The Editor’s Uneasy Chair

Wrong. History is fraught with errors and often, too, is its recounting. Referring to our recent Champlain Issue, then: the steamer Vermont, as pictured, is the third by that name, built in 1903; Montreal actually didn’t surrender to the British until September of 1760; King Phillip did not die until 1676.

Friends. Vermont Life is accustomed to find help and cooperation all over the state. In researching the mystery story which begins on page 52, however, people in the town of Chester exceeded all our previous experience in their courtesy and real assistance. We bow to them severally in thanks, and we recommend to the stranger this most attractive, friendly and alert community.

Christmas. The Vermont-associated hymn which appears on our back cover technically is not a Christmas carol. Actually it celebrates the Epiphany. We note this only in the hope of forestalling corrective letters from the Bible students among our host of private proofreaders.

The Big Picture. Special prints of the large skiing fold-out, at the center of this issue, are available from Vermont Life. See page 59 for details. The prints are on fine paper, are unfolded, and have the back area blank.

Film. A new sound, color, 16mm. motion picture, Ski Tracks to Vermont, is now available for free use by clubs and other adult organizations. The running time is 28 minutes. Those wishing to borrow the film should write, at least a month before the planned showing, to the Film Service, Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier.

Mystery Picture. The earliest permitted postmark, (12:01 Nov. 24 being the best possible) wins the Mystery Picture contest on page 58—always assuming the answer is correct. Airmail and special delivery stamps are no help, therefore. Please send your entry by postal card, not in a letter.

CONTENTS • WINTER 1959-1960

Ronald Gross Farm, East Hardwick—photogr. by Grant Heilman.......................... FRONT COVER

Green Mountain Postboy.......................................................... 1

Cow Country King—Ann della Chiesa, photogr. by Grant Heilman.......................... 2

Ice time Angling—Harold F. Blaisdell, color by John Titchen.......................... 10

Primer in Skiing—Louis F. Hechenberger.......................... 15

Olympic Sisters—photogr. by Hanson Carroll.......................... 20

The Musicmobile—photogr. by Hanson Carroll.......................... 22

Winter World—Color Section.................................................. 26

Christmas Wreath—drawings by Hamilton Greene.......................... 34

Snowbirds’ View—photogr. by Warren Case.......................... 36

Auxilium Latinum—Hanson Carroll.......................... 40

A Snow House—Florence T. Horze.......................... 43

Paul Sample, Vermont Artist—Sidney C. Hayward, photogr. by Adrian Bouchard.......................... 46

Arts in Review—Elizabeth Kent Gay.......................... 51

Mystery Picture—Number 12.......................... 51

The Man Who Wouldn’t Be Bored—Walter Hard, Jr., and Stephen Greene.......................... 52

Vermont Skiing This Winter.......................... 61

Three Kings of Orient—Rev. John W. Norris, drawing by Aldren A. Watson, back cover


Per Copy: 50c Per Yr.: $1.85 in U.S., possessions and Canada ($3.50 for 2 yrs.; $5 for 3 yrs.)—Elsewhere: 40c per yr. additional.

Copyright 1959 by the Vermont Development Commission. Second-class postage paid at Montpelier, Vermont. Published November 24, 1959.
RECENT ADDITIONS to these United States put us in mind of the somewhat parallel tribulations and final exaltation which Vermont experienced, 180 years ago, achieving that same membership.

Not everyone in the 10-year-old Republic of Vermont was convinced it was wise to join the new United States, when the move began in earnest in 1787. Vermont’s great federal champion, Alexander Hamilton, as a first step tried to get his fellow New Yorkers just to recognize their pesty neighbors as a sovereign state. For one thing, he argued, Vermont’s strength was growing (it already had half the population of New York, was his over-optimistic estimate). Vermont-Canadian alliance was a dangerous possibility, too.

New York, with its land claims on Vermont, took to recognition slowly. But the Empire State already had visions of making Manhattan the nation’s capital. Vermont, in the Union, might bring an extra northern vote to balance off Kentucky, then being groomed for entry by Virginia.

Judge Nathaniel Chipman was Vermont’s own prime-mover toward federal union. He feared U.S. tariff barriers and especially what the new federal courts might do with New York’s land claims. “Vermont has no ambition to remain an independent nation,” Chipman asserted.

By 1789 the two neighbors, between themselves, had come to terms on boundaries, but the land titles remained at issue. Vermont cannyly suggested that Congress pay them, out of Western lands. New Yorkers didn’t swallow that one at all. Finally, in 1790, commissions from the two states came to agreement. Vermont would pay a $30,000 indemnity. But the battle for admission to the Union, in Vermont’s case, was not in Congress. Typically enough it was waged right at home.

The scene was a special convention, called at Bennington in January of 1791. Supreme Court Justice Chipman, then 38 years old, led the forces favoring admission. The opposition, all from Windsor County, feared the loss of Vermont’s unique freedoms, wanted to think it over for a while longer. But Chipman was an eloquent speaker: “Confined to the narrow limits of Vermont, genius, for want of great occasion and great objects, will languish in obscurity . . . will be contracted and busy itself in small scenes.”

In the end, 105 of the 109 delegates approved joining the United States. Albany hailed it with a fourteen-gun salute. From then on it was easy.

At Philadelphia on February 9th President Washington reported to Congress that both Vermont and New York desired Vermont’s admission. By the 14th the bill had passed both houses and on March 4th it became law. Somehow Kentucky was put off for another year.

Later, Vermont levied a half-cent tax per acre on its lands to raise the $30,000. It took a long time for the impoverished new state to amass such a sum. The special commission on New York titles in all allowed 76 claims, and their total came to a great deal more than the $30,000. Vermont at the time, though short on cash, numbered 84,425 people—more than Rhode Island, Delaware, Kentucky or Georgia.

Vermont’s big celebration took place in Rutland on March 8th. It began promptly at 6 a.m. as the new federal flag of fifteen stars and stripes (one prematurely placed for Kentucky) was hoisted above the town square.

Just after noon dignitaries assembled for the main program. The Court was on hand, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and the Attorney General, accompanied by a multitude of exuberant citizens.

Appropriately enough, an “economical collation” was partaken of first. Then, after fifteen cannons were let off, the first of sixteen ever-lengthening toasts was drunk. The beverage of the day has not been recorded.

To the President,” of course, was the first one. In fast order followed libations, poured in honor of “The Vice-President,” “Congress,” “The Allies of the United States.” Then, in the mellowing afternoon, came a toast to “The State of New York.” Following was a more popular testimonial, to “Governor Chittenden.”

Glasses were lifted once again, the pledge: “To Union with the United States—May it Flourish like our Pines and continue Unshaken as our Mountains.”

While the level in kegs and barrels dropped steadily, eight more objects worthy of salute were found and brought forward. Then came a spirited song, composed especially for the great occasion, and led by a “select chorus of singers.” It went to the tune of the then-familiar “Washington’s Birthday” and concluded with this stirring verse:

> Then come join hand in hand.  
> Like a firm Federal band.  
> Bound by our (one) law,  
> From our firm union springs,  
> Blessings unknown to kings,  
> Then each shout as he sings,  
> Federal huzza.

Finally rang out the last, hopeful toast: “May the Vermonters become as Eminent in the Arts of Peace as they have been Glorious in those of War.”

The whole occasion, no less inhibited we’ll wager, than those of Alaska and Hawaii, went on far into the Spring night, culminating in a glorious ball, of course, marked by “continuing demonstrations of joy” . . . for an event which most Vermonters still approve. W. H., Jr.
With 1,400 cows on the 6,000 acres of his 13 farms,
Earl Hackett is New England’s ranking dairyman

Cow Country King

ANN DELLA CHIESA

Earl Hackett, a 64-year-old Derby Line dairyman whose first farm was a 16-cow, four-cans-of-milk affair, today has 1,384 cows producing 40,000 pounds of milk a day.

Now, 41 years after that first venture, Hackett has become the largest single milk producer in New England. His thirteen farms are scattered over 6,000 acres of Orleans County.

Hackett’s farm education has been mainly on-the-job—“who’s a better teacher than experience,” he asks—and his operations are strictly dairy—“if you’ve got a sure thing, why bet on something else? Why worry about pigs or horses or chickens?” he asks, chewing on a piece of hay.

Every day, large Whiting Co. tankers stop at his farms to pipe out the milk his cows produce, then carry it to a southern New England plant for pasteurizing, bottling and capping before delivery to doorsteps in the area.

At one time, Hackett owned 56 farms, but his sharp business sense taught him that quantity was no substitute for quality. So he sold off the poorer ones, kept only the better farms.

“I’m not interested in making money,” he says, his clear blue eyes twinkling, “I just want to see things run smoothly.”

To help them along, Hackett has been quick to adopt new methods and machinery. For instance:

1. Bulk tanks—all his farms have them, in varying sizes. Milk goes directly from the cow through pipelines in the barn to the huge tanks, some holding more than 5,000 pounds of milk. From the tanks, the milk is piped into the trucks, thus is never exposed to the air for possible contamination.

2. Milk parlors—he was the first farmer in the county to install them. According to Hackett, they save lifting, squatting and lugging because the cows stand on a platform, waist-high, to be milked. Even a woman can milk nearly 100 cows in about 3½ hours. (One of the women on a Hackett farm, Mrs. Paul Boissonnault holds an unofficial record for the cows she cares for: each produces an average of 52 pounds of milk daily—20 pounds is the average in the state. William Leamy, Extension dairyman, calls her particular skill “cowmanship”).

3. Loose housing. Cows roam freely, aren’t held in place by stanchions. To Hackett, keeping a cow in a stanchion is like “state’s prison.” “If you were a child,” he asks, “would you like a string around your neck?” Loose housing in a pole barn, first tried on his farm four winters ago, cost less than half the price of a regular barn to build, yielded cleaner, healthier cows with fewer udder injuries, resulting in better breeding. Stanchions, he scoffs, are “just no-good cow palaces.” (Hackett has seven of these open pole barns; three more are started).

4. His own feed mill. He produces his own ration feed, mixed from alfalfa imported from Ohio, dried molasses,
bren, barley meal, ground oats, hominy and cereal waste. It takes 20 tons of grain a day to feed his cows.

Hackett keeps no detailed records on his cows, but the animal must give at least 12,000 pounds in 300 days or else “out she goes for beef.” The cows have no names—“but if they’re bad they get one,” he says with a laugh—“just numbers.” The numbers are engraved on discs which hang from a chain around each cow’s neck.

“People sometimes laugh at the things I do,” he says, without malice. “But that doesn’t stop me.”

It is this very strain of eccentricity, laced with Yankee tradesmanship, that has swelled his holdings.

Like the dry sawdust he uses for bedding for the cows. He goes way to Montreal to buy it, but in his own northern section of Vermont he says he can’t get exactly what he wants. He knows what can happen to wet sawdust—and he doesn’t want it to happen again.

For he remembers that cold November night in 1957 when one of his barns in Irasburg caught fire. Spontaneous combustion had resulted from wet sawdust, exploding the barn and burning 53 cows.

“One day we had 53 cows, the next day we buried them,” he recalled. “The day after, we started putting up a new barn. We painted it with mittens on, it was so cold. But 18 days later, it was up.”

Today, people driving along Route 12B around 3:30 p.m., often stop their cars to watch the slow, almost stately procession of black and white Holsteins cross the
green grass, past the white farmhouse with its silver TV antenna, to that bright red, aluminum roofed barn, and into the gleaming white corral where the animals are kept before going into the milking parlor.

"They laughed at me, too, when I bought the Derby Hotel and Golf Course," he continued. "Wondered why a farmer needed a hotel. It was a long, rambling place, so I had it cut up in chunks. With some alterations and paint, I made seven houses from the chunks."

Not long after he bought the hotel, he purchased the unused airport across the street. That property, plus the golf course, borders the business section of Derby Center and that's where some of the Hackett cows graze today, replacing the airplanes and golfers. From the air, they look like black and white polka dots against a bright green ribbon of grass.

"When Earl does something, he does it big," said Roger Whitcomb, Orleans County Agent. "He's aggressive and progressive and everything he buys, he puts in attractive condition. Nothing is run down."

Hackett's 13 farms are easily recognized—all are white with red trim, or red with white trim. His cows are Holsteins, "because they produce the most milk," and Jerseys, "because they give the best milk," Hackett says. But the two breeds are never mixed in the pasture.

Hackett doesn't like the appearance of vari-colored animals. He wants things in order: black and white here, golden brown there.

Nor does he like to see things like manure spreaders in front of his barns. "Move that thing," he'll shout out the window to one of his men as he drives by in his high-powered car.

"That doesn't belong there."

Then, he'll go on to another farm—they're located in a 12-mile radius of Derby: in Derby Center, Derby Line, Morgan, Irasburg and Newport Center—and find a mud-hole that needs patching. "Can't let the cows get in there, they'll pick up some disease. Use the bulldozer on it."

At another, he'll order three loads of gravel. "String a load from the door down to that board," he directs his men. "Put more over in that corner because tomorrow, that's where we're going to mix cement"—he stopped to look at the sky—"if it doesn't rain."

Back on his large, 600-acre Derby Center farm, he'll stop to see the sick cows in the hospital barn. But before he goes in, he gives a quick look around. "Better wash out those mangers at least every other day," he says to one of the men. "Sweeping's not enough."

Hackett takes care of many of the cows himself because "it's better to have a poor doctor at the right time,
than a good doctor at the wrong time.” He once delivered a calf by Caesarean section—and the cow lived.

Hackett is a short, stocky man who walks with a brisk air, almost bandy-legged, around his buildings. He wears a cotton shirt, a necktie “340 out of 365 days a year” and a tan Stetson hat.

He’s a man who has been plugging away at success—and he’s made it—but it hasn’t always been easy. Like the fire. And before that, an accident in which he was run over by a crawler packer weighing 2,710 pounds.

It crushed his left leg, ruined his teeth, left a red scar down his cheek and kept him in the hospital and on crutches for four years. He tossed them away just last spring.

“When I decided to begin farming, I resolved I was going to do a good job, not a mediocre one,” Hackett said. “My father was a farmer before me, but he had more of an interest in horses. There was no running water or electricity on the farm in Holland (Vermont) where I was born.”

“We rode horseback five miles each way a day to school in Stanstead, Quebec, just over the border in Canada, besides doing chores morning and night.”

A passion for cleanliness—checking a milking parlor line.

A trip to California to visit his daughter (and nearby “milk factories”) resulted in lots of new ideas. Most popular with his milkers—a strapped-on milking stool.

After he finished Bugbee Business School in Stanstead, Hackett left for Dixville Notch, N. H., to begin his career as a meat cutter in a hotel. That’s where he met his wife, Gladys, a native of Malone, N. Y. Four years later, they were back in Derby and “went $4,000 in debt to buy a farm.”

Four hired help went with it. Today, Hackett has 45 men. They feed, milk and care for the cows on their farm, besides doing outside work. They’re paid according to the amount of milk the cows produce—there’s a bonus for anything extra. Hackett doesn’t mind if the men take a few hours off every so often “just as long as they’re where they’re supposed to be” when he wants them.

The Hackett farms operate 28 tractors, six trucks and a bulldozer. All the other machinery, except the manure spreaders, is being sold, because since the grain mill went into operation, he’s no longer cutting hay.

“I buy it all now,” he said, “as much as the cows will eat. The racks in the pole barns are never empty.”

A red “Earl Hackett Maintenance Truck” in charge of Charles Musgrove, pays regular visits to his farms and buildings.

Hackett has his own junkyard too. “We never sell a truck,” he said, “someday we might need it for parts.”
Hackett visits one of his barns as the sun rises.

20 tons of milk hauled every day.
When there's trouble he often misses supper at home.

The boss and Charlie Musgrove treat an ailing cow.

Come in!
Anytime we want something, we check the junk pile first.” It’s filled with lumber, truck skeletons, scrap iron and rubber and bits of machinery.

Near it is the sawmill he operated from the time he was 27 to his accident four years ago. On many of his farms, he has cleared the land of trees, turned them into the mill and the money he made was ploughed back into the buildings.

Hackett and his wife left the farm years ago—“had to give the help a place to live,” he said, grinning. The couple reside in one of Hackett’s own apartment houses in Derby Line, just a stone’s throw from Canada.

Hackett, who wears his success modestly—he’s careful not to hurt anyone’s feelings—but with the assurance that lets him josh good-naturedly has not confined his interests to farming.

For 11 years, he was a school director. He has also been chairman of the board of supervisors of the Orleans County Soil Conservation district. He helped stabilize the Orleans County Fair in Barton. And for 16 years, he was a director of the Orleans Federal Land Farm Loan Association.

He has three children: two daughters, one of whom, Joyce, is married to a California schoolteacher; the other, Geraldine, is the wife of Clarence Rice, who works in Hackett’s grain mill.

His son, Carl tried farming for a while, didn’t like it, so his father bought him a dance hall—“that’s how to keep these kids down on the farm”—and adjoining it, a plumbing and heating concern. “Naturally, I was disappointed my son didn’t go into farming with me, but not everyone likes the job.”

Despite his own 40,000 pounds of milk daily—close to 20,000 quarts—enough to supply a small city—Hackett buys his household milk from someone else.

“My wife says she’s got a better milkman than me. He delivers regularly. I may carry a quart around in the car for days and not remember it.”

End
Western Vermont has ice fishing supreme, the best in New England, reports this noted sportsman

HAROLD F. BLAISDELL

FROM THE VILLAGE OF BRADFORD to the northern end of Lake Morey, in the town of Fairlee, is, to the best of my ability to recollect, a distance of seven miles—if you “go over the mountain by way of the back road.” When we were kids in Bradford, Hack Renfrew and I thought nothing of lashing our ice fishing gear to a sled and dragging it the seven miles in those darkest of dark hours which precede a mid-winter’s dawn, all to have our lines set in and baited for pickerel come daylight.

I haven’t been ice fishing with Hack for a good many years, but I have it on good authority that he’s as enthusiastic about it now as ever. The same goes for me. At one time or another, I have fished through the ice in most Vermont spots of reputation. Also, I have speculated in a great many obscure places. If you relish that which is malapropos, be advised that I have fished Ticklenaked Pond, in the town of Ryegate, when the mercury hovered only a few degrees above suicide.

Addiction to an activity which involves voluntary submission to very real pain and suffering is hard, and often embarrassing, to try to explain. I do find considerable solace, however, in the fact that I’m not alone in my enthusiasm. Quite to the contrary, ice fishermen flock to Vermont lakes and ponds by the thousands, many coming long distances from neighboring states. They can’t all be crazy. Or can they?

Judge Milford K. Smith, in his weekly column in the

Steps to success: first cut the hole; thread and bait the line; set the tip-up in the hole and cock it . . . and quick, grab the line—he’s hooked!
Rutland Herald, once sought to explain the appeal of ice fishing. His explanation rang the bell as clearly as I think it's possible for that particular bell to be rung.

The charm of ice fishing, he said, is largely the thrill of just being able to do it. It's the suddenly granted privilege of walking out on a surface so recently hostile to any such approach, with the option of chopping holes and fishing wherever you dare well please.

Once admitted that ice fishing doth indeed possess charms, at least for certain people, it is not the least bit difficult to explain why Vermont is favored by so many ice fishermen. The reason is simplicity itself: Vermont offers, by far, the most and the best ice fishing to be found in the New England States.

Perhaps before I attempt to justify this brash sounding claim, I should qualify it by saying that, in my opinion, it does not apply to the state as a whole. Although my original home ties are connected to the eastern half of the state, I'm going to reluctantly dispose of it, with respect to ice fishing, by describing it as offering nothing beyond the ordinary.

This doesn't mean that the perch and pickerel fishing isn't often excellent in that half. Nor am I overlooking the fact that in Maidstone Lake you can fish for trout and salmon. It's simply that the western half, with Lake Champlain, offers so much more that the distinction cannot be denied. To back my bid, I shall lead right off in trumps.

In Lake Champlain, and in virtually all other warm water lakes and ponds on the Champlain side of the Green Mountain Range, there are northern pike. Often called a pickerel, the northern is no more a pickerel than is a beaver a muskrat. Pickerel seldom reach more than five pounds in weight. Northernns attain a weight of twenty, sometimes even more. The ever present prospect of hooking one of these lunkers lends a spice to pike fishing that is lacking when fishing for lesser species. It is the reason ice fishermen will drive long distances for northerns.

That's only part of the story. In the whole of New England, western Vermont is the only area where northern pike exist in numbers sufficient to make the fishing for them worthwhile. In fact, to say that is the only New England area where these fish exist at all would be to come very, very close to the truth.

Since I live close to Lake Bomoseen (as well as close to Champlain) and fish it often, I will use it as a case in point. Bomoseen has long been famous for its northern pike, and if you visit the southern end of the lake you will find a concentration of fishing shanties, plus an even greater concentration of pike lines.

If you strike up conversations with some of the fishermen, you will soon find that Vermonters are actually in the minority. Many will be from Massachusetts, others from New York and New Hampshire and you may well find some from even farther away. The reason? Northern
pike, purely and simply. Vermont has them and the other New England States do not.

Of course, Lake Champlain, with its length of over a hundred miles, offers more pike fishing than all other Vermont lakes and ponds combined. Nevertheless, good pike fishing is by no means restricted to Champlain. Many a twenty-pounder has come out of Bomoseen. The same holds true for Lake St. Catherine, Lake Dunmore and Shelburne Pond, the latter another favorite bit of pike water.

To name only a few of the best known spots, however, is to do grave injustice to dozens of lesser bodies of water almost equally deserving. One of the nicer characteristics of the northern pike is his tendency to grow big, and to thrive in numbers, in obscure ponds, and even potholes. A couple of friends of mine, for example, once caught all the northerns they could comfortably drag to their car in a nameless bog hardly three feet deep. Early last winter, when my youngster pulled his live bait box from the brook, he found thirteen minnows still remaining. Rather than let them go to waste, we took them, plus a few tilts, to a nearby pothole where we succeeded in trading the thirteen minnows for nine northern pike.

Set your lines over the weeds and along the edges of the weed beds. Sound the bottom, then adjust your lines to hold the bait a foot or so above it. Suckers, golden shiners and chubs all make good bait. They should be at least six inches long, and even those of larger size are fine whenever you can obtain them.

Next on my list of super attractions which Vermont can claim is the walleye. Sometimes called the "walleyed pike" this fine fish is actually a member of the perch family and in no way related to the pike. Although it grows to respectable size—our biggest last season was a six-pounder—the walleye is not particularly noted for the fight it puts up. Nevertheless, it is the favorite of many ice fishermen (myself included) because it is a willing winter biter whose flaky, white flesh, fresh from the ice cold water is truly an epicure's delight. Pan fried, broiled or baked, the walleye is forever delicious eating.

The walleye is not distributed over the western part of the state as is the northern pike. Save for Shelburne Pond, and possibly a very few other exceptions, this fish is confined to Lake Champlain. But here it exists by the thousands; such small amount of winter walleye fishing that may take place elsewhere in Vermont pales to insignificance in contrast to the enormous amount done each winter on Champlain.

To the best of my knowledge, the same can be said of New England in general. Nowhere else does the walleye ice fishing even begin to compare with that of Champlain. So, at the risk of sounding repetitious, I'm going to declare
These Taste Good . . .

WALLEYES
Small walleyes and saugers (a subspecies of walleye) are best skinned, rolled in cornmeal and fried until golden brown. Walleyes of a couple pounds or better should be scaled, then filleted. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper and broil at 350 degrees, brushing frequently with melted butter. Or, roll fillets in cornmeal and pan fry until flesh is flaky.

NORTHERN PIKE
Small northers are best when returned to the water and allowed to tuck on a couple of more pounds; too many bones per ounce of meat. Pike, upwards of three pounds, can be scaled, stuffed with a bread and onion dressing, draped with a few strips of bacon and baked in a hot oven. Flesh will flake off in bite-size portions, permitting fairly easy bone work.

PERCH
After skinning, try this: Cut off ribs close to backbone with sharp knife. Makes for boneless eating (after backbone is lifted out) when perch have been rolled in meal and fried until crisp.
that Vermont not only offers ice fishermen the only northern pike fishing to be found in New England, but also, thanks to Lake Champlain, the only winter walleye fishing of any significance.

In the southern part of the lake, the best fishing for walleyes invariably comes with the freeze up and continues through January. In the northern part, the reverse is true. I have had good walleye fishing out of Swanton in the month of March.

This seasonal aspect of walleye fishing is due to the migratory habits of this fish. Each year they leisurely follow a lengthy, but well defined course, and seemingly in fairly strict accord with an established time schedule.

Thus, during the months of December and January, you may have excellent walleye fishing south of the Champlain Bridge. Later, the walleyes will have moved out of this narrow section of the lake entirely. Up Grand Isle way, the bays and inlets will be barren of walleyes the first part of the winter, then suddenly come to life as the schools move in, following their annual route. This latter culminates in a spring spawning run up one of the lake’s tributaries, one such being the Missisquoi River for many of the northern fish.

Aside from the basic tools which remain the same, the requirements of ice fishing for walleyes are considerably different from those relating to pike fishing. In the first place, walleyes move around in open water, shunning the weedy retreats favored by northerns. Thus, you must fish farther from shore, and usually deeper. However, depth is not too important, provided you fish outside the weeds. Walleyes will move into water six feet deep, if the bottom is clear of weeds.

The underwater pike tilts are usually looked on with but little enthusiasm by walleye fishermen. They favor a kind, usually home made, that can be set to spring at the slightest nibble. For the same reason, baits and hooks should be small. For the walleye is a teaser and nibbler; unless your tilts are hair triggered, and you keep the holes fastidiously skimmed, he’ll steal your bait fully as often as he trips the flag. In addition, the walleye’s mouth is such that the hook will tear out easily. You must use care and discretion in bringing a big one through the hole, a critical operation that all too often winds up in disappointment if you indulge your excitement with too strong a hand.

You can approach the lake from hundreds of different spots, but if you have the early fishing in mind, I suggest that you inquire in the villages along Route 22 A—Benson, Orwell and Shoreham. People will direct you to the lake, and to those spots where you can rent shanties and tilts and buy bait, if you so desire.

In general, these things are true of Vermont ice fishing. A Vermont license entitles you to fish the Vermont half of Lake Champlain, plus all other Vermont waters open to ice fishing. Each fisherman is limited to fifteen tilts on Champlain, usually eight elsewhere. Northern pike and walleyes must be a foot long to be legally kept; the daily weight limit for each is twenty-five pounds per fisherman. Vermont angling statutes often contradict themselves with exceptions, then compound the confusion with exceptions to the exceptions. My advice, therefore, is to decide where you plan to fish, then make an on-the-scene inquiry as to just which regulations prevail.

Now that it’s time to wrap up this article, I’m haunted by the feeling that I have done the subject only partial justice. I haven’t even mentioned perch fishing. Nor have I said anything about Champlain’s smelt fishing. Both are institutions in themselves, and thousands of ardent perch and smelt fishermen have every right to be indignant at the omission. Then there’s much more to be said about Lake Champlain—the excitement which ensues when a fifteen-pound catfish takes it into his head to gobble a bait, for instance. Or when you tangle with a ling, or when a big whitefish decides to give you a play.

But not having been told all there is to tell, the finding out for yourself may be all the sweeter. Let’s hope so. May you hit ’em when they’re hungry and when they’re coming big!
Corty Lawrence discovers a big patch of very late winter snow at the Pico ski area—and proposes a venture.

Ski Primer

OLYMPIC CHAMPION ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE SHOWS HER CHILDREN THE FUN IN HER FAVORITE SPORT

So, they're off to what's left on Pico. Carrying a pair of skis is quite an ordeal . . . if it's the first time.
Not many children are privileged to have a mother as a top expert teacher. Deirdre, Matthew and Corty learn an exercise useful in making a kick turn . . .

... and another one to do a snow plow correctly.

Comic relief!

Photographed by Louis F. Hechenberger
“Hey . . . I'm slipping backward . . .”

Matthew invents a variation—skis as a
Dee approves the new approach.

Dee tackles the mysteries of bindings, while Corty marches upward.
Olympic Sisters

The talented Snite girls of Norwich expect to bring more Olympic titles back to Vermont this Winter.

Photographs by Hanson Carroll.

Two Vermont sisters, Betsy and Sunny Snite of Norwich, will carry with their racing skis this winter much of America's Olympic hopes. Both are members of the select U.S. squad for the forthcoming Olympic Games, to be held in California.

Betsy, who will be 21 this winter, has twice before made the Olympic teams, in 1955 and 1957. But only this past winter did she begin to hit her stride as a top champion. A condensed view of her records last season shows her slightly stronger in slalom than downhill. Part of it reads: At Grindewald, Switzerland 1st, at Davos (in the Parsen Gold Cup) 2nd, at the Arlberg-Kandahar in Garmich 2nd, at Bad Weisse 1st, and at Cortina in Italy 2nd.

Betsy has been working and training the past summer in California—loves (besides skiing) sailing, dancing, speaking German, sports cars, and the California area.

Sister Sunny is just 17. She also is a bit stronger in slalom, last season placed second in the trophy races at North Conway and Woodstock and in the USEASA giant slalom at Franconia. She did well in the Harriman Cup races at Sun Valley and also in the Vermont Alpine events at Stowe and the New England Alpine championships at Pinkham Notch. Fitting in education is a problem with all this skiing, but Sunny plans college definitely. She likes horses and the working with jumpers and hunters.

The Olympic Snite girls owe a lot to their skiing parents and to coaching help from nearby Dartmouth College. Like Andrea Mead Lawrence (see page 15) they very well may be winning soon the famous Olympic medals and further testimony of their Vermont skiing heritage.
Betsy stops off after a training run for a sample of Vermont cheese and to do the family shopping at Russell Newcomb's North Country Store in Norwich.

A letter from an Austrian Olympic skier boyfriend bridged a gap across the ocean. Betsy received several letters a week from him since she returned home early this year.

Betsy and Sunny relax at home with their family. They all are avid ski enthusiasts. Mr. Suite does a great deal locally in the Ford Sayre ski program, for area children.
SONG AND HARMONY ROLL OUT TO VERMONT RURAL SCHOOLS IN THE musicmobile

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSON CARROLL

BACK IN THREE mountain-rimmed towns of central Vermont music is coming into the lives of all the boys and girls—fine music to hear, folk and classical; music to play; teachers to help; instruments to use. This volunteer program all began nine years ago as a memorial. It is called Antonia’s Music Shelf.

Antonia Salois was a warm French Canadian woman beloved by the community, who sang beautifully and generously for many occasions in these three towns. When Antonia died suddenly her friends wanted to remember her; and so the Music Shelf began.

Each month during the school year the “Musicmobile” makes visits to the eight village and rural schools in the three towns—Shrewsbury, Mt. Holly and Wallingford.

Upper left, Mrs. John Spencer arrives at the Shrewsbury Center schoolyard with a little bus full of records, instruments and sheet music. Below, the children and Mrs. William Adams, teacher of the one-room, grades 5-8 schoolhouse, help unload the treasures.
The children in the Cuttingsville School have varied reactions as they try out the recorders.

It brings a fresh selection of fine records, music publications, scores and instruments which the students may borrow and use. Record players are loaned to the schools or supplied at half cost.

Small scholarships, enough to help with music lessons, are provided for interested boys and girls. In the summer the Shelf sponsors a music workshop for rural teachers. The Shelf itself, occupies a big cupboard in the basement of the Shrewsbury town clerk's office. Here boys and girls can come any time to borrow records, scores and instruments.

To help pay the small costs of the Music Shelf a students' concert is given each Spring. In the summer, also, professional musicians who summer in the area put on a concert for the benefit of Antonia's Music Shelf.

Mrs. Lord leads her charges as they strive to follow the music play—on the phonograph.
se children in the fifth grade at the Cuttingsville
school were asked to listen carefully to a classical
piece and then determine what it might be about.
One said it reminded them of fairies dancing,
while others thought of running horses. Each had
their own interpretation.

Left and upper right, Mrs. Mary Stapleton leads her Cuttingsville pupils
for their first try on the recorder. Below left, second graders at the Mt. Holly
school make lovely noises. Below right, a new square dance record
for Cuttingsville School.
WINTER WORLD: A Scenic Presentation

The winter white of Vermont comes in a variety of colors—the green of firs, the distant red of barns or a skier’s vivid parka. The snow itself, according to its texture, shifts its subtle hues in the ever-changing light. The winter is a thing to feel and breathe, as well as see. These too brief glimpses are presented as a reminder and a lure to the enjoyment of the real winter in Vermont, itself.

Peacham, by Clemens Kalisher
This unusual panorama was taken from the summit of Spruce Peak, near Stowe, by Luis Azarraga of Mineola, N. Y. His specially-built Picturama camera, using an 11 3/4 x 4 inch transparency, covers the same lateral area as the three-camera Cinerama system. Portions of the Mt. Mansfield ski area show to the right of this view, the largest which Vermont Life has ever reproduced. To the center, the Worcester Range lies in the distance partly under a snow cloud.
Making a wreath, Vermont style, is not only fun... it's easy

If you live in evergreen country—you can make yourself a lovely Christmas wreath for less than 50c—and enjoy yourself doing it.

Balsam is fine and so is Princess pine. Spruce is all right, but rather hard on the hands, and does not last so long.

All you need are the objects shown: some evergreen brush, wire coat hangers, assorted cones, artificial berries, some wide ribbon, a spool of fine wire, clippers, pliers, scissors, some florist’s picks (prepared sticks for securing decorations, shown in the lower left of photo), and strong hands, patience and plenty of Christmas spirit.
Cut handle off coat hanger. Bend back both ends. Twist into a circle. Fasten together.

Wind fine wire on large spool for convenient use.

Cut brush into 5" lengths. Assemble into 10 or more bunches for each wreath.

Bind first bunch to frame with fine wire. Continue around frame overlapping each bunch. Wreath ready for decorating with pine cones, berries, and bow.

Fasten pine cones to sticks passing fine wire through scales.

Insert 3 or 4 sticks into wreath at random.

Wire berries to sticks in bright clusters. Insert at random for color.

Cut wide ribbon to length of 48" (approx.)

Double ribbon and fold again to form a loop.

Notch loop at center with V-cuts from top and bottom securing with length of fine wire tied through notches.

Spread loops to form a bow and attach to wreath. Merry Christmas!
I have always felt that the perspective acquired at tree-top-level shows our terrain off the best. The crop dusting boys at Middlebury Airport are used to operating at just the height we want for pictures. They have a two passenger Stearman airplane that they use to train duster pilots. I rode in the back seat and shot to the rear and side. After predetermining the position Alphonse Quesnel would practically stand that biplane on its tail while I took my pictures. In one trip lasting about 1½ hours we saw forty covered bridges.

Flying in an open airplane in the winter isn’t the most comfortable sport, but it beats wading around in the hip-deep snow which we had at that time. I used my 4 x 5 Linhof with film pack, as there was no room for the jockeying of film holders.

These crop dusters are experts at low altitude flying and have planes that have enough wing area and power to cope with downdrafts, but I do not recommend this type of flying for the average airplane or pilot. The general altitude depends on the size of the subject.

With snow on the banks of the rivers it is often impossible to show the water or ice from ground views, but from the air the course of the river adds to the composition of the picture.
Over the First Branch (of White River), Tunbridge village in the distance.
FROM THE CLASSIC HILLS OF TOPSHAM COMES

AUXILIUM LATINUM

A National Classroom Magazine

Text and Photographs by HANSON CARROLL

THAT THE ANCIENT TONGUE of Cicero and Caesar is far from dead is proved by a thriving Vermont small business. Indeed, the Roman Empire has left its mark on the hillside town of West Topsham, in the form of Auxilium Latinum, a national classroom Latin magazine which is published there.

Dr. E. Albert Warsley, who edits this unique magazine in his home in this village, does so with the assistance of friendly neighbors and members of his family who help with the packaging and mailing of the issues, though a good percentage of the bulk mailings is taken care of by the printer out of Burlington.

Although the bi-monthly (put out in four issues a year) is edited to appeal largely to high school students, its growing circulation (now over 25,000) reaches all types of readers who are interested in Latin—from a shoemaker in St. Louis to a graincry operator in Maine. Auxilium Latinum is written so that a student with one year of Latin may find his way through the varied contents with few stumbles. To make the reading easier, and to improve the reader's vocabulary, extensive footnotes are inserted on most subjects covered.

Dr. Warsley did his university and graduate work at St. John's University, where he also began teaching. There he started Auxilium Latinum in conjunction with his students’ Latin club. After seven years at St. John's he shifted to an Elizabeth, N. J. high school. Here his brother began attending to the magazine’s business aspects, because the mail and business address is maintained in that city. A vacation brought Dr. and Mrs. Warsley to Vermont, where they bought a farm near West Topsham, and later a home in the village, itself.

In 1952 Dr. Warsley, who is in his fifties, retired from teaching and now devotes his time exclusively to the magazine.

Although West Topsham isn't the likeliest place to find a Latin magazine edited, publishing interest here goes further. Next to the Warsley house on the east is the West Topsham Inn, owned by Elroy Whitaker, who edits a trade magazine for the monument business. Whitaker himself makes a likely neighbor since he's had several years of Latin, Greek and French. Auxilium Latinum's neighbor on the west is the Gibby Press, a printing business moved from the Boston area. Needless to say, for a village whose population rests quietly around two hundred, a surprising proportion dabbles in printer's ink.

Dr. Warsley spends from two to three weeks full time in preparation of each issue of the magazine. By preference he does most of his work early in the morning or late at night. A lot of his time is devoted to answering reader mail. One day a Bishop may write praising (or in some cases not praising) the magazine. The next letter may be from a group of several hundred who want their city included in Dr. Warsley’s series of America’s most popular cities.

Last year, Dr. Warsley felt highly complimented when the Papal Delegate to the U.S.A., in a dedicatory speech
Dr. Warsley pauses on the translation of a piece to check a makeup sheet about to be sent to Lane Press in Burlington, where the magazine is printed.

Mrs. Warsley operates the mailing addresser. Since the magazine carries no advertising, it relies on subscriptions alone for income.

The large job of mailing is made easier with the help of neighbors. Much of the circulation goes out in bulk lots to schools and clubs. Here Mrs. Ruth Petrie, Mrs. Velma Allen and Mrs. Mary Bagley assist Dr. Warsley, who observes "they have never lost a package yet."
for a new seminary, cited Auxilium Latinum as an import­ant and scholarly tool in keeping the Latin language in our schools alive and up-to-date.

As an editor, Dr. Warsley believes in using a variety of material, to make the magazine interesting but not too difficult. Each issue, which averages about 20 pages, has several regular departments, from crossword puzzles to cartoons, as well as news and feature stories.

Because of the popularity of songs translated into Latin, Dr. Warsley has put out a pamphlet, Latine Canamus (Let's Sing in Latin). The 42 pieces in the booklet go all the way from “Onward Christian Soldiers” to “Mares Eat Oats.” His greatest concern is selecting features which will appeal to all readers in Latin. He believes that whatever success the magazine may enjoy is due to its universal appeal. Judged from a request he received recently, Dr. Warsley has achieved this goal. It asked for translation into Latin of Elvis Presley’s hit song, You Ain’t Nothing But a Hound Dog. The request was granted, and Dr. Warsley began, with scholarly care: Tu Nihil Aliud Nisi Canis Venaticus Es or Nothing Unless A Hound Dog Are You.

The Warsley house is the fourth oldest in town—having been used as the town doctor’s office and a post office before it became the publishing office of a unique magazine.
Bruce Graham’s novel two-season lodge, easy to build and to live in, adds a flair to Vermont ski country.

FLORENCE THOMPSON HOWE

If you are the last Romantic of the jet age, and winter vacations on skis are for you, take Highway 8 out of Wilmington, Vermont. Leave it at the West Dover fork, bear right across the bridge and pull up in front of the big red ski lodge, Sitzmark.

Just across the road to the southeast you’ll see, tucked back in the conifers above the brook, something that looks as continental as a Swiss chalet or as provocative as one of Alice’s discoveries in Wonderland . . . depending on your age and believability.

This is Snow House, a double A-frame of wood (circa 1959) designed by Bruce Campbell Graham, the New York architect who did Sitzmark. Snow House is owned by Mr. Graham and Charles H. Slingluff, Jr., both ardent skiers who wanted a house custom-built for Vermont winters but equally functional for summer vacation use.

A mountain brook comes tumbling down around the corner of the foundation wall and under the deck, as seen in the photographs. When the brook is widened they will have a swimming-pool, come hot weather.
The smooth-surface, sharp-angle, platinum blond roof catches your eye. Here’s how it’s done:

On the 2” wood roof-decking a weather resistant insulating board called Homasote has been employed for roofing. The sharp pitch of the A-frame roof sheds snow like a duck’s back sheds water. An item to be considered in snow country. The A-frame and roof-decking exposed on the inside are of natural Douglas fir of a cinnamon color. Exterior wall panels of insulating board are painted barn red. Window trim is white.

The double (crossed) A-frame construction allows triangular areas of one quarter inch polished plate glass under each roof peak, with a 5’ overhang . . . a kind of “eye-brow” effect. These glass areas are fixed. Ventilation in the bedrooms is achieved by means of ventilating panels set in below the glass. Panels are hinged at the top and open out, like awnings.

The triangular glass windows (or walls, actually) in these bedrooms give you the whole expanse of snow covered mountain landscape. Here is off-beat drama with no loss of accustomed comfort and convenience.

The use of twentieth century building materials presently available has made possible the simple construction and maintenance which wastes no space and reduces housekeeping problems to their least common denominator.

Heating is by means of an oil furnace with a warm air perimeter duct system; that is, the warm-air heating ducts are buried in the dark gray concrete floor. The lodge can sleep twelve people; three bedrooms and two baths upstairs are reached by ship-type companionway. Two bedrooms with adjoining bath are on the first floor.

The informal living area is two stories high, with fire-

place in the center. A triangular hearth of concrete is cantilevered out from a recessed pedestal and is surfaced with native field stone. The whole is enclosed on the three sides by heavy copper wire fire-screen. The fireplace hood is of black iron with dampered chimney. It is suspended from the roof peak and stabilized by an insulated attachment to the A-frame cross-beam.

Lounge chairs and sofas circle the fire-place and command a breath-taking view of the snow covered mountains and ski trails at Mt. Snow, which have brought the occupants of the house for winter week-ending in Vermont.

Deep bunks are built into each side of the lodge living room. Walls are old gray barn siding, requiring no finish and no upkeep. Fabrics used in the curtains and couches are country weaves in russets and browns and the only wall decorations used are colorful European posters from winter sports areas abroad.

The triangular dining table at one side of this informal living area adjoins the compact corridor kitchen with built-in equipment and storage. Kitchen counter tops, dining table and built-in bunks are of extra wide Vermont maple boards found locally.

Inside the main entrance is a sturdy bench for skiers to sit on while putting on or taking off boots. The furnace room in the center of the plan (with furnace set on the foundation slab) has two sprinkler heads for fire prevention. Here, too, are wood pegs on which damp clothing can be hung. The floor plan shows the central position of furnace room, corridor kitchen and two downstairs bedrooms.

Snow House (41 x 22 ft.) seems to grow out of the spruce and hemlock and rocky ledges into which it is set. It cost about $8.00 per square foot, complete.
Architect Bruce Campbell (center) explains function of double A-frame from model to Barbara French and to Charles Slingluff, Jr.

Living room with its triangular fireplace opens onto balcony. Bench bunks are along sides of room.

Photographs by LEWIS R. BROWN

THE DOUBLE A-FRAME

Though A-frame buildings are fairly common, the crossed or double A-frame is very rare. Architect Graham believes the four-gabled type relieves the monotony of so much solid roof and allows more daylight inside. The design also permits outside entrances on four sides, and a corresponding flexibility of floor plans.
TRAVELING in Iceland with Paul Sample, the truck on which we were riding between rivers with a friendly group of Icelanders stopped at the height of land. A spectacular vista, characteristic of lovely Iceland views, stretched far across a broad green valley dotted white with grazing sheep to a rising rim of bare hills and distant outlines of sky-scraping volcanic peaks.

We dismounted, the artist quickly at work with his sketch book, seated on a rock, while I moved up and down the narrow road trying to find a place to make a color photo of the panorama. Even from a vantage point high on the truck, telephone poles and wires got in the way.

"Paul," I said, "I am going to take a picture but these poles are going to spoil the whole thing."

"That’s the difference," he replied. "I can leave the poles out of my picture."

In his famed Vermont landscapes, Sample scenes are recognizable if not always literal. He can leave anything out that doesn’t fit. He can also put in an abandoned cart wheel, or Holsteins sharply black and white against the green of a farm pasture in the slanting shadows of late afternoon—if he wants them there.

Everyone finds his own particular satisfaction in Paul Sample’s paintings. The selection and composition of the scene, and placing of figures, are basic elements masterfully handled. Color tones, and their textures, are wholly his own and identifiable as his work.

One of his earlier and noted paintings shows a group of hunters and hounds placed in a field deep in snow.

"People ask," he once remarked to me, "Why there aren’t any tracks of the men or dog. What difference does it make? As a composition it is better without them."

We collaborated on a fishing story for an outdoor magazine, to be illustrated by his water colors. The art editor wanted more color, brighter hues, more dramatic contrasts. But in the end they used the handsome view of a fisherman casting in the gray water of a long pool, standing beneath the somber tones of an overcast sky. It was subtly suggestive and in sharp contrast to the garish pictures so frequently seen in sporting magazines.
After graduating from Dartmouth College in 1920 where he had performed brilliantly as a basketball player and heavyweight boxer, in addition to being a founding member of the orchestra, Sample suffered serious illness. Recuperation provided him with a period of leisure that he used to read and start teaching himself art and painting. In the late '20s, he studied painting in New York and California, and launched upon professional work which has brought many honors and a distinguished and productive career. He returned to Dartmouth in 1938 as Artist in Residence, making his home in nearby Norwich, where sketching trips in the countryside, horseback riding, fishing and duck hunting, plus his lifelong avocation of music, fill the hours when he isn't in his studio at the College and meeting with classes of Dartmouth students. His wife is the former Sylvia Howland of Montpelier. They have a son, Timothy.

The artist's paintings hang in many museums, including the Metropolitan, Brooklyn, Wood Art Gallery (in Montpelier,) and collections in other cities, colleges and universities, as well as the White House. His works have received first prizes at shows throughout the country. Exhibitions of his oils and water colors are frequent events at galleries in Boston, New York, and other cities. During the war he served as correspondent for Life magazine. Aircraft carriers, submarines, Navy and Army operations in the Pacific were subjects for his paintings.

In preparing this article, I asked if Sample would, himself, write a few words describing his approach to art—what he seeks, what he strives to achieve. This is what he says:

"My chief concern in painting is with my own reality. This extends beyond appearance. It is visual experience intensified."
Valley Near Norwich reflects Paul Sample’s deep interest in the Vermont countryside as a subject for his paintings.
"The whole of a painting contributes to an expression of this: its entire organizational structure of color, mass, and pattern, as well as its allegiance to its source—which is nature.

"A painter's business is communication. For a painting significantly to fulfill this promise it should hold more than a visual description and it should be more than a contrived and empty abstract pattern.

"Man's relationship to his world—this is the supreme challenge for the artist. A painter's statement on this score, growing from the urgency of his experience, will be important if substantial resources of humanity, sensitivity, creative purpose, and craftsmanship may combine to make it so.

"An artist's mission is his search for reality, and in his painting he aspires to a communication charged with the essence of it."

Through the many years of his work in Vermont, Paul Sample has formed firm friendships with the farmers and country people whose figures appear on many of his canvases. He is thoroughly at home in the rural life which he sketches and paints. His neighbor in Norwich for many years was Will Bond whose portrait hangs in the Hanover Inn. He's gone now and so is Bob McKenzie, another familiar figure in his paintings. Likewise, Charlie Moore, whose place near Sample's summer studio at Willoughby Lake has provided many subjects for his friend’s skillful pencil and brush.

No one could paint the Vermont countryside and its people with so much conviction and understanding without, himself, feeling an affectionate bond with his subjects.
AS BOOKS on Vermont continue to issue from large presses and small, it is useful from time to time to cast a backward look at some of the enduring books that should be on the shelves of native or adopted Vermonters. Naturally everyone’s list will vary, and be amplified according to his special interests, but let’s exchange notes about our favorites.

I’d begin with Thompson’s Vermont, a treasure that will afford endless entertainment and information on the early days of the Green Mountain State. My 1853 edition is officially entitled HISTORY OF VERMONT, CIVIL AND STATISTICAL, plus an Appendix. Zadoc Thompson, whose rather dark Websterian features adorn the frontispiece, concedes that he has drawn heavily from Samuel Williams’ HISTORY OF VERMONT, both as to civil and natural history. I find Williams’ distinctly less interesting and comprehensive than Thompson.

In your search of the secondhand and rare booksellers you might try next to procure Abby M. Hemenway’s VERMONT HISTORICAL GAZETTEER, 1859-1877. This ambitious undertaking was published in various forms, originally as a magazine in several volumes, from which separate books were later taken, such as the History of Windham, Washington County, which included the separate towns, and so on. Other gazetteers, such as Child’s, leaned more heavily on subscriptions from prominent citizens and are of less general interest. But don’t pass up a copy if you find one at an auction.

WALTON’S VERMONT REGISTER, AND ALMANAC, which began publication in the 1790’s, will bring pleasure and information to the reader no matter in what year your copy was published. I know of nothing that brings back the vanished flavor of life yesterday than these dry-looking lists of mercantile establishments, town officers, post offices, manufactories and churches.

The four little volumes of the Green Mountain Series, attractively designed by Vrest Orton and published by the Stephen Daye Press in 1932, are among those I turn to often. A project of the Committee on Traditions and Ideals, under the Vermont Commission on Country Life, the series includes volumes on Vermont Prose, Vermont Verse, Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads, and Vermonters.

Perhaps maps are not strictly parts of one’s library, but I cannot help mentioning WALLING’S SURVEYS, which used to turn up at auctions now and then, often cracked and stained but still usable.

A most worthy enterprise is the reissue of BEER’S ATLAS AND GAZETTEERS, by Harold E. Osmer of West Topsham. This series was first published in 1869; my copy is 1873. Mr. Osmer’s project, by which he sells a county atlas door to door for around $7.00, should find an excellent market. He began with Windsor, will continue with Chittenden, Windham and Washington.

I doubt if anyone finds Daniel P. Thompson’s GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS readable any more, though perhaps a copy should be on one’s shelves out of courtesy to a one-time favorite and one whose title, at least, will always live. At a later date let’s consider the more recent of Vermont’s enduring books.

**Mystery Picture**

**NUMBER 12**

The first correct location of this public building, postmarked after midnight November 23d, will receive one of Vermont Life’s special awards. Please use postal cards and address them: “Mystery Picture, Vermont Life, Montpelier, Vt.” Residents of the town in question and abutting towns are ineligible.

Winner of the Autumn issue contest, which pictured South Main Street, Northfield, was Mr. Robert Jackson of New York City.
"I craved some adventure, something to occupy my mind."

The astounding story of Chester's own Jekyll and Hyde who committed 51 robberies in 16 years, later seemingly cheated the undertaker in a sensational break for freedom.
GREAT MYSTERIES seem to favor obscure beginnings, flourish in quiet settings. What better spot, then, for Vermont’s most persistent mystery (and one of its most talented criminals) than the placid town of Chester?

Here, on a September night in 1886, in garish contrast to the otherwise pastoral calm of Green Mountain life, the Adams & David Company was broken into and money was stolen from the safe. Town Constable Henry Bond investigated, of course; various neighborhood ne’er-do-wells were questioned; the amateur sleuths of the area advanced theories, none of them tenable. In sum, the results were nil and the crime remained unsolved.

Thus modestly began a series of burglaries which finally totaled, over a sixteen-year period, better than half a hundred. The usually ingenious and often imaginative crimes baffled the authorities completely, reduced the merchants and others of the residents of Chester to near desperation and provided vintage crackerbarrel gossip for a generation of county residents.

Adams & David was burgled twice more before it was all over. But so was nearly every other store on Main Street. Ware & Sons, Waterman’s Mill, and Burditt Brothers, which all sold farmers’ supplies, were entered repeatedly with intent to commit a felony. Bundles of shingles disappeared from the station freight yard; a $75 bicycle—one of the stylish new “safety” bikes with same-sized wheels—was spirited through the broken window of Walker’s Furniture Store; George Allen, a prosperous farmer, lost $1,500 in cash realized in a Boston cattle deal. (He and his wife jerked awake one night to stare into the barrel of a gun held by a masked bandit whose colleague was ransacking the house. A cordon was thrown around the village and a posse combed the wooded areas, but without success.) Neighboring communities, such as North Springfield, were sometimes victimized, but most of the crimes occurred in Chester.

James E. Pollard, who owned perhaps the largest general store in town, was particularly favored by the home-grown burglar with the daredevil streak and a taste for anything portable: his place was broken into no less than six times in the sixteen years. Even when Pollard installed a fancy burglar alarm, the thief entered the next night through a 14” x 18” closet window (the only aperture that had not been wired) and made off with a fur coat, a woman’s cape and $15.

Nothing that anyone did seemed to make any difference, except, perhaps, to act as a goad. There was no state police force in those days and the real responsibility for the town’s security rested in the hands of the Board of Selectmen. They did their best. After $500 was offered as reward money, First Selectman Clarence Adams added another $100 from his own pocket. At one point the selectmen imported a detective from Boston. (The gumshoe turned out to be an amiable lush: the only things he uncovered were several sources of liquor in supposedly dry Chester.) And when druggist E. W. Pierce brought in some revolvers to supply the townspeople it wasn’t long before the prowler took up the challenge. He jimmed his way into Pierce’s Store and took all the guns that were left.

There were a number of suspects, of course, during this period. Young Gideon Lee was one of them. Lee had been involved in several scrapes, but he died soon afterward, and Chester’s crime wave continued unabated. Similarly, one Thomas Converse was suspected of the thefts following his arrest elsewhere in Windsor county. But Converse died at the county jail in Woodstock—and the burglaries continued.
One of the most frequent sufferers was Charles H. Waterman, owner and operator of the gristmill located on the bank of the river just north of Chester Depot, who kept losing bags of feed. Try as he would, he could never figure out how the raider got into his mill. Finally he deduced from some slight scratches that the burglar would remove the locks from the mill doors completely, then replace them after making his haul. Former Selectman Clarence Adams checked on the repeated breaks with Mr. Waterman and approved the miller's plan to employ a night watchman. This was carried out for a matter of some weeks, and the mill enjoyed a period of quiet.

Then the watchman was taken off and the mill breaks started in again. Over the years, however, Mr. Waterman had noticed something else about Chester's cracksmen. He noticed that the burglar was never one to do the obvious, but seemed to favor difficult methods of entry that called for real ingenuity. Following his hunch, Mr. Waterman figured that the burglar's next visit to the mill would be effected through a difficult window which lay on the downstream side near the back. Without telling anyone, he resolved to rig this window with a booby trap.

This window selected by Mr. Waterman—marked by arrow in the photograph above—was some fifteen feet directly above the raceway of the mill, but it might be reached by an agile man from the roof of an engine shed attached to the main part of the mill. The miller secured a shotgun just inside the window with a string running through hooks to the window's lower sash. If the window was opened the string would tighten against the trigger and the gun would then discharge directly at the opening.

That night, July 29, 1902, Charles Waterman was attending a school board function at the town hall. But his parents and Gardner, his twenty-year old son, were sitting in the family parlor across the road from the mill. Gardner knew about the trap his father had set; no one else did.

In the middle of the evening they heard a report. "Some of the boys must have some crackers left over from the Fourth," the grandfather commented. But Young Gardner was already out the door, running to get his father and headed across the covered bridge toward the lights in the town hall. As he recalls it today, not far from the town wagon sheds he saw a tall figure lying in the bushes by the road. It was a tramp or a drunk, he thought, he ran on.

Charles Waterman and Gardner hurried back to the mill with Constable Bond. There they found the gun discharged all right and blood on the window sill but no thief.

A little later that night, about ten it was, former Selectman Clarence Adams was found by an unidentified passerby lying slumped in the back of his buckboard by the watering trough just below his hilltop farm. His lower clothing was covered with blood, his left leg swung limp and bleeding.

"I've been shot by highwaymen," he told Mrs. Elmina Walker his housekeeper, when brought to the house. "Help me to bed and call a doctor." William Dunn of North Springfield, a friend and erstwhile neighbor who happened to be there at the farm that night, went for the doctor.

When Dr. Walter L. Havens, who was also at the town hall, arrived, Adams told him the same story—two men had sprung from the bushes at the side of the road and held him up. He was still in the seat of his buckboard when one of the men shot him.
The wound was a bad one; the flesh had been very substantially shot away from the inside of the left thigh. Dr. Havens said he would bring Dr. John Stevenson in the morning to give the wound the surgical attention it needed. That morning the two doctors removed eighty-four pieces of Number 8 shot from Adams' leg.

As the reader knows well, news in a small town travels with the speed of light. Word flew through Chester that summer morning in 1902 that two crimes, not just one, had been committed the night before: Waterman's Mill had been entered by burglars—this was nothing new, of course—and not twenty rods from Waterman's, Clarence Adams had been held up and shot—evidently by the same men.

His was the first wound inflicted by the local outlaw, and Town Clerk A.D.L. Herrick voiced the general angry sentiment. "What is the town coming to when honest citizens' lives and their property are at the mercy of a gang of criminals like these?" he demanded.

Adams naturally had the sympathy of the community and Constable Bond was urged to make every effort to apprehend the criminals. So he started by carefully searching Four Corners, near Waterman's mill, where Adams said he had been held up.

And there the constable discovered a strange thing: no footprints or recent marks of any kind scarred the smooth dirt by the road. Somewhat puzzled, he returned to the Adams place and examined the buckboard. He found no blood on the seat, where the selectman said he had been sitting when the shot was fired; there was only the pool of blood on the low platform at the rear of the wagon.

The constable then conferred with Charles Waterman, showing him the shot marks of any kind scarred the smooth dirt by the road. Somewhat puzzled, he returned to the Adams place and examined the buckboard. He found no blood on the seat, where the selectman said he had been sitting when the shot was fired; there was only the pool of blood on the low platform at the rear of the wagon.

The constable then conferred with Charles Waterman, showing him the shot that had been removed from Adams' leg. The booby trap gun, Waterman said, had indeed been loaded with Number 8 shot.

That did it. The two men reached the conclusion that has already occurred to the reader—it was the greatest shock that each was to have in his lifetime.

"Why, Mr. Adams was here just after my mill was robbed of grain on July third, and he was sorry to hear of my loss," Waterman told a reporter at the time. "And I told him then that I was going to have a watchman for the next two or three weeks. He thought it was a good idea. I had dismissed the watchman on July 25th, and then the plan of placing the spring gun, instead of hiring another watchman, occurred to me. In fact I should have told Mr. Adams of this yesterday if I had had the chance, because he had been so interested in the matter before."

Mrs. Frank Adams, wife of a distant cousin—there are quite a few people named Adams in Chester—recalls today being told of the news back in 1902. She was visiting in Waterbury at the time and a Waterbury friend told her that the famous Chester burglar had turned out to be a man named Clarence Adams.

"It isn't Clarence Adams, I know," she remembers telling her informant with complete conviction. "It just couldn't be he. I'm absolutely positive of that."

Mrs. Guy Earle, another contemporary, is equally emphatic about her reaction. "I couldn't believe it. He'd be the last person in the whole town I would expect to be responsible for all those crimes."

Edward Kendall told these reporters that his father had more than once said he hoped that Ed, when he grew up, would make as good a citizen as Clarence Adams was.

Yet there was no room left for doubt after the constable, with plenty of volunteers, had poked around the Adams farm for half a day. They found grain sacks from Waterman's. They found the missing shingles—some of them anyway. They found the guns stolen from the druggist and much of the jewelry that had disappeared, over the years, from Chester homes. They found in the incongruous assortment of loot a whole box of pretied bow ties that (they were to learn later) had been stolen from a Montpelier haberdasher the year Adams was up in the Legislature. They even found, hanging forlornly in a tree out back, the rusted frame of the new safety bike for which Merchant Walker had once asked $75.

No, there was no doubt of it now: First Citizen Clarence Adams and the by-now famous Chester burglar were, however incredibly, one and the same man.

It was not easy for the residents of Chester—population about two thousand at the time—to accept the fact that their leading citizen was also the state's Public Enemy Number One.

For one thing he was, as they must often have said in those days, an imposing figure of a man. He stood just short of six feet in height and weighed a rugged and wiry 160 pounds. He must have had exceptional stamina and vitality, too: the doctors said it was a miracle that a man...
with such a wound could have successfully gotten down from the Waterman window and made his way unaided the long half-mile to his buckboard.

He had blue eyes, brown hair and a medium complexion. A bachelor, he dressed well, trimmed his mustache with considerable care, always spoke carefully and to the point. (They said there was no one, come Town Meeting day, who was listened to with more respect.) But Adams was never forbidding—he was a friendly man and, using the word in its nicest sense, something of a politician.

He came from a pioneer Vermont family. His great-grandfather had fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill and his people were collaterally related to the distinguished family which gave two presidents to the nation. Clarence's ancestors had settled in Cavendish, a town a few miles north of Chester on the Black River, in 1780. Clarence was born there on November 18, 1857, and for some reason was taken at an early age by his parents to the hilltop farm in Chester. In a day when small, family-sized farms were still practical, the Adamses were considered moderately prosperous farmers.

Clarence attended school in Chester and as a young boy showed unusual interest in travel and literature. He told a contemporary newspaper reporter: "When I was a boy my great desire was to enter the Army or Navy, but circumstances prevented my doing it. My father and mother opposed it. They were growing old and needed my help."

Even as a young man he avoided the frivolous diversions of teenagers of his day, and turned toward reading and study.

His early interest in books ran to adventure and romance. His favorite authors included Conan Doyle, Robert Louis Stevenson, Dickens, Poe, Hugo and Dumas, and fully half his library (it comprised two thousand volumes in the end) consisted of the detective stories of the period such as Nick Carter, Old Sleuth, etc. Prophetically, one of Adams' most heavily thumbed volumes was his copy of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. "That book fascinated me," he commented later. He wrote a paper published in the *New York Times* literary supplement on "The Appreciation of J. Fenimore Cooper"—or so it is claimed, at any rate, in a Hearst sheet at the time of his trial. And he replied once in the public press to a critic who had attacked the historical romance.

At the age of about twenty-five, Adams wanted to be a detective and tried to get a job in the United States Secret Service. His mother objected to this, however. From his constant reading he early formed a desire to travel. In spite of farm duties and the need to care for his aging parents, he did, according to a 1902 report, take two trips to the West.

It is inevitable that Clarence's misdeeds were later ascribed by some to this unusual interest in books. (Reading may well have been considered as socially deviant an activity in Chester in 1900 as Elmo Roper recently said it is throughout America today.) Mrs. Walker, the Adams' corpulent housekeeper, had had a premonition of troubles: "He used to sit up all hours reading and I often wondered it didn't drive him crazy sooner than it did. Reading is the cause of it all; it has turned the poor man's head."

Still, in spite of his exotic and suspect pastime, Clarence Adams, at the time of his arrest, was the favorite son and leading citizen of Chester. Not only had he served as a founding trustee of the Whiting (town) library for many years (and chosen the books for that institution during the period); he was also an incorporator of the Chester Savings Bank, the chairman, in 1892, of the Board of Selectmen and was, for a term, Town Representative to the Vermont General Assembly. The Grand Jury which was called to deal with Adams' case could put only one interpretation on the facts: an indictment was issued against him and his bail was fixed at $3,000. Many Chester people—among them Town Clerk Herrick, who had conducted the town's business with Adams for a number of years—refused to believe that his colleague could be in his right mind. If, indeed, he was responsible for the crimes at all. Herrick went bond for the $3,000 and only after a week had passed and when finally convinced of Adams' guilt did he surrender him to the constable.

Adams was still recovering from the gunshot wound when he was taken to Woodstock for trial. Apparently charged only with the Waterman burglary, he pleaded guilty, refused to implicate any confederate in his crimes, was convicted on August 14, 1902, and sentenced to nine to ten years in the State Prison at Windsor. He signed a power of attorney to have his property sold and was committed to Windsor the following day.

On March 5, 1904, the following notice appeared in the *Vermont Journal*:

"Clarence A. Adams, the gentleman burglar from Chester, who was serving a ten years' sentence in the State Prison at Windsor, died Friday morning."

It can be imagined that the good people of Chester sighed with relief on hearing this news. But their relief was premature. Clarence Adams was yet to make more headlines.

Right from the start he had been a model prisoner. As was only fitting for a library trustee in good standing, he became the prison librarian and developed, so some say, a keen interest in the literature of the occult. He also made friends with a fellow inmate—we don't know his
name—who served as the institution's unofficial doctor, or, more likely, as an orderly.

Regulations regarding prison visitors were less severe in those days, and Adams had frequent visits and talks, more or less unsupervised, with William Dunn, his old Chester neighbor. Dunn on his visits to the prison, perhaps brought money to Adams. The latter had money, for when his estate was probated in 1904, it yielded more than $2,000. And if the part of the story that we are about to relate is true—and as anyone will see, it could be—Adams had need of money. In any case, the former Chester selectman seems to have enjoyed more of the small privileges of prison life than were usually granted to a professional criminal and was on friendly terms with Warden E. W. Oakes, the head of the prison.

Adams' friend, the ubiquitous Mr. Dunn who plays an important role later in our story, remains today something of a mystery man. It was generally thought around town afterwards that Dunn was implicated in the Chester burglaries—it is known that more than one man was involved in at least two of them—but this Adams firmly denied. It may have been this public reflection on his reputation that caused Dunn to move his place of residence several times after leaving Chester: he later lived in Glens Falls, N. Y., North Springfield, Vt. (where he held town office), in Oklahoma and finally died in Bellows Falls in 1936. One of the living witnesses to this strange story commented the other day: "There never was a more likeable fellow than Will Dunn." But in the next breath, our informant said he believed him guilty of involvement in the Adams crimes.

It was well into his second winter in the prison, February 22, 1904, to be exact, that Adams, after suffering a bout of rheumatism, was ordered into the prison hospital by Dr. John D. Brewster of Windsor, who also acted as consulting physician to the institution. Here Adams came under the care of his friend, the inmate orderly. Although nothing seemed very wrong with the prisoner, he began to complain of gripping symptoms and by the next day was forecasting his own demise.

Adams continued to languish mysteriously on February 24th and 25th. During this time he prepared and had sent to Warden Oakes a testament which requested that in the event of his death his body be prepared by the inmate doctor and be turned over to William Dunn.

On Friday, February 26th, this "doctor" reported to Dr. Brewster that Adams had died. Apparently without examining the deceased, Dr. Brewster signed his death certificate. Cause of death was given as "oedema of the lungs," pneumonia in layman's language. Hence the Vermont Journal report we have just quoted.

The detailed events for the next few days, and their sequence, are of great importance to the story.

In spite of the deceased's testament asking William Dunn be given the body, Warden Oakes telephoned to Clarence Adams' cousin, Samuel Adams, in Chester, asking if the body should be delivered to him. The answer apparently was no.

That Friday afternoon, in accordance with Adams' request, his body was washed by his prison friends, the face shaved and the ears and nostrils stuffed lightly with cotton. The body was dressed in a shroud and was removed to an upstairs room of the prison for the night.

Saturday morning, the 27th, William Dunn appeared at the prison. Whether he came from Glens Falls or Springfield is not known. Since Warden Oakes had not yet summoned him, it provoked comment at the time, but Dunn explained that Adams, knowing he was dying, had sent for him.

That morning a brief funeral service was held in the prison, and then the coffin was evidently delivered to Dunn and to Lyman Cabot, a local undertaker, at the prison gate. It was taken, apparently that forenoon, directly to Cabot's undertaking establishment in Windsor. There it was placed in a room at the back of the building, whose front portion was a furniture store.

The remains of Clarence Adams rested, for the most part unattended, through Saturday afternoon in the back of the Cabot funeral parlors. Toward evening, according to available evidence, the body in the back room was embalmed by Lyman Cabot, assisted by his nephew, Willard Cabot, now of Woodstock. Later in the evening William Dunn, according to contemporary newspaper reports, left for Springfield.

The embalmed body remained in the funeral parlor that night, through Sunday and until Monday morning, when it was taken in a sleigh to Cavendish. Willard Cabot, accompanied by L. C. White of Cavendish, drove the hearse via Amsden for the twenty-five miles to the snow-covered village. Henry D. Sanders, the cemetery sexton, took charge of the body at that point, placing it in the cemetery vault above ground. (It is customary in a cold country, where the ground freezes deep, to hold a body for spring burial.)

It would seem that Adams was now finally laid to rest. But no. That April it was noise around that he had been seen in Canada, alive and well: a reputable salesman of Chester, one John Greenwood who worked for Dunham Brothers, the shoe jobber down in Brattleboro, said that he had come face to face with Adams in the lobby of the Hotel Windsor in Montreal. They had recognized each other and had held a conversation. Other reports had it that Clarence Adams was seen later in Nova Scotia, and still later in the West.

By late April of that year the slowly gathering rumors had grown to the proportions of a sensation throughout New England. The metropolitan press, led by the Hearst papers, whipped up the furor.

Some stories implied that between prison and tomb, bricks and stones had been substituted for the body. Cousin Samuel, executor of Clarence's estate, ordered that the body be examined before burial. Samuel himself was coming up to Cavendish to make the identification. But on the day selected, May 1st, a bad
storm kept him from making the trip. As a result, Sexton Sanders performed the examination. Cousin Frank Adams also viewed the remains and said it was Clarence. This should have settled the matter.

It didn't: "I thought it looked like Clarence Adams," Sanders was quoted as saying later, "as near as a corpse could that had lain in the tomb two months, I can't say for sure that it was not another body that had been smuggled into the coffin. But one thing I can swear to is that there was a body in the coffin when I buried it, and not a stick of wood and some stones as some folks say."

And so the still unidentified body was buried on May Day in the Cavendish Cemetery.

So it is apparent that the truth, or otherwise, of the whole escape episode rests on the word of John Greenwood and possibly other witnesses whose identity is not now known.

It is only fair to observe that the people still alive today who remember the Adams Case of close to sixty years ago are inclined to think of the escape from jail through feigned death as more than doubtful. It is easy, they point out, and perhaps human nature, to ascribe a strange sequel, such as this, to the career of a man who had already won a reputation for the bizarre.

There is little doubt, however, on the basis of what today appears to be solid fact, that Clarence Adams could have escaped from prison by feigning death, and have lived out a secret life abroad. The most reasonable arguments in favor of such a thesis would run like this:

1. Adams, a student of the occult, had secretly learned, practiced and perfected self-hypnosis, with the connivance of the prison "doctor." This was the necessary prelude.

2. His lifelong friend William Dunn made sure that the body was left alone in the funeral parlor, and was not yet embalmed for a good part of Saturday afternoon.

3. Lyman Cabot did not view the body, uncovered, until Saturday evening. When he did, he assumed it was Adams'. The body "had a sore on his limb that might be from a shot," Cabot testified in 1905 at an investigation of prison conditions. (But Cabot had never known Adams alive.)

4. Though the great days of body snatching were long since gone, a cadaver could have been smuggled the fifteen miles from the Dartmouth College Medical School in Hanover and switched Saturday afternoon, prior to embalming, by Adams' confederates.

5. Adams, therefore, could have been safely on his way to Canada while the prescribed two and one half quarts of formaldehyde were being pumped into a nameless corpse from across the Connecticut. The established fact that the embalming was done in Windsor, with a quantity of fluid which would kill any living body, thus nullifies the possibility that Adams escaped en route to Cavendish, or at night was released from the vault. If the body-switch had failed in Windsor, according to this reasoning, confederate Dunn would not have allowed the embalming. Then Adams, still in an hypnotic sleep, would have had to chance surviving a twenty-five mile ride in a frigid hearse, and be rescued from the vault in Cavendish.

6. In planning the "death" and escape, why did Adams select the bitter Winter time? Deduction indicates a Summer death in those days would almost immediately have been followed by final burial. Adams understandably did not want to take this chance of being buried alive.

When you come right down to it, no one living today knows whether Clarence Adams, on that fateful February day in 1904, departed this world or merely left Vermont. It is safe to say that every resident of Chester fifty-five years ago who is alive now, carries his own version, and certainly his own particular memory, of the Adams Case. Just as most of us reading this magazine recall what we were doing on Pearl Harbor Day, so various milestones in the curious case of Clarence Adams seem to have left similar, indelible marks on the residents of Chester.

Many still recall with shame the blot on a good town's name. Others remember and grudgingly admire the cleverness of the man. Myron Grimes, who used to drive the stage, stoutly maintained that Adams was "the smartest man that Chester ever had."

Whether Adams lived or not after 1904, his earlier activities alone mark him as a highly unusual man. He was a kleptomaniac, probably, but hardly a run-of-the-mill specimen, for he seems to have taken considerable pains not to be caught; also he made away with large objects—like the bicycle and the shingles. Neither is typical of kleptomania.

Psychiatrists today probably would pigeonhole Clarence as a psychopathic personality. He could tell right from wrong. He stole in the main not for the value of the objects stolen, but for the sake of taking them. (He must have found a huge secret pleasure by outwitting, time after time, the good burghers of Chester.) And there was undoubtedly an element of compulsion in his actions, although its degree would be difficult to diagnose across the gap of sixty years.

In non-psychiatric terms, if there is a clue to Adams' character it is that he was an incurable romantic who carried into manhood many of the boyhood dreams and perversities that most men outgrow. As he put it himself: "What I have done I attribute to the spirit of adventure that was born in me. I craved some excitement, something to occupy my mind aside from humdrum affairs."

Whatever else Clarence Adams may or may not have done with his life, he never let it be humdrum.

END
### Vermont Ski Conditions

**Air**—Gondola, Double and Single Chair Lifts  
**Surface**—T-Bar, J-Bar, Poma-type lifts

**Additional Ski Condition Information on Many of These Areas May Be Obtained From the Following:**

- Vermont Information Center, 1268 Ave. of Americas, NEW YORK 20, N.Y. (Columbus 5-9486 or 5-8542)
- Vermont Information Center, Hotel Laurentian, MONTREAL, Quebec, Canada (UNiversity 1-0195)
- Frank Ellis Ski Information, TORRINGTON, Conn. (HUNter 9-7040)
- Vermont Development Commission, State Office Bldg., Montpelier, VT. (CAPitol 3-2801 or 3-3548)

### Vermont Ski Competitions

- Pre-season Junior Giant Slalom
- Nordic Combined
- Louise Orvis Trophy Race
- Boys & Girls Slalom
- U.S. Veteran, Giant Slalom Champs.
- Stowe Cup (Men & Women)
- UNESA Jr. Sr. Cross-Country & Relay
- Bromley Ski Club Trophy, Jr. Giant Slalom
- Jr. Giant Slalom
- Fish Trophy, Giant Slalom
- Connecticut Men's Downhill-Slalom
- New England Jr. Giant Slalom

**Some Vermont Ski Competitions**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Area</th>
<th>Lift</th>
<th>Elev.</th>
<th>Vert.</th>
<th>Lifts</th>
<th>Tows</th>
<th>Housing Data</th>
<th>Ski Condition Info.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ASCUTNEY</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>700</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>J. H. Howland, Br. 44, or tel: 276</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIG BROMLEY</td>
<td>3200</td>
<td>1920</td>
<td>1280</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Bromley, Br. 368, McElroy's Cr. Tel: 315 or 297</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BURKE MT.</td>
<td>3200</td>
<td>1700</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Burke Mt., Box 460, Madison 6-3349</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BURLINGTON HILL</td>
<td>2240</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>240</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Chet Pate, Jekyll, Madison 8-2309</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUTCILH</td>
<td>2470</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td>570</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Br. 669, North Adams, Mass.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIGH POND</td>
<td>1400</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Brandon Inn, or tel: 70 or 443</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOBBACK</td>
<td>2360</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td>460</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Brattleboro C. of C., Alpine 4-4566</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JY PEAK</td>
<td>3120</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>1120</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Joe Peak, or tel: 4251</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KILLINGTON BASIN</td>
<td>4220</td>
<td>2500</td>
<td>1720</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Pic-Killington Lodge Assoc., Bridgewater, ORid1 2-2703</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAD RIVER GLEN</td>
<td>3585</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1985</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Madison Jr. C. of C., Brattlemountain, Grafton 3-3312</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MT. MANSFIELD</td>
<td>3590</td>
<td>1560</td>
<td>2030</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Brattleboro C. of C., Alpine 4-4566</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MT. SNOW</td>
<td>3605</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>1805</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mad River Asso., or tel: 20-2R</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OKEMO</td>
<td>3372</td>
<td>1300</td>
<td>2072</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Stowe-M'seld Ass., Alp. 3-7652</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PICO PEAK</td>
<td>2940</td>
<td>2200</td>
<td>740</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Dover-Wilmington Vacat. Council, Wilmington, Homestead 4-3361</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SKYLINtE</td>
<td>1230</td>
<td>760</td>
<td>470</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Alpenglow, or tel: 4-3333</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUGGLERS' NOTCH</td>
<td>3200</td>
<td>1700</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Vermont Information Center, Burlington, VT.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOW BOWL</td>
<td>2800</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>1300</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>La'Stowe, or tel: 3-7140</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOW VALLEY</td>
<td>2680</td>
<td>2020</td>
<td>660</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Mad River, or tel: 4-89162</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRUCE PEAK</td>
<td>3360</td>
<td>1660</td>
<td>1700</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Sugarbush, or tel: 2-9356</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UGARBUSI</td>
<td>4013</td>
<td>1625</td>
<td>2388</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Sugarbush Valley, Winooski 50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>URICIDE SIX</td>
<td>1340</td>
<td>740</td>
<td>600</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Woodstock C. of C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A Run-down of Vermont Skiing This Winter

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Area</th>
<th>Lift</th>
<th>Elev.</th>
<th>Vert.</th>
<th>Lifts</th>
<th>Tows</th>
<th>Housing Data</th>
<th>Ski Condition Info.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RATTLEBORO</td>
<td>1126</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>406</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Brattleboro C. of C., Alp. 4-4566</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JANVILLE</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1300</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Laurence Calum, M'urray 4-3321</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LYNDON OUT'G CLUB</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Lyndon Outing Club, Box 7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MT. TOM</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Woodstock C. of C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTH EAST SLOPES</td>
<td>1180</td>
<td>820</td>
<td>360</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Eugene Eastman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORWICH CAMPUS</td>
<td>1150</td>
<td>900</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Little House, or tel: 4651</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EACHAM</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>1350</td>
<td>150</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Elkins Tavern, Lyonwood 2-3513</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INETOP</td>
<td>1350</td>
<td>950</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Paradise Ski Ass., or tel: 992</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRINGFIELD</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>425</td>
<td>575</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hatter's House, Turner 5-2115</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UNDERHILL</td>
<td>1500</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Underhill Ski Bowl, or tel: Emery's, Tree Triangle 8-2836</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Pre-season Junior Giant Slalom
- Nordic Combined
- Louise Orvis Trophy Race
- Boys & Girls Slalom
- U.S. Veteran, Giant Slalom Champs.
- Stowe Cup (Men & Women)
- UNESA Jr. Sr. Cross-Country & Relay
- Bromley Ski Club Trophy, Jr. Giant Slalom
- Jr. Giant Slalom
- Fish Trophy, Giant Slalom
- Connecticut Men's Downhill-Slalom
- New England Jr. Giant Slalom

**February 20, 21** — Nordic Junior Championships
**February 25-27** — Middlebury College Winter Carnival
**March 4-5** — Norwich University Carnival
**March 5-6** — Jr. Jumping School
**March 5-6** — Prep. School Championships
**March 6** — U.S. Jr. III & IV Giant Slalom Champs.
**March 6** — Scarsdale Trophy, Giant Slalom
**March 11-13** — American Internationals
**March 13** — Pico Derby
**March 26** — Burke Mt. Trophy, Giant Slalom
**March 27** — Jay Peak Trophy, Giant Slalom
**April 9-10** — Sugar Slalom
NOTES: A note on the original version says that Verses 1 and 5 are supposed to be sung as a trio of the Three Kings. Men's voices are best here, Hopkins said, but the music is set in G clef "for the accommodation of children." Verses 2, 3 and 4 are supposed each to be sung as a solo (no. 2 by Gaspard, 3 by Melchior, 4 by Balthazar) to the music given for Gaspard's part.

It was 102 years ago that this famous Nativity carol was first sung, at a family gathering in Burlington. It was in the home of The Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, the first Episcopalian bishop of Vermont. The carol was written and composed by Dr. Hopkins, one of the bishop's many children. It was one of the many the talented son wrote for such family gatherings. While few of his many works remain today in common use, this hymn, often scribbled as "a traditional English carol," has gained in popularity over the years. "The only way to test a hymn is, not merely to read it . . . but to sing it, over and over again, to its own tune," Dr. Hopkins said. Generations of Christians throughout the world have fairly proved this carol.