Dear Friend:

It is a particularly pleasant experience for me to address you through the medium of our new state magazine VERNON LIFE.

If you are one of those who has not yet had an opportunity to know at first hand our beautiful countryside, the friendliness of our people, and the "Vermont way of Life," this magazine will be a preview of what you may expect.

If you are one of those who has already experienced the beauties of our Green Mountain State, this magazine will serve as a reminder at home of your pleasant hours in Vermont.

If you are one of our own citizens, I know that the many articles and pictures which appear in this and succeeding issues will be a constant source of invaluable information regarding the industry and agriculture, history and government, art and architecture, of our own state. And I think too that the magazine will be tremendously helpful in the schools all over the state.

VERMONT LIFE itself will travel many places. I am sure it will be welcomed wherever it goes.

Sincerely yours,

Mortimer R. Proctor
Governor
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You Might Say . . .

While this first issue of Vermont Life touches upon much of the state's life and attractions, it encompasses by no means all of them. In the course of succeeding quarterly issues, we hope to cover others. Next issue we begin a series on government, both state and local. We shall have frequent sketches, well illustrated, from Vermont history. We shall continue our survey of institutions of education, our inquiries into industry and agriculture, art and architecture, our sketches of distinguished Vermonter's, our descriptions of travel and recreation facilities, and many other special features designed to interest and inform both residents and non-residents of the state.

Because it is our intention to devote a great part of the magazine to illustration—as much as possible of it in color—we are particularly indebted to those who have contributed Kodachromes and color plates for this issue. Mr. Joseph B. Johnson, General Manager of the Bryant Chucking Grinder Co. of Springfield, very kindly furnished those on pages 14, 29, 30, and 39, as well as the cover illustrations. We were able to obtain the brilliant views of Newport through the intervention of Mr. O. S. Searles, of that city, and the excellent fall Kodachrome of the Vermont Academy campus from the Headmaster of that institution, Mr. Laurence G. Leavitt. Mr. Allen P. Beach, of Basin Harbor, loaned the swimming scene on the inside back cover. The photograph of the Orton House, in Weston, on page 16, is reproduced through the courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, and will appear this fall as the frontispiece of the new edition of Herbert Wheaton Congdon's Old Vermont Houses. This extremely valuable volume has been out of print for several years, though much in demand. The new edition (Knopf, $3.75) is revised and much enlarged; Mr. Congdon's superb illustrations total 125 in number, in addition to the text.

We are also particularly indebted to Mrs. Leonard F. Wing for permission to use photographs from the General's own album. Other pictures contributed are reproduced with the name of the photographer attached.

One thing we will not attempt to do in the course of publishing a magazine, is to repeat special material which is already available from the Publicity Service. From them, interested persons can obtain pamphlets on hunting and fishing, describing the areas where various fish and fowl can be had, and the seasons; or on golf, with lists of the many excellent courses. There are lists of Farms and Summer Homes for Sale, Camps and Cottages for Rent, Hotels and Tourist Homes published annually, and there is a booklet of Vermont Tours available for the asking. There is a multitude of other material which can be had, if the service knows your special interest. Drop them a line.
IN NEW ENGLAND where the town meeting is still a valid part of the democratic process, they are working out new ways of solving current problems.

Vermont has a state industrial relations council. It is made up of representatives of industry and the unions. Government has no part in it. The council has gone a long way toward bringing management and labor to a real understanding.

They are proud in Vermont of the council, the first of its kind in the country, and they have good reason to be. If a congressional committee is named to do an honest study of labor-management relations, they could profitably take a long look at what has been worked out here.

They haven't, of course, had the same problems as in states where war industries brought hundreds of thousands of new workers and unions mushroomed overnight. Vermont is not primarily an industrial state. Nevertheless the way in which the two sides have worked together, without government intervention or guidance, is an example that may well have wide application.

The council is made up of eight members by the Associated Industries of Vermont, four by the AF of L and four by the CIO. Each group selects its own chairman and they take turns presiding at the meetings.

Sitting around the conference table in a series of sessions for more than a year, they have wrestled with the obstacles in the way of collective bargaining. Sometimes the sessions have been bitter. But gradually a mutual understanding has grown up. The Vermont council the other day sent both labor and industry delegates to tell a meeting of New England industrialists and business men that the plan actually works.

Albert A. Cree, president of the Vermont Public Service company, the industry delegate, recommended the idea highly to his fellow industrialists. While the two sides did not always agree, he said, they had come to know and respect each other's points of view.

Somewhat the same testimony came from Henry N. Hicks, a CIO member of the Vermont council. He admitted that labor was suspicious at first. But the plan had worked out so well that labor today was completely sold on the idea. Hicks went on to say:

"The establishment of future labor relations lies in the hands of management. If a union is treated with respect, accorded real recognition, bar­gained with in good faith, then management and labor should be able to deal with each other constructively when collective bargaining breaks down for the time being."

That is apparently one of the chief gains to come out of the council—mutual respect. It is what is too often absent when management and unions sit down together. Usually they face each other with all the fine cordiality of two stray tigers meeting in the jungle.

Vermont has two good senators and why it should be so, here in this rocky little state that has had its population drained off to the industrial centers, is hard to see. Sen. Warren R. Austin has just been named by President Truman to be the United States member of the United Nations Security Council.

Quietly but with untiring persistence, Austin has worked to bring the Republican party out of the shell of isolationism and into the light of day. When some of the more showy figures in the party were still clinging to isolationism, Austin maneuvered a forthright resolution on foreign policy at the Mackinac Island conference. As a delegate to the conference of Chapultepec in Mexico, he performed a splendid service.

If they were given half a chance by those who think they own the Republican party, men like Aiken and Austin could put the GOP into a position of unassailable leadership. They could point the way, on both domestic and international issues, to a strong and unified America.

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RENDEZVOUS

with SUMMER

By J. E. Hart

THE AUTHOR:

"Gene" Hart came to Vermont out of pure love of the country after 21 years of service as a chemical engineer for Dupont. The rugged natural beauty of northeastern Vermont, coupled with its resources of what he terms "fin, fun and feather," attracted him to Newport. An expert fisherman, hunter—and writer as well, he decided to convert an avocation into a vocation. Today he is one of the state's most popular guides. What's more, his experiences, plus the natural beauty of the country, have given him material for feature articles in picture magazines having circulations in the millions. Thus Gene Hart is known to a national as well as a state audience.

Here he gives you an idea of what it was that made up his mind for him.

Perhaps as you read these lines, a cool breeze will be blowing off my weather bow. The cloistered silence of spectral evening shadows and sheer cliffs will hush the drowsy call of night birds from Provence Island. Owlshead Mountain will lie dead astern and the twinkling lights of Newport will beckon in the distance.

If luck rides with me, there will be a Salmon or a Rainbow trout in the creel; the rods and tackle will be stowed, the lunch hamper will be empty and another day on Lake Memphremagog will join the caravan of yesterdays.

Of course that's only day dreaming!

But, it is the fulfillment of such flights of fancy as this which, when woven end to end, go to make up the pattern of a northeastern Vermont summer. It's a country where such things as dreams are born—the black magic of the Green Mountains.

Radiating around the city of Newport as a trading center and situated just off the beaten path of the stereotyped trippers, this Memphremagog section remains as it was in the days of Rogers Rangers—a land of blue waters, green hills and open trails.

Any map will show you that it's just an easy day's drive from New York or Boston—2 hours by plane—but nothing I could write and only your own personal experience will disclose its particular homespun charm which is just a little different from the smartly tailored and hand pressed variety of the usual New England vacation area.

For instance—nowhere in this tract will you find swank or the flamboyant facade of 'name' resorts. Bill boards, honky tonks and glaring neon lights are unknown, and the sleek mess jacket or chic dinner gown is out of character and seen only on local movie screens.

However, by way of balance—if you have a love for the out of doors, a sneaking fondness for Indian stuff, and an appreciation of Nature's pretties—If you long to hear the drumming of the partridge, the swish of the cast fly or plug, or the lonely morning wail of the loon—If you dream of sailing with scuppers awash, hanker to explore dim woodland trails, watch camp fire embers grow cold, or just lie on your back and count stars instead of dollars—well, if you like any of these, then, this article is written for you.

Whether you land on Newport's new $1,000,000 airport, step off of a Canadian Pacific pullman, or just slip from behind the wheel of the family chariot, your first impression will be one of delightful anticipation.

In fact at least half an hour before the porter gathers up your bags, or a plane crew member says, "Fasten your safety belt please, we're coming in"—you'll capitulate to the natural charm of the region.

Left: Caught Within Newport's City Limits!
The timber will be full—the foliage will be rich—the hills will be verdant—the lakes will be gin clear and your heart will begin to sing.

You will like Newport and its friendly people. Probably you'll make your headquarters there or at some adjacent resort.

Once settled, with Junior tucked away for the night, and you and Mom are watching the moon shepherd her unruly flock of stars across the sky, your reflections will no doubt turn toward tomorrow, and then tomorrow. What promise do they hold? What is there to do?

Well, if you are the type of individual whose conversation pieces center around Hardy rods, Parmachenee Belles or white waters, here's the solution—simply hop in your car and drive in any direction.

I'll guarantee you won't drive 10 minutes on any road without parking the bus and putting your rod together.

There are over 10 species of game fish in our waters, and upwards of 30 lakes, rivers and ponds; and these are all fishable, mind you!

Does that sound intriguing?

But perhaps historical romance, and not piscatorial meanderings, is your lodestone.

Then, listen! Almost 200 years ago the weary, half starved remnants of Rogers Rangers slogged and staggered over these very hills in their disastrous retreat from the ill-fated St. Francis Indian expedition. This was the epic which was so glorified in Kenneth Roberts “Northwest Passage” and the movie version of the same name.

Furthermore, the Provence of Quebec—habitant country—is just four miles to the north and there is no barbed wire fence or rifled bayonet to deter your Border crossing.

*Turn over, please*
It's a quaint bit of country—this tucked away corner in the Land of the Maple Leaf.

Typically French and still in the traditions of ancient Normandie, it brings quick mental flashbacks to the days of the 'longue voyage,' log stockades, the clash of Colonial arms and such illustrious names as Hennepin, LaSalle, Marquette and other intrepid men of the 'Old Regime.'

Historically speaking a full lifetime could be spent in our country by the romantic idealist—And has!

Continuing, in still a different mood, let's consider the potential fields for those who commune with Nature in the raw—the lovers of 'bush' country with its majestic grandeur on parade.

Should this happen to be your urge, go east toward Norton or up Island Pond way. These primitive rocks, hills and trees where once roamed the moose and skulked the gray wolf will speak the language you understand.

Startled deer will saucily flaunt white flags in your face—red foxes will slink across the road—porcupines will lumber up trees and the roar of the flushed partridge will conjure up visions of brisk autumn days, pointing dogs and the acrid smell of burning gun powder.

Next, chase the sun as it flood-lights Lake Willoughby—skips daintily across Seymour, Echo and Crystal Lakes—and then sleepily retires for the night to a rosy gold flecked boudoir somewhere west of Jay Peak.

Then, you too, call it a day and so to bed.

If you like swimming or bathing, our waters are invigorating, sparkle, and do everything but fizz; and if you don't find L'amour saronging on our sand beaches, at least you'll see some reasonable facsimiles. Thar's a promise!

Moreover, golf and tennis are right around the corner. But above all these, bring your appetite right along with your luggage and leave that reducing diet at home. A pair of dungarees will look just as well as a Patou gown or a Brooke's Bros. suit—in fact better. After all, comfort and not style is the sartorial by-word in this North Country of ours.

All that I'm trying to say is this—"Tag along with summer and the bluebirds." Who knows, somewhere in these rocky crags, or in this maze of spruce, pine and hemlock, perhaps on these island studded waters you may find the end of your rainbow.
Radiating around the city of Newport as a trading center, this Memphremagog section remains as it was in the days of Rogers' Rangers—a Land of Blue Waters, green hills and open trails.
It was on bloody Guadalcanal, in February of 1943, that Vermont's beloved "Red" Wing received his baptism of fire. He would have been there sooner, for when the 172nd regiment shipped out in September 1942, they were scheduled to take part in the initial Solomons Islands operations. But the Vermonters—appropriately enough—were aboard the S. S. President Coolidge when she struck a mine and went down. She was fortunately not far off shore, and the total casualties were but four. None the less, all ammunition and ordnance were lost, and as a result it took several weeks to rehabilitate the regiment. Another was thrown into the breach, and lost heavily in the initial assaults.

Wing was then assistant commander of the 43rd Division, composed of Vermont, Maine, Connecticut and Rhode Island troops. Before the division was called up for service in February 1941, he had headed as Brigadier General, the Vermont-Maine 86th Brigade. Now he became assistant divisional commander, leading his New Englanders into the Russell Islands, the invasion of which the Japanese decided not to contest.

But the next move, into Rendova, and thence into New Georgia, brought eighty-one days of bitter fighting, during which the General never once got out of his clothes. Day after day the rugged, tired, sweating men under his command encountered concrete pill boxes and other defensive blocks, cunningly devised to stall the determined American push toward Munda airport, on the tip of New Georgia island. He was constantly in the front area, encouraging his troops, who were fighting under conditions with which Americans had not previously been acquainted. In fact, the 43rd Division was among those all too few heroes of the early days of the war in the Pacific who pioneered the way in jungle fighting. Suddenly Major General Hester, commanding general of the assault, fell ill and was relieved, and the Vermont soldier took over as acting commander.¹

¹Shortly thereafter he was confirmed in the command and promoted to the rank of Major-General, leading the 43rd from then on until the final entry into the Nipponese homeland. So far as is known, General Wing was the only National Guard officer promoted to divisional commander during the war.

Major General Leonard F. Wing was a distinguished member of the Vermont bar and an influential leader of the Republican party, before he attained national fame as commander of the famous 43rd Winged Victory Division. Born in Ira, Vermont (November 22, 1893), in 1919 he organized the law firm of Wing and Morse, which later became Fenton, Wing, and Morse, with which group he was associated until his death in 1945.

He was chairman of the Republican State Committee from 1925 to 1931, and was treasurer from 1920 to 1925. He was school commissioner in Rutland for six years. He was a past commander of Rutland Post No. 31, American Legion. He was chairman of the Trustees of the Old Soldiers Home in Bennington. He received an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws from Norwich University during his lifetime, and on June 9, 1946, was posthumously awarded the degree of Master of Military Science by Norwich University in impressive ceremonies at which General Dwight Eisenhower spoke. He was an Honorary Member of Theta Chi fraternity, of Alpha chapter at Norwich. He was a Shriner, a Mason, an Elk and an Eagle.

In World War I he enlisted as a private at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., May 4, 1917, and was honorably discharged December 21, 1918, a First Lieutenant.
After several days of stalemate, Gen. Wing instituted a new method of attack. He enlisted the support of his flame throwers, and attacked each pill box separately, reducing them one by one by frontal and flank attacks. On one occasion his entire command post was surrounded by infiltrating Japs, and with eighty men and officers, he successfully gave orders through Brig. General Barker, his artillery commander who was with him, to throw a barrage from Rendova Island seven miles away, completely around his command post with such telling effect that the next morning hundreds of enemy dead were found within one hundred yards of his command post, and the remnants of the enemy retired in the night.

General Wing has often said that this campaign was the most violent and rugged of his experience. He trained his troops for jungle warfare, and they met the enemy and surpassed them, and on August 4, 1943, his troops captured the coveted Munda air strip which became a base for American reconnaissance and scouting planes.

During the New Georgia campaign, the 43rd division accounted for over four thousand Japanese killed or captured.

Following a rest for the entire division at New Zealand, the division advanced to the Aitape area in New Guinea. At the Drinimu river, it turned back the enemy in its attempt to break out of the Wewak trap. Here the division was retrained with thousands of replacements, and it is for the excellent lessons given to them by General Wing and those under his command, that the division was able to accomplish such phenomenal feats in the Philippines with such few casualties. The men were worked hard in this training period, and after several false starts, the division embarked for the invasion of Luzon, the northernmost island of the Philippine group.

On January 9, 1945, the division invaded Luzon at Lingayen gulf. Its primary mission was to secure the left flank so as to block up the Japanese in the mountains north of Baguio. In the words of General Wing: “We held the line while the other divisions made an end run to Manila. And we held the line so successfully, that little resistance was met by the other divisions as they rolled south to Manila.” In this operation, the 43rd division killed more Japs then all of the other divisions together.

One of the most difficult operations encountered by Gen. Wing in its initial phase, was the reduction of Hill 355 in the vicinity of Mt. Alava, in northern Luzon. Hill 355 was the keystone of the Jap defensive system, six miles east of San Fabian. It was not Napoleonic strategy that reduced this hill, but dogged determination and a vigorous application of that first basic tactical principle—fire and movement on regimental scale.

The hill was 3000 yards long. Its possession controlled everything in the Bued River valley and its highway to Baguio. It was defended by the Japanese 64th Infantry regiment, reinforced with three battalions of artillery, with orders to defend to death. The Japanese artillery on
the hill commanded the beaches of Lingayen Gulf, 10,000 yards away. It provided excellent observation.

Frontal attacks having failed, Gen. Wing sought a solution and decided to by-pass the hill, and attack it from the rear. Since surprise was the chief weapon, speed of maneuver was the keynote of the operation.

From January 23 to January 26, 1945, the division surrounded the hill, and repulsed several counter-attacks of the enemy. The Japanese infantry and artillery positions were so extensive as to contain underground stables for an entire battalion of horse-drawn artillery. Underground shelters and caves had been constructed for all personnel.

The hill was finally captured, the enemy fighting to the last man.

During this same campaign, two 300 mm. howitzers were captured in the hills, emplaced near the top of a high hill, and completely camouflaged by two native huts, cleverly placed on rails. The enemy could remove the hut, fire the gun, and replace the hut in a half minute. These two twelve inch guns raised havoc with the landing troops, until discovered and reduced by the 43rd division. It was necessary to kill every defending Jap who resisted to the end.

The capture of these two gun emplacements and of Hill 355 by the 43rd division, cleared the beachhead at Lingayen for future operations.

During the seizure of the beachhead, and reduction of hill emplacements, the division accounted for 7,831 enemy killed, 44 prisoners as against 593 killed, 1,644 wounded and 6 missing in action.

When the final strategy of the envelopment of Hill 355 was decided upon by General Wing, after weighing the estimated casualties and dangers, he didn’t bother with lengthy field orders. He picked up his field telephone and called his regimental commander and said “OK, Bill. Up tail and away.” The hill was taken.

The next campaign was the Stotsenburg operation, eliminating pockets of resistance in the Zambales mountains. Here over 1,700 of the enemy were killed as against 70 of the division, or a ratio of 24 to 1.

East of Manila, the enemy had shrewdly taken advantage of the hills and constructed intricate defenses known as the Shimbu Line, running south from Ipo Dam to Laguna De Bay, and defended by a strong enemy force of over 40,000 well trained troops. Well stocked dumps were disposed conveniently throughout in sheltered positions. Civilian labor had assisted materially in turning the irregular volcanic, cave-pocked hill masses into a mighty fortress, prepared in depth, and disposed so as to make the suburbs and military installations untenable.

The 43rd division was assigned a front of twelve miles. The first attack was launched, in conjunction with other units, on March 14, 1945. The mechanized forces made a swift 25 mile sweep the first day, penetrating behind the enemy lines and seizing previously heavily fortified positions and also by surprise moves, capturing secondary prepared positions to which the enemy was unable to retreat.

During the next few days, elements of the division, under the direct command of General Wing who was more often at the front in the thick of things, than he was at his command post, exploited its encirclement of the enemy main line. On the 20th of March, the 172d infantry attacked on the Boso-Boso road, destroying five enemy road blocks and overran a battery of heavy guns which were being swiftly deployed to half the advance.

For two weeks, elements of General Wing’s command hit the enemy in vital spots, and also repulsed numerous counterattacks launched by the Japs. By the 28th of March, the 43rd division had captured Mt. Yabang and Mt. Camayuman, and thus dominated the valleys to the north and the east. During all of this battle, General Wing sent out numerous patrols, who infiltrated enemy lines, gaining information, and destroying materiel. Artillery duels were strenuous, as the Japs had well dug-in positions, that literally had to be blasted from their foundations. Small advances were made by small units, sometimes at company strength but more often at battalion strength. The Japs tried tenaciously to maintain its series of trails and trail defenses in the area, as these were the only means of communication. This General Wing guessed, and he concentrated on these vital means of communication, established road blocks, and virtually prevented the Jap from moving his materiel or bringing in additional supplies.

After encountering a series of new pill boxes, the
division started overland, over mountainous trails and through hills and ridges, and battered its way straight through the enemy until it made contact with the First Cavalry division on April 6, 1945. This action consolidated the entire sixth army front and forced the enemy into the hills to starve or perish from disease.

The division continued mopping up operations, and concluded its action in the Shimbu line on May 1, 1945, after effectively crushing the left of the Shimbu line by advancing sixty miles from Antipolo to Pagsanjan. 2844 Japs died in the operation, while only 64 were taken prisoner. Forty-two field pieces were captured and hundreds of tons of ammunition. Over three hundred Jap vehicles were taken and all types of military stores captured in abundance. The division suffered 130 killed and 443 wounded. In the words of the army commander, General Walter Krueger: “Red Wing has crushed the left wing of the SHIMBU line.”

WINGED VICTORY

It was about this time that the boys of the 43rd division decided to give their division a name. They called it the “Winged Victory Division” in recognition of the gallantry and resourcefulness of their commander, who had accomplished great military achievements at a minimum loss of life. The men loved him and called him “Red Wing.” On one occasion a company of one of the regiments was having a tough fight with the enemy, and was being hardly pressed. General Wing, on a routine inspection, crawled into a fox-hole with the company commander, who excitedly exclaimed “We must have reinforcements at once.”

“You’ve got them, haven’t you”? replied the unperturbed commander. “I’m here.”

Needless to say, the company actually propelled itself out of its stalemate, and forced the enemy back to the hills.

His last campaign on Luzon was one of the most formidable. Every divisional commander knew that the Ipo Dam operation was in the offing. No one wanted to tackle it. Ipo dam was the largest supply of water for Manila, and was deep in the hills east of that city. Following his previous successes, General Wing was selected to command the task force to capture this coveted objective. General Wing, with his operations staff, planned the entire campaign and made the final decisions. He knew that the Jap fought by rote, and any element of surprise threw them into confusion. He thereupon exercised his native Vermont strategy, and decided that the Jap used and expected a frontal assault on all of its defenses. General Wing thereupon outlined a plan of strategy whereupon he decided to attack on both flanks, with native guerrilla forces assaulting from the rear, and maintain a containing force only on the front line. He submitted his plan to General Walter Krueger, commander of the 6th army. General Krueger examined the plan thoroughly and then he asked:

Below: Time out for chow along the Munu Trail. Private Lloyd Culuck, Co. A., 1st Bn., 172nd Infantry.
“Have you ever been to Staff School at Leavenworth, General Wing?”

“No,” replied the Vermonter.

“If you had, you would have flunked your course on this one. It is against established military tactics.” The Commanding General paused, and then with a smile he added, as he put his arm around General Wing’s shoulder, “You try this because I think it is smart and I think it will work.”

General Wing did try it. It not only worked, but it was such a successful envelopment, that he retained the greater part of the Jap fighting force at the front with sporadic fighting and bombardment, while he surrounded on both sides and attacked from the rear with guerilla forces. He used radio to keep communications with the guerillas. He employed bull dozers to supply roads for the forward moving troops.

Then the rain broke. Airplanes were grounded. The tanks couldn’t move. All available tractors and trucks were utilized to pull supplies from the muck. Finally a break came in the clouds, and airplanes supplied the troops at the front by parachute drops of supplies. More artillery was brought in. Napalm strikes were made to fire the terrain and drive the Japs from the multitude of caves.

General Wing initiated the practice of throwing search-lights to the clouds at night, the light reflecting to the ground, and thus materially hampered the Jap in his favorite night movement and attack. Anti-aircraft guns were used to dislodge Japs from cliffs and high terrain. The final phase of the battle came just ten days after the jump off, when Wing’s troops crashed through the southern end of the dam including the gatehouse. The guerillas planted the stars and stripes on the north end of the dam. The speed of the final attack caught the enemy unawares, and the dam was captured intact, and all demolition charges were set but none were fired. The few remaining Japs were scattered and hid like rats in a hole. As General Wing said: “The Japs were damn well licked.”

During 142 days of continuous fighting in the four Luzon campaigns, the 43rd division accounted for 16,466 dead Japs, 508 captured Japs, as against total casualties in the division of 965 killed, 2,988 wounded in action and 11 missing in action, or a ratio of 17 to 1.

The Ipo Dam campaign will stand as a monument to the resourcefulness of Maj. Gen. Wing in properly and adequately training and equipping his troops, in his audacity in attack and his ability to arouse loyalty to him and his command.

He always gave credit to the enlisted men of the 43rd division. General Krueger once told Gen. Wing: “The 43rd division may not be the best division in the Pacific, but there are none any better.” “That” in the words of General Wing, “is above par in praise from General Krueger, a great soldier.”

Admiral “Bull” Halsey was a great friend of General Wing and nick-named him “Friar Tuck.” Following the Luzon campaign, the division continued to Tokyo and in October, 1945, returned to this country.

While in Tokyo, Admiral Halsey gave a dinner especially for Maj. Gen. Wing, whom he had first met in New Zealand in 1942 when he was commanding officer of the troops in that area at the time of the initial invasion at Guadalcanal.

Maj. Gen. Wing was awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star with Cluster, the Legion of Merit while in the field. On November 5, 1945, he returned to his home city of Rutland and was greeted by 25,000 wildly cheering friends in the biggest celebration in Rutland in the memory of man. Following the cheers of his friends, he rode in a Jeep in the parade with Gov. Mortimer R. Proctor and headed a parade that took 40 minutes to pass a given point.

At Main Street park, just as the sun was readying to set over his home, General Jacob L. Devers, commander of the Army Ground Forces, pinned on the breast of this red-headed Vermonter the Distinguished Service Medal.

He was feted at Montpelier, Hartford, Conn., Augusta, Maine, and Providence, R. I., where he carried greetings to all of “his own boys.”

Governor Proctor awarded him the National Guard medal. Governor Baldwin awarded him the Connecticut Distinguished Service Cross, the first one ever awarded. Rhode Island did the same.

On December 19, 1945, his tour of duty completed, he returned to his home that he loved, retired, kissed his devoted wife good-night, closed his eyes, and died. His big heart had worn out.
VERY OFTEN, when people are discussing Vermont, you’ll hear someone say: “Well, there’s certainly something about it.” I know there is something about it, and for me, this is it.

It often takes tribulation to bring out our blessings. It was the last depression which made me realize what Vermont really meant to me. One autumn we had been driving around Vermont and then we went to the big city. There on a beautiful Sunday morning I was strolling along when I suddenly became aware of a strange feeling. I wasn’t enjoying the warm sunshine nor the Sunday quiet of the streets. There were too many worried looking men standing around getting warm in the sunshine. Too many young people selling apples or flowers. And there, in front of me, was a man salvaging bits of food from a garbage can.

I walked on past buildings partly built and left waiting. Past tall skyscrapers with empty stores and office windows with “To Let” signs in them. All at once I had a feeling of panic. I’d been reading about these things for months but here were modern man’s great works, right before me, and they were a failure. Here were people grubbing in ash cans for food.

By the time we were far enough along the familiar Vermont road to see the marching mountains and the placid streams, I began to feel safe again. Here were the mountains and hills as four generations in my own family had seen them when they traveled up this same valley. Here were eternal values which were not at all affected by money conditions. They put puny man and his efforts in their right place. The sight of them gave the promised strength. Here was Stability.

There is another thing that Vermont means to me and to many others. It is based on a faith in the soil as the fundamental sustainer of life. When I came back from that metropolitan trip I saw barns filled with hay and woodsheds filled with fuel. I knew there were many things stored in cellars against the winter. The unemployment situation or the money market had little to do with these people.

Right here I’ll have to confess that I never have had a successful garden. I never kept a cow and could not milk one if I did. I have raised chickens but there the use of the word “successful” is a matter of opinion. Like the man who bought a pig for four dollars, fed it during the winter and sold it in the spring for four dollars. He said he had had the company of the pig. I at least had the company of the chickens. In spite of a lack of personal experience, being the first after four generations of farmers, to be village raised, I still have that feeling that given some land, some chickens, a pig and a cow, I could feed my family. (Probably without the pig and cow they’d be surer of that.) Perhaps I feel that way because I see people all around me dependent on the soil and finding it does not fail them. To them, and vicariously to me, it means Security.

Yes, Vermont means to me stability and security, come what may. They are the “something about it.”
... THE MARCHING MOUNTAINS

... AND THE PLACID STREAMS
The WESTON REVIVAL

By Vrest Orton

Drawings by Roy Williams and Ed Sanborn

THE AUTHOR:

Vrest Orton, a native Vermonter, had to spend, like many another, 25 years outside Vermont to know how much he really belonged here. During that time, he served with the AEF and the U.S. Consular Service in Mexico, and began a long and distinguished career in the book publishing business. (You will almost always find a volume designed by Vrest Orton in any display of modern books of fine typography.) He tells you here how he first came back to Weston, in 1934, and how he joined the little group of men who began the “Weston Revival.” Since that time his hand has been a principal one in all the work and planning that has been done. During the war he was gone again, attached to the staff of General Somervell. But now he’s back to stay, he says, as proprietor of The Vermont Country Store. He tells you about that, too.

The first time I saw Weston was in the afternoon of a spring day in 1933. Having climbed steadily mountainwise northeast from Manchester, it was a pleasant surprise to look down into a quiet mountain valley, with a startling chiaroscuro of white buildings against green foliage, huddling close to the blue Wantastiquet River, distinguished from afar by a meeting-house steeple protruding high above the tree-shaded common.

There was something about this dolce-far-niente scene that affected me then, and still gives me today, as it does most people, an odd feeling of other-worldliness. As I went down the hill and entered the quiet village, I was conscious too of another feeling that, somehow, and in some strange way, I had seen all this before. This purely atavistic mood was due, of course, to the fact that Weston is the archetypal of the original American town. The grouping of rural houses around a center for mutual protection against the Indians, and for social and economic intercourse, with the common land which later became the village green, is indeed not only the very essence of early New England, but we can not help but think of it, still in our reminiscent mood, as the cradle of American democracy and American customs.

This satisfying pastoral scene is the very counterpart of the environment in which our great-great-grandparents moved. It is one that has today nearly vanished from the land — but one that, way back in our racial mind’s eye, we sense and know to be good and true and American.

This is one of the secrets of Weston’s attraction to thousands of persons from every state in the union.

The village lies on the West River, more nobly and poetically called by the Indians the Wantastiquet, which signified, in their tongue, “Waters of the Lonely Way.” It is the most northern village of the beautiful West River
Valley which begins 45 miles southeast where the river has its confluence with the Connecticut at Brattleboro. Today the way is less lonely but the quiet atmosphere is still here, just as it was that day 12 years back when I first saw it. On that particular day it was quiet all right.

In fact Weston had not long since stacked in the barn the whirlwind it had reaped as a result of the Industrial Revolution, which had snatched the young, the ambitious, and the able-bodied to the down-country cities and to the adventurous West. The town was what one writer politely described as “moribund.” Yet in the mid-century, Weston at its zenith boasted of sawmills, blacksmith shops, grist mills, carding mills, tanneries, three stores, a hotel, a saloon, a publisher of medical tomes, and establishments for making axes, starch, felt hats, wooden bowls, shoes, toys, cloth dressing and butter tubs, not to mention such artisans as the cobbler, the harness maker, the tinsmith, and others—all of them necessary to cater to a self-contained village of some 1,100 souls.

But now, on this lovely spring day in 1933, of which I speak, no one was boasting at all... least of all the population, at that time, of 400 souls.

No one was boasting, but one man was planning. He had never given up hope of bringing Weston back to its former glory. His name was Raymond Taylor. The original incentive to pull itself up by its own bootstraps was furnished by the town’s only Federal official, the postmaster... the same Taylor. Without thought of self-profit he determined to do something about this hill village, once so flourishing, now so forgotten.

Weston is not a particularly ancient township, unless one counts the years it was part of Andover which had been granted in 1761, by that famous Governor of New Hampshire, Benning Wentworth. The terrible geographical and mental hazard of Mount Terrible had virtually cut off the west section of Andover. Folks could not get over the town meetings, so the Vermont legislature made a new township in 1799 and the first town meeting of Weston, as an independent township, took place in 1800 in what is now the Farrar-Mansur House. Yet, as early as 1768, Shubel and Sarah Geer had trekked up into this peaceful mountain valley and settled in what is now called Weston Island (a couple miles south of Weston Common) and in 1768 gave their son William the distinction of being the first white child born in the new town. The first permanent settlement was made in the year 1776 by men from Enfield, Connecticut, but most of the first families of Weston descended from pioneers who emigrated from Wilton, Temple and adjacent New Hampshire towns.

The Weston of today has been due to the work of a small group who clearly understood the futility of losing themselves in the past, or on the contrary, of forgetting the past. They knew that the value of the past lay not in servile imitation but in extracting for present use, the best of the past’s traditions and ideals, such as oldtime integrity, pride in work, and a personal sense of accomplishment. This objective has not resulted in a static Weston, but rather it has placed Weston on quite a different stage.

Let’s skip several years and look at it in its new stage. On the village green, the periphery of which had once been decorated by old barns, abandoned churches, a decrepit tavern, and some curious houses, there now stood in new glory the following buildings...

The Weston Playhouse. What had been a mongrel version of the provincial wooden Gothic of the Brown Decade was now a prominent white portico with its fluted columns in the Greek revival style of the early 19th century. Back of this façade is Vermont’s only permanent summer theatre. A professional stock company, recruited from Boston, gives a repertoire of a play a week each summer. Mrs. Harriet Bailey, a summer resident, made it possible to transform the abandoned church into a theatre seating about 100 persons and open ten weeks during the summer season.

The old Tavern Museum. In 1897 Captain Oliver Farrar had built a commodious hip-roofed tavern on what was
then the postroad with daily coach service. Eventually abandoned as a tavern, the structure had been occupied by three generations of the Mansur family and in 1932 was presented to the Weston Community Club by the late Frank Mansur. Today it stands foursquare, a fitting and extremely interesting restoration. But it is more. As a purely local museum, profusely furnished with antiques of local association, it is a place into which the visitor can step and find himself completely out of the 20th century.

Thousands have walked through this museum since 1935 and the significant feature is this: many have exclaimed, as they saw a bench or table carefully preserved and labelled here, “Why I’ve got one julluck that in MY attic; didn’t know the thing had any value!” And so the Museum serves as museums should, as a major factor in education. The walls of one room, as are the walls of the Playhouse, were decorated with appropriate murals by a local artist, Roy Williams, under the auspices of the WPA Federal Art Project.

The Vermont Guild of Oldtime Crafts & Industries. Just north of the Common, on the millpond which dams the Wantastiquet, is an imposing red mill, headquarters of this unique non-profit Society founded in 1936. Now headed by Ralph E. Flanders, former president of Boston’s Federal Reserve Bank and chairman of Jones & Lamson Machine Tool Co., Springfield, Vermont, and by this writer as executive secretary, this organization serves indirectly as another educational institution, though few think of it as such. The building is a complete reconstruction—with hand-hewn, dowel-pegged timbers removed from the old barns that once stood on the Common—of the mill that stood on this spot in 1791. Inside are displays of early Vermont craft-tools and industrial apparatus. But in 1938 it was transformed from a static museum into a living one by making the tools and machines work, so people could see HOW things were done.

Perhaps the most successful was the stone grist-mill, with two massive French Burh stones. A century ago, there were thousands of these in America, grinding all the wheat flour and cornmeal eaten by man and beast. This mill was belted to the old snail-shell turbine under the dam, and today turns out several wholegrain meals and breakfast cereals, distributed by mail into every state of the Union. As a result the Vermont Guild, contrary to its early elementary character, is now wholly self-liquidating.

When it was discovered that slow cold stonegrinding preserved the vitam *embryo* of the wheat and corn and thus all the vitamins, the Guild was able in short order to reach thousands of persons seeking better food.

This summer the hand-weaving project, using the 18th century exhibit of hand-made domestic looms, will be reactivated, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. David Seeley, both war veterans. Once again hand-loomed tweeds, of imported Scottish wool, will be made here. There is also a metal-and-wood-working shop but these projects await the eager hand of the right men to start them working.

The purpose of the Vermont Guild, at bottom, is to practice the “Gospel by Works.” By example, and not by didactic lecture courses, the Vermont Guild is trying to prove to doubting Thomases that small village industries producing only the very best high-quality merchandise, constitute the real and most valuable economic future of Vermont. It is trying, by precept, to sell Vermont the idea of living up to its fine reputation for making goods of high integrity. The Guild, to implement this program further, is now trying to interest more war veterans to come here and settle.
Another major factor in the Weston revival was the paternal interest of Lewis Parkhurst, senior trustee of Dartmouth college and head of Ginn & Company, Boston textbook publishers. He had taught school here when young, and here had married the daughter of a local justice. He began by purchasing all the property along the Trout Club Brook, a strip once covered by old barns, sheds, shops, and other structures. He caused them to be removed, cleaned up the land, and make a lovely little pond, with two stone dams, and a clear, now visible bubbling brook, so long hidden. In 1938 he restored the Church-on-the-Hill and, with the adjacent parsonage, gave both to the townfolk, providing Weston with its only non-sectarian church which now attracts distinguished gentlemen of the cloth who preach Sundays during the summer season.

And, in addition to all this, Mr. Parkhurst had built, where the old barns once stood, a fine Town House. This authentic slant-roofed structure, dedicated in 1942, has pine-paneled meeting rooms for the selectmen and an office for the Town Clerk.

The Vermont Country Store. Weston’s newest museum in the long range revival program is a store built, inside and out, to reproduce the oldfashioned stores of 1870-80. It grew from a mail-order business of this writer who, in 1935, founded The Countryman Press, a book publishing concern which issued limited editions of such volumes as Stephen Vincent Benet’s The Devil and Daniel Webster. From selling books by mail, the business was gradually transformed into a general mail-order enterprise by which high class Vermont products were sold to consumers all over the nation. The actual store-museum was the end result of this attempt to distribute the best the state had to offer.

Here stands this double-verandah structure, with its 1860 ornate counters and shelves from the Kirby store in Underhill, Vt., high round stove, cracker barrels, big-wheel coffee grinder, kerosene lamps, and other appropriate elements of authentic general store decor. Already it has received no little attention from the metropolitan and Vermont press. But like the Vermont Guild, it is not a dead museum. Here is hung from the ceiling, laid on the counters, and placed on the shelves first class merchandise for sale.

A unique feature is the “Permanent Fair of Vermont-Made Products.” Realizing there should be one place in Vermont where both visitor and Vermonter might see a permanent display of the best things produced in the state, the Vermont Country Store has established, and invited Vermont concerns to participate in this Merchandise Fair of Vermont’s Grade A products.

Amongst the most interesting items on display, none is more attractive than the folk-art made in Weston. Just before the war, Weston welcomed Baird Hall, author and publicist, and his wife Steven, an artist. The Halls set up a wood-working shop where more than 50 objects of wood are made. Decorated by hand by Mrs. Hall in the folk-art manner they delineate rural Vermont scenes in a pert fashion.

These are the only the high-lights of the Weston Revival, now the subject of articles in national magazines and newspapers. In the summer before the war, over 10,000 persons braved the dirt roads from Manchester, Chester, or East Wallingford, to get into Weston to see what all the talk was about. Apparently they liked it, because they stayed awhile, some stayed for good and are living here today. Others went away, talked, and as a result, many more people began to come, write in, and plan to come after the war.

Why?

That which was so common 100 years back is now so rare that people will bounce over Routes 11 or 8 just to see it—a genuine, lived-in 19th century native hill village. Other villages have been hauled down, piece-by-piece, moved and rebuilt—synthetic products at best. But such restorations, while interesting as architecture, are not lived in by people. In Weston people work, make a living, have their lives. They are not on exhibition, in fact most are not even conscious that they have done anything special here in this Green Mountain village.

What happened here was, at bottom, a very simple thing. There was no attempt to emulate the old commercialism of the past century, nor the complacency of the brown decades. Rather it was, and continues to be an experiment in achieving self-sufficiency. The test of the sermon is simply this: Weston wants to prod Vermont into living up to its high reputation. The Weston group believe that it can be done by developing successful village and domestic industries, where people can make not only a good living for themselves, but also products that are good, for others. In fact, make things that are so much better that no competition in other states can successfully imitate them.
There's only one "World's Fair" as far as Vermonters are concerned—the one at Tunbridge. (And it's been called that since 1874). It's not exactly an exposition, with an international representation like the great one's at Chicago and New York. But it's a very unique sort of institution—one of the last of the real old country fairs.

Moreover, unlike many old things, it's not on the way out. Despite five war years when no fairs were held, the Union Agricultural Society, its sponsor, is back with a bigger and more interesting aggregation of attractions than ever before.

What makes the fair unique is not its vaudeville, its midway, or any of the things that you can find on any fair grounds the country over. You might say that it's the spirit of the living past—and you feel it whether you come in a horse and buggy or a new 1946 horseless carriage. That is because the real core of the fair is elsewhere.

You'll locate it up around a long, low log house,
tables, fruits and preserves—and probably also at some of the prize beef on the hoof.

The horse still dominates the Tunbridge Fair, challenged only by the oxen. Men still dispute their merits, and each has a chance in the contests to find which team, or which yoke can pull the greatest stoneboat load.

People go away with an odd feeling that they have done more than just have a good time, or see a unique show. It’s the same feeling that Secretary Ed Flint and the Directors of the Union Agricultural Society had in making the World’s Fair what it is.

jammed with old time tools, implements and the necessaries of everyday existence out of the past. Around the massive stone fireplace, and hanging on its crane, is every sort of cooking utensil, and nearby are all the other attributes of a colonial kitchen—churns, apple-parers, chopping bowls, charcoal irons, huge crocks, wooden forks and spoons, plates and platters. Outside, spread out over a wide area are the tools of the agricultural trade: plows—from an ancient crude wooden one to a more modern steel type—harrow, corn planters and cradles, mowers, winnowers, reapers, etc. To one side are the odd old bicycles, a genuine “one-hoss shay,” a stage coach, and an honest-to-goodness old peddler’s cart.

Yet this is no dead museum of curios from a bygone era; there are people here who still work in the old spirit of fine craftsmanship. Watch the spectators—any of whom can go to the hardware and buy a galvanized pail—thump with admiration some of Elmer Pratt’s wooden sap buckets, and listen intently to his explanation of how they are made. Wilbur Smith once made the great cider presses, and will still show you how one works on the spot. Watch the cobbler or blacksmith at work. You may be around when some shingles are being split, and can find out why they are superior to the sawn variety. Don’t miss the various “bees,” either—apple-paring, corn shucking, etc.—or the singing school, or the old time music and dancing.

If you’ve eaten too much out of tin cans, your mouth will water at the displays of country produce, the shelves of red, green and yellow jars of vege-

In the rush of modern progress many Vermonters feel that some mighty good things from the past have been, or are near to being lost—among them craftsmanship and a pride in one’s own work. And, they figure, it won’t do any modern sophisticate harm to get close, for a moment, to the honest simplicity of the past. These men and women are contributing—like those of the Vermont Guild at Weston—something toward the preservation of a way of life still to be found among the Green Mountains, too much lost elsewhere.

But enough of words . . . . Warren Dexter’s excellent color photographs on the following pages will tell you more of the spirit of the Fair than anything that could be written here. And you could make it a point to be there September 17, 18, 19 in this year, 1946.
Above: An old-time musical gets started. Hand-split shingles are shaved at an old draw bench.

Left: There's a midway, as always, but there's all too little time, it seems.

Right: Expert cobbler, Cleveland Clark of Chelsea, demonstrates the trade.

Below: First an apple paring bee, competing by hand against an old fashioned apple-parer. Then a familiar husking bee.
After the Grand Parade, a yoke of oxen is hitched to a load of granite for the “Oxen Pulling Contest.” There is a similar event for horses. Vermonters still argue which outpulls the other.

Master brewer Will Read tests his golden cider, from the old mill, over 150 years old.

Blacksmith George Vigeant follows the fairs; he is very much needed at Tunbridge.

The food contests are still one of the principal features of the day; 4-H’ers grew these mouth-watering vegetables.

On an old loom Mildred Wight, of Randolph, weaves a Shaker bonnet.
The maples, oaks and birches have started to turn to masses of yellow and crimson. In the low lands, the already yellowed leaves of aspen and alder are commencing to fall. Corn is stocked in the fields. The whole country side is taking its last bath of Indian summer sunshine. This is fall.

Each year, thousands of people, both men and women, impatiently wait for these signs. Signs that mark the coming of their season—the fall hunting. To some, it may mean ruffed grouse or woodcock; to others, ducks and geese; to the farmer boy, grey squirrel; and to nearly all, deer season. All of these are to be found in Vermont, and each season finds an increasing number of hunters from neighboring states coming to see for themselves. Few of them leave disappointed and once they have visited the Green Mountain State, they usually return many times.

The native ruffed grouse or partridge offers fine upland game shooting in all parts of the State. The season opens October 1 and closes on November 10. This bird is equally plentiful in the easily reached sections of southern and central Vermont, as it is in the remainder of the State. Four birds may be taken in one day and the season limit is 25.

Woodcock are to be found in many attractive covers close to well paved highways and also the larger centers of population. Some of the birds are natives, but the majority of the shooting is provided by migrants from farther north. One has not had upland shooting until they have been afield when the flight is on. Season’s and bag limits for this little bird with the long bill, big eyes and peculiar flight are regulated by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Each October, the oak, beech and hickory ridges of the southern and western sections of the State are favorite recreation spots for many hunters. Grey squirrels are plentiful in these localities and roast squirrel is a delicacy that is hard to equal. And when the fourth squirrel is tucked away in your hunting jacket, you can feel that your day has certainly been well spent.

For those who enjoy the twang of an early morning in fall, with the wind slowly rustling the frost bitten marsh grass, clear blue skies overhead and tension of waiting for the first duck, Vermont offers the Lake Champlain Valley. Here, stretching from the Canadian border to Fair Haven, roughly 100 miles as the crow flies, are to be found countless marshes and points for blind locations. All are easily reached from U. S. No. 7 and air travellers can step off the plane at Burlington and have their first duck in 30 minutes. Many of the inland lakes and ponds provide good early season shooting where blacks and woodies can be taken.

Deer season ends this short period of many events. It is no doubt the most popular of all Vermont hunting and each year 3000 bucks are shot during the ten-day season. Windham County is perhaps the best known and annually it produces one-fourth of the total kill. The three surrounding counties also furnish excellent hunting and their kill is increasing each year.

This rounds up Vermont’s fall hunting. Justice could not be given to any one of the species mentioned in this limited space. But words are a poor medium for depicting the beauty of the green mountains, clear blue lakes and streams and the multi-hued country side. Words also fail to carry the full meaning of good food, dogs, guns, days in the field and bringing home the game. It is only in being there that one realizes how much others are missing. Don’t miss it this fall. Vermont welcomes you.
AIRFIELDS

When some people were talking about the location of airports in the state a while ago, one of them pointed out that "zoning" should have been set up a couple million years ago—when land was being pushed around in Vermont and other parts of northern New England. That's just about the story. If restrictions on the location of Vermont hills could have existed then, airfield problems might be easier now.

Someone else said that despite the scarcity of some things in Vermont, land is so abundant that it is piled up in heaps. Even so, somewhere among these heaps and hills, and usually in between them, can be found an airport, or location for one. The elements of independence and freedom symbolized by flight are too valuable to be overlooked by the shrewd Vermonter.

In the early days, private enterprise was the source from which most of our airfields developed. Extent of the "enterprise" was usually the simple act of mowing out a suitable swath of hay in a field which bore some resemblance to the horizontal. Careening down this swath in the manner of a groggy jack rabbit might come a Jenny, an OX, a Curtiss Robin—or maybe something which defied classification. The shaky piece of aeronautical equipment, whose vibrations were exceeded only by those of the passenger's knees, managed to get its quaking cargo into the air for a turn over the nearest village, or a quick pass at Uncle Abner's farm and then back to the "airport."

Even though populated with cows—and there are still more of them than people in the state—there were a surprising number of Vermonters who found time between milkings to tinker with an airplane, and to fly it. The same fact prevails today.

Perhaps those early years were prophetic of an increasing urge that has manifested itself later when Vermonters have fared forth into the outer world on business, or perhaps visited other sections of the country for the selfish purpose of ascertaining how much more attractive their own bit of native soil may be. Perhaps the influx of tourists, skiers, fishermen, hunters and "city dwellers" at all seasons of the year has provoked a rising curiosity on the part of Vermonters to learn more of the outside world.

The inclination to stay at home up here was not entirely an inherited one; after the first attempts to reach such urban centers as Boston and New York, the native easily develops a stay-at-home tendency as an acquired habit.

A friend recently debarking from a train after having spent half an almanac day in reaching the upper part of the state from New York, heaved a sigh of mixed relief, annoyance, and exhaustion. Quoth he, "For a long time I said I wanted to come to Vermont in the worst way. After 12 hours of riding, I know I did."

No more lovely experience could ever befall the tired businessman or the nature lover than a ride over one of
route pattern which now brings airlines into the state at two points, and probably a third within a month or two. The Northeast Airlines from Boston stop at Barre-Montpelier and Burlington en route to Montreal. Colonial Airlines, from New York to Montreal, presently stop at Burlington, and another is expected soon at Rutland.

One other large airport at Newport is not yet on an airline route, but that is no indication that Newport will be off the air map. Arrangements have been completed whereby non-scheduled service will be available during the summer from Newport to any of the large cities in the eastern section of the country.

With these four Class III fields serving as present centers of air transportation to the state, the secondary list is comprised of ten sod fields distributed to give access to all parts of the state through use of the small plane. These fields vary in length of runways from the 1200-foot spot at Bennington to a 3000-foot strip at Swanton, with all others averaging close to 2000 feet to a strip.

A mere catalogue of these sod fields would be as follows:

- Bennington
- Manchester
- Fair Haven
- Middlebury
- Springfield
- White River
- Bristol
- St. Johnsbury
- Post Mills
- Swanton

Turn over, please

Vermont’s many sod fields, like those at White River, Springfield, and St. Johnsbury, provide facilities for personal planes and light commercial traffic. In a test at White River, the helicopter promised much for the state’s hill regions.

the winding valley roads that separate these Vermont hills. Story-book farms, quiet brook or peaceful river, narrow fields with a verdant crop of hay rippling in the wind—all these and more await and reward those who have the leisure to see it through from border to border of the state.

But for he who comes for business or to indulge in recreation for a week-end at a predetermined place, the airways rather than groundways will provide means of getting here and back in somewhat less than half the time available for a whole vacation. Air transportation will vitalize Vermont.

Fortunately air communication from New York and Boston to the great city of Montreal has fallen into a
Private enterprise and ownership loom large in Vermont airfield development as may be indicated by the present total of six fields developed and operated by that means. It may be another instance where traditional Vermont independence has manifested itself; without waiting for the solution by complicated formulas of government aid, a few enterprising individuals have set up business for themselves.

With a view toward first establishing geographic coverage, the location for five new fields have been plotted in wide-open-spaces which appear in the present pattern. Using a ten-mile radius of convenience, it is found that the present system brings 66% of the state population within ten miles, air distance, of an airport. The five new fields spotted in the open areas would bring an additional 12% within the same distance. These five fields collectively will form Stage I of the development.

The Commission believes that when air travel really begins to become a method of public transportation in large numbers, the radius of convenience will have to be less than ten miles. With this viewpoint as an objective, an additional series of eleven fields will then bring air transportation within five miles of 49% of the state, also comprising the area within 10 miles of 87% of the total population’s most important centers. This group of eleven additional fields will constitute in a broad way, Stage II of airport development in the state.

At present, little is known of the pattern which feeder line routes may assume, and so with a few exceptions, no attempt has been made to classify fields into ones which will be used for such purpose.

Basically, it is believed that operations at all small fields in Vermont will logically start as small operations. A sod field, in many cases consisting of a single strip, will provide a local aeronautic center, tending to stimulate interest in private flying and providing facilities for non-scheduled or charter transportation to nearby airline stops, as well as convenient landing facilities for itinerant pilots coming to Vermont for business or recreation.

Time will prove or disprove the value of the individual location. While the Vermont Aeronautics Commission makes no claim to prophetic powers in economics when recommending locations for airfields, these recommendations will be made in light of the knowledge possessed by the commission of the potentialities which that area may offer at the outset of an operation.

Much of such business in air fields may at first be of a distinctly seasonal nature, as is presently the case in many resort centers. With the rapid rise and development of skiing as a winter recreation, some places in the state are now experiencing a volume of winter business comparable to their best summer trade. Other localities may succeed in accomplishing the same results in the next few years, thereby opening the way for profitable winter airfield operation along with the newly developed business.

The basic policy in airfield development will be one of proceeding with reasonable caution, insofar as publicly owned fields are involved. In the meantime, it is possible that private enterprise will have completed a surprising portion of the pattern outlined. To the degree that private enterprise can meet the needs of a given locality, every encouragement will be given to such type of airfield development. If private enterprise, through lack of adequate capital, cannot establish the type of facilities needed in a specific location, it will be recommended that the development be carried out as a governmental project.

The proposed pattern of 28 airports ultimately would provide a coverage placing the largest part of the population within ten miles, air distance, of an airport. The same pattern would also result in coverage from the viewpoint of the cross-country pilot so he would at no time be more than about fifteen miles from an airfield, and along the routes normally followed by itinerant traffic, he would be less than ten miles from an airfield all of the time.

It is believed by the aeronautics commission that at this initial stage of airfield development, it is more important to work out fundamental principles of procedure and pattern than attempt to plot the unknown requirements of the next ten years in all detail. For that reason, the present plan is sufficiently definite to take care of immediate needs, and flexible enough to allow for necessary changes in view of changed requirements of the future. The helicopter, for instance, is one of the big unknowns economically, but in view of the mountainous terrain which comprises the greater part of the state, common use of the helicopter may become a major factor in future airfield patterns.

In any event, Vermont recognizes the value of air transportation and the possibilities it holds for making the state accessible, easily and conveniently from all sections of the country.
LOCAL COLOR

If you can pick and choose, there is no better time for a motor trip through Vermont than in the autumn. At this season the summer furor has subsided, the days are warm but with a freshness not so much in evidence during the hot months, and one’s attitude seems more in tune with leisurely travel. Take it easy, is my advice. Allow yourself to drift, and let a strict schedule go hang.

Along about the middle of September the foliage begins to turn on the mountains, and through October into November the valleys are suffused with colors that are out of this world. Of all the year I believe this time brings to each of the senses a reward—comparatively short in duration possibly, but worth however few days you can spare for it.

Need we be scientific about the spectacle? They tell us that fall color comes when a tree shuts off its life-giving sap and abandons its leaves to the elements. Vermont is fortunate in having a fairly wide range in elevation, supporting many species of forest growth covering all but the very highest peaks. The different hardwoods take on their individual hues, while the intermingling spruce and pine retain unchanged their dark hold on sanity in a vegetation gone mad.

Vermont is a small state—two hundred miles long north and south, by roughly a third as wide. The scenery is diversified and predominantly rural. Topography is largely mountainous, with good highways winding along the many valleys or crossing the ridges through gaps and notches. Dip into Vermont anywhere for a day or a week. But for an autumn tour do not plan to cover more territory than will be comfortable. Do not pound along the road with the car windows shut tight and a grim determination to make mileage. You have to get out and poke around a bit if you really would savor this country.

To the color photographer, Vermont during the autumn months offers delights indescribable. Should film become more plentiful this year, hundreds of camera enthusiasts will be romping around these hills, knocking themselves out in a happy frenzy of artistic endeavor. For the autumn woods run the entire spectrum’s course, from the blazing reds of the maples through the pale yellows of beech and birch to the violet of far-off mountain walls.

Nor need black-and-white photography be scorned in the face of such a rampant display. The low-streaming fall sunshine, combined with the extreme variety of the foliage, can result in renderings of a quality obtainable at no other time of year. Use panchromatic film with a yellow filter of course, and do not neglect the shadows.
If I were going to make a few days' trip through the Green Mountains, I would drive up one side of the State and back down the middle. Say from Bennington to Rutland, Burlington and St. Albans on U. S. Route 7, with a possible variation over U. S. Route 2 through the Islands in order to catch the matchless views of Lake Champlain. Or up the Connecticut River from Brattleboro to St. Johnsbury by U. S. Route 5, and then on to Newport and Lake Memphremagog. These highways are all paved. It would take an easy day or so, allowing for stops along the way.

For the trip back I would let nature more or less take its course. Smugglers Notch and Mt. Mansfield on Vt. Route 108, Granville Gulf on Vt. Route 100, the West River Valley on Vt. Route 30, all are rewarding in different ways. As one heads south out of St. Albans or Newport into the middle of the State there are exciting mountain panoramas ahead. Use your map and choose numbered state highways for preference. Some of these will be of gravel, but very pleasant driving—unless you are training for the Indianapolis Auto Race, which is definitely not recommended. I would take two or three days on this leg of the trip for the greatest pleasure.

By no means neglect any side road along the way that seems inviting. Base your tour on numbered routings certainly, but you always can drive a mile or two up a few of the countless side roads into the hills for special views, and then back to the main line again. Better still, park your car beside the highway and treat yourself to a brief walking trip. It will not hurt in the least, and you really will get the full flavor of the autumn countryside. Take a picnic lunch and enjoy it in the sunshine, on a bank of fallen leaves beside an old stone wall.

To carry this walking idea a little further, despite the fact that we are concerned primarily with motor touring, there always is Vermont's famous Long Trail for those to whom a mountain exerts a resistless appeal. It would not be necessary to cover the whole length from Massachusetts to the Canadian border, which is a major undertaking. But the well-marked Trail crosses every state highway that goes over the Green Mountain chain. An hour or less on foot from these vantage points can take you easily to some height from where the panorama of Vermont will be spread out for you like a magic carpet.

Then on your way again, with every bend of the road bringing its unforgettable experience. And in the late afternoon, rolling into some quiet valley, a distant village ahead sends its thin columns of smoke straight up into the yellow sunlight like a signal of welcome.

Remember—the keynote for your Vermont autumn motor tour is leisure, if only for a short day. The sights and sounds, the aromatic breath of nature, will be yours without asking if you only take it slow and easy. This is my prescription for contentment—Vermont style.
Well paved roads carry the traveler through and into the heart of the state. But her country lanes are oft times the most intriguing.
The machine tool in a very literal sense created the modern world: it allowed Chevrolet to turn out sixty cars per hour and American Can to turn out 350 cans per minute." It played a vital part in modern warfare from tanks to torpedoes, from aircraft to atomic bombs. It was essential in the development of the finest precision equipment such as radar, aerial cameras, aircraft instruments and gun-sighting apparatus. Thus the machine tool industry lay at the heart of the armament program during World War II.

Machine tools are slightly sub-human monsters. They are the only inanimate objects that can reproduce themselves in whole or in part.

As far as volume of dollar production is concerned, the machine tool industry is relatively small compared to the dollar production created by such tools. The entire United States' industry has long rested like a huge, inverted pyramid upon this tiny base—the machine tool industry.

In the Springfield-Windsor area of Vermont, the four principal machine tool plants turned out more than one-twentieth of the nation's machine tools during the war period, yet so important was the nature of their work that these shops were said to have been rated as seventh in bombing importance by Army Intelligence.

"Intricate as these machines are in action, they can nevertheless be reduced to certain basic principles. Fundamentally, the machine tool is an extension of the hand tool, just as the hand tool is an extension of the power of man's ten fingers. A machine tool can be defined as any power-driven machine, the purpose of which is primarily to shape metal."*

Machine tools are a feast-or-famine business, subject to the whiplash of the economic cycle. "From 1900 to 1929, when automobile sales rose from five million dollars to three billion, machine tool output rose from 25 million dollars to 186 million. Between 1929 and 1937, output increased scarcely at all."

Strangely enough, the stroke of fortune by which machine tools were available to the United States at the beginning of World War II, was the result of orders from foreign nations who subsequently became our allies. Ironically, too, orders from Japan helped keep some shops rolling. Otherwise, more than one of Vermont's machine tool industries might have sunk into bankruptcy before the war began. It was the necessity for creating new
production lines for armaments that forced the machine tool builders to expand. World War II was primarily highly mechanized.

Springfield and Windsor are remote from sources of raw material, chiefly iron and high-alloy steel. They are also far from markets, mostly automotive and aircraft industries. Springfield has the added disadvantage of not being on a main railroad. Freight is hauled over a six-mile electric railway from Springfield to Charleston, N. H., where the Boston & Maine railroad takes over. Windsor is located directly on the Boston & Maine and Central Vermont railroads.

For years, these towns and the surrounding region have deliberately violated the laws of economics. Yet for over a century they have enjoyed a remarkable history of invention and a reputation for mechanical skill. This industrial center of Vermont has played a large part in the development of machine tools. It has furnished a most versatile and flexible supply of human material for industrial jobs, because ingenuity was responsible not only for much of our automatic machinery but also for our system of interchangeable manufacture, called the American system.

The ideal of Ford's is a reality in Vermont: the kind of union of agriculture and industry where workers are linked with the soil. The workers live on subsistence farms grouped around small industrial towns. This made conversion to wartime needs a possibility almost overnight.

Vermont's machine tool industry was faced with the task of expanding from a working force of 2,000 in 1937 to over 13,000 by 1943. Men and women came from a radius of 50 to 60 miles to work in the shops. Vocational courses at high schools helped. Springfield high school boys in the shop-working course, for example, put in many hours in the shops in addition to their training of five weeks in the shops alternating with five weeks in the classrooms. All this hastened the job of conversion to wartime production which, in turn, helped win the war.

BEGINNING OF THE MACHINE TOOL INDUSTRY:

Back in the early days of North American history, the now far-flung machine tool industry had its beginning in the small country town of Windsor, Vermont. The story is not only of local interest but of the development of American manufacturers. Their influence and inventive genius spread far beyond the shadow of beautiful Mt. Ascutney, through the entire United States and far beyond the widest ocean.

For instance, New Haven had its famous inventor and gunsmith, Eli Whitney. But Windsor trained Henry Tyler, who developed the Winchester rifle at New Haven. Hartford had its Col. Samuel Colt, yet from Windsor came Richard S. Lawrence who became its leading manufacturer. James Nasmyth, the great English engineer, came from England in 1853, over the protests of the aged and dying Duke of Wellington, to visit Windsor and see the Robbins & Lawrence rifles made there. As a result,
Windsor helped arm the English infantry for the Crimean War. Christian Sharpe invented the breech-loading rifle and brought it to Windsor. And the sharp-shooter of the Civil War was not so called for his eyesight, but from the Sharpe rifle which he carried. Now the latest chapter yet written of Vermont's machine tool industry is the most amazing of all.

Yet only a strange quirk of fate kept Windsor and its inventive genius from being lost to the world.

A talented mechanic from Guildhall, Vermont, John M. Cooper, received a patent in 1827 upon a device which he called a rotative pump. The pump was designed for use in pumping water by a continuous rotary motion. Cooper believed his revolving pump was particularly suited for a combination bilge and fire pump for steamboats, as it could be driven by hand or belted to an engine with equal facility. For this reason he went to Windsor, where the steamboat excitement was at its height. In the winter of 1827, even before thorough tests had been made, he obtained the backing of two local men to the tune of $100,000, which was a lot of money for those days. But the rotative pump failed to live up to its brilliant expectations and after hundreds were sold—and returned—the budding company went into bankruptcy.

A sort of Jack-of-all-trades, young Asahel Hubbard, who at the time was running a combination sawmill, gristmill and machine shop about three miles west of Windsor village, saw the Cooper pump. He appreciated at once the amazing possibilities and value of the revolving principle and set about taking the "bugs" out of the invention. After some experimenting, he built a revolving hydraulic engine of cast iron. He had little machinery available so he did most of the work by hand. The teeth of the bucket wheels of this first pump were shaped by chipping and filing, and afterward ground with powdered glass and oil.

Asahel Hubbard had no money with which to finance his invention and the local Windsorites turned a cold shoulder on the idea of expending any more of their hard-earned cash on inventions. And so Asahel journeyed to Proctorsville, Vermont, some twenty miles across the mountains west of Windsor, and interested Jabez Proctor (father of Redfield) in the venture. Jabez was a manufacturer, capitalist and politician and "one of the most honored and influential men of the state." He and Asahel incorporated the National Hydraulic Company with a capital of $50,000. Then, using his political influence, Jabez got Asahel appointed warden of the Vermont State Prison at Windsor. He also got the authorities to install the first stationary steam engine and a machine shop at the prison.

So it was that in 1830, the National Hydraulic Company moved back to Windsor and started making in quantities the revolving hydraulic engines by the interchangeable system and "under a peculiar labor condition."

This was the beginning of a chain of machine industries which, through various changes of name and ownership, have existed unbroken at Windsor for over a hundred years and through which has always run a strong community spirit. These industries have developed some of the most important improvements in the mechanic arts and some of the greatest American mechanics. And from
them have sprung more than thirty other American industries, many of which are leaders in their fields today.

To explain this so-called interchangeable or American system of manufacture: it consists in making every part of each machine exactly like the corresponding part in every other machine of the same class and size, so that in assembling the parts no fitting is necessary. Repair parts can be furnished that will go directly into place. The skill of the toolmakers who build the jigs, fixtures and gauges, are reproduced again and again upon the parts for which they are used. It is called the “transfer of skill” by Prof. Dexter S. Kimball. As Guy Hubbard aptly put it, “The keynote of the interchangeable system is accuracy.”

A forerunner of the American System of interchangeable parts manufacture got its inception in Windsor by the invention of Lemuel Hedge of an engine for dividing scales.

In 1835, Nicanor Kendall, called “Cain” for short, a young gunsmith, became a son-in-law of Asahel Hubbard and was taken into the National Hydraulic Company. He invented the underhammer gun. These rifles were patterned after the Kentucky models except for the new lock, which was stocked only at the breech. The interchangeable manufacture of these guns was begun at Windsor on the contract system, in the pump factory of the Vermont State Prison. All parts were made there with the exception of the barrels which were forged, bored and rifled to specifications by Eliphalet Remington, of Ilion, N. Y. From his small shop later developed two industries which are today known the world over as the Remington Arms Co. and the Remington Typewriter Co. The Kendall rifles were sold through the established agents of the Hydraulic Company, who soon distributed them widely from New England to Florida in the east and from Texas to Missouri in the west. An incredible record for a shop located in a region to which a railroad had not yet come.

Nicanor Kendall kept on as foreman of the shop until 1842. By the rules of the prison he also acted as turnkey and had the prisoners to lock up. The company also had quite a number of free men in various branches of the work.

Some public-spirited citizens of Windsor, in the hope of promoting industrial activities in the town, incorporated as the Ascutney Mill Dam Association. They rebuilt and improved three dams in Windsor village to highly develop the water powers. The Hydraulic Company, now known as Kendall & Lawrence, were influenced to locate in this “water shop” on Mill Brook.

Their business expanded rapidly into one of the leading armories and machinery plants in the country. Few plants have had so great an influence on American manufacture. The firm became Robbins & Lawrence in 1849 and did a brisk business arming the '49ers. They started building their own machine tools. They were invited to show their rifles at the Crystal Palace exhibition in London. There they attracted the attention of the great English engineer, James Nasmyth.

Over the protests of the Duke of Wellington, Nasmyth organized a commission to visit the United States to study the superior type of arms in this country. The backwoods concern of Robbins & Lawrence were given the contract for practically all the standard and special machine tools for the new Enfield, England armory. In
the list of about 150 machines appear such modern sounding items as: 4 and 6 spindle drilling machines, double milling machines, screw milling machines—the first turret lathes. The Windsor firm was also to make 25,000 interchangeable Enfield Minie rifles.

The tools were made and shipped and valiant efforts were made to fill the contract for the rifles. But the company was unable to meet the English deadline and the Crimean War ended suddenly. The contract was cancelled and, because of a penalty agreement the Windsor company was unable to meet the sums for money advanced and rifles undelivered. The famous Windsor armory through a decree of foreclosure, passed into the hands of Her Britannic Majesty’s artillery. Later repurchased, the firm, now Jones & Lamson, became financially unstable, and was put up for sale.

There was in Windsor at that time no one with the means or courage to purchase it. Several business men and manufacturers from Springfield bought the concern for $20,000 and recapitalized it for $60,000. They decided to move it to Springfield, much to the sorrow of the citizens of Windsor and the old-time workmen. But under the direction of James Hartness, a brilliant machine tool designer and later governor of Vermont, the new plant prospered and multiplied. A new era of mechanical development began in Springfield which made this rural village into a world-famous center of machine tool industry. Their story will be told in a forthcoming article.

With the Jones & Lamson Machine Company gone from Windsor, the town was faced with a serious situation. This village of inventors was left without a machinery industry, her historic shops stripped bare. Many of her sons were mechanics trained in the machine shops. Windsor was not only their permanent home but they felt a strong personal pride in her machinery industries. They were unable to accept defeat.

Band ing together, they established the Windsor Machine Co., and together they bought the machine shop property on the north bank of Mill Brook. It consisted of a number of rather dilapidated buildings, equipped only with a leaky boiler, a rackety steam engine and an old waterwheel. The water supply was uncertain. They bought machinery from a machine business known as the Spindle Shop in Mansfield, Mass., for the sum of $6,136.28, which almost wrecked the new company. A force of twenty-five men, mostly veteran mechanics, went to work in the engine lathe business, wire feed screw and high turret lathes.

The depression of 1893 hit the town along with business reverses. Still the company tottered along until 1897, when a young man named George O. Gridley appeared with designs for an automatic machine of his own. He conceived the fundamental idea of a four-spindle automatic, radically different in design from any then in use. It was called the Gridley Multiple and has been changed but little from the original machine.
About this time, 1895, another young Vermonter, Frank L. Cone, went to work for the Windsor Machine Company as general repairman and patternmaker. He became superintendent of the company and held this position for eleven years.

The Windsor Machine Company was sold in 1915 to the National Acme Manufacturing Company of Cleveland, Ohio. In less than a year after the transfer, the plant carried out plans already drawn up by the Windsor Machine Company, for doubling the size of the Windsor plant. It solved the difficult housing situation in Windsor by building what was at that time the largest apartment house in Northern New England. They continued to manufacture in Windsor the Gridley single and multiplespindle machines, also semi-automatic piston and piston ring machines which had been discontinued five years before. Part of the business was moved to Cleveland, where Acme automatics were manufactured as well as auxiliary machines, taps, dies and screw machine products.

Becoming dissatisfied with conditions, Frank L. Cone resigned from the Windsor Machine Company and decided to start a business for himself. He bought five acres of land down across the railroad tracks and one day in 1916, he and a few friends held a ground-breaking ceremony. He spurned the lowly shovel and used a horse-drawn plow to break the ground. He predicted that his new company which he named the Cone Automatic Machine Company, would one day be large and famous. He was president and general manager. In his shop he began the design of a multiple-spindle automatic.

The value of multiple spindle automatics is clear. Used in the automotive industry, they perform the machining of duplicate parts to required specifications accurately, steadily and rapidly. The modern six-spindle Conomatic centralizes, times and controls all the automatic movements of the machine. It supplies all tool slides with a smooth powerful direct drive.

When Mr. Cone died in 1936, his plant normally carried a personnel of about 400. Machines were shipped all over the world. H. B. Chaplin became treasurer and general manager, which position he still holds.

Among Vermont's contributions to winning World War II was the large number of Conomatic lathes produced by the Cone Automatic Machine Company at Windsor. These machines are representative of some of the world's more modern developments in rapid production, multiple-spindle lathes.

Some idea of their performance may be had from examples of their metal cutting capacities. In the production of important munitions parts, one machine cut its own weight in chips—40,000 pounds—every four days. Another model produced 20 m/m high explosive shell bodies at a rate of one every eight seconds. These machines shipped to plants throughout the country turned out parts used for the manufacture of tanks, bulldozers, jeeps, aircraft and submarines.

To meet War Department needs, the Cone Company increased its output of Conomatics ten times its normal production capacity in barely two years' time. To accomplish this, new equipment was purchased; floor space was doubled, and the personnel was increased from a normal of approximately 400 to 2400. Training new personnel in so highly a skilled business was no small task. Other difficulties were food, shelter, recreation and transportation, which had to be provided. The whole undertaking was made more difficult because of the draft, rationing and priorities.

For its production achievement, the Cone Automatic Machine Company was presented with five Army and Navy “E” awards by the War Department. The Minuteman flag was also received by the company for its high percentage of employee war bond purchasers.

Adequate organization and close cooperation between executives and employees are necessary for the success of such an undertaking. An indication that these existed was the presentation of a scroll to the company's general manager, H. P. Chaplin, by the employees in appreciation of able leadership.

Conomatics are ordinarily peace-time machines. They produce duplicate metal parts at low costs and make possible better living conditions for more people. Directly or indirectly they are used in the manufacture and distribution of the food you eat, the clothes you wear, your automobile, vacuum sweeper, washing machine, telephone and many other things that contribute to the comfort of your daily living.

Batteries of these Vermont machines at work in the world's largest automobile plants are impressive sights. They are representative of the traditional skilled craftsmanship and inventive genius that has characterized the Windsor section's industrial history, beginning with Hodge's engine for dividing scales, which made possible a uniform measuring unit and paved the way for the American system of interchangeable part manufacture.

*Reprinted from the May 1941 issue of Fortune, by special permission of the Editors. Other sources of material: Guy Hubbard, J. E. Loudon, W. B. Brown, Pauline Moody.
Off The Beaten Path . . .

Off the beaten track is where you will find most of Vermont’s state forests and parks. And that is what gives them their great charm and beauty. There are forty-four of them, scattered from one end of the state to the other, and thus convenient to residents and travelers wherever they may be. A combined area of 77,818 acres include sparkling lakes, meandering streams and scenic mountain areas. Some of the latter have been developed by means of spectacular access roads, like those up Mount Mansfield, Burke Mountain, and Mount Philo. But there are also still great areas of wilderness with virgin timber open to the peripatetic philosopher, the naturalist, and the lover of the wilds.

Year round recreation is available. In the spring, there’s the satisfaction of landing a wary trout or salmon, in the summer, the fragrance of pine forests in the quiet of the woods. In the fall, it’s the blaze of red and yellow glory to be found along trails and little traveled roads. In the winter, it’s the thrill of down mountain or open slope skiing.

State forests and parks are open, under the administration of the Forest Service, for all legitimate forms of use. On certain areas held as game refuges, hunting is prohibited. But, like certain streams closed to fishing, such areas are well posted. Moreover, in these days of high costs, the expense of a vacation in the Vermont parks is about as modest as you could find. A service and maintenance fee of only twenty-five cents is charged, and you can get tent platforms and leantos for fifty and seventy five cents a night. Bath house lockers are a dime per person. You will run into fees on the Burke and Ascutney Mountain roads, but it’s only fifty cents. The considerably more costly ride up Mt. Mansfield is over a private toll road, but the equally pleasant drive over Smuggler’s Notch doesn’t cost a penny. Trailers can be parked in the following areas: Townshend, Ascutney, Sandbar, Groton, Allis, and in the Smuggler’s Notch and Underhill parts of the Mt. Mansfield area.

But the Forest Service, at Montpelier, has a map and description of all the parks and forests, with services available at each. It’s worth writing for.

Apple A Day . . .

There are enough apples grown in Vermont each year to keep a hundred doctors away from a thousand persons each day of that year, if the old formula works. For Vermont’s apple crop will run to at least 365,000 bushels a year, and the ten year average, 1935-1944, was 586,000 bushels. Peak year was 1942, when production nearly touched the million mark. And there are a hundred to two hundred apples to a bushel, you know.

But its not so much the quantity, but the quality of Vermont apples that makes them outstanding. The story is still told of the President of the United States (not the one from Vermont, either) who was found by a Vermont friend munching unenthusiastically on some apples sent him from —. Excusing himself, the Vermonter returned shortly with a paper bag full of rosy fruit. “Try one of mine,” he said. The President enjoyed the odor for a moment, then bit through the dark red skin, and exclaimed, “That’s the finest apple I ever tasted; where did you get it?” His friend was not reluctant to tell.

What gives this unusual flavor to Vermont apples? There is a scientific answer. It seems that the Vermont climate, with its even rainfall, its almost complete lack of pinching droughts, its hurrying spring with a burst of warm days to bring the buds quickly from dormant to vigorous growth—all this favors the best growth for the round red and yellow globes. And there is nothing for coloring fruit like the nippy nights of a Vermont autumn alternating with clear days of warm sun.

The soil, too, is just right. Scientists don’t yet know just why, but apples grow best where the land was once submerged—and all the land from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Hudson River was once an inland sea that made an island of all of New England and part of Canada.

Officially, too, the state is kindly toward the industry. New plantings are not taxed for fifteen years. Assessments must remain during that period as they were before the trees were set out, or as they would be without regard to the growing trees. For advice and all sorts of assistance there is the Department of Horticulture and Extension Service of the University of Vermont, the Vermont Horticulture Society (this year celebrating its fiftieth anniversary), the Vermont Apple Growers Association, and the State Department of Agriculture. And you don’t have to be an expert to get a welcome from any of these groups.

But if you can’t grow a Vermont McIntosh, a Delicious, or a Northern Spy, you can make it a regular item of diet. And if the old slogans still work, you ought to save the cost in doctor’s bills.
In the Saxtons River Valley in southern Vermont, five miles west of the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls, is located a boys' preparatory school, which is by tradition and essence peculiarly a part of Vermont.

In 1876, when high schools were scarce in the state, Vermont Academy was founded to provide an education for ambitious boys and girls. Its existence was more than justified by the records of its graduates, many of whom, scattered over the United States, made outstanding records in religious work, education, medicine, and other professions. Always they carried with them their love of the home state and the imprint of her traditions and character.

Today, seventy years after its founding, Vermont Academy serves a similar purpose in somewhat reverse order. For nowadays much of the student body—now boys only—comes to Vermont from widely scattered areas, seeking in this Vermont school a high quality of education (Continued on page 42)
What is Vermont Academy? It is fundamentally and inseparably a part of Vermont—Vermont hills and valleys; it is Mountain Day with the trees a riot of color and the steaks sizzling over the coals; it is ski tracks making patterns on smooth hillsides; it is the lovely blue pyramid of Mount Ascutney rising over the foothills; it is spring nights at the cabin and the first swimming at Bowles pond.

It is a heritage of Vermont character and personality from the days of Ethan Allen to Calvin Coolidge, from men who stood forthrightly for the heroic virtues and the pioneer way of life, for ideals of hardihood and independence and a stern sense of Christian duty.

It is people working, today and in the past; it is youngsters struggling with $x^2 + 2xy + y^2$, and seniors thrilling to a teacher’s interpretation of great literature; it is a farm boy of the 1880’s trudging to school, fired with ambition to become a figure in the outside world; it is Florence Sabin working in the laboratory here and going on to be one of the world’s distinguished scientists; it is boys sweating on a stony hillside to build a ski jump and hockey players shoveling in relays to clear the rink; it is trustees, advising and planning; architects and headmaster bent over blueprints, and masters working with schedules and tests and themes: it is Mr. White firing boilers and ploughing the roads, and masters’ wives making butterfly nets and taking part in plays; it is a headmaster, talking, planning, urging and dreaming.

It is the past, which must never be forgotten; it is a group of bearded men meeting in a Rutland parsonage, planning an academy where Vermont boys and girls could go further than the little red schoolhouse; it is a Saxtons River minister traveling by horse and buggy over hilly roads, stopping at farmhouses to raise money for that school; it is a long list of honored teachers, Dr. Willard and Mrs. Pulsifer, Major Spooner, Dr. Alger and Dr. Ellery, and countless more; it is Mr. Tillinghast, best of toastmasters, speaking at the housewarming and at Commencement; it is Jim Taylor, robust and revolutionary, booming his gospel of mountain club and winter sports; it is a graduate of the first class, writing at the end of a life of service in the Far East to a young headmaster she will never see, wishing him Godspeed in the school she loves; it is bound copies of the Vermont Academy Life, old pictures, and names written on a wooden cake board.

It is little things long remembered; it is Bobby Blood intercepting a pass and running for the touchdown that defeated Kimball Union’s unscored-on eleven; it is the last minute before the start of the downhill race when the skiers are poised for the run and the starter is counting off the seconds, 5-4-3-2-1-go; it is the smell of balsam and the flicker of candles at the Christmas vespers, and the Kurn Hattin boys and Santa Claus at the term end dinner; it is the fun of going home for holidays, and the fun of getting back; it is good fellowship and close harmony in the evening meeting; it is alumni coming back and reminiscing, visiting the rooms that used to be theirs; it is the overwhelming realization at Commencement that school days are over and friends must part.

It is alumni meeting in distant cities, and parents in a dozen states thinking of boys in Vermont. It is enduring brick and deep aspiration. It is our school forever.
On the Academy's broad playing fields, students learn the value of team play. In the fall football attracts the largest following, succeeded shortly thereafter by an extensive winter sports program. It was here that the first winter carnival was held.

which the large, overcrowded high schools find it difficult to provide. Here today boys from the middle and the far west, as well as from Vermont and the rest of New England, find excellent college preparation, individual attention, and small classes. The limited number of boarders (about one hundred and twenty) and the informal homelike atmosphere enables a sympathetic faculty to know and guide each boy.

It is easy for a teacher to understand a boy when he has known him not only in the classroom, but also at the table and in the dormitory and in the Rifle Club. It is not hard for the Headmaster to help a boy make a wise choice of a college, when he has helped coach him in football, or worked with him in the Student Council. Larry Leavitt, as Vermont Academy’s headmaster is known to the many people who followed his football career at Dartmouth twenty years ago, has worked with boys at camp and school since he was a student himself. He studied at Teachers College, Columbia, and had eight years of boarding school experience as teacher, coach, and housemaster before coming to Vermont in 1934. Like him, the other faculty members are able to work with the boys in sports or clubs as well as classroom. Their apartments in the dormitories, like the new headmaster’s house, are always open to the boys. The set-up at Vermont Academy makes it possible for faculty and boys to be real friends.

The blending of the old and the new, of traditional and modern theories of education are everywhere apparent. The old brick buildings are those known to the students of the 1880’s, but the interiors of the buildings are obviously up to date with fluorescent lighting, new flooring, and cheerful draperies. The lovely shade trees on the campus are the saplings planted more than fifty years ago by such distinguished alumni as John Barrett, ’84 and John Alger, ’85; the one athletic field, which was used as a drill field in the days when Governor Levi K. Fuller was an influential trustee, is now being augmented by a series of new playing fields—a development made necessary by a sports-for-all program, which sets up enough teams with teacher-coaches and schedules for each boy to participate in interscholastic sport.

In the chapel, once familiar to Joseph C. Robbins, ’93 and A. Frank Ufford, ’96—both of whom have won international fame in the field of foreign missions—the Vermont Academy boys of today attend morning chapel. Twice a week the program is music, three times a simple worship service led by the young minister of the village church which students attend on Sundays. And at graduation, receiving their diplomas from the same platform, the present day students go on to Dartmouth, Brown, and other colleges in the footsteps of such men as Fred T. Field, ’95, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and John Barrett, ’84, founder of the Pan-American Union.

Two of the major interests at Vermont Academy are
the Outing Club and Winter Sports. Both stem from the fertile imagination and energy of James P. Taylor, now Secretary of the Vermont Chamber of Commerce, who, when vice-principal of the Academy in 1908, initiated a mountain club whose members climbed many of the highest peaks of the Green Mountains. The tradition continues to this day as Vermont Academy boys tramp the hills and follow the trails of the surrounding country and, by right of exploration and discovery, affectionately claim this countryside as their “Grand Campus.”

Mountain Day, held early in October, when the foliage is at the height of its color, gives the whole school a holiday and serves to introduce the new boys to the Grand Campus. At this and other times throughout the year, the Outing Club puts on a “feed,” and some of its members become as proficient at flipping a flapjack as at swinging an axe. And it is real maple syrup, sometimes made on the school campus, which is eaten on the pancakes and which, once each year, is boiled down and poured, sweet, gummy and luscious, on pans of snow in a school sugaring-off party.

On week-ends, the Club sponsors day and overnight trips whose object is often the rocky summit of Monadnock or Killington or a night spent camping somewhere on the Long Trail. Fishing is also popular with certain boys and the little pond on the campus is stocked with trout for fly-fishing. Many of the boys, natives of other states, will carry as part of their most precious memories a recollection of the magical first day of trout-fishing in Vermont.

An early outgrowth of the Outing Club was the winter sports program and Vermont Academy boys are justly proud in claiming their school to be the originator of organized winter sports. In fact, the first Dartmouth College winter carnival was planned with the help of Vermont Academy boys, who had themselves held one the year before. It is quite natural that this development should have come at Vermont Academy, for the climate and terrain make a perfect combination for skiing. All around the school are innumerable open slopes, some gentle enough for a beginner, while others challenge an expert. The terrain is well adapted to cross-country and trails thread in and out of the woods and across open valleys. There are two downhill trails. The first is an easy run which can be used for any interscholastic or intramural meet and enjoyed by skiers of all degrees of ability. The second is designed for experts only.

Under experienced coaches novices pick up the fundamentals of a good technique and soon acquire an ability to perform in all the different branches of skiing. A first and second team compete in many interscholastic meets and over a period of years have carried off more than their share of the laurels. In the intercollegiate field, the winter sports teams of the New England colleges carry the names of an ever increasing number of boys who have perfected their technique on the Vermont Academy hills.
Hockey enthusiasts as well as skiers are in their element at Vermont Academy. The tennis courts, whose special surface makes it possible to play tennis early in the spring and late in the fall, also serve as an excellent base for a rink. When the board sides are in place the playing surface measures 196 by 88 feet. Daily flooding takes advantage of the cold Vermont nights and produces ice on which hockey teams from other schools look forward to playing. The excellence of the rink and a season often lasting well into March make hockey one of Vermont Academy’s most popular sports.

Less tangible than the hills and valleys and snowy winters of Vermont but no less typical of the state are certain traditions of hard work and simplicity. All the boys take turns waiting on table; hockey players shovel the rink, and a crew of managers help keep the athletic fields in shape.

Like most old schools, Vermont Academy has had its ups and downs. It was not always as well known or as excellent as it was in the 19th century, or as it is today. Reorganized in 1934 to meet the new needs for quality education in wholesome, healthy surroundings, the school experienced a true renaissance which extended through all phases of its program. Today an able board of trustees and an energetic administration and faculty continue to improve its educational facilities and service, under a philosophy which stresses above all the needs of the individual student. Eventually, a new physical education building is planned to replace the old “Gym,” built in 1882 as an armory for the school’s corps of cadets, and useful only as a basketball court. The new building will be well planned and adequate. It will not be luxurious. Luxury and learning, in the words of a famous educator, make poor bedfellows; and while buildings are important, they do not make a school.

The emphasis at Vermont Academy is on something else. It is explained in a letter written in 1943 to the boys’ parents, which after describing certain academic courses and athletic policies goes on to say: “But there is another side of education more important than courses or athletics or the details of daily life. It is at once the by-product and goal of these more tangible and obvious aspects. It has to do with character, which is a compound of emotional attitudes, social adjustment, habits of work, and ideals of loyalty. It will in the end count more towards success in military and civilian life than will any course in mathematics or any amount of military drill. To preserve and foster character education . . . is of the utmost importance.”

It was with the emphasis on character education that Vermont Academy was founded. The founders of the school would have worded it differently, no doubt, and said that learning was the handmaiden of religion. But the idea is the same, and in that spirit Vermont Academy will carry on.
A Tribute TO THE HOSTS OF VERMONT

When you put yourself in a picture like the one above, the thousand and one behind-the-scene factors required to make Vermont a vacation paradise will probably not dawn upon you.

One of the most important to you is the regular inspection of all establishments by the Department of Public Health to guarantee you clean living and eating quarters while you enjoy the attractions of Unspoiled Vermont.

Co-operating wholeheartedly in this program are more than 7,500 owners, managers, and employees of more than a thousand hotels, tourist homes, cabins, camps and restaurants.

Vermont is proud of this group, practically all resident Vermonters, constantly alert to the value of maintaining good-living conditions as they skillfully and unobtrusively perform the many services that make your stay more pleasant and beneficial.

County count of hotels, tourist homes, cabins and restaurants:

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There are also more than 50 boys' and girls' camps throughout the State.

VERMONT DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION  
STATE HOUSE, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

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VERMONT is a Way of Life