IT was an odd combination of pleasure and dis­ 
appointment that prevailed in the editorial offices 
after the first issue—disappointment that the paper 
shortage limited us to 12,000 copies (we ordered 
25,000) which were gone three days after publica­ 
tion, forcing us to refuse orders for thousands 
more. But there was even greater pleasure at the 
enthusiastic response from the press, from the 
governors of nearly every state, from magazine 
and publicity men, and from Vermonters every­ 
where.

It was right that our own people should get 
what copies were available, for one purpose of the 
magazine is to keep citizens informed as to their 
state’s advantages and opportunities. Yet they re­ 
sponded magnificently to help us do the other half 
of our job. The flood of letters showed that Ver­
monters everywhere were acting as self-appointed 
publicity agents (many wrote that such a magazine 
was what they had long needed), sending copies 
to friends all over the country—even to Europe. 
A lady up North ordered 25 subscriptions; a 
Brattleboro business man asked for 1500 copies to 
send throughout the country, and many wrote for 
a hundred each. Many thanks to all who helped.
here's one answer to the question: what do we do in the winter?

Like the old gray mare of song and story, Vermont winters are not what they used to be. And all because a great many apparently daft individuals think it's fun to slide down the Green Mountains on wooden slats.

A case of strong legs and weak minds, you say? Then you have not known the thrill of the fastest growing participant sport in these United States. Of course most people who live in the snow country have paddled around on skis at some time during their youth. Skiing, however, has come a long way from barrel staves out behind the little red schoolhouse. Just visit one of our wintersports centers and be converted.

The difficulty which unbelievers have in fully appreciating what makes a skier that way is because the sport is somewhat on the strenuous side and pursued under weather conditions of dubious appeal. Let's face it. We boast about the rigors of Vermont winters, but very few really like them. They do not—or rather did not—do anybody much good. They cost money and are endured.

WHITE GOLD

by A. W. Coleman

Eastern Editor
American Ski Annual
without choice. Then, ten or fifteen years ago, gold was discovered in these winter hills—white gold.

This strike opened a new business for many who used to shut up shop during the cold months. It offers health-giving enjoyment for thousands who formerly spent the winter wheezing over a radiator.

What has this thing got? Well, it has different appeals for different people, and for some it has everything. There is comradeship and the outdoors. There is the stimulation of striving to master an elusive but not impossible art. There is the exhilaration of pure motion with only the skill of one’s own body and brain for control. It adds a third dimension almost, like skating or diving but with more space to move around in; like flying, only with less mechanism between you and your medium. But fundamentally skiing lures and holds its devotees because it is a sport for participants rather than spectators—a sport for those who want to play, whatever their abilities, rather than watch someone else play.

Forgive an old skier for talking into his beard. Regardless of why or wherefore or fancy verbage, Vermont has found something in these cold winters of hers that people want—that, thank heaven, Vermonters want.

With the increasing demand, like a snowball on the roll, has come those added facilities for enjoyment which every growing sport engenders. Although Nature provides the basic ingredients, her unaided efforts are not quite enough. True, your real outdoorsman can find good cross-country skiing almost anywhere in Vermont. The hills are honeycombed with open fields, lumber roads, foot trails and pastures over which the snow drifts invitingly. The mountains, however, for the most part are heavily wooded and there the trails for skiing must be carefully designed and laboriously cleared. Much of the highlands is inaccessible except to the more hardy, and nearby accommodations non-existent. Furthermore, since the excitement of gravity-powered descent forms the core of the sport’s mass popularity, machine-powered ascent is necessary to provide greater opportunities for downhill running than time or endurance would permit.

The first uphill carrier for skiers in the United States was devised at Woodstock, Vermont. This village is one of New England’s oldest wintersports resorts, dating its activity from 1892. So when skiing really caught on during the late twenties, Woodstock was already in the business. The surrounding high, open, beautifully smooth hillsides are made for skiing, and in 1934 the rope ski tow made its appearance there to raise the curtain on “downhill-only.” This winter several will be operating in the area, chief among them being those on Gilbert’s Hill, the site of the first tow, and on the giant slope known as Suicide Six.

Suicide Six, incidentally, is the prize in a list of horror-
Middlebury, as well as other Vermont colleges, has long been in the forefront of the winter sports movement.

names which skiers affectionately bestow on their favorite runs. Such appellations as Nose Dive, Twister, Shinn-cracker, John Doe's Misery, Shambles Corner and Bloody Gulch all attest to high spirits rather than a morbid preoccupation with self destruction. Indeed, sensationalists to the contrary, skiing accidents are comparatively rare when one considers the really tremendous numbers of people who take up the sport every year.

Rutland. Winding down from the summit of Big Pico is Sunset Schuss, a ski trail as beautiful as its name. The Pico area is located at Sherburne Pass where U. S. Route 4 attains an elevation of 2,000 feet. Superb snow conditions are the rule, and the first alpine ski lift in North America was built on Little Pico in 1939. Fifteen acres of open slopes offer a variety of runs for beginners and experts, with a restaurant, warming room, ski shop and other conveniences forming a part of the development. Future plans contemplate extensive facilities on Big Pico.

Another of New England's pioneer ski communities is Brattleboro, most famous as a jumping center. Many national and international championships have been decided on its huge 65-meter hill. The record of 230 feet is held by the late great Torger Tokle of Norway, who was killed in Italy fighting with Uncle Sam's mountain infantry. This year Brattleboro has added a downhill development on nearby Hogback, where from Route 9 the surrounding states can be seen in one stupendous panorama. There an alpine lift will whisk skiers to a network of trails on the slopes of Mt. Olga. Farther west, near Stamford on the Massachusetts border, another alpine lift adds to the skiing facilities in the southern part of the State.

Mention of the mountain infantry, by the way, brings up what skiers consider to be their sport's proudest contribution to the war. Although all skiers did not join the ski troops (as they were popularly called), nor were all the troopers former skiers, the existence of a unit trained in cold-weather and mountain operations was largely due
Above: High atop Big Bromley, the sky seems bluer, the snow whiter amidst a sense of exhilarating spaciousness.

Below: Vermont is studded with smaller developments, like the slopes at the Bellow's Falls Ski Bowl. No one has to go far to ski "down-hill only."
to the efforts of the National Ski Association. Originally more or less of an experiment, the mountain infantry participated in the Kiska invasion, and wound up as the 10th Division to spearhead the Fifth Army's great drive from the Apennines across the Po Valley to the Alps. Vermont skiers fought and died with that outfit, but fortunately many of them are back now making up for lost time on the home hills.

The largest ski center in Vermont, and one of the major centers in the country, is the Mt. Mansfield region at Stowe. There, throughout an area of some thirty to forty square miles dominated by Vermont's most lofty peak, are unique opportunities for downhill skiing, cross-country touring and ski mountaineering. Although the construction of ski trails at Mt. Mansfield was commenced in the early thirties, the completion in 1940 of the longest and highest aerial chair lift in the world has been mainly responsible for the region's present outstanding popularity. This mile-long ride, taking twelve minutes, gives

Bert Cross of the Bromley Ski School gives snow plow instruction to a group of comely novices.

Wendy Hilty

Vast expanses of snow-covered forests stretch for miles from the top of the lift at Bromley. This year Fred Pabst has re-powered his tramways with Caterpillar Diesel engines to increase their capacity.

Wendy Hilty
entire family as well. Particular thought also is given to
youngsters old enough to ski, and junior activities are
encouraged.

Across the valley to the northeast, on Big Bromley’s
3000-foot peak, a veritable skiers’ paradise has been
carved. Two alpine lifts in tandem reach the top of the
mountain while a third forms an alternate to the halfway
point. Twelve ski trails and four open slopes in a thousand
acre tract provide an infinite variety of downhill runs.
Great attention is given at Big Bromley to keeping the
snow surface in good condition by packing it down after
every storm. Since skiers are always hungry, the usual
eating facilities are available right on location.

Manchester, being only 200 miles from New York, is a
favorite with metropolitan skiers.

An interesting point about Vermont’s ski spots is worth
mentioning. In every case the various areas have been
developed by skiers for skiers. Whether the centers are
controlled by a single individual or group, such as, Pico,
Big Bromley and Snow Valley, or are more or less com-

munity enterprises like Woodstock, Brattleboro and Stowe,
the initiative stemmed directly from a love of skiing.

Thus the necessary elements of commercialism are mod-
erated by a general atmosphere of friendliness and the
amateur spirit, so vital to the sport’s finest expression.

Yes, the Vermont tradition of a state unspoiled, a way
of life, is admirably exemplified by her winter wonder-
lands. Here Vermonters and guests alike may stake out
their own claims to the white gold which is so abundantly
provided for winter recreation.

Cars line up for miles to witness the jumping at
Brattleboro’s Outing Club, one of the most spec-
tacular leaps in the East.
This map illustrates the accessibility of Vermont's winter sports centers. All these roads will be open at all times during the "white season." Vertical lines across the map show the average annual snowfall in inches in the different parts of the State. This map appears also in the complete directory to winter sports issued by the Development Commission. The Publicity Director, at State House, will be glad to mail you one.
If you wanted to give Chinese readers some idea of who George Washington was, you wouldn’t start with Washington, himself. You’d start with some account of the colonial America in which he grew up. You would be pretty sure nobody could make head or tail of Washington’s character and life story, without knowing something about why Americans of his day—some of them—fought the Revolutionary War. I don’t think anybody could make head or tail of Ann Story’s character and deeds, without some idea of why the people who settled Vermont recklessly risked their lives to fight against remaining subjects of the Crown and—as hotly—as against becoming “York State folks,” to use our own phrase.

I don’t mean that Ann Story is in the same class with George Washington. Or anywhere near that. The very fact that she is not, that she was only one among many stout-hearted frontier women of our early history, is the point of her story.

So let me stand back far enough to get a run at it, before I take the jump into the tale of Ann Story, who she was, what she means. Means to Vermonters? Yes, but to you too, no matter where you live in the U.S.A. She is spiritually one of your great-grandmothers. Perhaps she is in actual fact, for she had five children, whom she brought up, every one of them, to strong, useful maturity. They all married, had children and moved with their families here and there in our country, as is the American way.

Vermont was then new country—an unbroken wilderness of forests. Its only roads were lakes and streams...
This story of a pioneer Vermont woman is part of the heritage of every American

and a few Indian trails made by wandering hunters. The hunting and fishing was fabulously rich. And wherever the huge trees were cut down, Vermont land was strong, deep and black. Up from the towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut they came, these adventurous young men with their cheerful, hardy wives and children, following old Indian trails to a new freedom.

For there was more in the migration to Vermont of men like Ethan Allen and his brother, and Seth Warner and Matthew Lyon, and Ann Story's husband, than just the random itching foot of returned soldiers, and the stories of rich land and plentiful game. They were looking for new land and good hunting, yes, but they were also on fire with the love of liberty, a word which they spelled and pronounced with a capital L, and for which they were, literally, ready to give their lives.

When, before long, they wrote a constitution for their new state, these buckskin-clad farmers laid down their rifles and their axes to write into it (the first time in the Western Hemisphere) a clause forbidding human slavery in any form. The rising wind of the passion for human freedom, for the recognition of the dignity of each human being, sang loudly in the ears of these family men, then British colonials, soon to become Americans, who pushed into Vermont along Indian trails.

Those early Vermonters were all very much the same kind of folk—younger sons and daughters of literate Connecticut and Massachusetts farmers, and they all followed much the same pattern during their first years in Vermont. It is a pattern we, their descendants, know all about for they were literate like their parents and left behind letters, diaries, account-books, many varieties of written records. In addition, the oral tradition is vivid and unbroken. How the Vermont forests were turned into the mellow home farms now all around us we know from the talk, as well as from yellowed letters, account-books and deeds.

Ann Story was a notable figure of her times (notable to her fellow Vermonters), she lived to be seventy-five years old, and was visited and interviewed and "written up" many times. So we have an unusually complete written record of her.

Usually the first to come into Vermont was the father of the family. He brought a helper, a son, if he had one old enough to be a help to him, or a brother, or a friend who also planned to settle in Vermont. If the waterways were right, they came by canoe. But mostly they traveled with a pack-horse, carrying the minimum of tools and supplies—axes, wedges, levers, seed for the first crop of grain, and Indian corn, a kettle or two (very precious) a frying-pan (or spider), blankets, and a very small iron ration of food to fall back on on the infrequent days when neither game nor fish could be had.

Thus, in September, 1774, did Ann Story's husband, Amos, arrive at the spot in the dense forest which was to become the town of Salisbury, Vermont. With him was his son, Solomon, then thirteen years old. Together through that long, cold, dark Vermont winter, they felled trees, built a strong log-house out of the great oak and maple trunks, and constructed a chimney. As spring came on, the man and boy called the new home done, and turned to clearing a field in the forest, to plant wheat for the family bread the next winter.

And as they toiled together, forward-looking, creative-minded, peaceable young father and sturdy son, disaster
struck. A huge sugar maple (we know exactly what kind of tree it was, for this is one of the details of the story, told and written down over and over) did not fall as Amos Story had thought it would. As it plunged downward, its great branches roaring in its fall, it turned and crashing to the earth, pinned Amos' body beneath it. He died instantly.

The nearest human being lived in a clearing where the town of Middlebury now stands—miles away. The young woodsman knew where the trail ran, followed it, and brought back one Benjamin Smauley (we know the names of the people in this story) and his two sons. They carried Amos Story's body to lie beside the grave of one of Smauley's daughters who, at twenty years of age, had lost her way in the forest and starved to death before she could be found—this as a reminder to the boy of what the wilderness meant. After the funeral, the fourteen-year-old boy set off on foot to go back to tell his mother. The many accounts of this homespun epic which have come down to us, are entirely factual. The details of what was done we know fully. But not what was felt. Nobody ever told us about the day when young Ann Story (for she was thirty-three when her husband died) back in the Connecticut town, weary with waiting for news, watching the road anxiously, saw her eldest son, footsore, dusty, ragged, his head hanging, trudging in on the highway from the north. But that is the last pathos in this tale. From that point on the story rings with vitality.

Ann Story had planned with her husband the creation of the new home in the north woods where their boys and girls could grow up children of free and independent landowners. Her sorrow over his death seemed to her a mighty motive for carrying out that plan. Without him, she did what they had thought to do together. Buying a pack-horse with the money from the sale of most of her household gear, she gathered her brood around her and set out—young widow with three sons and two daughters, Hannah and Susanna, Samuel, Ephraim and Solomon—such stout old Yankee-Bible names—their ages running from fourteen down.

It was about a year after her husband had reached the spot in the forest which was to be their home farm—in the latter part of 1775—that Ann Story led her children into the ragged, bramble-overgrown clearing, saw the log-cabin built by her husband and knelt beside its hearth to strike out the spark which would light the first home fire. Little and bigger, boy and girl, every one of the five stood around her, safe.

She set to work at once to provide for her children, inside the home and out of it. They all grew to be as at home in the woods as the squirrel and partridge. The boys helped as they could to clear the land of the monstrous great trees, to plant the crops for the food there was no other way to get, to cut up the mountains of firewood against the long hard Vermont winter. The little girls helped too, with might and main, cooking, mending, picking and drying wild fruits, making soap out of grease and the lye from the wood-ashes, using this soap to keep the family clothes and home spotlessly clean, smoking the haunches of the deer their mother and the boys shot, trying out the great slabs of fat from the occasional bear brought down by their mother who, like any other pioneer, kept her musket as close to her hand as her ax.
On a diet of venison, fish, bear-fat, wild fruit, Indian corn mush and maple syrup Ann Story’s children grew strong, hardy, muscular, alert, and as boldy courageous as their mother who was said by those who knew her just not to know the meaning of fear. As her grief for her husband’s death was buried deeper under the incredible activity and responsibility of every day, she herself grew, too, not taller like the children, but stronger, in mind and body and spirit. An old settler, reminiscing about her in his last years said, “She was a busting great woman who could cut off a two-foot log as quick as any man in the settlement.” She had always been good-looking and as she grew in power, she took on a stately handsomeness which became legendary. With her tanned, bright-eyed, skilled and disciplined boys and girls about her (she taught them to read in the Bible she had brought in the pack-saddle, from the old home) she was a model mother, the admiration of all who passed that way.

But she was more. She was a citizen. And a patriot. All her bold, generous heart was set on that independence for her country, which she coveted for her children and worked so hard to get for them. She had political opinions in times that showed the stuff men and women were made of. In the Revolutionary struggle, she was passionately on the side of self-government by the people.

What was at stake? For Vermont settlers it was the right to own their land as free men and not be forced into the semi-feudal dependence of those who lived as tenant farmers in New York, dependent on patroons. For Americans in general what was at stake was their right to self-government, not to obedience to an overseas political authority over which they had no control. Ann Story was ready to stand by those causes with as forthright a civic conscience and courage as in her personal life she had shown in taking care of her children.

As soon as the sickening news was heard that the British had enlisted the Indians to fight for them against the Colonial rebels, and were sending them out on war-parties to raid, burn and kill, those few Vermont families who were building up their homes in the region north of Rutland, knew that they would not be safe, scattered in the wilderness as they were, and close to the Canadian border. Giving up their dearly earned log-homes, abandoning their painfully cleared fields, they moved to the southern part of the state, where the settlements were more numerous. But not Ann Story.

It was her home-place, begun by the father of her children, developed by her own efforts. It was all she had for her sons and daughters. It was more. It was an outpost of the fighting front. Because of its position on the very frontier line, she could be of use in the battle for freedom. She was already a valued aid and adviser to the loosely organized guerrilla fighters called The Green Mountain Boys. To them as she boldly announced her determination to stay on, she said, in a phrase well-known to us, “Give me a place among you, and see if I am the first to desert my post.” She stayed on. And in the spring of 1766, the Indians came, torch and tomahawk in hand.

The Story children had been trained to act as sentinels, and there were enough of them so that in every direction around the house, some watchful young Story ear was cocked for suspicious sounds. One of them came running—but silently—to tell his mother in a whisper that an Indian war-party, about half a mile away, was pillaging and setting fire to the cabin of a neighbor (one of those who had gone south for safety, leaving his home empty). The river was high with melted snow, had overflowed its banks and flooded low-lying parts of the forest. Working at top speed, Ann and her children loaded their big canoe with the most vital household belongings—blankets, the precious iron “kittle” and spider, the bags of seed soon to be planted, the wooden tub of maple-sugar, and bear-grease. Stepping in themselves, they paddled swiftly off on the floodwaters in amongst the dense trees, which hid them, but through which they could see everything done by the Indians, who soon came whooping into the clearing. The Story family watched them ravage the carefully kept home, and with relishing shouts, set it on fire in a dozen places. When the cabin was quite burned down, they shouldered their booty and were off.

Ann and her children waited cautiously till it was safe to return to the desolation which had been their home. We do not need to try to imagine what they felt as they stood by the smouldering logs, for Ann’s own words have come down to us through people (Continued on page 43).
The FARMER 
sees it through

By CHARLES E. CRANE

I have never spent a whole winter on a Vermont farm, but I have visited farms in winter, and I know there is, for all the draftiness in spots, no cozier institution than the rambling but connected set of buildings known as a farm homestead. Obviously, winter is one of the things that forces the Vermont farmer to "connect up" one building with another, so that, on a stormy night, he can go from one end of his establishment to another without going outside or opening doors that let the outside blow in. He is master of the farm as a conductor is master of his train, with one car vestibuled to another—but with one great exception in most cases, and that's the cow barn, though the horse barn may be hitched to the house.

The cow barn—which, by right, must be far bigger than the house—is usually detached. Although not far away, it may seem far on a winter day when drifts are deep and the bone-benumbing cold of a sort to render you all but unconscious. The very hay-loft may be covered with hoar frost. A majority of Vermont farms are now dairy farms, and we have more livestock to feed and water than we have humans. Even as I wrote these lines, a farmer's wife phoned me that, with the barn water frozen up, she had to carry sixty pails of water from house to barn yesterday, and, as an incidental irritation, a load of hay purchased to complete the winter had capsized in the snow; and an overheated kitchen stove had all but set the house afire.

But isolation always has its compensations, which the soft existence doesn't.

Dairy farming is a type of farming that keeps the Vermont farmer quite as busy in winter as he is in summer, for though there may be less to do, it has to be done under greater handicaps, and the cows require greater care in barns than in pasture. Even though it be forty below zero, the cows must be milked around five in the morning, and with chores seldom complete until eight in the evening, the farmer's day both begins and ends under the stars—and a few farmers milk thrice a day. Neither the wage-hour law nor Social Security means anything to him, except that they make farm help harder to get. A fourteen-hour day is normal and often necessary even when one is ill with any of the minor fevers and agues and "rheumatiz" that winter may bring on.

But isolation is not so intense as it was in the old days.
Whether it’s winter fertilizing, or just care of the herd, there is no such thing as hibernation for the farmer.
One of the most interesting things about Stowe is the people who go there. Royalty and commoner mix without knowing which is which; famous names pass incognito rather easily in ski attire, and perhaps colored goggles. But everyone has a good time, with group singing, dancing, toasting marshmallows before the fire, or just the camaradie of warming chilled toes around the great fire in the Octagon at the top of the lift.
"To him who in the love of Nature holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language"... William Cullen Bryant

This is a story of Winter and Stowe, Vermont. In a manner this opening sentence is a crafty, insidious piece of deception, for by shamelessly applying the theory of association and slyly mentioning the words ‘Stowe’ and ‘Winter’ in literally the same breath, the guileless reader is primed for an article on skiing, robust and rollicking in character, carefully punctuated with Christianas and liberally sprinkled with Sitzmarks.

However, such is not the case. Au Contraire! In fact the story might be loosely labeled a trilogy of perspectives, altho there is not a sombre hue in its entire structure.

Its inspiration was conceived from an old adage culled from the ancient bazaars of the Near East, which states, in effect, that the Pilgrim approaching from the North views the rocky crags of the mountain as a jagged impene-trable fortress, while he who travels from the South sees in its verdant southern slopes only a haven of loveliness.

As even the lowliest camel driver can attest, conclude these Oriental philosophers, it is the same mountain that each sees. Therefore it is only the viewpoint of man which changes.

So it is with this story.

The mountain called Mansfield and the town named Stowe will remain the same in its text, but the various viewpoints of the tale stem from an imbued, amalgamated perspective, filched from the borrowed eyes of three distinctive personalities.

Strangely enough none of these are devotees of skiing; however, all are types who commune with nature and could easily be numbered amongst the progeny of Winter.

Thus should emerge divergent aspects on a popular winter resort and sport.

First of these pillaged personages, and so ranked according to the protocol of affection, comes a little boy, who, during long winter nights rode stirrup to stirrup with Revere—who thundered with Allen on the gates of Ticonderoga—who starved with Washington at Valley Forge and who at this very moment may be alertfully striding down a dim trail with Rogers on their vengeful mission against the Abenaki—and his only weapon a wooden sword. Of such stuff spring the historians of tomorrow!

Next there is a little old lady who knitted woolen things—mostly red they were. She was of the era of flounced petticoats, kitchen junkets and sleigh bells. Her kindly, all perceiving eyes never, never could detect a discordant note in the winter harmony of nature. Truly an Aesthete of the Big Snows!

Last comes the man. The waffle-patterned spoor of his snowshoes have traced the hoary trail of the fur and fortune seeking men of Hudson Bay. His trap-lines are blazed with the cold embers of a thousand lonely winter camp fires. His lungs have been seared with the icy blasts of the North Wind and the wrath of the spirit Windigo. A full blood brother to the Arctic snow owl, the beaver and the marten—an outdoors-man to the manor born!

From these three, then, comes the compilation of the moods and conceptions of these annals.

The year was 1794. The Virginian, George Washington, presided in Philadelphia over a puling, newborn Republic. Eli Whitney’s cotton gin was also still in swaddling clothes and the Bill of Rights had just been ratified. The Whiskey Rebellion was rampant in Pennsylvania and War with Tripoli was just over the horizon.

And in this year, too, Oliver Luce established the first settlement in the tract known today as Stowe.

True, in 1763, Benning Wentworth, Esq., Governor and Commander in Chief of the Province of New Hampshire had, in the goodness of his heart, granted this area to a
Samuel de Champlain, in 1609, saw the summit of Mansfield much as we see it today, but the 19th century added the town of Stowe with its famous, tapering spire. Early explorers of the top, on skis, in the twentieth century brought mechanical means of ascent which would have astounded both the Frenchman and the early settlers, to whom Mansfield was an inaccessible snow-covered background.

But these men were not the hardy stalwarts of the Luce breed. At least, history contains no record of their early attempts at settlements; hence they are lost in limbo.

Brevity demands that this chronicle of civic progress skip lightly from the first town meeting in 1797, through the growing pain years which included acquisition of portions of the sister communities of Mansfield and Sterling, and arrive breathlessly at the present day Stowe,—a unique American village situated in the very heart of Vermont’s Green Mountains.

And as History belittles Time, so Science has annihilated Distance.

The early rutted dirt trails which once bore the crude traffic of Colonial days to and from eastern seaports, yes, even the rocky hazardous paths to Smuggler’s Notch, which were once used by the lawless in their evasion of the Embargo Act of 1812, have long since disappeared, to be replaced by thoroughfares in the modern manner.

Today, Stowe and its guarding sentinel, Mt. Mansfield, are just a hop, skip and a jump from eastern metropolitan centers, considered either auto, train or plane wise.

Keeping pace with the steady march of national industrial progress, Stowe’s industries, too, are in the fore-van of the State’s.

But of these, one shining example stands out and like the name of Abou Ben Adam, leads all the rest.

Someone has said that recreational activities are Vermont’s second industry.

If this be true, then the skiing industry at Stowe has played a major part in the statewise development of Vermont’s natural resources.

Surely it requires no Meister-singer, no avalanche of superlatives or reams of high pressure advertising copy to bolster this statement of fact.

Suffice to say that as a winter ski resort, Stowe is known from Maine to Manitoba when outdoor loving folks speak of such things.

For when the languid verdant tranquility of Summer’s backdrops and the bold and flaming brushed canvases of the artist Fall are stored in the wings, then Nature, fastidiously selecting the site of Stowe, sets the stage for Winter’s annual appearance in “The Spectacle of the Ski.”

Garnished with glacial colors purloined from the boreal pine, the flickering bars of Northern Lights and the kaleidoscopic bril-
High on Mansfield, at the top of the chair lift, is the Octagon, in the center of which burns the great fire pictured in color on page 16. From the heights also, skiers can look down into the slash through the range which is known as Smuggler's Notch.

liance of a midday sun, the curtain rises on a stage setting unique and beautiful beyond description, only awaiting the applause of an audience whose numbers grow with the year, and who hail from all the Earth's far corners.

To those who have seen Stowe in Winter, further word painting is futile and superfluous.

And to those who have yet to experience its delights, I suggest that your expression of appreciation will parallel the acknowledgment of Beauty as expressed by an ancient Chinese culture, to wit—"My eyes are being feasted."

Briefly, to thousands of people who yearly journey in search of the elusive Grail of universal sublimity, Stowe's zenith of enchantment is reached in Winter.

Although at the beginning of this piece, an honest attempt to steer clear of skiing technicalities, to keep above all personalities and to dwell entirely in that nebulous aesthetic flimsy called atmosphere was contemplated—one finds that the jewel despite its many glittering facets, requires weight and substance to still remain of value.

Therefore an article on Stowe and Mt. Mansfield would be fluffy indeed without mentioning in passing at least the modern chair lift dubbed "the longest and highest in the world"—The Slalom Glade,—The Rimrock, Perry Merrill, Houghton, Lord and many others in its upwards of 50 miles of wooded trails—all so well known to the fancy.

And hand in hand with the beauties and the skiing facilities of the region are the hostelries and homelike inns which exemplify the hospitality of Vermont.

Probably it is in these abodes of comfort and gracious living—in the evening—that the crescendo of the day's happiness is reached.

Whether your urge is to dance, sing, play cards, toast marshmallows, or just sit and talk, you will find that congenial camaraderie which makes these gatherings a miniature world of laughter, pleasantness and the joy of living.

But for spiritual contrast in a diametrically opposite vein, merely step out of doors—close your consciousness to the hilarity within—then compass the horizon with all of your senses alert to Winter's Nocturne.

Have you ever seen shadows cast by starlight? Looked at a feeble light shining from a cottage window across a valley of snow?—Heard the staccato bark of the dog fox?—Listened to the stringed ensemble of the wind through evergreen?—Watched spindrifts of snow form lacy patterns in the air?—Felt the pulse of snow underfoot?—Breathed the elixir of pine scented air?—Or realized the puny impotence of man in the great Scheme of Things?

These and many others are yours for the seeking.

But always remember you have discovered nothing new in your experiences, for Samuel de Champlain—explorer and gentleman of France—gazed on this very scene with awe struck eyes over 300 years ago, in 1609. . . And before him, the men of ages past.

Since time immemorial the mountain remains the same mountain. It is only viewpoints which change.

The delicate point that I have been fumbling to make in all these preceding lines is this—that background and associations, whether historical, cultural or natural, are as much a part of the game as its implements or technique.

Fishing, without a Waltonian influence of willows, birds and the fires of spring would be poor material indeed.—The upland game fields without autumnal colors, dogs and a hazy October sun would be lacking appeal.—And the allure of the wildfowl marsh lies as much in the scudding leaden clouds, the waving cattails and the penetrating mists as in the flights of birds overhead.

And as it is with the rest so is it in the world of skiing. This is the story of Winter and of Stowe, Vermont.
Vermonters like to tell the story of Springfield’s machine tool industries in terms of the men who played leading parts in their development.

Springfield, Vermont, is one of the country’s leading machine tool production centers. Yet you might drive through the town on Route 11, leading up the Black River, and never know you had passed anything but another Vermont hill town. Unless you saw the traffic jam which develops morning, noon and night when a thousand cars heading in four directions try to crowd through the square in 10 or 15 minutes on their way to and from work.

At the peak of war-time production, when industrial wheels were turning day and night to grind out the machine tools which Industry had to have, people were coming into Springfield from a radius of fifty miles and more. Many could find no living accommodations closer. Yet they kept coming. Neither snow nor floods nor broken-down conveyances kept them away. They turned out hefty machines and exciting prosperity. Thousands and thousands of B-29 parts came out of Springfield; radar equipment, parts for atomic bombs, machines for the production of tanks and guns and all the trappings of war. Now at a slower pace these same shops are building the necessary machine tools for the production of peacetime necessities in homes, in factories and in the field.

Memories are long in Vermont. And the history of modern Springfield can be spanned by the lifetime of one man, W. D. Woolson, who lived until 1945. He was a great influence in the town’s development. His father, Amasa Woolson, was the founder of Parks & Woolson, textile machine manufacturers and Springfield’s pioneer concern. With Adna Brown, C. E. Richardson and others he purchased the Jones & Lamson machine tool interests in Windsor. They moved the plant to Springfield in 1888.

W. D. Woolson was a big man, quiet yet determined. An eloquent speaker, he was full of anecdotes to “clinic” his point. He used his wealth to further the interests of Springfield and especially to help young men of promising ability. He later obtained control of Jones & Lamson, which control he afterward shared with James Hartness. But when Jones & Lamson Machine Co. moved from Windsor, it was a struggling concern, housed at first in the building now occupied by the Lovejoy Tool Company. The directors needed a superintendent to put new life into the business. By advertising, two men of promising ability were found. One was 27 year old James Hartness of Torrington, Connecticut, employed for three years by Union Hardware Company, manufacturers of gun implements, as toolmaker, foreman and inventor. The other man was S. Ashton Hand of Philadelphia, afterward associate editor of American Machinist.

Mr. Hand came to Springfield, looked around at what he considered a backwoods town, without even a railroad. In dismay at the prospect of working there he hastily returned to civilization.

James Hartness, already a brilliant machine tool designer, looked at the town and the machine company with his powerful, active imagination. He saw the possibilities of the machine shop in the new location. Insisting on a three-year contract, he became superintendent of Jones & Lamson in 1889. Speaking of those strenuous times Mr. Hartness said:

“One of the battles it was necessary to wage in coming here was to get the company to realize that success comes only with specialization; that is, confining the energies of the plant to a very small range of work. The company had been in existence under various names. . . . While
From the anvils of New England's village blacksmiths' shops, and from the corner workbenches of ancient sawmills, came pioneer inventors and mechanics with new ideas about machine making. Finding in the Windsor-Springfield region abundant water power, these natural mechanics applied ingenuity and enthusiasm to a series of machine building enterprises which led directly to the present machine tool industry in this section.

Here, in this quiet Vermont valley,—through the manufacture of interchangeable parts and precision tools like the Fellowes Gear Shaper (right)—began the American system of mass production.

The range of inventive genius was wide in spread and logical in sequence: from ruling machines to firearms; from dividing engines to musical instruments; from steamboats to water pumps; and finally to the development of the rotary gear pump.
Against a background of America from the days of the water-powered mill to the modern industrial age, the artist has depicted stages in the development of the contemporary machine tool. In the home workshop was perfected the hydraulic pump, with parts made from an early metal turning lathe. With the assistance of local gunsmiths, large quantities of mass-produced firearms were turned out to arm the frontiersman, the 49'ers, and the Union Army. In the process, there were produced a wide variety of machines. Specialization followed the introduction of the first automatic indexing turret and the high and flat turret lathes, and finally the modern Fay automatic—all of which have been indispensable in the manufacture of the automobile, the airplane, and the streamliner.
The STORY of MACHINE TOOLS as told in a series of murals by Bernard F. Chapman for the Jones and Lamson Machine Co.
These precision machines, product of Bryant (above) are typical of the output of this Vermont industrial center.
its product was of exceptionally high standard from the point of design and workmanship, it was handicapped by the great variety of designs which made it necessary for the workmen to be changing from one kind of work to another, preventing the acquisition of the special skill and ability that comes by application to a small range of activity. Under my direction the company gradually dropped out of the manufacture of one machine after another, until we got down to one machine and that in one size only. That was a most extreme position for a machine builder to take in the early '90s.

The machine to which Mr. Hartness referred was the flat turret lathe, which became famous wherever machine tools were known. It was a basic design of machine tool which he had perfected and introduced to the trade in 1891. For thirteen years it was the only size and model of machine manufactured by the company.

However, at the end of James Hartness' first year, the plant directors felt he hadn't made good. They did not plan to renew his contract. But Woolson told the directors that Hartness hadn't had time enough to prove himself, that he was working on the invention of a new machine tool which would mean a great deal to the company and that his contract should be renewed. Due to his friendship and staunch backing, Hartness stayed and the chain of events which led to Springfield's greatness continued.

James Hartness is still considered one of the most original and remarkable of machine tool inventors. He was granted his first patent when he was twenty years old. He secured over 100 patents during his lifetime. His textbooks on shop management are still used at MIT and other colleges. Some of his contemporaries in business called him an autocrat but to his family he was never that. Although his word was law, they remember it as a kindly law and he was noted for his deep devotion to his wife and two daughters.

The Springfield Electric Railroad was built in 1896 through the Black River Valley from Springfield to Charlestown, N. H., where it connected with the Boston & Maine Railroad. Now freight cars were brought directly to the new industry as well as bringing rapid and regular passenger service to the town.

In 1898 Mr. Hartness became president of Jones & Lamson and in 1903 he invented the cross sliding head flat turret lathe.

The story of the other two machine tool companies in Springfield, The Fellows Gear Shaper Co. and the Bryant Chucking Grinder Co., together with the Lovejoy Tool Co. and the Foundry are related up to a point. Edwin Russell Fellows came to Springfield and joined James Hartness. He was twenty-four years old. During the years 1889 to 1896, while still employed by Jones & Lamson in designing turret lathes under the direction of Mr. Hartness, Mr. Fellows developed his ideas of a new method for cutting gears. He was convinced of the advantages of the involute curve as applied to gear teeth. Greatly encouraged in his efforts by Mr. Hartness, he worked on the design of a machine and a cutter to accurately generate such gears. In 1896 he left the Jones & Lamson Machine Co. to form his own company. W. D. Woolson also encouraged Mr. Fellows and became the first president of The Fellows Gear Shaper Co. After Mr. Fellows became president in 1917, Mr. Woolson continued as vice-president. He was a director of the company from the time of its founding until his death.

William LeRoy Bryant followed Mr. Fellows as chief tool designer at Jones & Lamson. He developed a chucking grinder and founded the Bryant Chucking Grinder Company in 1909. Like the others he was a dynamic man and an able tool designer. He was a trained mechanical engineer, a graduate of the University of Vermont.

Fred P. Lovejoy followed Mr. Bryant. While he was chief tool designer for Jones & Lamson he developed a system which permits cutting blades to be inserted into a holder. They are held fast by an ingenious yet simple wedge-and-slot locking device. After he invented his cutting tool Mr. Hartness encouraged him to form his own company. This he did, with Charles N. Safford as company treasurer, in the building originally occupied by...
A J & L turret lathe turning and boring a machine tool component.

Jones & Lamson in Springfield. The Lovejoy concern is not, strictly speaking, a machine tool industry. None of its products are machines in the generally accepted meaning of the term and none of them has moving parts. Therefore we will not go further into the company’s history here.

Some years ago two of the machine tool firms got together, organized a jointly owned foundry to produce the gray iron castings essential in the manufacture of machine tools. In this plant are installed mechanical moulding and core making facilities.

These were the beginnings of the industries in the village of Springfield, which made major contributions to the prosecution of the global war by the United Nations. The three machine tool plants and the foundry were awarded Army and Navy “E” flags in recognition for their outstanding production achievements. It marked the first time that four plants in the same city or town were so recognized. More than ten thousand workmen and women witnessed the presentations, the first of several during the war emergency. The Lovejoy Tool Co. was awarded the Army-Navy “E” flag shortly afterward.

“Military analysts—” said Mr. W. J. Bryant, son of the founder of The Bryant Co., now president, “—military analysts might find it interesting to watch the world production and distribution of machine tools as a decisive factor in the relative potential military strength of the various nations. If Hitler had made an effort to get proper information regarding Russian machine tool purchases during the ’30s, he perhaps would not have made the error of underestimating Russian strength. . . . These American tools which flowed into Russia year after year will have a tremendous effect on history. We all know what Russian resistance meant to us.”

**Jones & Lamson Machine Company**

Ralph E. Flanders has been called the connecting bridge between the expanded present and the smaller past of the Jones & Lamson Machine Company. Flanders started work for the Fellows Gear Shaper in 1911. Later he became manager of Jones & Lamson, and then president in 1933. He married Helen Hartness, a daughter of James Hartness.

Mr. Flanders designed the automatic thread grinder, the grinding wheel of which is true to the correct thread form by an automatic threading device. It grinds threads into many kinds of work. For example: the upper ends of aircraft engine cylinder barrels where they attach to the head are threaded to tolerances as close as .0005 of an inch. Subsequently, in 1941, Ralph Flanders and his brother, Ernest Flanders, Chief Engineer, thread grinder division, were jointly awarded the Longstreth Medal in recognition of their outstanding work in developing this machine.

Beside the thread grinder, Jones & Lamson makes turret lathes, Fay automatic lathes, optical comparators and threading dies. During the war the Fay was used extensively for finning the barrels for all air-cooled airplane engine cylinders. Also, overwhelming orders came from Detroit companies: Ford, Buick, Studebaker and Packard, who put up large new factories to handle increased aircraft engine contracts.

However, remember that back in the depression days of ‘29, The Jones & Lamson Company, like other machine tool businesses and the capitalist system it helped create, seemed nearly dead. Only a skeleton staff of engineers and foremen were retained. They used this time for intensive research. In the late ’30s, while a complacent United States concerned itself with a troubled internal economy, the world of machine tools again came alive.

The increase in activity at Jones & Lamson was in direct proportion to the success of Hitler’s aggression at Munich, later in Poland and France. When the war broke out in 1939 the shop personnel numbered 750 men working in two shifts of sixty hours each per week. By the end of 1942 the grand total of all employees reached a peak of 3200 persons. The plant output increased six hundred percent with a three fold increase in shop personnel.
In 1940, Ralph Flanders was giving much of his time in Washington helping to work out a system of rationing and priorities to ease the acute shortage in machine tools. With the advent of OPM, later WPB, a real “flow Chart” for industry was worked out.

An illustration of the importance of machine tools in connection with the war effort was found in the almost complete reliance of the majority of machine tool purchasers upon the “know how” of the machine tool builders’ engineering staff to tool up and equip their plant for a given job. The automobile engineer, by shifting his production line from a motor car part to a machine gun barrel, merely specified the work he wished done. He worked closely with machine tool men to find a final solution. This was the pattern for machine tool production throughout the war. Time and again bottlenecks were broken by hard working tool engineers fighting a tough war of the drafting boards throughout the nation.

Early in 1943 it was seen that a certain amount of excess capacity would be available toward the end of the year. At the suggestion of the War Production Board and in order to maintain the same output level in spite of a falling off in machine tool requirements, Jones & Lamson undertook several sub-contract jobs for airplane and other machine parts. They manufactured 16 sub-assemblies for the Boeing B-29 Bomber. This plane, the largest and heaviest American bomber to come into use, was being built on a mass scale for the then secret, now familiar, task of bombing Japan into submission. This sub-contract was continued for two years and was an important contribution to the bomber program.

Realizing that foreign markets will strengthen steadily, Jones & Lamson has expended considerable effort to train foreign engineers, salesmen and machine tool operators at the plant under a carefully supervised training program. The field of export trade is expected to increase as foreign nations, particularly China and South America, develop their industry and national economy to a degree approaching ours. In China the machine tool era is in its earliest infancy. In South America the machine tool methods are approximately 30 years behind the United States. Since the degree of development of its machine tool industry may be considered to be a direct reflection of a nation’s standard of living, it is easy to visualize the potential markets among those countries whose living standards are admittedly low.

The Fellows Gear Shaper Company

The Fellows Gear Shaper Company plant rises like a fortress from the banks of the Black River. Its front entrance, reached by a bridge spanning the river, is faintly reminiscent of oldtime draw-bridges. Inside the brick façade, however, modern machinery and modern methods are at work making tools to help shape the modern world.

After the development of the lathe, planer and milling machines, which are fundamental machine tools, it is probable that the next great machine tool invention was the Gear Shaper. E. W. Miller, now vice-president and general manager, says of it: “It was radical, it was wholly new. It was and is unique, in that it made use of a principle little understood up to that time. Most inventions and developments made use of principles understood but comprising unique modifications and applications of those principles.

“Mr. Fellows appreciated the possibilities of the involute gear and built his Gear Shaper with the idea of producing involute gears only. He employed a gear-shaped cutter provided with the proper cutting edges. The cutter reciprocated and rotated in harmony with the gear being produced. His first machine was finished in 1897 and this machine is now a part of the machine tool exhibit permanently located in the Rockefeller Center in New York City. . . . In acknowledgement of this splendid work Mr. Fellows was awarded the John Scott Medal by the city of Philadelphia in 1899, upon the recommendation of the Franklin Institute.”

The new machine came at the opportune moment to meet the needs of a young auto-

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Inspecting a casting for a turret lathe. Precision craftsmanship is traditional among Vermont's machine tool builders.
Winter HIGHWAYS

By WILLIAM F. CORRY

Chairman, Vermont State Highway Board

Do you remember when the first flake of snow on a cold autumn day was a signal for Vermonter’s to block up their automobiles for the winter? And when, during five months a year, highway travel into Vermont from the outside world was more or less an adventure? It sounds as though such a primitive state of affairs must have existed no closer than a hundred years ago. Fifteen would be nearer the truth, and it just does not seem possible that conditions could change so radically in such a short time.

Let’s dip into history for a moment, to see how great and how comparatively recent the change has been.

In 1892 the highways of Vermont were mere wood roads, filled with mud in the spring and fall, impassable most of the winter for anything except very short trips, and studded with boulders and badly rutted in summer. What little winter road work was done consisted of rolling the snow surface to provide easier going for sleighs.

A special commission appointed at the time to examine the public highways of Vermont reported in 1896 that snow-work during the previous five years had cost sixty thousand dollars and that some means should be found for reducing this expenditure.

During the following quarter of a century there was not much change either in the methods or the extent of winter highway maintenance, which was carried on entirely by the individual towns and larger municipalities. Even by 1925 or so, automobiles rarely could be used in the winter for travel of any appreciable distance, and winter road work was carried on almost exclusively for horse-drawn vehicles.

How do these figures look, as a comparison between then and now? Fifty years ago twelve thousand dollars a year were being spent in Vermont for winter roads. Last winter the State Highway Department’s expenditures alone for winter maintenance, including contributions to towns and municipalities, amounted to a million dollars.

The time is on the way when winter motor travel of all kinds in Vermont may more closely approach that of summer. Nowadays practically everybody keeps his car operating for business and pleasure twelve months a year, and he does not want to fight snow and ice for half of them. Safe winter driving conditions have brought increased traffic, but it was the demands of motorists for year-round travel that made costly winter maintenance economical.

Perhaps one of the more spectacular results of having highways suitable for winter driving is in opening up the State for winter recreation. Of the basic elements necessary to make a wintersports center popular today, accessibility by highway is possibly the most important. At least it is a first requirement. Reliable snowfall, good ski trails or open slopes, some form of uphill transport, and adequate overnight accommodations all are important. But without a first class motor highway leading right to the development, the facilities will not be attractive to large numbers of winter recreationists.

All of the major skiing areas in Vermont are located on State highways, which are kept well plowed and sanded throughout the winter months. Even though many skiers from outside of Vermont travel here by train, they still have to reach the skiing grounds by car or bus. The last winter before the War saw an unbelievable increase in highway traffic to the large ski centers, and this coming season it is expected to exceed prewar volumes.

The vagaries of winter weather in Vermont naturally have considerable influence on travel. Except for the actual duration of a heavy snow storm, however, or when it is raining and freezing, no hesitancy need be felt about using any of the state highways or principal secondary routes. To those who know Vermont only in the summer and fall, a new experience awaits you when the Green Mountains turn white.
In the days of old dobbin, plowing wasn't necessary, but today even country roads like this one are kept clear for the milk collections, the rural free delivery, and commuting from isolated country homes to work "in town." More and more of the state's visitors are coming to work and live "year 'round."

W. J. Bryant & Don Whitney
The Mead's Alpine ski lift was the first of its type in all America. Its "T sticks" are one of the most unusual ways of ascending a steep slope of the kind that makes for exciting downhill runs. The base of the lift is near Sherburne Pass, already 2000 feet up, and the termination way up Little Pico.

Back in 1932, after pup-tenting around Vermont in search of a knoll upon which to perch our dwelling, we discovered all that we had envisioned in the little town of Mendon, just outside of Rutland. After absorbing a part of the loveliness of the Vermont hills throughout the changing seasons, our skiing enthusiasm grew to magnificent proportions and we explored the many and distant reaches, — the results of which put spurs to our intentions to try to bring this wonderful sport to others so that they might grow to love the winter outdoors the way all skiers do.

Our first effort was small. Locating an upper pasture of a farmer friend of ours, ideally smooth for the first skiing steps, we built a rope-tow, a small warming hut, arranged with the Ski-Coach at Dartmouth to help us out with instruction, and the winter of 1935-36 started off with an early snowfall and boundless enthusiasm.

We had just to glimpse the tremendous enthusiasm in reaction to this start to know how much it could mean if it were developed. To have a sport which would create the desire to get into the snowfields . . . to enjoy the cold tang of sunshine-filled wintry days . . . rather than to seek escape from it indoors . . . and at the same time, to have the physical benefits of the exercise in skiing plus the wonderful camaraderie found among the followers of this great sport, all this totalled in our minds great progression.

We decided to build a development, commensurate in scope with that vigorous spirit manifested by all lovers of outdoors. With our beings already captivated by the nearby Pico Peak, loftily looming whiteloomed against the blue sky . . . we sought to obtain it. After meeting Mortimer Proctor, owner of the Mountain and talking to him of all of our plans (and by that time we had drawings descriptive of the completed mountain development covering our studio walls), he was more than receptive to what must have sounded like fanciful dreaming. He left us that night with the feeling that his imagination and wish to cooperate with us was strong. From that day forth, Mortimer Proctor has been the greater part of our ideals. Without him, and his subsequent help, Pico could never have been.

So to the start. We took a hurried trip to Europe . . . Switzerland, Austria, Norway etc. . . . in quest of "materia Skia" . . . to be helpful to us in our growth. The summer of 1937, the lower mountain-side of Pico resounded to the
songs of the woodchoppers, busily cutting ski-slopes and trails out of the forests. Pico's snow conditions we had observed for a few years, and knew that many times when there was no snow on the other side of the mountain or about the countryside, Pico had good cover, but we were not prepared for such an early arrival. By Thanksgiving Day, we were all set to open. A 2000' rope-tow served the open slopes; a ski-hut and ski-shop at the base provided food and ski repairs plus a small amount of equipment. That winter we spent a fortune—or so we thought—in advertising in New York and Boston . . . People came from all over and we never ceased to marvel at the crowds. From the first the snow conditions at Pico became a part of the skiers' conversation piece. Into April we skied and with the closing day we felt the rush to get on with improvements and expansion. There was not a moment to pause. In 1938-39 we added two rope-tows and additional terrain with a stone building housing a modern restaurant, ski-shop and ski-school.

Trips to Europe during the years 1937-38-39 produced the big forward step in 1940-41. Having done a research job at all of the major ski resorts in Europe in the study of types of transportation available, we decided on the Constam Lift, invented by a Swiss and seen at all of the prominent spots throughout the Continent. Our main consideration was capacity, for we felt that skiing was going to become such a popular sport in America that in order to take care of the crowds, a means of transportation must provide high capacity. In 1940-41 Pico presented the first Constam Alpine Ski Lift in North America, the highest capacity Lift in the world, erected on Little Pico, located directly on U.S. route No. 4. The open slope and trail development of Little Pico was expansive, providing descents from the most gradual to the expert. We brought over Karl Acker, a licensed Swiss instructor, to direct our ski-school. Today Karl deservedly has national acclaim.

In the summer of 1941, a new Chalet was built by the Long Trail Lodge to house skiers. Directly connected to the skiing area via downhill and cross-country trails it has become an integral part of Pico. We built a Chalet at the Lower Terminal site for a real and complete ski-shop with a guest-skier apartment above it. Increasing our terrain, grading slopes and blasting rocks to make early skiing possible took us the summer to complete. The winter 1941-42 was tremendous. We knew then we could not handle such crowds another skiing season without an increase in our Lift capacity. But Pearl Harbor came that winter, so we were necessarily brought up short. Three war years of operation, with their restrictions, were relatively inactive in a sense, yet great numbers used the facilities to keep fit during a trying period. To all those in the Service, Pico gave a special rate and to

Andrea Mead became a mascot for Pico with a single picture. This particular snap has appeared not only on the Pico folder, but in several magazines and ski annuals as well. Janet Mead has placed special emphasis on the development of facilities for youth.
many groups, such as the flight squadrons from Westover Field, we turned over Pico most wholeheartedly for any week-end that they could get over. It was more than wonderful to see men on furlough such as these change from outward fatigue at the start to exuberance after some skiing. So we felt that in a small way we had also been able to serve.

Our interest in the growth of skiing has been the strongest of our possessions. To that end we have from the start dedicated our energies to the children and junior groups . . . for mighty skiers from little ones grow. That which we have been able to do in the way of providing instruction and injecting enthusiasm into this large group has been very productive to date. Many skiers whose first ski-tracks were on the slopes of Pico are now big names in the competitive world. Over and above the important health factor, we believe that for those in the formative stages of growing up, there is nothing comparable to skiing for that needful development of co-ordination, precision and judgment, not to mention good sportsmanship. In any sport of the outdoors there is a great kindred bond among those who indulge. But in skiing there is the greatest expression of that way of life which knows no caste, creed or confusion . . . poet, Prince and peasant meet on a common—snow-covered—ground.
Edward Sanborn, native-born Burlington artist is not a colorful personality in the normal “arty” sense of the word. You couldn’t exactly picture this quiet, brownish man in a Bohemian environment. Nor does he reflect the polish of Beaux Arts or the League, for he never studied in such places. Typically, he doesn’t work in color—the tones of black and white lithography and “scratchboard” are his specialties, and here he excels in portraying the shape of winter in Vermont—indoors and out.

If you ask him about subject matter, you’ll likely get an indefinite shrug. To Sanborn it means the Vermont landscape, the remembered warmth of the oven on a child’s toes during below-zero weather, while heat zigzags from the old iron stove lids; the look of sunlight on boards of a covered bridge; and how the water catches light on the worn stones beneath it. Most of Edward Sanborn’s major work has been done in the field of lithography, one of his best known being the country scene opposite. But his real talent for catching not only Vermont’s landscape, but her people also, is illustrated in the sketch of an nineteenth century country railroad station, with its anxious watchers. This is one of two circulated nationally by Modern Etchers.

Lithography, he feels, is the most satisfactory for handling light and shade. But it’s hardly a process to be hurried. First comes a quick sketch, then a long process of re-working the drawing—sometimes eight or nine times until the design merges gradually clearer and clearer. Once the drawing is built up on the stone by light painstaking applications of the grease crayon, there’s no going back to “touch it up a bit.”

Irene Allen, staff writer for the Burlington Daily News, here comments on the work of a native-born Vermont artist, who really knows and portrays WINTER IN VERMONT.
A lot of Sanborn’s work nowadays is done on scratchboard, a relatively unfamiliar process. The base material is finely coated with clay on which glossy black india ink is spread evenly. With the engraving knife, the artist draws his fine lines, clears white spaces, cross hatches shadows, reproducing in a very direct medium the Vermont scene. Three or four tones are enough, Sanborn claims. Anything beyond that multiplies the complicated play of light and shadow beyond the point of effectiveness. For leaves, for example, his favorite tool is a razor blade which makes a half-moon-shaped scoop mark. Even broken glass has its uses in scratchboard work. “It’s a good medium for illustration,” he says. “It’s direct; it states facts clearly.”
Vermonters for many years before the Revolution established a reputation for independence. One of the first "declarations of independence" in America came out of little Chester, October 10, 1774. It stated flatly "that all the acts of British Parliament tending to take away the rights of freedom ought not to be obeyed.

Government

of the people

By WILSIE E. BRISBIN
Secretary of Senate and Judge of Chittenden Municipal Court

Government in Vermont is literally government by the people and for the people. The often caricatured political boss is not a serious menace in the Green Mountain State. Maybe there has been a pale and anemic facsimile of a Tweed or a Crump at times, but the average Vermonter will clean his governmental house pretty fast if the dirt begins to show up in the corners.

From the time when Vermonters first formed a constitution for the state in 1777 the conception of government as a non profit necessity only, has been included in the state’s constitutional framework. The present Vermont constitution, with 5759 words, is the shortest written constitution in America but the twentieth century Green Mountain boys, like their earlier, more warrior like, counterparts did not think it was a waste of words to include the following section in the framework of government—

"As every freeman to preserve his independence (if without a sufficient estate) ought to have some profession, calling, trade or farm, whereby he may honestly subsist, there can be no necessity for, nor use in, establishing offices of profit, the usual effects of which are dependence and servility, unbecoming freemen, in the possessors or expectants, and faction, contention and discord among the people. But if any man is called into public service to the prejudice of his private affairs, he has a right to reasonable compensation and whenever an office through increase of fees or otherwise, becomes so profitable as to occasion many to apply for it, the profit ought to be lessened by the Legislature. And if any officer shall wittingly and wilfully take greater fees than the law allows him, it shall ever after disqualify him from holding any office in this State, until he shall be restored by act of legislation.”

Thus it is that the Vermonter who wants to make a profession out of politics finds that he must do so without much hope of monetary remuneration. Though government has become a bigger business than the constitution makers ever expected, the spirit of service to the state remains a fundamental which is uppermost in all its branches. The average selectman in the little town is generally a hardworking farmer or a small business man who devotes many hours of his time to keeping budgets balanced and providing necessary services for his fellow townsman. His reward is the honor of being known as one of the leading citizens in his community and the feeling of pride from doing a good job. If he gets a few dollars for his work it comes as a token of appreciation which keeps the job out of the charity class but probably wouldn’t keep his children in spending money.

This spirit is also well exemplified in the town representative who goes to the capital city every two years, sacrifices most of his earning power for three or more months, pays all his expenses in Montpelier, and only gets $600 for his services. It is interesting to note that political science experts cite Vermont’s House of Representatives as the worst example of legislative representation in the United States. Unlike other states whose members in the lower house represent units of population, Vermont gives one, and only one, representative to each town and city in the state, regardless of its size. Burlington, with its 25,000 or more people, has exactly the same representation as its little neighbor St. George, with less than 100 inhabitants.

But if the method of representation is all wrong from the governmental experts' angle, it gets amazingly good results because of the spirit in which these "people’s choices” accept their duties. They strive to do their work for the state seriously and conscientiously in the same manner as they serve their towns. It is always a source of amazement to the out-of-state visitor to see the
Vermont representatives attending all legislative sessions regularly and devoting time, effort and talents without complaint or thought of financial gain. The wily lobbyist who strives to get votes in Vermont's lower house by leaving century notes under legislators' pillows might well find the pillows and the century notes stuffed down his throat.

Vermont has always been recognized as the most Republican state in the Union. To most non-Vermonters, the little Green Mountain portion of New England is inhabited by a group of conservative back woods farmers who vote for a Republican, regardless of whether the candidate is a human being or a piece of granite. To a certain extent this is true. There are a number of conservative, hard-headed farmers in Vermont. They have inherited a faith in Republicanism which carries down from one generation to another. But in the larger towns and cities and even among the farmers in the rural areas, there are liberal Republicans who cannot always be distinguished from Democrats, Independents or Mugwumps. There are also many out-and-out Democrats.

It is characteristic of the spirit of Vermont's government that a town often sends to the legislature in Montpelier the man or woman whom the voters know and like, regardless of whether the label over the name on the ballot is Republican, Democrat or Independent. A popular, respected and capable citizen could be elected town representative if he ran on a Square Deal or a Zig-Zag ticket.

Vermont's republicanism is traditional and very real but there is a definite split between "old guard" and "liberal" Republicans. There is also reason to believe that the once accepted statement "I am a Republican because my father was a Republican and my grandfather was a Republican" is a thing of the past except in the minds of wishful Republican organization thinkers. The continuance of Republicanism in Vermont can be pretty well assured if the party gives the state good government and if there are many healthy scraps between the two factions in the party.

The principle of service to the people is not only exemplified in the towns and in the legislature but also in the executive branch of government in Vermont. Certainly a governor cannot expect to make his living by holding the position of chief executive which pays $5,000 per year (soon to be $7,000) without provision for a home or living expenses. Unless he is financially independent or unless he is willing to sacrifice for the present in expectation of golden apples in the future, the average Vermonter will turn hands down on a gubernatorial bid. This is good in theory but can easily lead to a restricted group of "vested interest" minded governors warming their seats continuously in the executive chair. Peculiarly enough, when this appears to be the fate of the state, a people's candidate rises up to challenge the monied hierarchy and strives for leadership in the spirit of service only.

It may be said generally that government is not ostentatious in Vermont. There are no officials so important that they can afford to show much pomp or ceremony. The governor is not accompanied by liveried aces and motor cycle escorts. He may well be found eating in a Montpelier restaurant booth surrounded by a minor state official, a Montpelier business man and a travelling man who got into the booth first. In like manner all state officials are easy to find, easy to approach and for the most part devoid of any "official importance" complex. This easy going attitude is sometimes mistaken for ignorance or lack of capability but the visitor generally discovers that the selectman with a bit of manure on his shoes, or the state official who works in his shirt sleeves with a pencil over his ear, will be keen enough to thwart any possible shenanigans.

Vermont's government shows a very high percentage of honesty and service. Though there may be some who profess to see devil's horns in all politicians' heads, most Vermonters who enter politics in their native state come through the ordeal pure and undefiled, with a good chance of entering heaven. And those Vermonters who venture beyond the boundaries of the state to occupy governmental seats in Washington have acquitted themselves honorably and capably. I doubt if any state can boast of two senators at the same time as well respected throughout the nation as Senators Aiken and Austin. Certainly the opportunity comes to few men in a century to carry the governmental spirit of his own state into the arena of world politics—as is the case of Warren R. Austin.
Time was when snowshoeing was a major sport here in the north. There were winter sports clubs in which tobogganing, sled-coasting and snowshoeing were all hard-ridden hobbies, and the last was not least. Boys and girls, men and women, resplendent in Canada's gaudiest mackinaws, tuques with tassels, vari-colored stockings and bead-worked, smoke-tanned moccasins met at an appointed place and "went snowshoeing." They were led by a leader, who had previously chosen and gone over the route, and followed by a whipper-in whose duty it was to see that nobody got lost and to repair damaged gear. Drinking from flasks was done slyly by the hardier and more raffish of the men and was frowned on by the ladies.

That was then. But now skiing, with its buttered rum, not frowned on by the ladies, its breath-taking speed going down-hill and its effortless power-driven rides up-hill, its modern finery, special trains and glamor, has backed snowshoeing right off the map as a major sport and relegated les racquettes to their earliest use, namely, to get people over the snow. Again they are a means rather than an end. And if you are one who enjoys a hike, alone or with a friend or two, roaming through silent, snow-laden fields and woods, cooking a steak—can you get a steak?—over good, hardwood coals, preferring leisure to speed, then snowshoes are your means.

Snowshoes may have an Eurasian counterpart, but I don't know it. Here they were of Indian origin and used wherever the snow lay deep except possibly in the far north. (I never saw a picture of Eskimo on snowshoes.) They were adopted by the French voyageurs and by the trappers of New England, who used them as the Indians did: to get where they wanted to go. Hunters, trappers, timber-cruisers, game-wardens, gun-pickers, sugar-makers, and so forth, still use them to get where they want to go. A few die-hards, advanced in years, who once snowshoed for fun still do so, not minding—much—the jibes of their ski-minded offspring who tell them that they are thereby dated.

Snowshoes are actually a pair of floors, mobile, springy and substantial. Whenever there are ten or more inches of snow, walking with snowshoes is easier than walking without them. Hummocks, branches, rocks and other stumbling blocks hidden beneath the snow are not taken into account by the snowshoer; he simply lays a floor over them and steps on the floor. And if he has a burden, such as a full pack-sack or a pair of sap-buckets, he will sink into the snow but a couple of inches deeper than if he had none. He can travel over flat country or steep, smooth country or rough, wooded country or open, and all with the same pair of snowshoes. Of course there are different shapes of snowshoes—lots of them—but every one of them can be used for every purpose.

There are four principal shapes or models of snowshoes, and different makers call them by different names. Three of them have tails and one of them does not. That one is the Bear-Paw, and its specific use is in rough, brushy country where long shoes are a nuisance. It is also good for mountain work part of which is above timberline where there is little snow and lots of ice. Here they can be removed and stuffed into the pack-sack, being replaced by creepers or crampons. (Snowshoes behave viciously on glare ice.) Bear-Paws are usually obtainable in sizes 13'' x 27'' and 15'' x 30'': let your ponderosity govern your choice.

Of the three models having tails one is long and narrow, another is short and fat. The latter looks about like a pumpkin-seed, serves the same purpose as the Bear-Paw, and is more easily managed because the dragging tail, be it ever so humble, helps you to point the toe where you want it to point, and it also provides a balance-weight which helps to keep the toe from digging into the snow. The long, slender model is the plains Indian's equivalent of the ski. It may be as much as six feet long and is rarely more than one foot wide, and it has a very long and much turned-up toe. It is at its best in soft, dry snow and in open, fairly level country.

The third of the tailed models is the one most familiar, most widely used, and is shaped somewhat like a long-tailed Ace of Diamonds. Sometimes it is called the Algonquin model, sometimes the Maine. It is useful almost everywhere and obtainable almost anywhere. If in doubt, buy it: you can't go wrong.

Snowshoes are fastened to feet by rawhide thongs, lamp-wicking or harnesses; and unless you are just about infallible as a tyer of knots and hitches you had better buy the harnesses. There are several kinds, all pretty good, and you can get them wherever you can get snowshoes. If several are offered for your consideration choose the simplest.
There is no longer any togging for snowshoeing. Be your own arbiter. If you have a ski-suit, wear it: it will do as well as anything else. If you are a hunter you know what to wear. I’ve known snowshoers—ardent ones, too—who wore business suits plus a sweater under the coat, and they got along all right. Footgear, too, may be what you please: one of those business-suit wearers also wore arctics, and he covered a lot of miles. Some advocate smoke-tanned moccasins. Certainly they are soft and comfortable in dry snow, but in wet snow they are awful. Sneakers would be just as good, I think, but I never heard of anybody wearing them. The most common footgear in northern New England is the rubber-bottomed, leather-topped boot. It doesn’t wet through in wet snow, nor does it freeze at forty below—if you’re fool enough to be out when it is forty below. Whatever you wear, have them big enough so you can wear plenty of socks in them: you will probably want to stop once in a while, and cold feet are an abomination.

Snowshoeing is easier done than said, but it all boils down to this: just walk. Don’t get flustered by the size of your supplementary soles, and spraddle and flounder. Just walk straight ahead, being sure that your stride is long enough to pass the widest part of one shoe over the widest part of the other before you set it down. (To that end, by the way, it is wise to choose short, wide shoes: then you won’t feel you are taking seven-league steps.) Put your weight on your toes going uphill, on your heels going down. Do not try to move one shoe while the other is on top of it: it won’t work. And so forth and so forth; but if you’ll do as I said, and just walk, the rest will come easily and you’ll have a good time.
Sportsman’s Easy Chair
When you get your feet cocked up to the warmth of a glowing maple chunk in the evening, after a satisfying day in the fairyland of Vermont’s winter woods, you can’t help but feel a little sorry for folks who miss one of the best of the old state’s never monotonous seasons. It is the time of the year when the white blanket spreads softly over field and woodland is embroidered with the tracks of wild creatures and when the ice fisherman holds forth on wind-swept lakes. It is the season that puts a real ringle in the old muscles, a new glint in the hunter’s eye and a blush on the cheek that no cosmetics can match.

The fall tramps behind old “Beau” after grouse, woodcock and pheasant have left a memory of a grand dog locked up on point under a thorn apple tree. A rush of wings—the quick swing—the odor of burnt powder—the smell of game in the frying pan—great memories all. A gray squirrel ghosting through a beech woods—black ducks, pintails, teal and woodies swinging over Lake Champlain shore blinds. Old “Blue” and “Doc” fretting about the corn stooks for coon scent on a warm late autumn night. The race through eye-poking brush to the tree. Sociability around the lantern at night. Buck tracks on the fresh snow of late fall. Sitting the runways. Prowling the hogbacks and skulking the swamps. Deer camp evenings. Venison on the hook. All wonderful and soul-filling for any sportsman—but merely the warm-up for the real winter sport ahead.

You have never really lived until you have tried a few rounds with the snowshore hare. “Y” tracks in the alder swamp and on the fir-covered hillsides. You know there is ample game about for a day of real sport. “Dolly Dog” and “Lucky” know it too. Chimes and bells sounded from beagle throats to set the pulse pounding. A race on snowshoes (which always refuse to track when hurried) to cross the circle and head off that bouncing white spook ghosting around through the thickest underbrush. A flash as he crosses an opening—and the dull thud a shotgun makes when muffled by snow covered trees. The noon campfire with jolly companions (for there can never be muffled by snow covered trees. The noon campfire with jolly companions (for there can never be enough of a new state’s never monotonous season.) It is the time of the year when the white blanket spreads softly over field and woodland is embroidered with the tracks of wild creatures and when the ice fisherman holds forth on wind-swept lakes. It is the season that puts a real ringle in the old muscles, a new glint in the hunter’s eye and a blush on the cheek that no cosmetics can match.

Next time it may be bobcats through the deep woods and ledge country. The same story of hound music, long chases over the snow. Worry over a dog getting ripped a bit. The snarling oversize feline perched where a robin belongs in another season. The crash of a rifle or the thud of the shotgun. Sport? Just try it sometime.

Winter softens a bit but the ponds and lakes freeze deep. Time for ice fishing. Chopping away with the weighted spud to punch holes through to the water and to keep warm on the open wind-blasted lake. The race for the pickerel and pike tipups. Slowly freezing to death while “jigging” the holes for perch—and then the blazing bonfire on the ice to thaw out again. Maybe it is a shanty on Champlain or some other spot when the smelt are hitting. You strip right down to the shirt when the little one-cup coal burner starts giving forth. The fascination of gazing down through that strangely lighted hole at your feet to watch smelt 40 feet below take the bait. No holes to cut there. Warm and cozy for lunch. Maidstone for January trout fishing. Lakers, true longe, salmon, brookies—all somewhere down beneath the glazed surface. Where? That’s what makes it interesting. What a choice for a sportsman!!!!

Guess we must have been dozing a bit in the heat from this evening fire. Time to get up to the den and start making up a few trout flies for next spring. Loose ferrules on that light rod to be taken care of before those folks who can’t stand our “terrible” Vermont winters start pouring back from those blood-thinning southern climes, and before fishing season rolls around again.

Would it be rubbing it in to tell them what they have missed?

P. G. (“Perc”) Anguin

VERMONT Life 41
motive industry. For many years the
greater part of the company's business
was with automobile manufacturers. The
Gear Shapers are unique in that no other
company in the United States manufac-
tures the same type of gear cutting ma-
chine. The basic idea, from the incentive
generics of Mr. Fellows, has been developed
into a business of highly technical nature.
For this reason, the results of the com-
pany's operations depend almost entirely
upon the inventive and engineering ability
and manufacturing skill of its personnel.

The recent war marked the end of one
era and the beginning of another in world
history. Radar, the long range bomber and
the atomic bomb are three outstanding de-
velopments which mark the beginning of
this new era. The Fellows Gear Shaper
Company had a lot to do in connection
with two of these great discoveries: radar
and the long range bomber.

Radar was so vitally important during
the war that utmost secrecy was enforced.
The Company was part of a military zone
to start with, and within that zone the
Gilmor Shop was turned over to the as-
ssembling of radar parts. Within the build-
ing itself was built a second wall, forming
a large inner room, into which only
securely authorized people were allowed.

Without its machines the present air-
craft engine industry would bog down in
a myriad of gears. The company developed
several special machines for producing
gears for B-29 and B-32 bombers. In order
to make parts for both long range bombers
and radar, The Fellows Company designed
and built 9 new machines in a single year.
Machines to cut gears ranged in size from
one which cuts gears one-sixteenth of an
inch in diameter to a machine which cuts
gears 100 inches in diameter. This activity
placed the company high in the aircraft
industry, especially in regard to aircraft
ingines.

Production at the Gear Shaper, as at
the other plants, was an amazing one. If
the shipments for the years 1936-7-8 are
averaged and this figure compared with the
number of shipments made in the peak
year of 1943, it will be found that pro-
duction was increased nearly ten times
within the five-year period of 1939 to
1943. In 1942, management asked the
production department if production could
be stepped up to 100 machines a month.
The answer was "yes." Later the figure
was set at 150 machines a month. When
this was fulfilled, management asked
what was the limit possible. There was
no answer to this question. At the peak,
the personnel numbered 3300, of which
400 were women.

Many of the developments which
reached such a high degree of perfection
during the war can be carried over into
peacetime activities.

BRYANT CHUCKING GRINDER COMPANY

William L. Bryant, who founded the
company in 1909 and located the shop
south of Springfield village on Route 11,
below Jones & Lamson, designed a three-
spindled grinding machine for accurately
finishing metal parts.

Grinding had not yet become a com-
mon practice but was gaining ground due
to the demand for closer tolerances. There
were two general types of turret lathes
then being manufactured at Jones &
Lamson, while Mr. Bryant worked there
as chief tool designer. One type was the
turret lathe for making parts from
long bars passed through the work spindle
of the machine. The other type was called
a chucking lathe, designed for machining
 castings and other short parts which were
 held in a fixture or chuck mounted on the
 work spindle of the machine. Bryant's
 grinding machine held the work in a man-
ner similar to the chucking lathe, thus
it was called a chucking grinder.

James Hartness recognized the possi-
bilities in the new machine. Appreci-
ing Bryant's ability he encouraged him to
establish a new company for the manufac-
ture of grinding machinery. The
venture was financed mostly by Spring-
field people. Mr. Hartness also served as
president for a number of years. Mr.
Bryant was the active head of the company
as general manager and treasurer. He also
designed the machines and carried the
chief burden of sales.

The original three-spindle machine de-
sign was really ahead of its time and there
was no great demand for it. After a few
years Mr. Bryant decided to specialize in
single spindle hole grinders and two-
spindle hole and face grinders. These
eye machines lacked many features
which are common today: power feeds,
 automatic features, hydraulics and elec-
tronics, which are now used. Then very
little was known about precision grinding.

In addition to the need for equipment,
experts were also needed to help industry
learn how to efficiently use the equipment
as it developed. Bryant engineers served
as consultants to discuss manufacturing
methods and assist the production en-
gineers to properly tool for the manu-
facture of various products.

After two or three very poor years
dering, new models were
designed and developed for grinding parts
for the aircraft industry. The machines
were also adaptable to many other types
of work such as automobile and truck
parts, refrigerator compressors, dies,
sewing machine parts, ball bearing rings
etc., in a wide variety of shapes and sizes.

Just prior to the outbreak of World
War II, most of the machines were built
for foreign shipment to Russia, Japan,
England, France, Italy, Australia and
smaller countries. Many machines were
also supplied to domestic users. So great
was the demand for grinders that two
17,000 pound models were flown across
the Atlantic.

Bryant's had the distinction of being
associated with, and contributing to,
the development of the atomic bomb.

Another job of which company officials
are justifiedly proud was the development,
with the Bendix Aviation Corporation, of
a fuel pump to "take the bugs" out of our
B-29 bombers. Many early models of the
B-29 were lost because of fuel trouble.
Bendix designed a fuel pump to take the
place of the carburetor. To manufacture
the unit, certain tolerances had to be
maintained which had hitherto been im-
practical. Bryant machines were de-
veloped which would finish the bores in
the pumps to five-millionths of an inch,
on a quantity production basis, enabling
Bendix to make its design a reality.

Two contracts for radar parts were
completed by Bryant's. One included
parabolic searching units, used principally
in picking up approaching ships and planes
engines, for the General Electric Com-
pany. Another radar part manufactured
for Westinghouse required such close
finishing as to prevent all backlash in the
gears used in the device.

Before the war the Bryant Company
employed about 300 people. At the height
of production the number rose to 1350.
About 15 percent of these were women.
Bryant's normal output which had been
from ten to twenty machines a month,
was stepped up to 120 machines a month.

The high national reputation gained by
Springfield machine tools may be attri-
buted to the fact that the firms are not
competitive. When one has a tough
problem the others pitch in, lend their best
engineers and craftsmen and concentrate
on the job until it is done. They do not
compete for business or for labor and
every plant is locally owned with local
men in key positions. These three ma-
chine tool companies did a business of
about 70 million dollars in 1943.

Much more could be written about its
industries and will be some day. For
when Yankee inventors go out to face
world problems, surprising things are
bound to happen.
ANN STORY (Cont'd from page 13)

who heard her tell the story with terse Vermont understatement. She evidently did not even consider the possibility of giving up and beating a retreat to safety. Nor did she waste an instant's time in lamentations. "If the smoking ruins of our home disheartened us, the hope arose that the Indians had made so little in this excursion, they might not visit the region any more. So we began cutting and laying up small trees, such as the children and I could handle, and it was not long before we had quite a comfortable cabin, made of poles instead of logs, on the spot where the former one had stood."

In the daytime the Story children and their mother could go on, growing food, preparing it, keeping house (and incidentally gathering valuable information for the guerrilla forces on their side) because they could stand guard and at the first sound of danger could take to their canoe and paddle noiselessly out of sight. But at night?

People thought that now, of course, Mistress Story would not stay on, that she could not but abandon the half-created home and move south for safety. But stay on she did, as patriot. Her house of poles—but a home nonetheless, clean and snug and smelling pleasantly of good food cooking, became like the switchboard of a modern telephone system. To it came singly, or in small groups, men who looked like trappers or hunters, dropping in casually for a chat with the Widow Story over a dish of her excellent venison stew. But they left an important message to be passed on orally to other buckskin-clad, musket-carrying men who were to drop in, some days or weeks later. Or, while the children scattered into the woods in a wide circle, all around the clearing, to keep watch, a canoe would come up the creek, loaded with kegs of gunpowder, which would be hastily rolled out and hidden, till a party of the Green Rangers later arrived with the right password. Often the men dropped in just to get what information Ann and her active children had picked up about British or Indian movements, for the children were everywhere and Ann acquired an F.B.I. ability to piece together isolated odd items to make a clear whole. Or, perhaps the visitors came just to get Ann Story's slant on some new move, political or military. For of course, as always happens, her judgment grew in value with experience and observation.

As to what the family did at night, nobody knew for a long time. Ann kept her own counsel and the children were as mum as young partridges hiding in the dry leaves at their mother's command. But we now know the device.

The banks of the Otter Creek, where their home stood, were high above the water. Selecting a place where tall old trees stood thickly, their roots intertwining into a strong, wiry network, the Storys began to dig an underground passageway into the bank. Prisoners digging escape tunnels have trouble hiding the fresh dirt. The Story diggers just slid it into the swift-flowing stream. The mouth of the passage, at the water level, they made just large enough to let the canoe float in, the passengers all lying flat. And they kept that entrance thickly planted with overhanging bushes, so it would not be seen by any of the men in canoes, pro-British, Indian or pro-American, who used the Otter as a road into and out of the northern wilderness. A place to sleep was dug out at one side, well above the level of the water. Here the roots of the trees acted as a natural arch to hold up the roof, over what was a sizable underground room.

Mistress Story placed the cave on the far side of the stream from their cabin, so that, entered as it was from the water, no sign of trodden leaf or broken stick could betray it to the sharpest Indian trackers. A well-worn path led down, naturally enough, to where the canoe lay moored.

Every night, after dark, they filed silently down, stepped into the canoe, pushed it out without a sound, and glided between the high wooded banks, around a bend in the Otter. With one deft paddle stroke, the light craft was swung around and slid in under the overhanging bushes. The Storys were gone, all six of them, as if they had evaporated.

And then one day one of her children returned from a far-ranging woods expedition, reporting that he had heard somebody crying. Going cautiously to see, noiseless on his moccasined feet, he had peeped through the leaves from a distance and had seen a woman, a white woman, sunk in a heap on the forest floor, sobbing.

Ann Story reflected. It might be an Indian trick. But it might not be. Musket on shoulder, guided by the child, both of them as silent as cloud-shadows, she made her way to a place where she could see and not be seen. The child's story was true. The mother waited a long time, with Indian patience, standing invisible in the forest, till she was sure it was no trick. Then she stepped forward.

What a moment for that girl, abandoned by her Indian captors, when the
The girl had come from a settlement, far inside the American lines, which had been raided by Indians in the service of the British. The prisoners were hurried along the trail to Canada. And this girl (here is one name that has not come down to us, so I can only call her the girl) was far advanced in pregnancy. She tried desperately to keep up with the swift dog-trot of the Indians, quite as much afraid of being left to starve in the wilderness as of their tomahawks. But she had finally fallen so far behind, as to be out of their sight. And they had gone on. It was less trouble to leave her there to perish than to turn back and split her skull.

Ann Story knew that the young woman’s time was near. There was nothing for it but to add another to the incredible sum of responsibilities on her strong shoulders. The young mother was taken in, the baby was born—Ann Story midwife—and like all babies, he was anything but self-controlled and disciplined. One of the stock sayings of her contemporaries about Ann Story was that “she feared neither Tory, Indian nor wild beast,” because she felt herself to be stronger than they. But she could not keep a baby from crying when he felt like crying. The soundless caution of the canoe-approach to the underground shelter, the whispers of their talk in the cave, were often broken by the baby’s lusty yells when something displeased him. You can imagine what the Storys’ situation now became.

But Ann never thought of the possibility of evading this responsibility. Babies and their mothers must be cared for, come what may. For the present, till the mother could walk, there was no way of moving them on to another place of safety. So there the baby stayed, crying when the spirit moved him.

And he was the hinge on which a small, but not unimportant piece of American history swung into place—the right place. The American Revolution was not at bottom a struggle between the colonists and Great Britain. It was between those, everywhere, who steadfastly believed that people should be free to govern themselves, and those who did not. In the colonies—in Vermont too, so new that the bark was still on it—there were plenty of people who took no stock in the republican ideas which, with Cromwell, had shaken the English state to its foundations, and who hated and feared the principles of the American Revolution, so dear to Ann Story—and to us, her descendants.

A band of these royalists were, unknown even to the wide-spread intelligence system of the Green Mountain Rangers, leaving the various Vermont settlements in which they lived, starting north, to go to Canada, to join the British Army, to take to them and their allies, the Indians, exact, detailed information about the location and defenses of the American settlements in Vermont and about the movements, organizations and resources of the guerrilla fighters. Their success might very well have meant the wiping out of those settlements altogether. Traveling separately, to avoid detection, they were on the last lap of the journey, crossing the no-man’s strip of the extreme frontier where Ann Story lived, and kept their eyes open.

But they went by night. All the keen Story eyes were underground, asleep. The northbound anti-Americans would have slipped through, unobserved, if just before dawn one morning, that baby had not taken it into his head to cry. At the sound, coming from the ground under his feet, one Ezekiel Jenny, following the trail north along the riverbank, stopped and stood still in his tracks. He was of that region, known to Ann Story, and well acquainted with her way of life. So this, he thought in exultation, was the key to the secret of the Storys’ vanishing at night.

He tiptoed to the edge of the water, hid himself in the bushes, looking keenly up and down the river, as the dawn slowly broke. Before long, sure enough, just under where he stood, the tip of a canoe was silently pushed through the bushes. It hung there a moment, probably to make sure no one was passing. Then with a swift thrust, it was in midstream, and shot towards the bend of the river and the landing place.

Now, thought Ezekiel Jenny, putting his musket on theock, and darting across the neck of land to lie in wait for the unsuspecting party, now is the time to make that pestiferous woman rebel talk. Crouched in the bushes, beside the landing place, he waited till Ann had stepped out of the canoe and then, springing up, he presented the muzzle of his gun at her very breast, and attempted to terrorize her into betraying her allies.

Let Ann speak for herself here. Her own inimitably dry words have come down to us: “I gave evasive and dissatisfactory replies to his questions. This exasperated Jenny and he threatened to shoot me on the spot, but to all his threats I bid defiance, and told him I had no fears of being shot by so consummate a coward as he; and finally he passed along down the creek.” And so it was that Ann Story contemptuously dismissed a bully.

Ezekiel did not shoot her. He had other things to do that day, and had interrupted his hurried secret journey only on a chance. He spied on his way, not dreaming that the woman would take note of which way he went, that she had inside information enough to guess what his purpose was, and means of giving notice of his presence in the region.

What she did was to snatch a fly-leaf from her Bible, the only paper she had, write a hasty note on it, and send one of her boys flying swift-footed along a shortcut trail, to the nearest Green Mountain Ranger. In no time, Daniel Foot, Samuel Bentley and other Americans, had snatched their muskets from the pegs over the home-hearth, and set off in pursuit. From my little girlhood I have always hoped that the men let that Story boy who took them the message go along with them. I’m sure he would not have felt he needed to get his mother’s permission.

Silent as any wild inhabitant of the forests so familiar to them, those American settlers, turned in an instant from family men to guerrilla fighters, followed the trail of the unsuspecting would-be English soldiers. When night fell, the royalists were far enough north beyond the last cabins to venture to make camp and lie down to sleep around their fire. Without a sound, the Green Mountain Rangers closed in around them, and then, on a signal, broke upon them with yells and musket-firing.

But not to kill. Their prisoners had intended the betrayal of American families to fire and tomahawks. But their capture had prevented that. There was no need to kill them. Prosacially, and we think, gloriously, the Rangers marched their prisoners across country to Fort Ticonderoga, then in American hands, and “gave them up to the proper constituted authorities.”

Ann Story’s monument stands on the spot where her husband built their first log-cabin home. On it are these plain un rhetorical words:

ANN STORY

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF HER SERVICE IN THE STRUGGLE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS FOR INDEPENDENCE

You might think that those who designed the monument would have put on it that well-known saying of hers to the defenders of Vermont, when she was being urged to turn her back on danger, to be wholly mother and not citizen and patriot—“Give me a place among you and see if I am the first to desert my post.”

But to endure, that doesn’t need to be carved in stone. It is well-remembered in our hearts.

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