act the blame for a century and a half of bloody warfare and massacre, conveniently overlook the generations of enmity between Iroquois and Algonquin as well as the age-old rivalries of France and Britain. It was inevitable that the French should ally themselves with the people among whom they had to live, and, in the end, defend them against the raids of their enemy. And already new allies were in the offing for the Long House. As Champlain withdrew from the lake—to which he never returned—a Dutch navigator named Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river which now bears his name—just across a narrow bridge of land from the southern end of Lake Champlain. Across these few miles were later fought the bitter battles of a century of conflict between French power from the North, and Dutch and English settlements pressing up from the South.

FATHER JOGUES AND THE MEN IN BLACK

Following the explorers and the trappers—and often even preceding them into the new West of the Great Lakes—came the black-robed missionaries of the Catholic Church, the Jesuits. It has been said of the English settlers of New England that they “fell first upon their knees, and then upon the Indians.” Unlike the Puritans who came to save their own souls, the Jesuits came to save the souls of others—the heathen savage. With selfless sacrifice, unswerving devotion to duty, and a violent if sometimes misguided patriotism, these men set out into the wilderness in service of God and Country.

One of the greatest of these was Father Isaac Jogues. In the summer of 1642 he returned from distant missions among the Hurons, accompanied by two lay brothers and a considerable number of Christian Indians. Ambushed by a group of Mohawks, the missionary—fleet of foot as any redskin—escaped, only to return in remorse to join his captive converts in their suffering. And great suffering it was, for the gentle Father ran the gantlet and suffered the abominable tortures of the Iroquois number-
CROWN POINT. Near its southern end Lake Champlain pours through a narrow throat, where a peninsular finger points northward. Some historians believe Champlain fought his battle with the Iroquois here; others place it at Ticonderoga. Over a hundred years later the French built on one side a fort (St. Frederick) to command the lake, and on the Vermont side a very considerable settlement at Chimney Point. Crossing was as easy for their boats as for modern cars on the great Crown Point Bridge, which now spans the waters.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPIÄN (lower left) is commemorated on the rocky heights of the city he founded in 1608—Quebec.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU, Canada’s first cardinal (lower right), silhouetted against the spires of Quebec’s Cathedral, symbolizes the significant role played by the Catholic Church in the lands claimed by New France.

Herman Moll’s Map of 1720 (northeast section) emphasizes the extent of early knowledge about both New England and New France, but ignorance of the lands between. Note how out of kilter are Lake Champlain—(French controlled)—and Hudson’s River—(British controlled). This is one of the earliest maps to show the forts on the Richelieu River (Sorel, Chambly and Ste. Therese) as well as “Fort La Mothe” (Fort Ste. Anne, on Isle La Motte). Note, too, how easy it would seem to the French (and later the English) to push down Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, thus cutting the American Colonies in half.

less times before the party finally reached the Mohawk village of Ossemnon. For nearly a year Father Jogues lived as a slave, baptizing captives in their agony and even secretly converting many of his captors, bearing torture and indignities with a never failing humility. It was only when news came that his death was finally decided upon that he suffered himself, a maimed and tattered figure, to be rescued by the Dutch at Fort Orange (later Albany). He was sent by them to Europe and freedom, but returned again to New France and his ultimate martyrdom in 1646. A temporary but uncertain peace had been established between the warring reds, and the indomitable Father went back to Ossemnon, to establish there a mission among his enemies. During an absence, however, plague struck the village, which the ignorant redmen blamed on the new God and his earthly disciple. The black-robed priest was again made captive, with his assistant Jean Lalande. His captivity and suffering were briefer this time, for he died from the blow of a war club as he went to plead the cause of his faith with the chief. Lalande was killed the next day, and the skulls mounted on pickets at the village wall. Thus perished a contrite and selfless man of God—a humble hero of stature far greater than the conquerors of martial legend.

It has been hard for history to judge the Jesuits; many in frontier missions mixed religious fervor with patriotism, sending their red Roman converts to prey upon the heretic Englishmen of New England. In bitter anger, the settlers organized an expedition against one of these missions, Norridgewok in Maine, whence had come a series of bloody raids for years past. They slew not only every Indian on whom they could lay hands, but also Father Râle, whom they deeply detested as the torch behind the flame which seared their settlements. Yet anyone reading the quiet autobiographical letter which Râle wrote earlier to his “brother,” finds it hard to discover—despite his fervent patriotism—the bloody butcher the New Englanders believed him to be.

THE FORTS AND THE INDIAN WARS

As far back as the middle of the fifteenth century, under the leadership of the great chieftan Hiawatha, the retreating Iroquois tribes had formed themselves into a great confederacy of the “five nations”: the Senecas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Oneidas, and—nearest the whites, both French and English—the Mohawks. This league came to be known—and feared—as the “Long House.” Gaining strength from their unity, the Iroquois began to strike back at their old enemies, the Algonquins, just as the French began to settle among the latter tribes, in the valley of the St. Lawrence. It was the white man’s fate to share the fury of the vengeful invader with his red neighbors, and the settlements along the upper river dwelt in daily fear of the warriors of the Long House, whose canoes might appear stealthily from the mouth of the Richelieu River at any time. It was to block these raids from down Lake Champlain that the French began the construction of a series of forts along the river. Fort Richelieu, built at the river’s mouth in 1642, was rebuilt

(Continued on page 48)
Young Bentley, whose school-teacher mother tutored him at home, first saw that all snowflakes were crystal in form when, at fifteen, his mother gave him a small crude microscope. His parents—as he himself remained—were poor farmers and it was an incredible accomplishment for him to convince his father, when he was 17 years old, that he must now have a camera and microscope apparatus which cost $100, so that he could gratify what was, to the parent, but a childish and ridiculous whim.

The parents saved and scrimped and young Bentley got the equipment, but like the good Vermonter he was, he kept right on using the three-foot bellows tripod camera, vintage of 1880, until his death. He set it up in a stone-cold room, facing a curtained window so he could take the pictures of flakes against light. Rigging a system of pulleys and cords he was able to control the contrivance with his hands kept warm by heavy mittens. For he had soon found that snowflakes must be worked with at the same cold temperature at which they were formed; otherwise they melted and lost their unique beauty forever.

His lifetime devotion to snowflakes was inspired by his great discovery that, of the countless trillions that fall daily to the earth every day in winter, no two exhibit precisely the same crystal formation!

Usually he found the crystals hexagonal but sometimes they had only three sides or branches. Yet in all cases, each branch exhibited precisely the same crystal formation!
Wilson Alwyn Bentley was so wrapped up in his devotion to snowflakes, that he never wanted to miss even a single storm. He isolated and photographed 50 to 75 unique snowflakes in a good storm, and in a very special storm on February 14, 1928, he managed to run the number up to 100... a record never surpassed.

The infinite patience and life-time determination of this Vermont farmer (for Bentley remained a farmer all his life) to observe and know the unseen beauty about him, was manifest not only in his pictures of snowflakes but also of frost crystals on his winter window panes, glistening drops of water on frozen blades of grass, insects covered with filaments of morning dew, and a spider web with its rope of pearls made by morning moisture, as well as innumerable other exquisite bits of nature never noticed by the average eye. This all brought him great happiness as well as fame. Like Gilbert White at Selborne, Bentley made his immediate environment a world of his own, and there, by a lifetime of study, revealed a new world to others. He left a collection of over 5000 negatives, now in the possession of his niece, Alice Bentley Hamalainen, at Andover, Vermont.*

While thousands of photographs remain unpublished, a definitive collection of his plates was issued by McGraw-Hill in the Book Snow Crystals in which he had the collaboration of Dr. William J. Humphreys. The U. S. Weather Bureau has also issued several of his treatises on snow and ice crystals. The preparation of the photographic plates for printing was a further example of the patient way in which Mr. Bentley labored to achieve perfection. After each snow or ice crystal was exposed and developed on the old-fashioned glass plate, he was obliged painstakingly to etch, with a small sharp penknife, each single minute line of the crystal pattern, so that when the plate was printed, the reproduction of the crystal would be sharp and clear.

I can not think of this unaffected, gentle little man—and this is not nostalgic sentimentality—without genuine warm-hearted regard. I shall never forget watching him, one cold winter day, take a small black velvet-covered wooden tray, and by a wire handle hold it out of the open door of his "coldroom"—as he called his photographic studio. When a few flakes had fallen on the dark soft surface, he looked them over, and then taking a small wooden rod, touched its end carefully to the center of a flake. With the gentlest unshaking touch (he was over 60 then) he lifted and deposited it safely upon a glass slide. Explaining that he had to work fast, even in the cold room, because while the flakes would not melt, they might change pattern slightly with minor evaporation, he soon had several perfect specimens ready to insert in front of the microscopic lens. This was how snowflakes sat for their picture.

"A fool, and probably crazy, is what some folks call me," he said, "and they mostly demand to know what good it does to get all these pictures of just snow! I don't argue with them. I am satisfied. I have got letters from men with lots of letters after their names, who know a hundred times more than I do... or anyone around here I guess. These learned men go on to tell how I am doing what they call a "great work." I don't know about that! But I do know what I like, and I do think I see as much around here to enjoy, right on my own farm, as some folks who have never seen a darned thing."

Mr. Bentley's contribution to science was of course considerable and meteorological offices throughout the world still use his photographs for study. But his revelation of nature's miracles in the thousands of unique crystal patterns was also a real contribution to art. Today jewelers, interior decorators, and designers of fabrics, wall paper, silk, glass, china, and others engaged in the arts, use as motifs these beautiful patterns that no man, before Bentley, knew existed in the snow.

I remember late one fall I had invited this remarkable man to my house for a visit and to give a talk before a local group. After his highly successful lecture, I anticipated several hours visit with him in front of my fireplace. But he didn't feel he could stay, while he had been talking in the town hall, it had begun to snow.

"Come on now..." I had bantered, "there will be many more snowstorms this winter."

He wanted to stay, I think, but he was also eager to go. He didn't make any actual excuses then, but as he got onto the train at the depot, he said something about not wanting to miss a single storm. He couldn't afford to, is the way he put it.

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*This unique collection of old-fashioned glass plates was recently sold to the Rochester (N.Y.) Museum by Mrs. Hamalainen.

Bentley's "studio" was a bare, cold room, necessary because of his work with fragile crystals.
Bentley (pictured here in rare photographs) gathered his precious flakes on a black velvet covered tray, against which he could examine them and select the most perfect ones for detailed observation and careful photography.

Perhaps the most delicate part of the operation was shifting the flake from the tray to the microscope with a special home-made wooden splint. Only Bentley, out of the many who tried, could successfully do it.

Bentley's camera was, like most all of his scientific apparatus, of his own manufacture. He mounted his microscope to a home-made bellows, snapping his pictures in bitter below-freezing—often sub-zero—temperatures.

Even after the glass negative had been developed, it was necessary to spend hours of painstaking work etching out the lines of the flakes to make the negative sharp enough to produce a clear positive (see crystals on preceding pages).
By JOHN McDILL

Woodstock, the Shire Town of Windsor County, has been called the Cradle of Winter Sport in Vermont—and perhaps in the whole of America—for several excellent reasons. First, the town has had the longest known record of continuous promotion of winter sports on a commercial basis—fifty-five years to be exact, or ever since the Woodstock Inn opened its doors in the year 1892. And second, the first ski tow in the United States was built and successfully operated here in 1934, an event which ushered in the modern era in American downhill skiing.

Today many another winter sports area outshines Woodstock in splendor of facilities and number of patrons. But here, in the foothills of the Green Mountains, situated a little to the east and south of the geographical center of the state, and lying where five valleys converge like the spokes of a great wheel with the village as the hub, was where it all began.

It is almost impossible to analyze the personality of a town, especially a lovely north country village like Woodstock. But certain it is that the visitor who comes to stay a few days—or even the traveler passing hurriedly through by car—can never forget its beauty.

Woodstock is a spot that appears today much as it did seventy-five or a hundred years ago. It has stood intact against the changes modern times have wrought—generally to ill effect—in so many other communities. There is the Village Green, a shapely, tree-lined ellipse over six hundred feet in length. There are handsome, trimly-kept colonial houses and wide streets under fine elms. The Ottauquechee River winds through the heart of the village and well-kept "backs" lead down to it. Of the town's five churches, several have deep-voiced Paul Revere bells which still ring with an ancient note of command. A workaday business section is the trading center for a flourishing agricultural area and, in summer, a large residential colony. There are no manufacturing plants, but small local industries are beginning to appear and are welcomed. The prevailing atmosphere is one of serenity and prosperity.

EARLY YEARS

The Woodstock Inn was built in 1892 in direct response to the demand for a first-class hotel in a community which was then as now attracting so many visitors. Designed for winter as well as summer business, the Inn has prospered for over half a century. The guiding spirit of the hotel's rise to prominence was Arthur B. Wilder, dean of Vermont hotelmen, and a pioneer in the development of recreation in Vermont, now the state's second-ranking industry. Ninety years old and in retirement, Mr. Wilder still devotes himself actively to painting, and his landscapes have become collectors' items.

In the 1890's and in the first decade of the new century snowshoeing, skating, sleighing and tobogganing were the reigning sports. Skis were known, but little used. For many years members of the "Snowshoe Section" of the old Appalachian Club from Boston used to arrive forty strong via the now-vanished Woodstock Railway, be met at the station with a dashing "six-in-hand of buck-
skis," and proceed about the business of complying with that article of their by-laws which read:

"To explore the Mountains of New England both for scientific and artistic purposes."

Let the modern skier take due notice of these high-minded aims!

Snow-shoe trips by night were popular. Lighted by flares large parties would climb Mt. Tom, which overlooks the village, eat supper around bonfires, and then make their way home through the enchantment of a winter night. There was nothing, however, to equal the sport of sleigh-riding over the endless network of roads that surrounds Woodstock; the same roads that lure horseback riders to-day in ever-increasing numbers. Best of all were the rides taken in the huge red sleighs accommodating twelve or more persons and drawn by eight superb horses.

During these years many Canadians came to the Inn for the winter season, escaping the even greater rigors of the cold in their frozen "Land of My Lady of the Snows." That other human beings could think of "going south to Vermont for the winter" must have encouraged many a winter-weary Vermonter to believe his lot was not so bad after all.

Ski-jumping became popular shortly before the First World War. Over in nearby Hanover, New Hampshire, Fred Harris of Brattleboro, "the man who invented snow" at Dartmouth College and who founded the Dartmouth Outing Club in 1909, had built a ski jump. Woodstock quickly followed suit with a crude run and take-off situated on the steep slope overhanging the Country Club land. In the days before Brattleboro's "Big Jump" was built fierce contests were held here; redoubtable skiers from Dartmouth like John Carleton, Charles Proctor and Dick Bowler would awe spectators with exhibition somersault and triple hand-in-hand jumps.

"Suicide Six" (above) is one of the most famous of Woodstock's many ski slopes. Painting by Tad Bailey.

Inventive ski enthusiasts devised a contraption which would propel a skier into the air as if from a ski jump (below). It is not in current use. Frederick Wood
Two inventive brothers from Woodstock named Leo and Allen Bourdon created the “only original Ski-Bob,” a contraption consisting of a bobsled equipped with skis as runners. On this infernal machine they would go down a ski jump and soar away from the take-off to the fear and delight of onlookers. The thrill of ski-bobbing caught on and the Bourdons manufactured them in quantities. They also made skis, bindings and sleds, marketing them through Abercrombie’s in New York and the Spalding Co. It was the first successful large-scale, winter-sport manufacturing venture in Vermont.

THE ROARING THIRTIES

Woodstock remembers Dwight Francis as more than movie-actress Kay Francis’ first husband. Downhill skiing had been coming into its own in a small way in the late twenties and Dwight Francis must have had some premonition that the Roaring Thirties were about to begin. He came to Woodstock in 1932 convinced that this region offered the best open-slope skiing terrain in New England. There can be no question of the “openness” of the hills in the adjoining townships of Woodstock, Pomfret, Bridgewater and Hartland. Heavily settled and extensively farmed for generations, mowings and pastures link themselves in unbroken succession, a matchless paradise for the cross-country runner.

But Francis’ venture in trying to establish Woodstock as the ski center of the east failed. The most dreaded of all calamities blighted his hopes—it was an open winter! The imported Swiss ski instructor, Fritz Steuri, one of the earliest and best of a long line of “Ben’-ze-knees!” teachers from abroad, went sadly home. The following winter was as bad climatically and this fact, coupled with the depression, forced the Inn to shut down for the next nine winters.

But across the Village Green from the dark and shuttered Inn the lights were burning brightly in the White Cupboard Inn, a small hostelry owned and operated by Robert and Elizabeth Royce. Through their imagination and initiative the original White Cupboard had grown by the addition of one of Vermont’s historic buildings, the Hutchinson House on the square. With its bright red awning and candles glowing through the restaurant windows on winter nights it seems to celebrate a perpetual Christmas. Since the Royces’ death the White Cupboard has been under the hospitable management of Beard Adams.

It was here in the White Cupboard, early in January of the year 1934, that the event took place which already has been referred to as inaugurating the spectacular development of downhill skiing in America. It is not often that an historic event can be marked with such certainty as the incident which led so swiftly to the growth of a nation-wide industry.

Three young business men from New York, Thomas Gammack, now deceased, Douglas Burden, who helped develop Marineland, Florida’s underwater zoo, and Barklie Henry, were talking to Mrs. Royce in the manner of weary skiers. Tommy Gammack turned to her and, as nearly as anyone can remember, said, “Mrs. Royce, you ought to be able to think of something to get us up these hills. Each of us is spending $40 apiece to enjoy a week-end in Vermont, yet the most we can do in a day is to climb a hill half-a-dozen times. We want to get in all the skiing we can on these week-ends. We want,” he concluded emphatically, “to be carried uphill.”

The Royces promised results and events moved rapidly. They investigated...
a rumor about a device developed by Alexander Foster at the Laurentian Lodge Club, Shawbridge, Province of Quebec. David Dodd of South Newbury, Vermont, who combines Yankee inventiveness with formal training in engineering, was called on to construct the machine, using a crude diagram obtained from Canada.

The site chosen for the experiment was Clinton Gilbert’s farm, a huge natural bowl lying two miles northwest of the village and an active ski area today. Powered by an old model-T Ford truck and built at a total cost of $500 the ski tow was ready for operation by February. It was a poor thing compared to the larger and more efficient tows that were quickly to replace it. The rope writhed on the ground like a serpent and the capacity was very limited. But it worked!

In the years intervening since 1934 devices for conveying skiers effortlessly uphill have multiplied: chair and T-stick lifts, tramways, skimobiles, upskis and whatnot dot the snowy regions of the United States from Maine to California. But the rope tow, precursor of them all, is still holding its own. On slopes short of mountain size the tow is the cheapest to build and operate.

At one blow the ski tow revolutionized the skiing habits of Americans. Overnight downhill skiing was transformed from an infant into a lusty giant. At last the skier was happy; in the all-too-brief hours allowed him from the quiet desperations of confinement in the office he was able to crowd in thousands upon thousands of feet of downhill running each day on the slopes.

And Woodstock, with its unrivaled natural wealth of open slopes, became a skiing boomtown. The Roaring Thirties had arrived!

The next few years in the memories of local inhabitants are a blurred recollection of enormous holiday crowds of skiers, jamming the roads with cars and taxing all housing facilities. Even the local jail was once used to shelter a party of college students.

(Above) A modern rope tow at Clinton Gilbert’s marks the site, in 1934, of the first ski tow in the United States. (Stone)

(Left) In the Woodstock of many decades ago oxen hitched to sledges and sleighs crowded the streets as do modern automobiles. The town has long been famed as a resort center. Gayest thrill of all was a brisk run in a cutter, back of a fast trotter.
boys and great was the indignation of taxpayers. The town can accommodate upwards of 500 people without stretching itself, but hordes of 1200 were a nightmare.

Within a few years the competition of other New England and Canadian resorts was felt and invasion-size hosts were no more. Today Woodstock enjoys a steady and profitable following. Dartmouth students come over in droves during the winter week days and week-ends are usually crowded. It is not a swank ski town. In jest, and in truth, Woodstock has been called "The St. Moritz of the East—without the Ritz!"

Bunny Bertram is the dominant figure in Woodstock's winter sport world as he is a familiar and popular personality in American skiing. In his college days he was captain of Otto Schniebs' first Dartmouth team and intercollegiate snow-shoe champion. He has for many years been president of the Woodstock Ski Runners and is the operator of his own prosperous ski area.

In a sunny upland valley three of his four ski tows serve the slopes surrounding a beautiful lodge which is the summer home of Mrs. Harvey Fisk, donor of the Fisk Ski Trophy. Over the ridge to the north a towering pasture slope drops two thousand feet at a average grade of 20° to the little hamlet of South Pomfret far below. This is "Suicide Six," Woodstock's most famous ski slope and one of the best-named and best-known hills in the country. A mighty rope tow moving twenty miles an hour lifts the skier to the top in one minute instead of the weary half hour that would be required to climb it under one's own power.

"Suicide Six" is the scene of the annual Fisk Trophy Races, one of the colorful events of the eastern racing program. And no less exciting is the yearly effort to lower the downhill record on "Six." When Alexander Bright set the first mark of 56.8 seconds in 1937 few people thought it would be bettered. But as evidence of how far and fast skiing has come in a few years the record has been lowered twenty-three times since then, with David Austen holding the present mark at 31.8 seconds. The women's record, held by Eleanor Sharpe, is 41.8 seconds. Spectators never weary of watching intrepid contestants streak down that magnificent slope in one blinding straight schuss.

The main tow at Gilbert's Ski Hill stands exactly where the first ski tow was built, if anyone is interested in landmarks. Two additional tows and an attractive ski house make this an ever-popular area with winter visitors.

Farther up the road to Barnard is the Prosper Ski Hill owned by Rupert Lewis, like Gilbert another successful farmer. His development includes two tows, a ski jump and a ski lodge. The broad hillside rising steeply to a ridge offers a combination of topographical features which beginners and experts can enjoy.

Nearest to the town is the latest of the ski areas, the Mt. Tom Skiway, operated by Maurice Wood. A single tow elevates skiers to the top of a fine hill where snow conditions are unusually good.

From this Cradle of Winter Sport many Woodstock boys like Bob Bourdon, Harold Coddington, Wendall Cram, Floyd Dupuis and John McManama are making reputations and good livings as instructors at various famous ski centers. And Rebecca Fraser Cremer is a member of the next Women's Olympic Team.

More than half a century of winter sport has made the people of Woodstock feel more kindly disposed toward the season their forefathers dreaded. Instead of looking forward to winter with resignation and despair they think of the old proverb, "A snow year, a rich year." And to the community as a whole snow is a commodity that can be enjoyed or sold to advantage. Life has opened up for many a local boy and girl, and, through them, for their families by participation in the pleasures and discipline and comradeship of skiing. The greatest of winter sports has been a welcome influence in the life of this small New England town.

Suicide Six from the air looks the part. Actually, skiers delight in tagging their favorite slopes with frightening names, regardless of their real difficulty. Woodstock is noted for her open slopes, unlike Mansfield's mountainous speed runs. (Jean Tobey)
FREEDOM . . . is everybody's job

On October 13, the much heralded Freedom Train, with its precious cargo of great documents of American history, rolled into Rutland for the first of three one day stands in Vermont. Over 10,000 people—with a large quota of school children—managed to get through it in twelve short hours, and more would have liked to. But this was only the climax to a week of "rededication," which involved every conceivable type of historical or patriotic observance.

David Howe, publisher of Burlington’s Free Press had seen the idea first take shape in a White House Conference, as President of the American Newspaper Publishers Assoc. He enthusiastically put the full weight of his paper behind "Rededication Week," as did the afternoon News. The city threw itself so completely into the spirit of the thing, that newsreel cameramen and magazine writers hastened to the Queen City to witness the phenomenon of city officials and prominent business men going about their business garbed as the heroes of the American heritage, as well as to attend the daily pageants and parades.

In Montpelier the Vermont Historical Society had been busily at work assembling, for the first time in one place, the great documents of Vermont history. Convinced that Vermonters might well study and appreciate their American traditions alongside their own Vermont heritage, Director Earle Newton obtained copies of the documents on the Freedom Train (which most hadn't had time to really examine even if they got through), and set them alongside the originals of comparable Vermont papers. More people flooded the Museum in one day than had passed through its corridors in the biggest month in its previous history. A few of these outstanding documents, tying together the national and local heritages of freedom, are shown on the following pages.

The spirit of '76 is re-enacted by a Burlington trio, as part of a parade. Mayor Burns, dressed as George Washington, signs the Freedom Pledge as other costumed participants of Burlington’s unusual ceremonies look on curiously. Paul Revere (Robert Joly) rides again, this time to the Burlington R.R. Station as school children await entrance.

(Photos by Janes—Free Press)
First Printed Word

In one of the most unusual re-unions in American history a famous book and the press which printed it met again in the capital of Vermont. Aboard the Freedom Train was the Bay Psalm Book, first book printed—in Cambridge, Mass., 1640—within the land which is now the United States. And in the Museum of the Vermont Historical Society stood the famous and venerable Stephen Daye Press, upon which it was printed.

How did this unbelievably valuable relic happen to end up so far from its home? History tells us that as better presses were imported into the settled regions of the coast, the old one moved back with the frontier into the Green Mountains, nearly ending its days as a pile of junk in a Windsor barn—whence it was rescued by a group of interested newspaper men and presented to the Society.

In 1939 the nation celebrated the tercentenary of the beginning of printing in this country, and the old press made its last pilgrimage to New York City, where it stood as the center of a vast celebration. The U.S. Government issued a commemorative stamp picturing it, and sold the third block to Leon Gay, Vermont Historical Society President. These, with a mammoth blow-up of the stamp and several first-day covers, were also set alongside the press, with other examples of Stephen Daye's work.

FIRST NEWSPAPER published in Vermont—Westminster, 1781—was also printed on the Daye Press.

BAY PSALM BOOK, published in 1640 by Stephen Daye, at Cambridge, Mass. A copy recently was sold at auction—and later presented to Yale University—for $15,000, the highest price ever paid for a rare book. The copy on the Freedom Train—one of only eleven known—is shown to the right. A facsimile of the complete book was on display alongside the original old press which printed it.
THE DECLARATION OF THE PEOPLE (below left) against Virginia’s tyrannical Governor Berkeley, signed by Nathaniel Bacon. Over 100 years later Caesar Rodney describes the voting in Congress.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, with the aid of John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, wrote the Declaration of Independence. Here is the original draft of the historic document, in his own hand, showing the corrections.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—issued July 4, 1776—is without doubt the most revered of American documents. It was the great American declaration for freedom, but was preceded by a number of statements from the individual States. Probably the first of these was the Bennington Declaration of May, 1775 (left).

Declarations of Freedom

For more than a decade before they actually took up arms, the American colonies had issued periodic vigorous protests against British acts of oppression, insisting upon their right to be independent of the whims of the King and of laws passed by a distant Parliament. But by 1775 they had begun to suggest that bolder steps might be necessary. The famous Bennington Declaration (left) was probably the first of a series, which culminated in the Declaration of the Continental Congress July 4, 1776. The Bennington Declaration is undated, but internal evidence places it early in May, 1775. The original is a treasured possession of the Society.
William Penn's Great Charter (above) was the foundation of Pennsylvania's liberal constitution of 1776, much of which was copied verbatim into the Vermont Constitution (right). But the freedom-loving Green Mountain Boys added certain other historic provisions such as universal manhood suffrage, abolition of slavery, and a ringing Declaration of Rights (see below).

When the delegates assembled in Philadelphia to draw a Constitution for the United States, they came representing thirteen colonies, each with a different frame and form of Government. They consequently drew upon the advances and inadequacies of their own state constitutions for experience. The national constitution thus reflects the increasingly liberal trend noticeable in the state documents.

Yet the most liberal constitution of all can hardly be said to have had any influence. Vermont, which had set up its own independent government in 1777, was not a part of the confederation until three years later. In drawing up a constitutional framework for this new sovereign State, Ethan and Ira Allen, wily old Thomas Chittenden and their associates had included a ringing Declaration of Rights (see left), which asserted appropriate sentiments regarding liberty, but underlined Jefferson's assertion of the preceding year that all men are born free and equal, by stating that "no male person . . . ought to be holden by law to serve any person as a servant, slave, or apprentice . . ." Vermont thereby abolished slavery within her boundaries, eighty-six years before Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation. The nation shortly after adopted the 13th Amendment to its Constitution, which had tolerated, at least, the age-old institution. Among the documents on display in the Museum was the original letter from Lincoln transmitting this epoch-making amendment to Vermont for ratification. It includes one of his very rare full signatures.

In the same unprecedented manner, these Vermonters presented their people with universal manhood suffrage, and were the first to do so.

U.S. Constitution—After the embattled colonies had failed to form a strong union under Articles of Confederation, a loose league, they finally gathered in 1787 to frame a true federal government. This is Virginia's ratification of the new Constitution.

Constitutions of Vermont and of the United States

Emancipation Proclamation, charter of negro freedom.

13th Amendment in the Senate.

Guam's freedom, 1898.

Proclamation!
“This is the Place...”

This year Utah celebrates the moment when a Vermonter stood before the Great Salt Lake and declared to the faithful who had migrated half way across the continent: “This is the place.” Brigham Young had taken over leadership from the hands of another Vermonter, Joseph Smith, who was assassinated in far away Ohio.

By MILTON R. HUNTER, Ph.D.
Historian, Church of the Latter Day Saints

With introduction by WILLSIE E. BRISBIN
Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs, State of Vermont

When delicate Abigail Howe Young gave birth to her ninth child and fourth son, Brigham, in the little Vermont town of Whitingham on June 1, 1801, she had no reason to believe that bottle-fed Brigham would be the leader of a religious group, at that time unknown. Brigham’s nursemaid sister Fanny would have handled her younger brother with a bit of awe could she have foreseen that the squalling little fellow would be honored by thousands of Americans for over a century because of his simple declaration, “This is the place,” when he first viewed the site of Salt Lake City, Utah, at the age of forty-six.

But if Abigail Young would have been surprised at the later events in the life of son Brigham, consider for a moment the thoughts of Lucy Mack Smith, had she been able to peer ahead into the life of her famous son, Joseph. Joseph Smith, the prophet and the founder of the Mormon religion was born in Sharon, Vermont, two days before Christmas in 1805. Today a shaft of granite marks this spot. Thirty-eight years after his birth, Prophet Smith was shot to death by a mob in Carthage, Illinois, while he languished in jail with his Vermont-born brother Hyrum. During this short span of life he founded a new religion, dictated the book of Mormon which is more widely read than any other volume except the Bible, and had risen to such power that his Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints can now boast of about one million followers in thirty nations in the world.

It would be nice to say that little Brigham Young of Whitingham and little Joseph Smith of Sharon met beside a trout brook in the Green Mountains, while children, and planned it this way. It would be dramatic to record that the pioneer days in Vermont instilled a rugged character and a religious fervor in the life of each lad. But this is probably not true. Although the Smith family lived for some time in Vermont, moving from Tunbridge (site of today’s famous World’s Fair) to Royalton to Sharon and back to Tunbridge, and for a while in Norwich, the young Joe Smith became imbued with spiritual enthusiasm after he went to the western New York town of Palmyra.

In like manner Brigham Young remained a strong and orthodox Methodist while spending his early years in the Windham County town of Whitingham. The future Mormon leaders never met in Vermont. Probably it would be more correct to say that if the two men had remained in Vermont, there would have been no Mormon religion. Yet this is open to argument. Perhaps Joseph Smith would have developed his religious philosophy in the Green Mountains and located the golden plates, from which was written the book of Mormon, in a Camel’s Hump cave rather than on the hill, Cumorah, near Palmyra, New York.

Yet the fact that all these men came from Vermont is not a coincidence, for in the first half of the nineteenth century, this state was the spawning ground for a multitude of sects, “isms” and other movements both permanent and passing. Furthermore, while they flourished within Vermont, they reached a height of activity in western New York State, since known—in consequence of the fire and fervor of these people—as the “Burnt-over Area.” The little state of Vermont contributed an unusually heavy proportion of the settlers of this part of the Empire State—among them the brothers Smith. Since the days of the Green Mountain Boys Vermonters had been radicals, and for a half century after the death of Ethan Allen in 1789 they continued to stir things up both inside and outside Vermont.

(Continued on page 33)
THE GREAT TREK
By MILTON R. HUNTER

The temperature was twenty degrees below zero and the ground covered with a heavy blanket of snow. Hundreds of stern faced men hitched their oxcart to covered wagons which contained a scanty amount of supplies for a long and hard journey into the western wilderness. The members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as Mormons, had had trouble with their neighbors again. During the short span of fifteen years, they had been forced to leave their homes in three different states of the Union. Their Prophet Joseph Smith had been murdered while confined in Carthage Jail; and now the anti-Mormons of Illinois were mobbing the Saints in the outlying settlements, burning their homes and even threatening the entire population of the city of Nauvoo. Mass meetings had been held at Carthage, Quincy, and other towns, and resolutions had been passed, demanding that the Mormons leave the State of Illinois and migrate into the Far West.

Brigham Young was now the leader of this people, assuming that leadership after the death of Joseph Smith as a result of his position as president of the Twelve Apostles. The story of the movement of the Mormons from Nauvoo to Utah and the building of a great commonwealth in the arid West is inseparably connected with the life and activities of this man.

Brigham Young was the ninth of eleven children. When he was fourteen years old his mother died and he was cast adrift on the world to shift for himself. He was "apprenticed out" to learn the trade of "carpenter, joiner, painter, and glazier," which trade he successfully followed until he joined the Church of Jesus Christ on April 14, 1832.

Up to this point in Brigham's life he was quite ordinary; but the joining of this new religion marked the turning point, changing all of his activities and completely transforming his entire life. Almost immediately he moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where Joseph and the other Church leaders were residing. From this time forward throughout the remainder of his life, he was at the very center of all the important events that occurred with this people, and most of the time he was the directing force of those great events. For example, two years after joining the Church he was a member of the group of stalwart frontiersmen selected to march one thousand miles to Independence, Missouri, with the avowed purpose of "redeeming Zion," i.e., to help restore the Saints to their homes in Jackson County from which they had been expelled by their neighbors the previous year. One year later, February 14, 1835, Brigham rose to a high position of leadership by being chosen to serve as one of the members of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, which quorum constituted the governing body second in importance in the Church. At the time of the expulsion of the Mormons from the State of Missouri, 1838-1839, Joseph Smith was confined for six months in
a Missourian jail. This left Brigham Young in his capacity of president of the Twelve the gigantic responsibility of directing the exodus of the Saints from Missouri to Illinois, where they found a temporary haven of rest. This great task prepared him well for the greater work which lay ahead, that of moving the Saints more than a thousand miles over plains, mountains, and deserts to a new home in the inhospitable, barren waste of the Far West.

When the mass meetings were held in the fall of 1845 by the Gentiles, asking that the Mormons leave the State of Illinois, Brigham Young and his associates replied that they would leave the following spring as soon as grass grew in sufficient abundance to nurture their livestock. All the Saints desired was safety, security, and protection from their enemies, and the right to worship God according to the beliefs of their own Church. They now knew that this security could not be found in the then populated portions of the United States but must be found in a new land.

As the winter months dragged on, mob violence again arose in full fury and became so severe that it became apparent to the Saints that they could remain in their homes no longer. Thereupon on February 4, 1846, these sturdy men placed their wives and children in their covered wagons and headed westward across the frozen waters of the Mississippi River on the ice. This was the beginning of the evacuation of Nauvoo and of the Great Trek which was destined to lead this people to their "Promised Land"—a new birth of freedom in the mighty solitudes of Utah. There they could establish "Zion" and worship God as they saw fit. The same urge dominated this great exodus as had previously caused the Mormons' forefathers, the Pilgrims, to leave their homes in Europe and migrate to the new world.

After crossing the Mississippi, the Mormon refugees traveled a few miles into Iowa and established a temporary camp on Sugar Creek. In this barren, wintry camp, nine babies came into the world the first night. Brigham Young and the other members of the Twelve crossed the Mississippi on February 13 and joined the exiles on Sugar Creek. The next two weeks were spent in organizing for the westward journey.

On March 1 camp on Sugar Creek was broken and the trek across Iowa was begun. Group after group of exiles continued to cross the Mississippi River, and turned their faces toward the setting sun. By the latter part of April almost all the 15,000 Saints had evacuated Nauvoo and were slowly wending their way in search of a haven in the Great West.

Daily progress was pitifully slow. Heavy spring rains set in, turning little creeks into impassable rushing torrents, and delays were necessitated until swollen rivers subsided. At night the wagon wheels would become frozen in ruts, requiring much effort in the morning to extricate them. Fodder was almost impossible to obtain for the horses and oxen, and these animals were forced to browse among bushes and trees, eating the bark and limbs. The refugees spend days in rain-soaked camps without even a fire to warm them and dry their clothing.

Arriving at the present sites of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Nebraska, Brigham and his people decided to build a halfway station and remain there until the next spring. The calling of 500 men to participate in the war with Mexico, and other hampering events, had brought about this decision. Thousands of the Mormons either built themselves shelters or pitched their tents and waited until the leaders told them to continue their westward journey.

Weakened by the hard trip from Nauvoo and the lack of sufficient vegetables in their diet, the people became easy victims of scurvy, malaria, and other diseases. Approximately 600 deaths occurred in the camps on the Missouri during the winter of 1846-1847. But in spite of all that had happened, the Saints retained an optimistic and hopeful attitude.

As the winter months dragged on, the exiled Saints exerted their efforts in making preparations for the westward migration to take place when spring arrived. Days grew warmer and gentle rains replaced the cold winter blizzards. Grass appeared on the open plains which had for months been blanketed with snow. Spring was here; the Great Trek must again be put into motion so the exiled Mormons could find their new Zion.

On April 16, 1847, Brigham Young selected a party of 148, including three women, two children, and the hardiest men he could muster, and set out from Winter Quarters.
Seventy-two prairie schooners drawn by mules, horses, and oxen stretched out far over hill and valley toward the land of promise. This was the vanguard company going into the Far West to find the place where the entire people could secure peace and tranquillity.

The company consisted of well-tempered frontiersmen who had received their training by previously establishing colonies on several American frontiers. Brigham divided them into companies patterned after the organization used by Moses in ancient Israel, as he had done the previous year while crossing Iowa. This method of dividing companies into hundreds, fifties, and tens, with captains over each, was followed by all the caravans of modern Israelites as they traveled toward their new Zion.

In order to guard against Indian attacks, Brigham Young formed a military organization, appointing a colonel and two majors. Night guards were instituted, and during the daytime all extra men were ordered to travel beside the teams with their guns in readiness for quick action. When camp was made at night, the wagons were drawn up in a circle with the livestock in the center. Everyone was in bed at nine o'clock and the fires were extinguished. At seven o'clock they were again headed westward. On Sundays they rested and worshipped the Lord.

As they moved forward they traveled for days over burned terrain, following along the north bank of the North Platte River while the Oregon Trail paralleled the south bank. Vast herds of buffalo were frequently encountered, and the hunters of the band provided fresh meat for the travelers. Between ravages of fire and buffaloes, little fodder was left for the horses and cattle. As the days dragged by springtime was followed by mid-summer heat. Dust and dirt, stirred up by the lead teams, enveloped the caravan in a thick cloud which made breathing difficult. Sweat, heat, dirt, dust, and miles and miles of weary traveling were encountered day after day; and yet the exiles were undaunted.

By summer the caravan reached the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Timber wolves and rattlesnakes were now encountered. Rolling prairies gave way to bluffs. Mountains passes took the place of open trails. The rumble of the wagon wheels and the lowing of cattle resounded from canyon to canyon, as the long caravan forged its way forward, often doubling up the teams to climb the steep grades.

About noon on Saturday, July 24, 1847, the pioneer company emerged upon the narrow plateau near the mouth of Emigration Canyon. Coming out of the seemingly endless mountain ranges at last, the gallant pioneers beheld a vista which to their tired eyes must have seemed like a mirage in a desert. Brigham Young was riding in Wilford Woodruff’s carriage. Together they gazed on the extensive valley which was to become their new home. Of this event, Apostle Woodruff recorded in his journal:

“We came in full view of the valley of the Great Salt
Lake; the land of promise, held in reserve by God, as a
resting place for his Saints.

“We gazed in wonder and admiration upon the vast
valley before us, with the waters of the Great Salt Lake
glistening in the sun, mountains towering to the skies, and
streams of pure water running through the beautiful
valley . . . . Pleasant thoughts ran through our minds at
the prospect that . . . the valleys would be converted into
orchards, vineyards, and fruitful fields, cities erected
to the name of the Lord, and the standard of Zion unfurled
for the gathering of Israel . . . . Many things of the
future, concerning the valley, were shown him [Brigham
Young] in vision.”

Then the Mormon leader made the statement which has
since become famous: “This is the place! Drive on.”

The pioneer leaders had gazed upon a large valley
which at that time was nothing more than a desolate
desert. In every direction stretched acres and acres of
gray sage, casting upward a dreary haze on the horizon.
To the westward the bottomlands were beds of alkali.
Prickly pears, cheat grass, and thistles also dotted the
landscape; and there were only two or three cottonwood
trees to be seen in the entire valley. Millions of big, ugly,
fat crickets warmed on the scant vegetation. With discour­
gagement in their hearts, these were the things that many
of the weary travelers saw; but not so with Brigham Young
and the other leaders. They visioned through prophetic
eyes what would be in the future by the application of
hard work and the blessings of their God. They saw in
vision Utah today when the desert has literally been made
to blossom as the rose.

As Brigham Young and his party made camp on City
Creek where Salt Lake City now stands, the vanguard
company of the Great Trek had reached its journey’s end;
but for years and years tens and tens of thousands of
Latter-day Saints followed the same trail to Zion. Under
the direction of the Church, approximately 85,220 emi-
grants from Europe migrated to the Salt Lake Valley
between 1847 and 1887, and thousands of others came from
various parts of the United States. While Brigham Young
was president of the Church, 1847-1877, over 70,000 Eu-
ropean emigrants were brought to Utah. One historian con-
cluded that “It was, taken all in all, the most successful ex-
ample of regulated immigration in United States history.”

Thousands of those people came to Utah by ox trains,
others walked, and approximately 4,000 crossed the plains
by pushing and pulling handcarts. Thus the Great Trek
was repeated year after year with also a repetition of
heroic incidents, many of which will never be recorded in
the pages of history.

Never since the days that the God of Abraham, Isaac,
and Jacob led the children of Israel from the yoke of
Egyptian bondage to the Promised Land has a movement
of exiles, completely dominated by a religious motive,
been so thoroughly organized, efficiently directed, and
masterfully executed as the migration of the Mormons to
the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Thus America, young
and virile as she is, has produced her own unusual epic
which we have termed the Great Trek.

This year, being the centennial of the arrival of the
Mormon pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, the citizens of
Utah paused long enough from the hurry, scurry routine
of making a livelihood to erect a beautiful monument,
costing $350,000.00, on the spot where Brigham Young
made his memorable statement. This massive granite
structure, which is bedecked with more bronze figures
representing historical characters and events than any
other monument in the world, has been christened the
“THIS IS THE PLACE MONUMENT.” It was dedi-
cated on July 24, 1947, almost exactly on the hour of one
hundred years from the time of the arrival of the pioneers
in the Salt Lake Valley. Throughout the past entire year,
Utah has been garbed in festivity, celebrating the centen­
nial of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers, the founding
of the state, and the resultant building of a great com-
monwealth by a heroic people in the arid West.

1 Wilford Woodruff, Journal, July 24, 1847, cited in Andrew
Jesson, The Historical Record, IX, 77.
2 Katherine Conant, Economic Beginnings of the Far West, II, 84.
It is interesting to note that until the death of Joseph Smith in June of 1844, Brigham Young was not a leader but a very devout follower. He had traveled thousands of miles, not only in America but in England spreading Mormon doctrine, but he was always the subordinate. He never once aspired to take over the head man’s job. His electrifying personality and his great leadership qualities were only properly recognized when he appeared in Nauvoo, Illinois, following Smith’s death and called in a clarion voice, “Attention all.” His voice and manner was so like the murdered Smith’s that he rallied the sorrowing and leaderless Mormons. Two years later Young and his followers started on the great trek which ended a century ago in the bleak and desolate valley where now stands beautiful Salt Lake City.

The Vermont association with the Mormons included not only Joseph Smith’s followers and brothers, Hyrum and Samuel, but also Oliver Cowdery. This young Palmyra school teacher, who wrote the book of Mormon as dictated by Joseph Smith, was a native of Vermont. It can therefore be said that the Vermont background carried through from the prophet Joseph to the scribe Cowdery to the builder Young.

Perhaps the wags were not so far wrong when they commented in 1912 that President William Howard Taft, seeking a second term, had carried only the “Mormon” states—Utah and Vermont.

The most objectionable aspect of the Mormon religion to most people was the practice of polygamy, or as Mormons preferred to call it, “plural marriage.” Probably for this reason Vermonters were loath for many years to acknowledge their close association to the Mormon leaders. Although Joseph Smith had many wives, Brigham Young is better known as the great propagator. It is unfortunate that this feature was played up so much that his traits of great leadership were neglected. Polygamy, or plural marriage, was accepted by the Mormons for economic and self-preservation reasons—not to encourage moral license. There were about five women to one man among the early followers of Joseph Smith. To insure proper support and guidance and happiness to this predominantly female group, it was more practical and advantageous to allow a man to take more than one wife. So the practice of polygamy began and continued.

Polygamy is now a thing of the past among the present Mormons, who believe that God gave them a body as a temple and who treat this body with respect and moderation. The Mormons in Salt Lake City are non-drinking, non-smoking, hospitable, healthy people. The intense belief in their version of Christianity impels them to donate one-tenth of their worldly possessions to the Church. Their early leaders established the first department store in America which now exists as the Z.C.M.I. (Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution.) These same leaders built one of America’s most beautiful cities. The spirit of friendliness and hospitality is natural, not affected. They are happy when working because they enjoy their work.

It is quite fitting that during this one-hundredth anniversary year of the founding of Salt Lake City by Brigham Young and his stalwart band, that Vermonters should also commemorate their close bond to Utah and do what they can to help rewrite the Mormon story in a fair and friendly manner.

END
Arthur Packard, Farm Bureau President and originator of the forums, talks over farm problems with Representative Fred Smith of Burlington. Sensitive to the needs of agriculture, Packard, who mirrors the rugged strength of the Vermont farmer, is a constantly re-elected leader.

Don Elberson, (above left) organizer of the neighborhood clubs, goes over the discussion guide for the first night with Victor Cline, who was later chosen Chairman of the group. He is a recognized farm leader in his community.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Farm Bureau discussion groups provide democracy of discussion as well as recreational opportunities for rural Vermonters

By MARJORIE ALEXANDER

Pictures by IAN McLAUGHLIN
Mrs. E. B. Andross, discussion leader of the East Topsham Neighborhood club, makes a droll point (while her audience registers amused appreciation). To develop the thinking of everyone in the group is the job, but "lecturing" by the leader is considered bad practice.

This is the serious business of "neighboring." Weather conditions, the progress of haying, a little local gossip seasons the discussion of broader topics. There is real value in this, not only to loosen a person up but to get others' opinions.

A new venture based on an ideal as old as the Green Mountains is the organization of the Neighborhood Clubs, which in one year have spread all over Vermont from Morgan Center, near the Canadian line, down-country to Springfield.

What the Clubs represent is the old saying that "you get out of anything just what you put into it." By the free-for-all discussions of common problems and by the recreation programs in which everybody participates, the members achieve a real sort of cooperation.

The Neighborhood Clubs owe their start to Arthur Packard, president of the Vermont Farm Bureau, who had put a lot of time and effort into winning the farmers of Vermont to an adult education program. After two false starts with Neighborhood Clubs, in 1937 and again in 1942, the State Farm Bureau called in a full-time staff member a year ago, to put the program on its feet. He was Don Elberson of Ohio, with experience in just the type of clubs Packard had been wanting so long for his own state.

Elberson was the organizer who, in the fall of 1946, went to four Vermont centers—Rutland, Burlington, Montpelier and St. Johnsbury—and talked with leaders from communities in all parts of the state. From these early meetings grew most of the food plays its usual role; Mrs. Joe Bissonette prepares simple refreshments for an indoor meeting. Summer, however, brings forth the inevitable wiener roast, on Waitsfield Common.

Animation. When Paul Dufresne of Williston gets an idea, he pushes it for all it is worth. However, there is always a readiness on the part of all participants not only to share their viewpoints with the group, but also to listen attentively while their neighbors press theirs. It takes a two-way exchange to make a club work.
Elbersmi explains to a new group the purposes of a neighborhood club and how it works. This is a Farmer's Club in Cavendish, over 40 years old, which was interested in becoming part of the Farm Bureau Neighborhood Club program.

John and Hall Peterson look on as Bertha McLam reads the minutes of the last meeting to the East Topsham group. The secretary is an important element of continuity in the local club, and provides the Farm Bureau officers with much wanted news of the activity and thinking of the neighborhoods on farm problems.

the Neighborhood Clubs, now meeting every month to discuss public affairs.

Purposely limited to membership of about 20 people, each club is headed by a chairman who makes long-range plans for the group's projects as well as keeping the group together during enthusiastic discussions, giving everyone a chance to "have his say."

Topics which provide the grist for their conversational mills may include, by way of example, the following: labor legislation, the big farm versus the family-size farm, soil fertility, foreign trade and rural health and education programs. One of the major functions of the clubs is to let the farmers get acquainted with cooperatives of all kinds, which the Farm Bureau has sponsored for years. Study of how co-ops function may mean organization of a new co-op group, or strengthening an existing one.

No matter what topic is under discussion, the Clubs follow through with action, if only by a show of hands to express a group decision on some local, national or international issue. In various cases, an idea born of the neighborhood feeling at a club meeting has spread throughout a community to mean funds appropriated at town meeting for a district health nurse, installation of village street lights, or a demand by members that their Congressmen in Washington restore federal soil conservation practices.

Whatever is said and decided at the Neighborhood Clubs is reported by the Club secretary to the State Farm Bureau office in Burlington. The reports are carried on the pages of the Farm Bureau News along with a column by Don Elbersen called "Swinging Around Vermont," which describes the Neighborhood Club progress throughout the state. He also sends his clubs a monthly newsletter to keep them tied together, plus a bulletin of discussion topics, helpful but by no means compulsory, under the title, "The Vermont Neighbor."

Taking their cues from Burlington, the Neighborhood Clubs go to work themselves, developing new leaders and producing group ideas in a true "democracy of discussion."

Visual education plays an important role in discussion groups. Here, in the Cavendish group, a large and representative sampling of the agricultural community, young and old alike, witness with intense interest the showing of a movie by County Agent Mike Nelson. Films provide background material.

Good old fashioned and heartily unsophisticated fun is an important part of a neighborhood club's activities. Emphasis is always placed on group participation, rather than entertainment by a single person. This is a group game.
Large audiences in all the major cities in the state have gathered to hear distinguished speakers, including ambassadors and statesmen, discuss national and international issues.

**Vermont FORUMS**

Neighborhood Clubs represent the grass-roots approach Vermonters have to their problems. However, even if statewide, they would be composed largely of rural people. A group of active and alive people got together back in 1946 to organize a series of large forums which could blanket the state and which would be open to all displaying interest enough to take out a membership. They were based largely on a successful formula tested in Bennington where Ned Jennings built a community forum which was uncommonly popular.

State and local leaders hailed the new organization. Facing the discouragement of the isolated individual up against colossal international problems, Vermont's Warren Austin, United States delegate to the United Nations, advised a nationwide radio audience to tackle the situation like Vermonters—in open forum.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher enthused: "Vermonters, who have been accustomed for a century and a half to thinking and acting responsibly in the management of their town affairs, their state and their nation, were all too ready to take on the responsibility of having clear and informed ideas about the management of the world."

Contact with internationally minded men of affairs was necessary; yet these could not conceivably visit every scattered community. Therefore six centers were selected: Bennington, Rutland, Burlington, Brattleboro and Montpelier. Norwich, Windsor and Woodstock took the speakers in rotation.

The organization did not work out all its problems in a single year, stumbled at several points in normal experimental fashion. Vermonters like to learn by experience. But they thought there was too much lecturing—too much emphasis on far-away problems. This year the Forum staff and its local committees are holding down their speakers to rigid time limits and developing various forms of panel discussions, etc., utilizing films to a considerable extent to flavor and enliven the program. They have also selected a wide range of topics of local, national and international interest, in which Vermonters themselves will participate as speakers. A highly successful season seems in prospect.

By statewide organization, the Forums provide five or six sessions for the modest membership fee of $3.50 a year (half that for students). A member can go to any meeting anywhere.

Questioning from the floor is a fundamental part of a true forum, and is constantly emphasized by the Directors and staff of Vermont Forums.

Intense interest and awareness of the critical role which American public opinion plays in shaping world policy, characterizes Forum audiences.
“Oh well, you can't get something for nothing.” So runs the old adage. Once in a while somebody is reminded of it and cites it casually, usually thinking of it in terms of cash. In terms of hard work, it is the basic assumption of Vermont life, where hard work often has to take the place of cash. We don't remember it once in a while. We never forget it. It is the rocky ledge on which we build all our projects, out of which we grow all we produce. Anything that gets done in Vermont is a result of lots of effort.

Perhaps this is the reason why Vermonters don't seem to be able to pour out as readily and with as muchunction as some folks, the rich syrup of outspoken pride about their State's occasional real successes. It is a sobering element in human life to be intimately aware (by a reminiscent ache in your bones, so to speak) that every success has cost long, intense, persistent effort.

Perhaps no Vermont institution has cost more in effort than the project of organizing and carrying on a good-quality State Symphony Orchestra, composed of people from all over the map, in a State which has very few wealthy people—very few of any kind of people in the modern standards, for the population of Vermont is only 360,000, men, women, children and babies, less than a moderate-sized city like Rochester, New York. This population is spread out very thin over a rough, mountainous, heavily forested area, in scattered small towns, villages, hamlets and farms. The climate is not an amiable one, long winters with constantly renewed ice and snow make travelling from one place to another difficult.

In short, if it hadn't been done, hadn't existed for some twelve years now, anybody with ordinary sense would know it to be more than improbable—to be downright impossible. There are times when those who have been with the effort from the beginning, still can hardly believe that it has come to pass; that Vermont has a Symphony Orchestra of its own people, who come from St. Johnsbury, Barre, Montpelier, Burlington, Middlebury, Rutland, Proctor, Bennington, Manchester, Woodstock, Claremont, New Hampshire, and Glens Falls, New York. And that the Orchestra has played or is playing in Rutland, Burlington, Manchester, Woodstock, Bennington, Middlebury, St. Albans, Montpelier, Barre, Newport, St. Johnsbury, Bellows Falls, Springfield, Chester, Brattleboro, Putney, Johnson, and Poultney. And furthermore,
The Vermont State Symphony, first in the country to organize on a statewide basis, recruits its players from all corners of the state, does not hesitate to take its Concert master, Virginia de Blasis, from Glens Falls, across the lake. Led by Alan Carter (right) it includes outstanding artists, like Joyce Preston of Burlington (below).

(Kodachromes by Warren Case)
Centered around its conductor are some of the widely scattered personnel of the orchestra: reading from left to right, Charles Larson of Proctor, 3rd trombone; Dorothy Domina of Orleans, 1st trumpet; Dan Farnsworth of Rutland, 1st cello; Paul Bourdon of Woodstock, 1st bass; and Woodford Garrigus of Middlebury, 1st oboe and English horn.

Captain Carter took charge of the GI symphony, he was able to build a functioning orchestra.

it was the first State Symphony orchestra in the United States.

Everywhere else—isn't this literally true? Pretty nearly so, anyhow—a symphony is supported by a few rich patrons of art. Maybe by one, with large sums of money. In Vermont the orchestra's financial support—such as 'tis—has come in, in small sums from many sources. As a matter of fact, it has never had enough such support, not nearly. It falls from one precarious year with its threat of a fatal deficit, into the next year with a prospect of more such difficulties. But after all, what is our two-legged human forward advance, if not preventing yourself from falling from one foot, by thrusting out the other one? It is enough if you keep on falling forward. The Vermont Symphony Orchestra has always fallen forward, and proceeds on its more or less impecunious way, year after year, to enrich and deepen and beautify Vermont life.

And perhaps this very difficulty, perpetually renewed, needing everybody's efforts to conquer, possibly this may make the pleasure all the sweeter. To use a materialistic figure of speech, half the fun of eating a beefsteak is that you have to chew it. You wouldn’t want it to have the consistency of a cornstarch pudding!

You start off for a practise rehearsal, five of you in an old Ford, on a snowy zero night, your 'cello commingling with the heavy winter foot-gear of your traveling companions, your flute is tucked inside your windbreaker to keep it from freezing to death. Your head leans against a violin case. The viola-player at the steering-wheel holds the car steady (well, moderately steady!) as it grinds up an icy winter road. Perhaps the extreme pleasure to which you strive in this rough way, is enhanced by paying for it with hardihood and endurance of discomfort.

And, this must not be forgotten, a large part of the very great effort that has gone into (and is going into) the Vermont Orchestra is musical effort; hence joy in itself, pure joy, immediate joy, and therefore brings no morning-after headache of reaction or lassitude, as most humanly-felt joys do. You are filled to your last fibre by the noble and vital rhythms of the music when you drive back over that icy winter road. The very lurches of your laboring car seem arranged in Beethoven or Brahms surges.

All the same, joy or not, it is hard work. If Alan Carter, the conductor, had not had a fine constitution, great bodily strength and endurance, he never would have survived to step up to the podium at the concerts of the Vermont Symphony Orchestra. The people in the audience who see him only at such times, a fine figure of a man, tall, distinguished in the traditional formal black of the conductor, do not always realize that the Vermont audience applauding him so heartily, sees him also climbing wearily out of a weather-beaten car, burly with layer upon layer of winter clothes, stamping the snow from his galoshes as he makes his way across

Carl P. Hanson, noted explorer and writer, gives Conductor Carter a lift on a back hill road. The leadership of a statewide orchestra demands more than just podium personality, or even musical competence.
During the legislative session of 1945 the Symphony gave a concert in the Assembly chambers, to the great delight of the late Governor William H. Will (center, left) and assembled legislators. A distinguished soloist was presented in chambers more accustomed to musings than music. (Arthur Griffin)

the road to the building where that evening's practise is to be held. Or perhaps, muddy to his eyes from changing a tire on a hill-road in March. Or perhaps sitting at a roadside diner's counter, washing down his doughnuts with a hasty cup of coffee, alongside the late truck drivers. If the Vermont Symphony Orchestra is unique, certainly the life of its leader is unique in the absence of the traditional cotton-wool in which temperamental conductors are wrapped.

There's another reason for the applause of the Vermont audiences which gather some twelve times a year to hear their orchestra play Bach, and Wagner, and Brahms, and Grieg, and Beethoven, and always one number by a living composer, and never any trivial trash. It is their own—not only supported by, but manned by their own folks.

Not long ago in Bennington, going to my dentist, I found him distractedly trying to do everything himself—answer the telephone, see people in the office, find his own tools, make appointments. "My assistant is not here today," he explained briefly. "Not sick, I hope?" I asked.

"No, up in Rutland, rehearsing in the Orchestra for the concert this evening. She plays second violin."

I went once with a group of friends after a Vermont Symphony Orchestra concert to a nearby drug store for ice-cream sodas. Some of those friends were New York people. They had for the white-jacketed, elderly man who drew our sodas for us, the blank, unseeing city eye, and were struck into astounding silence when, quite naturally (I should say so indeed! he was a highly valued citizen in that town) he joined in our discussion of one number of the concert, "But don't you think," he said casually, "that it's a mistake to consider the oboe a solo instrument?"

Seeing them surprised, he explained,
This scene, photographed in the Vermont Country Store at Weston is still typical of the role of Cross Crackers in many crossroads emporiums today. From left to right: Paul Orton, the Cracker Barrel, Harry LaPlant and Gustav May.
Those Cracker-Barrel Crackers

The Old-time cracker that Charles Cross first baked over 100 years ago is part of Vermont’s folklore today . . . .

A strong rural folkway of Vermont during the entire 19th century, and for that matter still valid today, sprang from the homely habit of the country store forum. Seated around the red hot pot-bellied stove, in every village and crossroads general store in the state, Vermonter young and old discussed and sometimes settled the affairs of the town, state, and nation. Genuine, if informal microcosms of democracy, these daily and nightly meetings of rural folk would probably never have been sustained longer than a half hour or so had not the members been able to reach for a Montpelier cracker! For, handy by, there always sat a stout oak barrel of these crackers and it was never considered stealing, or even pilfering, for one and all to reach into the open barrel and help themselves to a reasonable number of these dry, bland, crunchy and toothsome crackers, first made by Charles Cross back sometime about 1830 or so, in Montpelier, Vermont.

Although Timothy Cross came over from New Hampshire in 1828 and started the bakery, it was his brother Charles who soon bought out the business and first made the famous cracker, mixing the dough, cutting out the round shapes by hand, and using a small wooden paddle to place them in his brick oven. Starting out on foot to peddle the new product, Charles Cross soon found that word of mouth had been his best advertising agent, and before long he was selling the crackers from a horse drawn cart. The one horse wagon grew, over a period of years, to four covered wagons, each with a four horse hitch, which along with village delivery carts, comprised the distribution system until the days of delivery by rail and later by trucks.

Steadily growing, the business at Montpelier in 1863 became C. H. Cross and Son—one of Charles’ sons, L. Bart Cross, becoming the junior partner. Another son, George, started his own bakery at St. Johnsbury and also baked Cross crackers, which is the reason why for years Vermonters knew these unique crackers as either “Montpelier crackers,” or if they lived in Caledonia county, as “St. Johnsbury Crackers.” Both companies are still in operation. Charles Cross, originator of the first, died in 1905 at the age of 93, and the Montpelier concern later became Cross Baking Company.

George Cross retired in 1911, selling his business to Wilbur D. Davis and Benjamin Scribner. It is operated today under the name of George H. Cross, Inc.

The crackers, however, are now made only at Montpelier, where they were originated nearly 120 years ago. To avoid further confusion they are now referred to officially as Cross Vermont Crackers.

When we spoke, a paragraph or two back, about “word of mouth” advertising, no pun was intended and, as a matter of fact, a member of the country store forum, with his mouth full of crackers was bound to be silent for a spell.

The dry mouthful gave rise to a game common throughout the Green Mountain country, which was the source of many bets and much hilarity. Those selected to play had each to eat six crackers and then the one who could whistle first won.

It is rather curious that so simple an object as a cracker would become so closely imbedded in the folkways of the state. The object itself is about 2 3/4 inches in diameter, and puffed up to about 3/4 of an inch thick, and without any pronounced taste. Its very blandness and its ingratiating neutrality probably accounts for over a century of increasing popularity, for its uses were and still are manifold and unexpected.

The puffed thickness, for example, allowed the cracker to be split open with the thumb nail and in one hand—a dexterity rivaling the western one-handed rolling of a brown paper cigarette on horseback, and convenient when one hand was needed for gesticulation in a heated discussion. In the household—and the impression must not be left that Cross Crackers were eaten only in the country store—the split-open cracker was for years a standby, toasted over the fire, sometimes with a piece of Vermont cheese laid on and grilled in. In later years it served magnificently as a base for the more sophisticated canape, and cocktail hors d’oeuvre.

But the classic and still most sworn by use for the appetizing bit was “cracker and milk.”

Cross crackers broken up in a big bowl of cold milk, are eaten as a supper dish, usually with a hunk of good cheese in one hand, the spoon in the other. “Cracker and milk,” in Vermont always means, not just any cracker but Cross crackers, and if you think you can dislodge this long relished supper, or snack pièce de résistance by suggesting that some other kind of crackers, sweet, salty, or in any other form are better, you will soon discover that nothing is so firmly established.

The historical background for this article is based on material furnished to Mary Childs Nerney by Norman D’Arthénay, of the Cross Baking Co.
in our mores as this inseparable and natural combination.

Up to comparatively recent years, every sensible Vermont family always stocked up, in the fall, with plenty of these delectable crackers. They didn't run to the store and buy a dozen—they bought them by the barrel. They set the barrel in the buttery for one and all to reach into. A barrel of Montpelier crackers was as permanent and necessary a part of our winter provender, as the buckets of maple sugar for cooking, the crock of salt pork, and of cucumber pickles, and several smoked hams and sides of bacon hanging from the rafters. Of course nowadays, in our more effete civilization, and with stores handy, we buy the crackers in cellophane window boxes, and yet, in some places, back in the hills, such as is shown in the picture on page 42 this Vermont standby is still sold, in bulk, by the pound, direct from the barrel.

The cover on top of the barrel was the subject of many jibes at the storekeeper in the early days. If he left the cover on the barrel throughout the day, and especially during the evening when the folks came down to "set" around the store and the barrel, he was considered stingy and mean, and never included in the general talk. Stories are told about other storekeepers fixing up gadgets that would cause a bell to ring when anyone took off the cover, and even of one genius who invented a mean and evil contraption that would trap a man's hand as he reached for a cracker. But we suspect these originated in New Hampshire or Maine, where, so it is rumoured, imitations of the Montpelier cracker were made.

As much as this story seems to lean to stores, the Montpelier cracker also was a habit that ranged far and wide beyond both the home and store. There was never until recent years—and the custom is not entirely dead—a farm or village auction in Vermont where the owner of the property was too stingy to omit the feature of "luncheon at 12 sharp." And this always consisted of a barrel of Montpelier crackers and a big round store cheese. If you wanted to wash it down with something wet, you had to bring your own.

Louise Andrews Kent, author of that pleasantly discursive cooking book, Mrs. Appleyard's Kitchen, has paid a great deal of attention, and properly so, to the unlimited but always satisfying fashion in which these crackers can be introduced into the human system. Over on another page we are printing some of her recipes and thoughts on the use of the crackers.

Probably one of the reasons for the longevity of the Cross Cracker is the fact that, in a changing and unstable world, these crackers are still made according to the original recipe, and in the same shape. The founder, Charles Cross, was a thrifty New Englander who did not believe in wasting anything. Those who operate the company today have business acumen enough to realize the high value of a nationally famous reputation which these crackers have won over the years and have no intention of trying to change the crackers in any way, shape, or manner. The fact that thousands of people eat these crackers because they like the crispness, flakiness and good clean taste, and also because the idea evokes considerable nostalgia, is a fact too important to tamper with. The Cross people today haven't even tampered with the method of delivery except to take advantage of modern methods. Through north central Vermont, fifteen company trucks deliver Cross crackers and other bakery products every day, some of them starting out while the milkman is still asleep, and making daily circuits of up to 130 miles.

Although, early in the career of the founder Charles Cross, he had made and installed what was said to be the first cracker machine in the world, the present machines are nothing more or less than a simple method of increasing the speed of the original operations. Today the Cross Bakery still mixes and bakes crackers in small batches: the dough is rolled by machine and travels on a moving belt to
be cut by machine. But the cut shapes still have to be lifted off the belt by men with giant wooden paddles, and thrust onto the trays of the insulated steel ovens which have long since replaced the wood-fired brick affairs of the early days. Inside the hot oven, the trays holding the crackers move around continuously so that the crackers will be baked on all sides with exactly the right amount of heat and time.

Three years after his father Charles' death, L. Batt Cross sold the business to George L. Edson and Frank A. Hayden; the latter was succeeded by William L. McKee who afterwards gave up active participation in the business when he became State Finance Commissioner. His interest was purchased by G. Landale Edson in 1941. When George Edson died in 1942 his son Landale became the head of the concern which he manages today.

The Cross Bakery, the oldest industry in the state has now grown to some 80 employees, and is turning out a product sold from coast to coast, not only through its jobber's distribution system, but through direct mail sales to consumers in every state. The oldtime Montpelier crackers are also sold by other mail order concerns, who specialize in Vermont products.

Charles Cross, as the business grew, kept buying real estate in Montpelier and being a thrifty gentleman, moved several buildings from time to time to the site of the bakery, adding them onto the original structure. In time he had seven units of varying floor and roof levels, connected by ramps and stairways—a relic of the founder which the present management has not, being at the same location, been able to do away with entirely.

The fact that the concern has been located on Main street in the state capital longer than the memory of anyone alive today, adds to the nostalgic element in the Cross cracker popularity. This is not hurt by the still green memory of many men now in their later years who spent their boyhood in Montpelier. It was a common custom in bygone days for the boys to go down to C. H. Cross and Son's, as it was then, and stand around the wide door entrance to the bakery, on the south side of the wooden frame building. If they stood around long enough, and got there at the right time, they would generally get one of the bakers to notice them. If he was a good fellow, and he usually was, he would take the wide wooden paddle, shove it into the oven under some crackers baking there, and bring them out, red hot, so the boys could each grab one and eat it. They had to wait a second for the (Continued on page 55)
Skiing is a sport of thrills and spills. The skier above probably experienced both. But to make sure that no dare-devil amateur, un­ successfully trying a stunt beyond his ability, will be left unattended, Mansfield fans organized the unique, volunteer ski patrol, which combines the skills of competent veterans with emergency first aid.

**SKI PATROL**

*By LUTHER S. BOOTH*

**On** a bitterly cold night in January, 1936, in the eerie half-light which precedes utter darkness on a mountain in winter, a skier stumbled to the door of Ranch Camp at the foot of Mt. Mansfield at Stowe. There Craig Burt, lumber operator and early promoter of Mt. Mansfield skiing, and some of his men who had been working to transform Ranch Camp from a lumber camp to a resort for skiers, were about to sit down to supper. The skier, himself near the point of exhaustion, came to report an accident on the Toll Road. It was, he said, a leg injury which required immediate attention lest the victim succumb to shock and exposure to the cold.

Mr. Burt, as co-chairman of the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club’s recently formed Ski Patrol, went into action. After dispatching his men to find means of transportation, he called Franklin Griffin, Stowe business man and his fellow chairman. While Mr. Griffin and such members of the Patrol as he could find on short notice started for Smugglers Notch, the group headed by Mr. Burt was fortunate enough to find an ordinary sports type toboggan. Forming at the Toll House, the rescue party began the laborious climb to the scene of the accident, poorly equipped but armed with courage, determination and stamina.

Guided by the intermittent gleams from flashlights and shouts from the victim, the searchers soon reached the spot where the skier had come to grief. After only the most rudimentary First Aid, the injured man was placed on the toboggan, covered with a blanket and the long haul down the mountain began.

Two hours after his companion had notified Ranch Camp, the unfortunate skier was on his way to medical attention, and the first rescue made by an organized Ski Patrol in North America became history. The Mt. Mansfield Ski Patrol had justified its brief existence.

For the moment, let us jump the intervening years to the winter of 1946 when Norman Cass, an announcer on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company, fell on the upper reaches of the Toll Road. Minutes later two patrolmen skidded to a stop beside him. Stepping out of their skis one carefully straightened the crumpled leg while the other skillfully made an examination.

The patrolman was sure from his examination and from past experience the leg was fractured. But he did not, in accordance with his training, tell the victim this. He merely said, "I think we will splint this just to be on the safe side."

Two more patrolmen, one a woman, came upon the scene and stopped to offer their assistance. The four of them working together as a team splinted the leg, then carefully placed him in a sleeping bag which was transferred to a toboggan lately declared surplus by the U.S. Army.

As Mr. Cass was rather a large man and heavy, they decided that four on the toboggan would be better under the prevailing trail conditions. Once the splint had been applied the injured skier seemed not to suffer much from shock and talked with his rescuers on the trip down. He ruefully admitted that not only was his holiday spoiled but that he was concerned about his scheduled appearance before a microphone three hundred miles away and on the very next morning. From then on he got special service.

Two patrolmen went with him to the Copley Hospital in Morrisville where a cast was applied to his leg. They waited for him and brought him back to Stowe where crutches were bought; they took him to Waterbury where he was to board the train for New York. They got his tickets for him and carried him bodily into the train and made sure that he was comfortably settled.

These patrolmen were all members of the volunteer club patrol. Their greatest satisfaction in a job well done was gained when at ten o’clock the following morning those listening in heard a familiar voice say: “Ladies and gentlemen, this is Norman Cass. . . .”

Such a case is not now unusual. But it is narrated here merely as a contrasting episode in the development of the Ski Patrol movement which had its inception in Vermont, a movement which swept in as ski areas were opened from coast to coast. For the years from 1935 to the present, let us glance back up the trail for a moment.

It seems that the idea of a Ski Patrol was first advanced by Roland Palmedo, a member of the Amateur Ski Club of New York, an ardent skier and a man who later became well known to Vermonters through his work in making the Mr. Mansfield Lift emerge from a dream to reality. Mr. Palmedo modestly states
that he in turn borrowed the idea from a patrol maintained on the Parsenn at Davos, Switzerland.

The Mt. Mansfield Ski Club, at the suggestion of Mr. Palmedo, appointed Craig Burt and Franklin Griffin as co-chairmen of a Ski Patrol Committee to form and direct a Ski Patrol, this in early winter of 1935. Neither of these gentlemen was quite sure just what was to be expected of a Ski Patrol, but they set up as the aims and purposes of the new organization a policy for "guiding new-comers to the area, helping beginning skiers and assisting in emergencies."

In the early years it was believed that in numbers there must be strength, apparently, for so many Ski Patrol badges were distributed—the first ones were orange felt triangles suggested by shoulder patches worn by New York Mounted Police—that at times it looked like the blind leading the blind. When the increasing number of skiers invading the area soon indicated that some kind of intelligent First Aid care on the trails would be of paramount importance, the American Red Cross was asked to make a survey with a view to making a special First Aid course available to skiers, especially ski patrolmen.

This was done and First Aid became a primary requirement for membership in the Mt. Mansfield Ski Patrol. This thinned the ranks of the Patrol but left a group better prepared to cope with the increasing number of accidents.

There are three factors which enter into winter First Aid and which are never found in the same combination in everyday life or sports. First there is the weather—extreme cold, snow or sleet—which tends to increase shock. Second, always the need for speed—speed in getting to the scene of the accident and speed in transportation. Third, there must be special means of transportation. By the trial and error method these problems were gradually overcome. Trails are now equipped with caches which store blankets or sleeping bags; toboggans are placed at frequent intervals; patrolmen are trained in the use of this equipment as well as in First aid. In the winter of 1938, during the National Downhill ski race held on the Nose Dive, Charles M. "Minnie" Dole, another member of the Amateur Ski Club of New York, was assisting Albert Gottlieb of Stowe in the direction of an enlarged Mr. Mansfield Ski Patrol. Impressed with the work of the Patrol, Dole made the suggestion to Roger Langley, President of the National Ski Association, that a National Ski Patrol System be formed. Langley accepted the suggestion in the name of the National Ski Association; the Amateur Ski Club of New York advanced $50; and the National Ski Patrol System with Dole as Chairman, a position he still holds, got under way.

The NSPS appointed key men in the various ski areas to act as organizers. As the National grew, whole patrols were invited to join the System so that now most patrols in the important ski centers are member patrols. The NSPS sought to and has been most successful in standardizing Ski Patrol requirements and practices so that now members of patrols within the System must have completed the Red Cross Thirty-hour Course in First Aid plus additional time on First Aid most applicable to winter sports accidents.

Members of patrols within the System must now be better than average skiers and many are expert.

Raymond J. Amiro, Special Field Representative of the American Red Cross assigned to work with patrols within the System, observes: "It has been my pleasure and privilege to work in close cooperation with the NSPS. This has brought me to Vermont and allowed me to observe personally the First Aid techniques practiced by members of the various Ski Patrols. . . . It is a source of constant satisfaction to me to see the high caliber of the First Aid work being done by the patrols of the NSPS in Vermont, in all kinds of weather and under all sorts of trying circumstances."

It must be admitted that skiers from our neighboring state of New York had much to do with forming the first Ski Patrol, but to Vermonters must go the credit for putting the idea into practice, for working out the problems of the early days.

In closing this piece I cannot resist the opportunity to toss a well deserved bunch of orchids to the volunteer members of the Ski Patrol. They take time from their own skiing to help others. They work like slaves sometimes in the back-breaking, heart-straining work of hauling tobgogans. They freeze; they go hungry. They are rugged individuals; they have to be. Why do they do this work? I don't know, and I have worked with them for ten years. Maybe they are just "Good Samaritans."

Should misfortune overtake you on the trail—maybe you've broken a ski, left your glasses on the mountain top or suffered a compound fracture of the pants—don't wail or write your Congressman. Send for the Ski Patrol—everybody else does!

But accidents will happen. And for the same reason that every well-run community provides emergency accident service, the Ski Patrol provides its own variety of ambulance. Volunteer members have acquired unusual skill in handling the common fractures, bumps and bruises.
in 1665 along with two additional forts—Chambly and Ste. Therese which were raised further on down. In the summer of 1666, the Governor ordered Captain Pierre La Motte to the island which now bears his name, to build there the first outpost on the lake itself—and incidentally to establish the first white settlement in Vermont. Although a large log bastion and a chapel were raised at this Fort St. Anne, its life was short. The French themselves destroyed it within ten years.

In addition to the defence provided by the forts, the Governor determined to carry the Fleur de Lis deep into Iroquois land to awe the enemy into suing for peace. Several expeditions were only partly successful, and Mohawk retaliation brought the utter destruction of Lachine, only a few miles from Montreal.

By 1689 the French and British nations collided in the beginning of what was to be a century of wars of empire. Into all of these the people of New France and New England were drawn, until finally the colonials themselves continued to fight across ill-defined frontiers, even as the mother countries maintained a suspicious peace. During all this period the blue waters of Champlain were stained with pools of red as rampaging Indians from one side or the other proceeded up or down the Lake with stumbling processions of weary captives. The Indians became both a bone of contention and a weapon of warfare between rival empires. Each struggled to divert the allegiance of the other’s red allies, and used its own to unloose bitter bloody raids against the frontier settlements. One matched the other in atrocities, though the French excelled in ability to adapt themselves to and actually participate in Indian warfare. Yet it is significant that the first New England newspaper *Public Occurrences*, was suppressed after one issue, because of its vigorous charges of English mistreatment of the Indians.

Extreme losses by the Iroquois in their struggles during the years 1680–1697 lessened their interest in fighting England’s colonial wars for her. Thus, when war broke out again in 1702, the wily French took care to provoke the Long House as little as possible, directing their raids against the New England frontier. Then the great tide of warfare turned across Vermont, for the ancient trails from the St. Lawrence Valley to the rocky lands of New England lay across the Green Mountains.

At this time the tiny settlement of Deerfield marked the northernmost extent of Massachusetts settlement. It was upon this unsuspecting village that a band of painted savages descended in the snows of February 1704. At the end of a night of horror, 47 lay dead, and 120 more began a weary trek into captivity. Among them was the Reverend John Williams—a devoted but exacting minister to his flock—and his wife and son. The good reverend published later a narrative of his painful trip through the Green Mountains north into Canada, in which he was forced to record the murder of his wife before his eyes, as well as the alienation of his son. The latter refused later to return to the land of the white man.

Deerfield was only the first of a series of frontier massacres, and men’s spines chilled at the sudden piercing screeches of painted devils as reddened tomahawks rose and fell along the length of a weak and unprotected frontier. The English in turn undertook occasional expeditions of revenge, which normally pursued the retreating Indians across Vermont only to lose them along the shores of the “Great” Lake. One furious raid, directed against the Algonquin settlement of Norridgewok, ended in the...
Hertel de Rouville assembles his party of French and Indians for a raid on unsuspecting Deerfield. (Courtesy National Life Ins. Co.)

massacre of most of its inhabitants as well as its presiding genius, the Jesuit Father Rale.

The New Englanders in desperation began building forts to stop the savage attacks before they reached the settlements. Fort Massachusetts was built near present-day Williamstown, and Fort Dummer, on the west shore of the Connecticut River north of Deerfield, was erected in 1741 on ground which was later to be Vermont. Even more important to the early settlers of the upper Connecticut was Fort Number Four (Charlestown, N. H.), farther up the east shore. It was this fort which Lord Amherst selected for the eastern terminus of his Military road across the Mountains in 1759.

In the meantime, the French themselves endeavored to strengthen their hold upon the lake which was their principal pathway to the enemy. In 1731 they erected at the narrows of Lake Champlain a stockade fort which they named Fort St. Frederic,* to act as a base for raids to the east and south. It quickly became an annoying thorn in the side of the English, and a principal objective of their military policy. Expeditions launched against New France were usually three-pronged—the first against Louisbourg in Acadia, the second against Quebec, and the third up Lake Champlain toward Montreal. Throughout the first half of the century the British and their colonial allies had varying degrees of success in the first objective, but never penetrated the St. Lawrence Valley either from its mouth or from Lake Champlain. The latter expeditions, afflicted with disease and desertion, usually stalled in indecision at Albany, or, at best, at the southern end of Lake George.

As the last of the colonial wars began in 1755, how-
MAPS contemporary with the French and Indian Wars show in detail the lands involved. On the detail map to the left, note the relationship of Lake Champlain and its French forts to the English controlled Hudson River, with the connecting roads and portages. On the map of New York, (above) the relationship is on a larger scale.

campaign against the great fort of Louisbourg, but failed to remove from command the doddering General Abercrombie, in charge now of the forces north of Albany. The English were determined to pursue the old plan of a pincer movement against Quebec, one arm from Louisbourg and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the other from Lake Champlain and Montreal.

In 1758 Abercrombie began the movement northward. However, in the years since the defeat of Dieskau, the French had made good use of their time. Montcalm, selecting the strategic point where Lake George empties into Lake Champlain, had erected three years earlier an imposing fort which he named Carillon. Thus, before the British could get at Fort St. Frederic, they had to take the new fort. Undermanned, it looked like an easy conquest for the numerous British and colonials.

English hopes ran high, for second in command to Abercrombie—who was scornfully nicknamed Aunt Nabic-Crombie—was the beloved young Lord Howe,† who was able to claim the devoted allegiance of regular and colonial alike.

Though untrained in frontier fighting, he was willing to learn, and forced the hide-bound regulars to adapt their continental tactics to the New World. But disaster struck the British cause when Howe fell mortally wounded in an ambush, as the opposing forces groped for position before the fort.

Montcalm had furiously slashed the surrounding forest, erecting a formidable “abatis” around the fort itself and leaving the rest of the fallen trees in an almost impenetrable jungle about the neighborhood. There were means of out-flanking the French position, and Montcalm hesitated to attempt to defend it. But the bumbling Abercrombie determined on a frontal attack, and wave upon wave of gallant redcoats dashed themselves against the French cannon, to no avail. Suddenly dismayed at the enormity of his blunder the British General took flight, and his puzzled men, still outnumbering the French even after frightful casualties, followed his flapping coat-tails southward.

Montcalm’s position was precarious none the less, and he dared not pursue the English to the south. Indeed, the following year, faced by the careful and deliberate Amherst himself, he ordered the evacuation and destruction first of Fort Carillon, and then of St. Frederic, withdrawing his forces to Isle aux Noix at the northern exit from Lake Champlain. He himself was now in Quebec, where he was to fall victim to the assault of General Wolfe, Am-

† Brother to the Lords Howe who led the British army and navy in the Revolution twenty years later.
Montcalm Congratulates His Troops after the Defeat of the British at Ticonderoga, 1758.

Units of the French Army at Ticonderoga, 1758.

- **Canadian Militia**
- **Royal Engineers**
- **Royal Corps of Artillery**
- **Royal La Marine**

Painting by H. A. Ogden

Courtesy Fort Ticonderoga Museum
his valiant and youthful deputy, who also perished in the moment of British triumph.

The retiring French regiments were accompanied by a not inconsiderable number of settlers who had settled along the shores of Lake Champlain. They left behind them only a forest of blackened chimneys on the Vermont shore across from razed Fort St. Frederic, and this spot has ever since been known as Chimney Point. There had been other settlements, none large, of varying size and duration. Great seignories—manors in feudal style—had been granted to prominent Frenchmen, many of whom made determined efforts to settle their domain. But all collapsed with the withdrawal of French power from the lakes.

Amherst proceeded to rename and rebuild Carillon as Ticonderoga, and St. Frederic as Crown Point. At the latter spot he abandoned the lake-shore site, and commenced the erection of a massive stone fort back from it. At the same time he ordered the construction of a military road across the Green Mountains to Fort Number Four, on the Connecticut River, which was to become famous as the Crown Point Road.

In the meantime, the General dispatched Robert Rogers and his tough, woods-wise Rangers against the Indian village of St. Francis, whence had gathered most of the remnants of tribes driven from their New England homes by the land-hungry Yankees. Bearing no love for the latter, these Indians became willing instruments of the French policy of frontier raids. Many of the captives dragged across the Green Mountain trails had ended up in St. Francis, along with the scalps of their less fortunate comrades.

It was scores of these dried and reddened hanks of hair that Rogers saw flapping from poles among wildly celebrating redskins, as his Rangers ended a grueling march through the half-drowned lands north of Missiquoi Bay. There was no return for them now, for their boats had been taken by pursuing Frenchmen.

As the last celebrant sank into drunken stupor at dawn, the Rangers descended upon the village, hacking and killing, until virtually the entire population lay massacred at their feet and the waters of the St. Francis River ran scarlet with blood of butchered redmen.

Taking with him a few white captives, Rogers beat a hasty retreat down the river in the direction of Lake Memphremagog, harried by a vengeful pursuit. Food gave out, and many of the hardy Rangers perished by starvation, as well as by the tomahawk. Only a pitiful handful of the original force eventually reached Fort Number Four on the Connecticut River. But this exploit has become legend, and its leader the hero of the rousing historical saga *Northwest Passage* which, in book form and on the screen, has been read and seen by millions.

Amherst moved slowly, but the following year Mon-
WANDERING WINTER WOODS

There’s something about a new glistening blanket of snow in the Vermont woods that will drag a sportsman from the comfort of his easy chair and from the warmth of a winter fireplace glow. The pull is stronger than the desire aside in favor of more virile love of the bark of a gun. Possibly it is the dormant to hear the music of the hounds or the from the warmth of a winter fireplace what has been written on the clean white sheet spread over the hillsides.

Nature tells her tales of commonplace animal antics—and also of tragedies—with markings on the snow. It takes a sportsman who knows the wild creatures and their habits to understand the full story unfolded before his eyes on the pristine coverlet.

Across an open hillside runs a straight line of round white dots in the snow. Brother fox evidently started abroad soon after the storm let up. There the straight line breaks off into meandering line near an old orchard—and there the snow is dug up a bit. Our winter tale is unfolding. Redcoat had a careless mouse for breakfast. Let’s see what else he has been up to.

We come upon a spot at the edge of cedar thicket where our woodland wanderer crouched behind a projecting rock. Dinner on his mind no doubt. Sure enough. Over there a bit—see where a snowshoe rabbit has left his Y tracks behind him? There is where Red made his leap and fell short. Old big feet had his warning in time. See where he made that sidejump and how those tracks widen out from a few inches to a few feet apart? There Red’s leaping track marks almost cut him off. See where the Y tracks scuffed the snow on that sudden turn as our rabbit friend in his white winter coat took off on a new tack? Now Red’s footprints stop—and then resume in those straight line dots again. A fox is no match for a snowshoe rabbit in that kind of going. Red has to look for a new dinner. Let’s leave him and look around a bit.

Over there by that tree—see those tiny double tracks that suddenly disappear near the big hemlock? A red squirrel has been out for exercise and is headed back to dine on his winter store of nuts hidden in that old stub.

Oh!, Oh!, here we have a winter picture that didn’t turn out on the good side. See that hole in the snow covering? Last night a partridge dived into the snow there to stay under cover for the night. He made a mistake by getting up too early. There are the hen-like tracks where he started across that opening. See the snow all stirred up over there in the clearing? Let’s walk over and see what happened. There—look at the outline where wings beat against the snow—see those scattered feathers and those red stains. Probably a snowy owl dined on ruffed grouse a few hours ago.

Those funny looking tracks down there with the line down the center. Someone must have been dragging something? He sure was. Our rare friend the otter passed along here headed for the stream and he was dragging his tail behind him. There is where he disappeared down by the beaver pond. See that dark hole in the ice out there with the chips around it. The fellow who built this beaver pond had a stick out on the ice there getting some poplar bark for breakfast.

Lets swing down this old trail and we should see something new. No one has been along ahead of us this morning. What is that you say? Someone has crossed the patch ahead? Let’s look. That fellow had four feet and only a couple of months back he was dodging the hunters back there on that hill. A big buck made that wallow trail in front of us. See where the snow is firm? You can make out the big hoof mark. That double line is where he dragged his rear “toes.” Probably headed down to the brook edge for a drink to wash the taste of cedar from his mouth. Let’s trail along and find out. Headed pretty straight for the stream isn’t he? You think he must have crossed the ice because there are no tracks coming back and you don’t see him near the brook.

He doesn’t do things that way too often. Here we are. See where he bunched his feet near that open water. There he wheeled around. Probably heard us coming. There he sneaked along down stream through that clump of alders. Ahead there he turned into the spruces. Notice how he stayed in the fringe as he skirted the clearing leading back toward the trail? That fellow is headed back to the safety of some swamp yard over there near the mountain. See how he stopped to look before he leaped across the path? He probably still remembers how the crash of a rifle sounds and isn’t sure you know the season is over.

Legs getting a bit weary. Look across that opening down toward the valley. See those snowshoe marks? We have come quite a piece in the last couple of hours and snowshoes do drag on the hip and thigh muscles when you are not used to them. Lets head back to those easy chairs we left there in camp.

Hi there warden. You have been following us around since you crossed our trail down by the beaver pond. Well you probably knew that we were not poachers even before you caught up and found we had no guns along. You see we also left the story of our meanderings on the snow. End

CRACKERS . . Cont’d. from page 45

crackers to cool off, but the taste still lingers in the memory of many. Even in these days there is no shortage of small boys who pause at the same door in anticipation of a tidbit.

It is perhaps these little touches of memory, reinforced by the fact that one can still satisfy one’s taste with precisely the same cracker that tickled the taste buds in one’s youth, that accounts for the popularity of this sound Vermont product and the good success of the firm that still makes it.

John Gunther in his book Inside USA didn’t say all good things about every state, but he seemed to find nothing to complain about in Vermont. And one of the things he selected, perhaps in the back of his mind as typical of the state, was the Montpelier or Cross Cracker. It amused him to realize that we Vermonters are a reticent people. But when we take pride in something we don’t seem to put on brakes, which probably accounts for the advertising slogan he saw lettered on the side of the Cross Bakery at Montpelier years ago and which is still there:

Established, 1828, Montpelier Crackers

BEST IN THE WORLD!
Miss Vermont 1947 and Friend. Governor Ernest W. Gibson gives Miss Barbara Campbell final words of encouragement before departure for Atlantic City and the finals of the Miss America Contest, after she had won the statewide contest at Burlington.

Miss Vermont

Those glamorous, highly publicized “Miss America” beauty contests on the boardwalk of Atlantic City aren’t what they used to be—and everybody concerned is glad of it. Gone is the exclusive emphasis on “cheesecake,” the stunt atmosphere. Today, typical attractive girls from all over the nation compete not only as to beauty of face and form, but also as to talent and personality. And the girls aren’t all panting after a movie contract. Miss America of 1947, Barbara Jo Walker of Memphis, Tenn., turned down stage, screen and modeling contracts to return to her chosen career—school teaching.

This is the second year that “Miss Vermont” has gone to Atlantic City. In 1946 and again this year, the Burlington Daily News has sponsored a statewide contest, seeking to prove that “beauty” contests have a place in Vermont, as elsewhere. Over 5000 people were at hand in the Queen City to see Miss Barbara Campbell of Montpelier crowned Miss Vermont of 1947 by Senator George D. Aiken, while Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs Willis Brisbin acted as master of ceremonies.

On the opposite page, in color photographs taken by Harry Richards of the News staff, Barbara presides over her fellow contestants in Burlington. Across the bottom is the full line-up of girls. Above right are the four finalists. Second place winner (No. 1) was Miss Jean Peatman, also of Montpelier. The “Miss Vermont 1947” ribbon is bestowed by Miss Lola Sundberg, last year’s winner.

The Lions Club provided a float for Miss Vermont for the usual big boardwalk parade. Ted Malone gathered the New England group (excepting Maine and Mass., which sent no entries) before the mike. Barbara congratulates Barbara—the winner, Miss Memphis.
VERMONT is

a Way of LIFE