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Cover

Buglers at Camp Songadeewin
By Mack Derick

PICTURE STORY WINNERS

First Prize: $25.00
Ralph N. Hill, Burlington, Vt.
"Spirit of the Lake"

Second Prize: $15.00
Phillip H. Cummings, Woodstock, Vt.
"The Back Beyond"

Third Prize: $10.00
Leo Litwin, Arlington, Mass.
"Covered Railway Bridges"

Entries for Spring 1949 should be submitted before August 1, 1948. Picture stories should be composed of a sequence of pictures either telling a story with captions, or illustrating accompanying text. They may be in color, black and white, or both.
WOODMAN CUT THAT TREE!

Yes, the Postboy knows that sounds like rank heresy. He hastens to add that he is strongly against promiscuous tree cutting, very especially in our forests which should always be treated as crops to be harvested when they are ripe for the harvest. We are even in favor of the employment of experts to save trees by filling cavities with cement and giving weaklings shots in the roots.

What the Postboy means to encourage is the cutting of certain trees along our hill-climbing and mountain-crossing roads to give the traveler a chance to see out. Scenery is one of the great attractions of Vermont but most of it is behind a green curtain as impenetrable as the famous metal one of unpleasant repute. One rides along in a very pretty green edged trough with no view except of the sky. The car climbs to the boiling point only to start down the other side in another green edged trough. So often the traveler feels sure that just a bit higher up, certainly on top, he will have a glorious panorama spread out before him. He frequently never does. All along the way there have been spots where the removal of a few trees would have opened a sight for hungry eyes.

There's a road which hurries down to the Postboy's valley, leaving the more comfortable main highway part way down the Green Mountains. Driving down it was just a matter of pressing on the brake and wondering whether it would get on fire before the bottom was reached. One spring the P. B. had to go down that road and part way he saw a sight that made him furious. Somebody had cut over a woodlot on the lower side and nothing but stumps were left. Idiots, he thought. There should be a law. Then he looked beyond and there, stretched out before him was the whole valley clear to the next range of mountains. After half a century he'd seen his own valley for the first time.

There must be hundreds of places in the state where a little judicious cutting would open such views. Once done there's nothing more to it except to see to it that ambitious saplings get completely discouraged.

TRUSTING PROVIDENCE UNTIL...

You may recall that Vermont was once an independent republic. As Frederick Van de Water says in the title of his book, it was a "Reluctant Republic" because the Congress wouldn't extend an invitation to come on in. If one wants to know just how independent she was, just refer to the first assembly in 1777 when a resolution was passed which declared that

GREEN MOUNTAIN
Postboy

Conducted by
WALTER HARD

the new republic would "be governed by the laws of God and Connecticut until there is time to frame better." That such a spirit was not unusual is evident from the statement of a man of the Postboy's acquaintance who had just experienced a rapid trip down a very steep road behind a pair of horses completely out of control. In reply to a suggestion of a by-stander after the driver had picked himself out of the dust and somewhat recovered his breath, that they didn't see how he survived he said: "I trusted in Providence 'till th' brichin broke. Then I jumped."

HOW THE OTHERS LIVE . . .
HALF THE TIME

In the less and less known Horse and Buggy Days Vermont was exclusively a summer resort. People were seeking its salubrious climate very early in the nineteenth century. Later not only its cooling breezes but the health-giving powers of its mountain fed springs brought the urban dweller to escape the less healthful atmosphere of more congested and warmer areas. But we never heard of any visitors from abroad who picked the winter as the time of such visitation.

Those who came and enjoyed the cooling breezes of summer were often curious about the way the hardy native perennials lived after their visitors had gone back to the city. Many seemed to think that like some of the lower animals, so called, humans went into a semi-comatose state. As soon as snow fell each family was, by many, supposed to huddle around whatever source of warmth was available, each in its own snow wrapped igloo, dining perchance off the half burned candles left over from the banquets of the previous summer. They only knew the country, and usually its inhabitants, as in summer—mostly green.

We recall one of the first of the urbanites who rented a house for a full year and boasted all summer that he and his family were staying all winter. Their friends said farewell in autumn with expressions of admiration for their courage and condemnation for their judgment. The hardy pioneers then proceeded to store away fuel of all kinds. They stocked their shelves with foods and filled their clothespresses with winter garments suitable for polar expeditions. When the first sugar coating of snow appeared in November the householder phoned frantically to the highway commissioner to make sure that the plows were ready and that his drive would not be neglected. As now and then happens—recent evidence to the contrary notwithstanding—the winter was mild and the snowfall likewise. The winter clothing furnished a wooley feast for the moths and the family awoke one morning to realize that the winter was over. No one member had been lost in the snow nor had anyone frozen as much as a nose end.

Thanks to the healthful craze for sliding downhill and being pulled up to begin all over, now urban and suburban friends know all about how the country pulls through a hard winter. In fact many of the visitors know more about the outdoor air than many of the supposedly harder natives. But they also know all about how the country dweller lives due to the dotting of the highways with signs; "Tourists" or "Guests" or even "Ski Barn." Even the hotels in the villages which put on more sophisticated airs in the summer, become much like homes filled with a numerous household. Good food and plenty of it, a good fire—open preferred—and a bed, are all the winter visitors ask. Many of them will be back now, pointing out to uninitiated friends the long light green stretches winding down among the trees of the mountain where they with others cavorted last winter. They'll stop to point out where the snow was up to that branch on that tree and no doubt many of them will seek out the folks whose house they shared when they found people really did something more than exist in the country in the winter. It all makes for mutual understanding in a world all too lacking in just that thing.

VERMONT Life
Notes on the Artist

Although he was born in Malnate, Italy—which he left at the age of eleven—Luigi Lucioni found his real home when he came to Vermont to live in 1920. Since then he has painted the green hills, red barns, and warm textures of Vermont summer with such affectionate realism that he has been aptly named the "painter laureate" of the state. He once visited the Rockies, but found them too remote and austere, and hurried back in great relief to his reconstructed barn-studio in Manchester, Vermont. Occasionally he does a New England scene not Vermont, such as Sunlit Patterns (above), painted in Pomfret, Conn.

Vermont Life is fortunate to be able to present the artist's own reflections on five of his best known works.
NOTES by the Artist

To write about one's work after some time has passed since the completion of the works, is something like looking back into space and finding oneself an objective onlooker. So, as I shall say a word or two about these various paintings of mine, I will try to reconstruct myself as of during that period.

Red Buildings in Sunlight was painted in Barre during my second summer of painting in Vermont and it was a subject which fascinated me. Right on the road between Barre and Montpelier I stopped one day to notice dramatic shadows on these factory building and the reflection in the water and knowing that I was inviting a great many curiosity seekers by planting myself on a thoroughfare, I decided to undertake this canvas. I wasn't wrong about the curiosity seekers, but I still think it was worth the trouble.

Clouds on Equinox has a special appeal for me, for at the time that I painted it, the summer of 1935, I never dreamed that four years later I was to buy the house and land bordering on the barns which form the foreground of the painted. At that time I was fascinated by the view beyond these old barns, with the Equinox and the church steeple of Manchester, and I was intrigued by the continuous changes of the shadows that the clouds cast on Equinox Mountain. Now, after many years of familiarity with that scene, I still find new interest in this spot.

Vermont Classic and Lake through the Locusts were both painted during my two pleasant summers in Shelburne. Both were scenes almost in the same locality, one looking towards the mountains and the other looking towards that beautiful Lake Champlain, and I think that these two paintings can show how very different and varied Vermont can be. The locusts were painted on the Watson Webb place in Shelburne and I don't think I have ever seen anywhere a more beautiful group of locust trees and in such wonderful surroundings.

Trees and Mountains (left) was painted in 1936, the same summer I did Lake through the Locusts and also on the estate of Mr. Watson Webb in Shelburne. It was a view looking north to Mount Mansfield for which I had had a soft spot in my heart since I had a few years before spent two very pleasant summers in Stowe. Again, the beauty of the trees arching over the road made a strong impression on me, especially with the big view beyond them.

Luigi Lucioni

For the paintings in color, as described by the artist, turn page.
Red Buildings in the Sunlight: Barre, Vermont (above)  Clouds Over Equinox: Manchester, Vermont (below)
Perhaps the most disquieting moment the steamer Ticonderoga ever had was in 1913 when Minnie, followed by a throng of people, trundled toward the lakefront and prepared to embark. At the edge of the pier she posed gracefully, testing the deck with a foot. When finally she stepped aboard, the Ticonderoga heeled to port worrying Minnie, who nevertheless crouched obediently throughout the trip. Had she chosen to rise, the entire upper deck must have lifted, but Minnie remained a lady despite overhearing the insulting price they charged for her passage. Two horses indeed! What did they think a really good elephant weighed?

Transporting an elephant across Lake Champlain is, if unusual, all in a day's work for the forty-two year old side-wheeler Ticonderoga, last steamer of the Champlain Transportation Company, the oldest steamboat concern in the world. With her paddle wheels and walking beam the Ti is a lineal descendant of the first steamer Vermont, built on Lake Champlain in 1808 shortly after Fulton's Clermont first steamed up the Hudson. The Vermont was only a black scow with a boiler and paddle wheels. She had no pilot house. Her decks were open as a skating rink with only a smokestack in the center of a small elevation amidships and a sheathing over the bow to shelter the crew. The Vermont traversed the lake at the wind-piercing gait of five knots and was able to pass sailboats if the wind wasn't blowing.

Thirty-eight steamboats later, the Ticonderoga was built at the old Shelburne Harbor shipyards at the peak of the large hotel era when the favorite way to travel from Montreal to New York was by water—up Lake Champlain and Lake George, and down the Hudson. 223 feet long with a shiny beam engine rated at 23 miles an hour, with a spacious dining room and her full quota of mahogany stanchions, Brussels carpet, plush furniture and hand-decorated glass, the Ti was ready to sail the lake in the summer of 1906. She was put on line run between Burlington, her home port, and the summer colonies to the south along Lake Champlain.

To the campers at Cedar Beach, Thompson's Point, Basin Harbor—at Westport and Ticonderoga, New York the steamer at once became the third dimension of their summer life, collecting each morning Burlington business men and returning them in the evening. Ticonderoga was the answer to a commuter's prayer. With more than human tolerance she would back up if necessary for the benefit of a late sleeper. The moment the far-away whistle of Ticonderoga drifted up the lake there was a rush of old and young for the dock. In due time the steamer drew up gracefully to the pier, her paddles treading water. The brass bell and jingler sounded for reverse and the paddles responded at once, churning the water to a froth, while up in the pilot house John Rushlow eased her in.

The steamer became a sort of patron saint of camp activity before whom they burned incense of red fire when she came up the lake Saturday nights on moonlight excursions. At each landing lanterns swayed a greeting, pinwheels swished a salute. Campers put on a series of impromptu skits as amusing to participants as to the audience on deck. What passenger or camper would forget the Cedar Beach bear with the tin cup, levying tribute from the steamer crowd? Or the canoe skit that called for two campers dressed in female finery? As they paddled broadside to the steamer the canoe would suddenly upset. Screaming realistically, the campers went overboard, their feet waving in the air, their faces submerged. The mad rush of passengers to the nearest rail was the signal for the engineer to
For 140 years, from the launching of the "Vermont" (right) in 1809 (only two years after Fulton first ran his steamboat up the Hudson) to the present day, Lake Champlain has seen a procession of picturesque sidewheelers. The "Ticonderoga" (below) is the last of the great white fleet.

Kodachromes by R. N. Hill

Courtesy National Life Insurance Company
The Lake Champlain Transportation Co. is one of the oldest operating steamboat companies still in existence.

The steamboat business was at a new height of prosperity and the Ticonderoga in the flush of youth when Vermont and New York celebrated the Tercentenary of the discovery of the Lake, in 1909. There were floating pageants of the region's history from the start—Indian villages with stockades and scalplings, Hiawatha and his peace-pipe, the fifty-one nations, running a stag, wigwams, eagle-feathered redskins, birchbark canoes, Samuel de Champlain in his pirogue, Revolutionary battles as well as those of 1814. Of all of this, Ticonderoga was flagship. Though Vermont III and Chateaugay participated in the celebration with flags rippling from their halvards and crowds lining their decks, Ticonderoga led the procession. Her pilot, John Rushlow, whose father was a lake steamboatman before him, shared the honor with the Ti of hearing rockets go up, could you blame Ti's pilot, John Rushlow, whose father was a lake steamboatman before him, sharing the honor with the Ti of hearing rockets go up, could you blame Ticonderoga for thinking they were all for her?

When in the midst of this each evening, rockets went up, could you blame Ticonderoga for thinking they were all for her?

As had all the steamers on the lake since 1808, the Ti participated in the economic life of Vermont by carrying the goods of the State—furniture, refrigerators, screens, beans, eggs, butter, apples—as well as the United States mail. One year Ticonderoga took seventeen thousand barrels of apples off Isle La Motte. Before the tracks of the Rutland Railroad stretched north through the islands the steamer would stop at numerous Grand Isle landings to collect butter, delivering it at Burlington to refrigerated Central Vermont Railway cars for Boston. Through the years the steamer helped a substantial segment of young Vermonters to a college education. The boys worked as waiters, deckhands, or as firemen in her stoke hole during the summer, and by fall had saved enough to ease the strain of their tuition at the University of Vermont.

But it was not only the summer campers, tourists, business men, farmers and college students to whom Ticonderoga catered. She has always been partial to children. Surely you remember. You were ten. You had walked up three times in the night, and were peering out your window when the east was first streaked with light. Surely God wouldn't let it rain today. Slowly the mist lifted, then the peal of bells from the church steeple. The boat would sail!

Downstairs your mother was packing the lunch, the sandwiches in their oil paper, the fat wedges of chocolate cake, the devil eggs and the bananas. Hurry up! What if the boat should start. Then you were over the gangplank, up the stairs to the hurricane deck half an hour before the whistle blew. When it did it almost blew you overboard but that was one of the things you'd come for—that and the engine room. How many ten-year-olds

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Steamer.....

"Vermont"

DINNER ★ ★

SOUP

Boiled Salmon

Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce

Chicken Croquettes, Petit Pois

Veal Pot Pie with Dumplings

Macaroni and Cheese

Green Apple Fritters, Wine Sauce

Sloff of Beef Prime Rib Western Beef Young Vermont Turkey Chicken

Loin of Veal, with Dumpling

Leg of Spring Lamb, Current Jelly

Potoatoes Mashed in Cream

Boiled Potatoes

New Green Peas

Stewed Tomatoes

Sweet Corn

Apple

Lemon

Codfish and Berry Pie

Steakboat Pudding

Rum Jelly

Fruit

Asparagus Cake

Mixed Nut Coffee

Eden and American Cream Cheese.

Bento Water Crackers

WATERS ARE SUPPLIED WITH WINE CANDY.

PRICE OF DINNER, $1.00
since 1809 have hung over the half door outside the engineer’s alcove studying the brass bell, the shiny oil cans on copper trays, the spotless tile floor, the brass jingler sounded, lie barred steam to the trays, the spotless tile floor, the brass bell, the shiny oil cans on copper glass souvenir case.

The walking beam slowed its hurried stride—could it be you were nearing Isle La Motte? It could be, and you were. Down on the main deck the galvanized iron tub for the lemonade and large sacks of sugar were carried off. The picnic began on a nearby grassy slope. Only a moment later, it seemed, the plume of white arose from beside the stack high above the pier, followed by the throaty sound of the whistle. It was already time to go. The waves were heavy on the way back. You stood up in the plunging bow, the wind whistling in your ears. Perhaps that last piece of cake was a mistake. And was your sunburn really going to blister?

Or perhaps you were sixteen when girls blushed, boys were embarrassed and everybody was strictly polite. The moon was lifting over the Green Mountains. Because you came early you were able to get one of those deck chairs without any arms in the stern on the second deck. Voices of other arrivals sounded from the salon but you two were unaware. A faint tinkle came from below. Gently, as if cradled on the wings of a great swan, you glided out over the reflection-filled waters of the Harbor. The red lights on the end of the breakwater were rubies. Juniper Light was a solitaire. There was something of infinity about the wake, stretching ever back, and ever-widening. . . . Your hand touched hers. What will generations without steamboats have compared with this?

In 1938 this telegram arrived at the wharf in Burlington:

"Please extend hearty greetings and good wishes to all who join with you on the old Ticonderoga in celebrating the 132nd anniversary of the Champlain Transportation Company. This is a notable event in the history of water transportation and one that will emphasize the long and varied service which the Company has given the public through its ability to adapt itself to the needs of the generations that have come and gone since that far away day in 1809 which saw its beginning. I am sure I may be pardoned if I confess a sentimental interest in the Company, and recall with pleasure many trips made in the old days on such sterling craft as the Ticonderoga, the Maquam, the Chateaugay, and the second Vermont. These trips were with my Father, James Roosevelt when he was President of the Champlain Transportation Company. I trust the birthday party will be a grand success and memorable in the long annals of the Company."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Except for the diesel ferry boats the steamer Ticonderoga has been alone on the lake for nine years. In 1938 Chateaugay was sliced into sandwiches of steel and sent overland to Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire. By 1943 the Vermont had been lying in the harbor eleven years without turning a wheel. Water was running down into her staterooms and halls staining the Brussels carpet, peeling off the gold leaf. The green plush of the ornate mahogany chairs was white with mildew. Watermarks streaked the Notice to Passenger signs. In the Purser’s office the keys to staterooms hung quietly on their hooks; the buzzer board was silent. Down in the galley the big range stood cold in the semidarkness. A torn picture of a Gibson girl curled away from its moorings over a bunk in the crew’s quarters. The engine room was a yawning cavern, for the engines had been sold for scrap. Cobwebs laced across the spokes of the huge steering wheel in the pilot house. Through jagged edges of broken glass, the wind wailed, bemoaning the animated echoes of years ago.

Thus far, Ticonderoga has been able to withstand the threat of the automobile whose gasoline engine has, in every corner of the country, drowned out the quiet slap of the paddle-wheel, and the velvet push of steam. For a time the "Ti" was a floating dance hall with neon SHOWBOAT signs glittering from her sides. Two summers ago she went back on line run between Vermont and New York. This summer her new owner has decreed that she reopen her dining room and steam north as far as Rouses Point to take aboard Canadian excursionists, brought by special trains from Montreal.

The sidewheeler carries on a noble tradition in the transportation and recreation world. People along the lake hope she will live to a ripe old age, for when the one remaining white spirit of the lake turns her prow toward Shelburne Harbor for the last time, the age of steamboating will be gone from Lake Champlain forever.

INTERIORS OF THE OLD BOATS WERE LAVISH IN THEIR ELEGANCE. NO LUXURY WAS SPARED.

Originally a railroad transfer boat, then converted to passenger use, the "Champlain" piled up on Split Rock, July 16, 1875, when the pilot fell asleep at the wheel.

VERMONT LIFE 9
Grand Isle County is the last place where the earliest Vermont houses can still be seen. Before they had sawmills, the pioneers built log cabins like Jedediah Hyde's, raised in 1783 (above). There was practically no water power on the level islands and consequently logs were used more extensively. This cabin, about to be destroyed in 1945, was moved by the Vermont Historical Society to a new location just outside Grand Isle village on Route #2, for restoration as a local historical center. Picture above shows it on the original site.

Ethan Allen died returning across the ice to Colchester in 1789. The "Sandbar Bridge" now links the Islands to the mainland. (Way)

Despite the great new bridge to the north, ferry boats still cross from the Islands to the New York shore. (Beatrice Lowe Haskins)
One of the most beautiful regions of Vermont is the island country of Grand Isle County in the northwestern corner of the state. This county, including the towns of South Hero, Grand Isle, North Hero, Isle La Motte, and Alburg, is not so widely known even among Vermonters and certainly not among tourists and vacationists as it should be. The county is about thirty miles in length and eight miles in width; and its islands lie gem-like in the center of northern Lake Champlain. The placid bays, rocky points, and graceful sand beaches provide front seats to hundreds of miles of ever-changing panoramic views of Vermont’s famous Green Mountains and
New York's spectacular Adirondacks. Leaving Burlington and following the Island Route, the visitor can drive for miles along a hard-surfaced shore road from which he can see the Green Mountains and the friendly waters on the eastern side of the islands. From the western shore, opening on the broad lake, the rugged Adirondacks across the lake offer him sunset views probably unrivaled in New England; and the moon coming up over the Green Mountains and glittering across miles of rippling waters on the eastern shore is a sight never forgotten if once seen. The entire day, as a matter of fact, from the silvery, far flung dawns to the crimson evenings brings a continuously varied picture to the understanding idler or the visitor in passing.

The Islands are rich in the stories of men and events that date back to the earliest pages of American history. In 1609 Samuel De Champlain discovered the lake which bears his name, and in his journal he wrote: “There I saw four beautiful islands 10, 12, and 15 leagues long.” In 1665 the French occupied the island now called Isle La Motte; and there at Fort St. Anne, which they erected, was held the first Catholic Mass ever said in the state of Vermont. For the next two hundred years the islands were the scenes of many bitter struggles between the French and English and American colonists for geographical supremacy until the present international borders were created. Practically every foot of the island country has some historical meaning from the days of De Champlain through the War of 1812 into the present.

Many evidences of the battles of long ago, of the labor and toil of the early pioneers, may be seen in relic form at various points throughout the islands; and the Vermont Historical Society is now in the process of reclaiming one of the oldest log cabins in Vermont. Features and facts of the early life on the islands will be on display in the cabin; it will be open to visitors and in charge of personnel who can explain the interesting material assembled from the old days.

One of the historical phases of the island life of the past is the story of transportation by water—a phase not yet fully studied. After peaceful relations were finally established with Canada, the Lake became a part of an extensive water route between New York City and Montreal. Many boats plied its waters, carrying lumber, furs, minerals, etc. Passenger travel was very heavy in the early periods before the advent of the railroads. Commercial barges and tankers still use the waterways to some extent; and during the summer season pleasure craft are often seen around the islands with vacationists aboard who have cruised up from New York and Albany. Even boats from Canadian waters are not uncommon.

It is possible for the visitor historically inclined or merely curious to visit many significant points of historical interest in the Islands. By way of an example, there is Block House Point, just south of Lake Champlain Vacation Camp, where Justus Sherwood, Captain of the Queen’s Loyal Rangers, erected a fort. This was used as a stopping-place for British refugees during the American Revolution; and from it the negotiations between the Republic of Vermont and the British Government were conducted. The Vermont Sons of the American Revolution have placed a tablet on the site.

The Hero Islands received their name by virtue of a grant by the Vermont Legislature to Ethan and Ira Allen, Vermont heroes of the Revolution; and the charter granting them the Islands may be seen at the century-old courthouse at North Hero. Isle La Motte provided the setting for several historical events. There, French Soldiers under Captain de La Motte built Fort St. Anne in 1666. Benedict Arnold anchored his fleet off the western shore shortly before fighting the battle of Valcour Island in 1776; and from an anchorage off the island’s shore the British fleet sailed to meet MacDonough in the Battle of Plattsburg in 1814. It was at Isle La Motte that Theodore Roosevelt learned of the assassination of President McKinley; and there is a story to the effect that on the island he took the oath of office.

In later periods, the Islands’ rolling hills and fertile soil were quickly trans-
formal to gainful farming. Excellent quality hay, alfalfa, and beans were grown; the quarrying of marble began at Isle La Motte. Word of the natural beauty and charm of the Islands soon spread; and with the added attractions of excellent fishing and duck hunting, visitors started coming to the Islands for rest and recreation. Farmers' wives began taking summer boarders, and other island people who could see the evident rewards in meeting the future needs of vacation folk began to develop vacation camps. Today, many islanders are owners of substantial enterprises and can look back over the years to their first summer boarders. The Islands now offer all types of accommodations—hotels, vacation camps, cabins, and tourist homes—with prices adjusted to every purse.

In the early development of the Islands, transportation to and from the mainland presented a problem that was first solved by a system of ferries. As demands increased for faster methods of transportation, the famous Sand Bar Bridge was built from Milton, Vermont, to the east shore of South Hero Island; and a bridge was also erected connecting Grand Isle and North Hero. In 1937 the Rouses Point Bridge from Alburg to the New York shore was completed. This last bridge opened to the tourist what is in all probability one of the most beautiful scenic drives in the whole United States.

Champlain said that "on the shores of the lake . . . there is a great abundance of fish of a good many varieties," and his comment is still true. The professional or amateur fisherman of either sex, and the children too, who spend their vacations on the Islands will find ample opportunity to show their skill in catching the usually willing perch, black bass, walleye, pickerel, and northern pike, in addition to other minor fish.

All water sports, of course, can be enjoyed to the utmost; and sea-plane flying is almost a certainty for the season of 1948. The photographer will find in the Islands unsurpassed opportunities to exercise his hobby; the hiker will discover easy roads for his fun; and always there are the kindly and hospitable Island people themselves who contribute to the enjoyment of their Island visitors. Seltering heat of the city is absent, for the temperature averages in July about seventy degrees, making the air cool and inviting in the hottest months.

The Islands are easily accessible to those who take U.S. Route 2 from the south, Route 9 from New York, Route No. 14 and 104 from Canada. Ferry service to and from New York is provided at several points. Also available are train and plane connections.

The Islanders, an association of the owners of summer resorts and other business people of the Grand Isle, is organized to make possible assistance to the tourists or vacationists who are seeking the comforts they most desire or who wish for some special service in planning an Island vacation. Questions sent to the Islanders, in care of the secretary, R. W. Sims, South Alburg, Vt., get prompt attention.
The wealthy Boston bankers weren't much interested at first—they had their own railroads to build from that port city to inland industrial centers. So, despite the many enthusiastic schemes which were hatched in Vermont during the 1830's, and despite the chartering of what were to be the three great rail systems—the Vermont Central, the Rutland, and the Connecticut River Railroad—no rails were laid until a decade later.

By 1845 the Boston financiers had completed their link to Albany, only to find Commodore Vanderbilt in the process of hitching the railroads west into his Hudson River line south to New York City. If Boston was to tap the great commerce of the West, perhaps a northerly swing through Vermont, connecting with the Canadian and northern New York railroads and the Great Lakes steamboats at Ogdensburgh, would be a good idea. There were Vermonters who had similar dreams, like Governor Charles Paine of Northfield, and Timothy Follett of Burlington.

The first ground was broken in Windsor in December of 1845 by Paine's Vermont Central Group and the rails reached Bethel by June of 1848. Then, on the twenty-sixth of that month, there puffed into that town, from White River Junction, the first train ever to run in the State of Vermont—just one hundred years ago this month ....
1848–1948

As the Yankees pushed their lines north through Vermont, running their first train in June, 1848 (above), Canadians pressed southward from the St. Lawrence, (right) to complete the important Boston-Montreal connection in 1851. A mammoth Jubilee, attended by President Millard Fillmore, Daniel Webster and other celebrities, was staged on that occasion.
As with so much of the State's development, geography determined the course of railway construction in Vermont. (See map, opposite). Railroad builders had to contend with the same rugged topography as the Indians, the colonial soldiers, and the pioneers—and took the same pathways. The Vermont Central Railroad choose the White-Winooski River gateway while the Rutland group selected the Black River-Otter Creek route—path of the old Crown Point Road.

Counting upon connections to Boston via the New Hampshire railroads then building, Paine's and Follett's rival groups began a race from the Connecticut River toward Burlington. Though the Vermont Central had the honor of the first train, the Rutland group got to the Queen City first. On December 18, 1849, salt water from Boston Harbor was mixed with fresh water from Lake Champlain. On New Year's eve the Vermont Central came steaming in, pursued by angry investors from Montpelier. For Charles Paine, in order to bring the trains through his home town, had diverted the road through Roxbury gulf, leaving both the capital city and industrial Barre to one side!

In the meantime, John Smith of St. Albans was constructing his Vermont and Canada Railroad southward to connect the new lines with the Canadian railways as well as with the Northern Railroad of New York, which was building west to Ogdensburg, N. Y., port for the Great Lakes steamers. A high bridge was built over the widening Lamoille River (above, left), but crossing the upper end of Lake Champlain to Rouse's Point N. Y. was a tougher problem. These ingenious Yankees contrived a unique floating bridge for the trains (above, right), which, to the surprise of everyone, worked.

Smith hitched on his lines at Essex Junction instead of Burlington, much to the disgust of the Rutland group, and the inhabitants of the Queen City, who found themselves at a dead end. Not until 1900 did the Rutland Railroad extend its northern lines across the lake and up through the Islands to a Montreal connection.

In the meantime, Erastus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, in 1870 pushed another projected Boston to Montreal line north from White River Junction to his own St. Johnsbury. It was fifteen years later, however, before the "Connecticut and Passumpic Railroad" reached Newport and the Canadian line. He also promoted another scheme to connect Portland, Maine and Montreal, by a cross-state line—also through St. Johnsbury, of course. The Vermont section later came to be known as the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad, or, as its modern critics have tagged it "slow train to yesterday."

Built as parts of a projected transcontinental system, it was logical that these Vermont lines should one day fall under the control of the Great Eastern railroads. The Vermont Central (now Central Vermont) has become a part of the Canadian National System. The Connecticut River railroads have fallen to the Boston and Maine and the Canadian Pacific, and the Rutland Railroad has tottered from one crisis to another, in and out of the Central Vermont and the great New York Central system. Note, on the map below, how the Vermont railroads have become strategic links in the important northern "alternate" route to the Great West, known in railroad circles as a "differential route."
The power of the new railroads was soon manifest in the election of their Presidents as Governors. Charles Paine, as Governor 1841-43, played a large role in the building of the first Vermont Central Railroad, later went to Texas and died there promoting a southern Pacific railroad. Erastus Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, promoter, scale manufacturer, and President of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad, served twice as Governor, 1852-53 and 1860-61. In 1863 John Smith's son, J. Gregory, became Governor, and afterward President of the Vermont and Canada and Vermont Central. He it was who joined hands with Frederick Billings of Woodstock and Thomas Hawley Canfield of Burlington, to project the spectacular Northern Pacific Railway to Puget Sound. Both Smith and Billings served as Presidents of that famous railroad, which they hoped to join to their Vermont lines as parts of a vast transcontinental network. J. Gregory's son, Edward C., extended the unbroken domination of the Smiths over the CV's destinies down to 1928, serving, of course, as Governor for a spell (1898-1900). Canfield had been associated with the Rutland group, as was John B. Page, who in 1867 became both Governor (after six years as State Treasurer) and President of the Rutland Railroad. Percival W. Clement of Rutland also served both as Rutland President and Governor, 1919-21. And there were many others.

In more modern times Vermont has continued to furnish leaders to American railroads. Charles A. Prouty of Newport, served long as the head of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Colonel William J. Wilgus of Ascutney, organized the French railroad system for the AEF in 1917-18, laid out the colossal Grand Central Terminal in New York City, and accumulated an imposing list of other outstanding feats of railway engineering. He has lately completed a survey of the growth of transportation in Vermont.

And of all these none was more beloved than Daniel Willard, who began as a section-hand on the Connecticut and Passumpsic and became one of its best engineers. Ascending the ladder of railroad success, he went from the Vice-Presidency of the Burlington Railroad to the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio. He is here shown (left) as he liked to remember himself—in the cab of his favorite locomotive, the "W. K. Blodgett," on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad. (Courtesy Baltimore and Ohio R.R.)
THE WOOD BURNING "STRANGER," at the unique St. Albans train shed. A model is in the Vermont Historical Society.

EARLY SLEEPING CAR on the Boston-Montreal run. More lavishly "elegant," but not very different from the cars in use today.

RAILROAD STATIONS are not greatly different today. Most were built early and have survived a century of railroading. Above is the old Highgate Springs Station.

Early railroaders were quite ingenious. The odd car below is actually track inspection locomotive "St. Lawrence."

LOCOMOTIVES and road-beds have changed vastly over 100 years. Here the Central Vermont fast freight south No. 490 crosses steel bridge below Northfield, Vt. as it highballs up Roxbury Mt. Lead engine is a Northern type from the C. V.'s parent railroad, the Canadian National, while the rear engine is one of the huge C. V. Texas type freight haulers. (Philip R. Hastings).
VERMONT'S COVERED RAILROAD BRIDGES

To those Vermonters accustomed to passing through their wooden highway covered bridges, the knowledge will come as a surprise that the railroads of Vermont maintain and keep in excellent condition seven railroad covered bridges which are in constant use. Although no modern stream-lined trains pass through any of these wooden tunnelled structures, they are an essential part of the transportation system of Vermont, and seem destined to carry the load of railroad cars for many a year to come.

There are not many railroad covered bridges left in the entire country. Most of the others are in the eastern section of the United States. The only one to the writer's recollection which has a train of the Diesel type passing through it is in North Conway, New Hampshire, in the summer months, when the Mountaineer makes its daily trip up from Boston through the White Mountains. However, Vermont does not have the out-of-character sight of seeing one of these old rambling covered bridges, built in the period of an earlier day, staggering under the weight of a heavy speedy diesel. Better that these old structures of Vermont finish their days in the company for which they were intended—the old, puffing, chugging iron horse.

Leo Litwin

Freight service is run over the E. Shoreham bridge 3 times a week (below). Shrubbery closes in around the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain's Hardwick bridge (right).

LEO LITWIN, photographer and covered bridge enthusiast, frequently takes time off from a rigorous schedule as concert pianist and conductor of the Arlington (Mass.) Philharmonic Orchestra, to wander the back roads of Vermont seeking new camera subjects. He hopes soon to make it a full time occupation.
HERITAGE OF VERMONT

By EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON

Director, Vermont Historical Society

YANKEE versus YORKER

How Yankee and Yorker clashed over Benning Wentworth’s Hampshire Grants and how the harassed settlers found a new leader in a man named Ethan Allen.

When, in the year of our Lord 1764, his Majesty the King declared Benning Wentworth’s New Hampshire grants “to be” a part of New York, there opened an action-packed decade of struggle between Yankee and Yorker over these sparsely settled lands on the northwest frontier of New England—and the northeast frontier of New York.

Who were these contending parties? First there were the Yankee speculators who had purchased titles from Wentworth’s grantees. But there now appeared a second group in New York, intrigued by the possibilities of new land speculations under grants from that state. The leading spirits of the latter group were James Duane and John Taber Kempe, both influential lawyers and land-holders in aristocratic New York.

Believing the territory hers, this Province had in 1739 made grants in the valley of the Walloomsac River that conflicted in part with Wentworth’s later grant of Bennington (1750). In 1765, confirmed in her belief, she made the grant of Princetown to a group of “dummy” grantees, who immediately made over their lands to Duane and others of this group. This lay in the valley of the Battenkill, and overlapped the Hampshire granted lands of both speculators and settlers in several towns to the north of Bennington.

When the King shifted their lands into New York, and when that state proceeded to make new conflicting grants, the Yankees were undecided whether to resist or not. When Duane came to inspect his lands, he was guided by none other than old Samuel Robinson, first settler of Bennington, who held title to extensive lands under New Hampshire grant. Furthermore, many towns promptly applied for confirming charters from New York. But while the cost of such a confirmation might be small for a settler with his few acres, it became prohibitive for the speculators who held title to thousands of acres of wild land. As we have seen before, they had no more intention of settling on these lands than did their New York counterparts. And they had good reason to believe that unless they could make good their New Hampshire titles, these lands would all be re-granted to the New York speculators.

Their fears were justified. Acting Governor Cadwal-
GIANT WHITE PINES at Windsor and Cornish were most of them eligible for the mark of the "Broad Arrow" reserving them for His Majesty's Navy. Private lumbering was forbidden.

termined group of farmers, who refused to let them continue their work. It was the first group action against New York authority, and an ill omen for the future.

Filled with forboding, the now more numerous settlers of southwestern Vermont framed a petition to the new governor of New Hampshire, John Wentworth, and requested that a second appeal be forwarded to the King. Early next year Breakinridge and young Samuel Robinson got up another petition for the governor to forward. Neither one ever reached His Majesty.

Governor JOHN WENTWORTH was also Surveyor-General of the King's Woods. His suit against Captain William Dean for cutting the King's trees at Windsor started a chain of events which resulted in upheavals and riots on both sides of the Green Mountains.
JOHN WENTWORTH, SURVEYOR GENERAL OF THE KING'S WOODS.

To understand why the west-side settlers addressed themselves to the governor of New Hampshire, who no longer had any jurisdiction over them, we must introduce another Wentworth, Governor John. John took his Uncle Benning's place in 1767 when the latter was permitted to resign to avoid disgrace for his flagrant violations of royal instructions and shady land transactions. We must also make an excursion into the history and sentiments of the east-side communities along the Connecticut River.

As royal governors, both Benning and John had submitted to the King's decision that the land west of the Connecticut was a part of New York. But as unrest increased in these parts, John Wentworth began to believe there might be some hope of upholding the New Hampshire titles, perhaps even of "restoring" the land to that province. While he did not forward the settlers' petitions, he wrote often to the British authorities setting forth in colorful if exaggerated prose the sufferings of the settlers under the tyranny of New York.

Now Wentworth was not only royal governor of New Hampshire, but also "Surveyor General of the King's Woods." As such his responsibility was to prevent any unauthorized cutting, anywhere in the colonies, of trees suitable as masts for the royal navy. In January of 1769, in the dead of winter when he would be least expected, Wentworth set out for Windsor to check on a report that one William Dean was cutting the magnificent pines of that town and selling them down the Connecticut for lumber. Arriving unexpectedly he found and seized several logs. Then, fortified with testimony from Benjamin Waite and other prominent citizens of Windsor, he instituted suit against Dean in the New York Admiralty Court.

An engaging man, John Wentworth had made many friends in Windsor, and among them was the influential and energetic Colonel Nathan Stone. As it happened, Stone promptly began to circulate petitions to restore the Grants to New Hampshire.

In the meantime, Wentworth's case against Captain Dean came up for trial in New York. The governor shrewdly decided to make it a test case as regards the validity of the New Hampshire titles, for among the provisions in the original Benning Wentworth grants was one voiding the title to the land if timber reserved for the Royal Navy were cut. If the Court were to confiscate Dean's land for violation of this part of the charter, then necessarily, by implication, the charter itself was a valid one. The possibility of a decision of this sort, of course, was an immediate threat to the New York claimants. Although Kempe, as Advocate-General, was forced to prosecute Dean, James Duane—New York's most prominent lawyer—came to his aid. Dean was convicted, for the case was plain, but he was merely fined and jailed. No opinion was given by the court on the matter of his violating the terms of the charter under which he held his land. As you might expect, Wentworth was greatly upset over the miscarriage of his scheme.

Duane and Kempe immediately decided to carry the matter of these conflicting land titles into a court where they could reasonably expect a favorable decision. They instituted suits in the Albany Court to eject several of the west-side settlers who were on land claimed by them and by others under New York charters.

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[a] Early sessions of the court were held in the wilderness when the justices could not locate the town. All settlements on the west side of the mountain were considered to be a part of Albany County, until 1772, when Charlotte County was established.
ETHAN ALLEN TAKES OVER

The "ejectment suits" threw the New England speculators into consternation. They held troubled meetings in Connecticut to lay plans to contest the suits. At several of these meetings there appeared from nearby Salisbury a hulking and very vocal character who answered to the name of Ethan Allen. Allen was a born speculator, and had an energy and resolution which appealed to the worried proprietors. They immediately packed him off to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to obtain certified copies of the New Hampshire charters, to enlist the aid of Governor Wentworth, and to hire the distinguished Connecticut lawyer Jared Ingersoll to defend the settlers. For if once the court voided a New Hampshire grant actually settled, what chance had they to hold title to wild land? After all, even the New Hampshire charters contained a provision providing for the return of the land to the King if it were not settled within a specified time—a provision which was usually ignored.

They might as well have saved their time, for they faced a "packed" court. Lt.-Governor Colden, Attorney-General Duane, the plaintiff's lawyer John Taber Kempe, and even one of the judges, Robert Livingston, all were members of the New York speculators. Of course, the case was decided in favor of the New York claimant, and all New Hampshire titles were thereby deemed to be invalid. "In fine," declared Ethan, "interest, conviction, and grandeur, being all on one side, easily turned the scale against the honest defendants."

"Honest" the settler-defendants themselves were. However, Ethan failed to point out that the real losers were his clients, the Yankee speculators, who held hundreds of acres for every one in the possession of a settler. But his statement marked the real beginning of confusion between the rights of actual settlers and the interest of speculators—a confusion which Ethan intentionally promoted from that time on.

Evidently Governor Wentworth had given Allen considerable encouragement that the New Hampshire titles would be confirmed by the King, perhaps even that the territory would be annexed to New Hampshire, for Ethan immediately began buying up land himself. From then on until his death twenty years later he never ceased to speculate in land.

It seems that Duane and Kempe were also quite impressed with the big man from Connecticut, and after the trials offered him land if he would change sides. Already committed by sentiment as well as his own purchases, he refused. With a grand gesture he informed the puzzled Yorkers that "the gods of the hills are not the gods of the valleys." A rather vague statement indeed, but typical of his grandiloquent style.

Ethan lost no time in repairing to Bennington, where he busily set about rousing the settlers against this threat to their homes. As agent for the Yankee speculators he waged an artful campaign to convince the settlers that their lands would be safe only if the New Hampshire titles were confirmed. This he promised them if they would firmly resist the Yorkers. This was the one hope of the Yankee proprietors who owned most of the land—to enlist the settlers in opposition to the claims of the rival New York speculators. In the meantime through their English agents, and particularly through Wentworth (whose titled relative, the Marquis of Rockingham had been prime minister and would be again) they hoped that the known sympathy of the British government for settlers would cause the King to confirm the New Hampshire grants as a whole. The longer he waited, the more settlers there would be. And if the present settlers held off the Yorkers, the new settlers would all be Yankees. This, then, was the strategy they adopted. And it was to Allen's interest to promote it, for he was becoming constantly more involved in speculation in wild lands himself.

In order to carry out such a policy, Ethan needed an organized following, a band of "shock troops" to meet the Yorkers, who had all the forces of "law and order" behind them. He had good allies already on the spot, for his cousins Seth Warner and Remember Baker had al-

JAMES DUANE, Yorker, aristocrat, land-holder, speculator in Vermont grants, was also one of New York's most prominent Revolutionary leaders and an opponent worthy of Ethan Allen.

VERMONT Life 25
OF ETHAN ALLEN, Colonel-Commandant of the Green Mountain Boys, we have no pictorial record—in fact, not even an adequate description. That he was a colorful, violent man, with a brash sense of humor and a vast vocabulary we do know. But Ethan Allen the man has long been obscured by Ethan Allen the legend.

Over 100 years ago Daniel P. Thompson (left) wrote a laudatory two volume historical novel "The Green Mountain Boys," which became a long term best-seller and the nation’s favorite word portrait of Ethan. In 1855, at the urging of Thompson and Henry Stevens, first President of the new Vermont Historical Society, the legislature appropriated funds to actually erect under him a hero’s pedestal, which now thrusts the Stephenson Statue high into the sky at Green Mont Cemetery in Burlington (below), where he is buried.

Latter-day historians have tried to reconstruct the man from the dusty, crackling pages of original documents, but find it hard to get away from the legend. And no one has yet found a picture of him.

Thus any portrait is merely a reconstruction of character, not of known features. The artist, Mr. William Tatseos of Montpelier, completed a portrait once in a conventional manner—and painted it out. It was not the man. It was done again, by laying the paint on with a knife—as Ethan laid on his language—in bright colors reflecting the vivid personality of a man who has excited the imagination of men for a century and a half.

— DANIEL P. THOMPSON, by Thomas W. Wood

Among mementoes of Ethan Allen at the Vermont Historical Society Museum are his gun and canteen, a letter to his brother Levi, a copy of his rare "Narrative of Captivity," and the Abrams miniature of the Kinney statue.
ready preceded Ethan to the Grants, and he now brought with him several of his brothers as well. But he needed an “incident” to really put the settlers behind him.

This incident occurred in the fall of 1770, as the New York sheriff, accompanied by the Mayor of Albany and a large posse, tried to oust our old friend James Breakenridge. Upon their arrival, they discovered nearly a hundred belligerent looking men awaiting them. The members of the posse quickly melted away in the face of such opposition—thus emphasizing the lack of sympathy the average New Yorker had for his state's efforts to take over the farms of the New Hampshire Grants settlers, on behalf of his own aristocratic overlords. The unfortunate sheriff and the mayor retired in defeat.

Here was an act of blunt resistance backed by a threat of real violence on the part of the settlers. Here, too, was evidence that the Yorkers were actually determined to take over. Thenceforth Ethan had little difficulty in persuading the settlers that they must organize to oppose their “oppressors.” Eleven west-side towns each appointed a committee of public defense and raised a military company. And at the head of them all was Ethan Allen as “Colonel-Commandant”—a title which must have given him great satisfaction! Ethan had no trouble in getting his relatives appointed officers under him, and proceeded to take over the defense of the New Hampshire Grants. Here, then, was the beginning of the Green Mountain Boys.
Who were the Green Mountain Boys? They certainly included all the Allens (though some of the brothers spent most of their time in Connecticut), their two cousins, Remember Baker and Seth Warner, and also Thomas Cochrane and Peleg Sunderland. This was the hard core of a flexible organization, which varied in numbers according to the time and place involved and the differing sympathies of the settlers. There were many substantial farmers who did not approve of Allen's band, and for all their opposition to the Yorkers who had designs on their land, never rode with him. James Breakenridge, despite his tribulations, was one of these. Except in special cases, these moderates and conservatives were in the majority, and the more violent exploits of the Boys were actually the work of a few spectacular performers, supported by some of the more footloose youths. On occasions of direct threat, however, the entire community gathered behind these more riotous "shock troops" to hold their land against York speculators and the governmental authority invoked by the latter.

As is the case with most revolts, opposition increased in violence as time went on. In the summer of 1771 the New York surveyor, William Cockburn, was run out of Socialborough, a New York grant which included parts of Rutland and Pittsford. That same fall several Yorkers endeavored to take possession of military grants in Rupert, where Robert Cochrane had some partly cleared lots. A small handful of the Boys, accompanied by Allen and Baker, helped Cochrane throw them out.

Governor Tryon's response to this double outrage was to place a reward on the head of the rioters, and to warn the Grants settlers that New York's claims would be enforced. Words were cheap. The New York authorities were unable to lay hands upon any of these outlaws. In high glee, Ethan drew up a counter-proclamation offering a reward for the delivery of Duane or Kempe to Landlord Fay's Tavern. He then retired to Connecticut for the winter—to wage his own war of words through the pages of the Connecticut Courant.

Early in the spring, Justice of the Peace John Munro of Shaftsbury with a posse of a dozen New York sympathizers captured Remember Baker, loaded him on a sled and headed in frantic haste for Albany. But a hard riding group from Bennington overtook the group, rescued the wounded Green Mountain Boy, and laid rough hands on Munro. With exceptional restraint, however, they released him, unharmed.

Another Munro—Sergeant Hugh—was at this time surveying his military grant in Rupert. Again Cochrane mustered a squad to protect his lands, and whipped the offending sergeant out of the Grants.

By this time the New York authorities were well aware that they could not mobilize—at least from citizens sympathetic to their neighbors across the line—strength enough to prevent or punish such outbursts. Indeed, they could not even protect settlers who occupied land quite peacefully under New York grants. For it was increasingly evident that the Green Mountain Boys were less interested in protecting "settlers" than they were upholding New Hampshire grants, whether settled or held for speculation.

As a matter of fact, the howls of anguish against New York "land jobbers" supposedly turning out "honest settlers" lose some of their force to the reader who recalls how old Sam Robinson tried to drive the Dutch settlers out of Pownal, or how Benning Wentworth ignored the Springfield settlers' petition for a charter and granted the land instead to a group of speculators. Nor did the activities of the Green Mountain Boys among the Otter Creek settlers lend lustre to their role as defenders of the "honest settler."

The farmers of the latter town finally obtained recognition of their claims from New York, Both Pownal and Springfield had been settled before Wentworth's grants to the speculator-proprietors of those towns.

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CATAMOUNT TAVERN

The site of Landlord Fay's gathering place for the Green Mountain Boys, on Bennington Hill, is now marked by a statue of the Catamount which once snarled from its signpost toward nearby New York and its law-enforcement authorities.
There was considerable difference of opinion on the West-side as to what should be done to protect the interests of settlers on the New Hampshire Grants. There was a large group of moderates, for example, who wished confirmation of the Wentworth titles, but were quite satisfied to remain as a part of New York. Jehiel Hazard of Arlington was the respected leader of this group, but Dr. Samuel Adams was most vocal.

A second faction, the Green Mountain Boys, were composed of the footloose youngsters and land speculators as well as solid citizens who had had to fight to prevent Yorkers from taking their land. They had little tolerance for the cautious counsels of their elders, and one day seized the good Doctor Adams, strapped him to a chair, hoisted him to the tavern post, and left him there as a butt for local wits (left, above).

They were even less tolerant of the third, most conservative group, who still held their lands under New York titles. Many were peaceful settlers; others were resident New York officials. At first they were warned, then often whipped out of the Grants by an application of the "breech seal." After passage of New York's "Bloody Act," the Boys took more severe measures. The Reverend Benjamin Hough, Justice of the Peace, was seized, and "tried" for "crimes" against people. His judges admitted there was no fairer magistrate in the Grants, and that he had not meddled in the land title controversy. But he favored New York, and must receive retribution therefore, in the form of 200 lashings. He was stripped and tied, and the rope was applied by four men working in relays, to assure sustained effectiveness. Revived by a doctor, he was given a "safe-conduct" pass signed by Allen and Warner and forced to walk his way to Albany (left, below).

Hough's punishment was just about the last act of violence on the part of the Green Mountain Boys in their bloodless war against the York speculators and the governmental authority of the State of New York. Their energies were soon to be absorbed in a broader struggle. But during their five years of activities they killed or maimed no one. Was there ever a revolution based less on force, and more on threats of force?
As it happened, the leaders of the Green Mountain Boys had begun to speculate extensively themselves. Ethan, for example, traded constantly, buying and selling. When he went to Portsmouth in 1770 to enlist the help of John Wentworth on behalf of the Yankee speculators, one of the plots of land he bought for himself was old Benning Wentworth’s 500 acres in New Haven, at the Falls of Otter Creek. Across the river lay Panton, which had been granted to a group of speculators in Salisbury, Connecticut, Ethan’s old hometown. Unwilling to settle themselves, the proprietors in 1765 built a saw mill at the Falls, in the hopes of encouraging others to do so. But Panton was too far beyond the furthest limits of the frontier.

In the same year Colonel John Reid had been voted a New York patent for the land at the Falls. Dispossessing the lone sawmill operator, he held the land until 1769, when he obtained several families from New Jersey to begin settlement. Reid offered to buy the mill from the New Hampshire claimants, but they refused. This lonely frontier community existed peacefully, then, until the summer of 1772.

But before we proceed with the story, let us turn our eyes back toward Bennington as the green of that fateful summer spread over the cleared lands along the banks of the Walloomsac. Late in May the Reverend Jedediah Dewey received a letter from Governor Tryon suggesting that the peaceful citizens of that land lay before him their grievances. He suggested that Dewey, and perhaps Breakenridge and Stephen Fay should come to New York City to talk it over. A meeting from the various towns agreed to send Landlord Fay and his son Dr. Jonas Fay, and provided them with a firm but conciliatory letter signed by Dewey and other leading men of the area, who would, they warned, “closely adhere to the maintaining of our property, with due submissions to your Excellency’s jurisdiction.” Ethan, somewhat miffed at his exclusion from the discussions, wrote an additional letter on behalf of the leaders of the Green Mountain Boys. The Fays were pleasantly received, and a truce was negotiated which provided that the settlers under grants from either province should remain undisturbed until the King had made a decision on the matter of these troublesome and conflicting titles.

The truce was quite satisfactory to the settlers and was greeted with wild jubilation. The rafters of Landlord Fay’s tavern rang far into the night with toasts to the King, to Governor Tryon and to “universal peace and plenty, liberty and property.”

It was not so pleasing to the speculators and to the leaders of the Green Mountain boys, however. Despite the peace negotiations, Baker and Warner had set forth in pursuit of Surveyor Cockburn, who was rumored to be working along the Onion River. They caught him, and on the way back, ousted the settlers at Panton. News of the truce reached them at Castleton however, and Cockburn was released. Nevertheless, Tryon considered their actions a violation of the compact, and demanded the reinstatement of the Panton settlers. But the initiative was now in the hands of the Allens, and despite widespread hopes for an enduring truce, the leaders of the Green Mountain Boys refused to curb their activities.

Their reluctance to accept an armistice based on the existing situation resulted principally from their hopes for the success of a new land company they had just formed—the Onion River Land Company—under the leadership of Ethan’s shrewd younger brother Ira. By hook and by crook—and by means often slightly shady—the company had gained title to most of the choice lands along the lower river, and proposed to build there a little empire of its own. They had disposed of most of their other lands to invest in this grand enterprise, and stood to lose their original investment and future fortune, if the Yorkers got there first. Thus, late that fall, when Ira and Remember Baker, in course of exploring their lands, came across another New York surveyor, they man-handled him severely and threatened to kill him on the spot if they caught up with him again. They then proceeded to erect a stout fort on the river as a warning to and defense against other Yorkers. This was the last straw for Governor Tryon. Large rewards were posted for the capture of Ira and Remember—which as before, went uncollected. In any event, the truce was at an end.

In June of 1773, Colonel Reid took steps to reestablish his settlement in Panton. A dozen families of eager Scotch immigrants took up residence there. Ethan, after disposing of the original Jerseyites, had bought land on the Panton side as well, and a couple of families had been settled in the Colonel’s houses. Reid in taking re-possession, bought their crops and hay. But news of the new settlement on lands he claimed reached Ethan by the beginning of August. With Warner and Baker he assembled a sizeable force of at least one hundred Green Mountain Boys and descended upon the frightened and puzzled Scotch like an angry whirlwind, burning the houses and destroying the crops. And that was the end of Colonel Reid’s attempt to colonize on Otter Creek. Ethan stood in triumphant possession of his lands.

Tryon, of course, was as furious as he was helpless. To a call for troops, he received a humiliating rejection. Civil authority, replied General Haldimand from Boston, should be able to control “a few lawless vagabonds.”

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5 Ira’s own diary relates gleefully some of the tricks he staged to get possession of choice acres and to dispose of poor ones.

6 Now known as the Winooski River.
THE "BLOODY ACT"

Most of the unrest and riots during 1773 and 1774 centered in the lands granted by New York along the upper reaches of Otter Creek. Allen had warned the settlers of Durham (Clarendon) that they must purchase New Hampshire titles, though he charitably offered "to mob" the Yankee speculators if they overcharged. In the fall of 1773 with a band of the Boys, he threatened that unless they complied he would return and "reduce every house to ashes and leave every inhabitant a corpse." In November he assembled his full force—about 130 strong—and descended upon Benjamin Spencer, Justice of the Peace. They then held a mock trial, "convicted" him of serving under New York appointment, and set fire to his house, as well as to another.

The Reverend Benjamin Hough held a similar commission as Justice of the Peace in Socialborough, and protested violently to the Governor. The resulting action by the New York Assembly had the character of bitter frustration. It virtually declared an open season on the leaders of the Green Mountain Boys, who promptly labeled it the "Bloody Act." Unless they promptly surrendered, they were to be adjudged convicted, and executed when caught. Assemblies were prohibited, and stiff penalties including death were laid down for riotous behavior.

Perhaps Governor Tryon decided to copy Allen's own tactics, and attempt to accomplish by lurid threats what he could not by either force or conciliation. But this extremely ill-advised Act served only to weld all factions solidly behind the wanted men. A convention of the west-side settlers reaffirmed their loyalty, but also their determination to hold their lands and defend their condemned leaders. Tryon accomplished what the Wentworth proprietors had themselves been unable to realize: a firm alliance between the speculators—reinforced by the new Onion River Land Company—and the settlers themselves. In April of 1774 a convention at Manchester voted that mere acceptance of a commission from the state of New York would constitute the official a public enemy.

Faced with what they felt to be an oppressive government, the west-side settlers were now ready to embark upon resistance to a government they had previously acknowledged. It was no longer a struggle over conflicting land titles—which might be worked out under New York rule. It was direct opposition to the operation of the government their monarch had placed over them. Amidst the storm winds of revolution blowing through the American colonies, it was not such a long step to a declaration against His Royal Majesty, George III, himself.

"MASSACRE" AT WESTMINSTER

Things had been a good deal quieter over in the Connecticut Valley. It was true that many citizens were still having trouble with their New York justices. Times were hard, and there was a rather widespread resistance, on both sides of the River, to the collection of debts by the courts. For example, in 1773 a mob—mostly from New Hampshire—restored to Leonard Spaulding of Putney goods of his which had been seized by the Court. Furthermore, most of the officials were felt to be "outsiders," and were quite cordially disliked.

But there was no struggle over land titles—since New York had made no conflicting grants on that side of the mountains—and there was also much less speculation in wild lands. The movement to annex the Grants to New Hampshire had petered out, and even Governor John Wentworth had deserted the cause. The widely respected Jacob Bayley of Newbury and Nathan Stone of Windsor—leaders of Gloucester and Cumberland counties—had actively favored New Hampshire. They now turned to New York for new charters, and, in 1773, joined with 400 others in a signed expression of satisfaction with New York jurisdiction.

Yet new troubles were brewing. Echoes of the impassioned speeches of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry resounded up into the distant frontier of the Upper Connecticut. Here, as elsewhere, opinions differed as to how far the colonies should go in resisting British authority,
and the people began to divide into “Whigs” and “Tories,” or “loyalists.” When, in 1774, the unruly Mr. Spaulding was cast into jail for remarks derogatory to his King, he was promptly released by a mob. And since the officials were representatives of a royal government, resentment against the courts began to get mixed up with the rising tide of revolutionary fervor.

However, when New York’s revolutionary “Committee of Correspondence” wrote, early in 1774, to find out how the people of Cumberland felt about colonial resistance to England, the conservative county supervisors tried to suppress the letter. But the Whigs found out about it, and a convention was called for October. The assembled delegates re-affirmed their loyalty to the King, but voted to defend their rights against Parliamentary oppression. And, in order that their motives might not be misunderstood, they agreed to discourage all “riotous and tumultuous mobs.” Two more conventions gathered in November and February, and a standing Committee of Correspondence was set up. But they also took time off to complain again about the burden of New York courts.

In March of 1775, just as the Revolution was about to burst into flame, bitter resentment against authority welled up in a single bloody outbreak. Despite an urgent petition that they should not do so, the Cumberland County Court prepared to convene at Westminster to consider a number of actions to collect debts. A determined group of citizens thereupon occupied the new courthouse to prevent the Court from sitting. In the meantime, to protect the Court, the Sheriff recruited a posse from among the Yorkers of Brattleboro, Hinsdale and Guilford to the south. Then he made a furious attempt to dislodge the stubborn occupants of the courthouse, in which several of the latter were badly wounded and two killed, including young William French. The news spread rapidly, and angry citizens poured into Westminster from both sides of the River. From across the mountains came blistering Robert Cochrane with a force of Green Mountain Boys. The judges, the sheriff, and his posse were themselves clapped into the jail, still stained with the blood of the dead and wounded.

The so-called “Westminster Massacre” has been labeled by over-zealous historians as the first stroke of the Revolution and the unfortunate William French as its martyr. Actually, it was only the last and most bloody of a series of anti-court riots, held at a time when revolutionary fervor was turning friend against neighbor. But it did serve to inflame sentiment against royal government, and for the first time the East-side and the West-side joined hands against New York authority. A convention was quickly called and a committee chosen to draw up a protest. To this committee was appointed Ethan Allen.

But Ethan never served. He had a new project afoot which would shake the foundations of his Majesty’s empire in the New World—the capture of strategic Ticonderoga!
Marble quarrying in Vermont dates back to the early pioneers. But for over a century only small businesses operated with varying degrees of success. Then in 1880, Redfield Proctor founded the Vermont Marble Company. This was a union of two of the more important marble producers of that time. During the following thirty years other Vermont firms in the industry were purchased by the Proctor company.

The Vermont Marble Company is one of the State’s largest industries. It employs some 1300 workers, most of them in Rutland County. Its annual payroll in the State is more than two and a half million dollars. Sales offices and auxiliary plants are widely spread over North America.

The company is self-contained to a rather unique degree. It manufactures its own electric power at five hydroelectric stations and sells a substantial amount of excess electricity. It operates a railroad, several machine shops, carpenter and plumbing shops, a fleet of trucks and automobiles, employees’ clubs and an excellent hospital, and was the first industry in the country to have a “visiting” nurse.

To supplement its own marbles with colored stones not obtainable in America it imports from Italy, France, Spain, Sweden, Belgium and South America and has become the country’s largest marble importer.

Numerous markets have been found for the by-products and wastes of the marble business. Crushed and ground marble are used for land improvement and in a wide variety of industrial processes, including paper making, rubber, floor coverings and paints.

During the war the major part of the company’s Vermont plants were converted to making war products—machine tools, steam engines, winches and steamboat whistles, power cases, radio parts and other items. Four times the Vermont Marble Company was awarded the Army and Navy “E” for Excellence in War Production.
The first marble quarry in North America was not opened at the spot where the industry centers today, at Proctor, Vermont. It was rather at Dorset, in the year 1785, that Isaac Underhill first exploited the great underground deposits of the age-old stone.

Of course, the pioneers had split off slabs from exposed marble ledges for door steps and fireplace hearths. And they chiseled out crude but appealing headstones which still stand doggedly against the elements in the old hillside cemeteries. Even before that, the French had taken marble from the deposits on Isle La Motte to make lime for use in old Fort Ste. Anne.

Marble was later found along the whole range of the Taconic Mountains bordering Lake Champlain, as far south as Bennington, and with isolated deposits as far north as Swanton and Isle La Motte. Yet quarrying stone was not an easy task, with near-primitive tools. Even after Underhill's venture, the growth of the industry was slow and halting. But quarries were opened in Pittsford before the century ended, and the Rutland area saw its first activity in 1807.

Getting out the stone was only half the problem. Once out, you had only a rough block, hardly suitable for elaborate memorials. And even if it were to be finished elsewhere, how were you to get it to that point? There were no railroads and road transportation was difficult enough for light traffic; heavily loaded vehicles moved across the countryside ponderously or often not at all.

NEW MECHANICAL METHODS

The first move that began a revolution in the struggling marble industry was the introduction of efficient saws. Utilizing the power at the falls of Otter Creek, Dr. Ebenezer Judd in 1805 set up a mill with 65 saws, which he operated quite profitably. Other mills, however, did not do so well, until considerably later when the "gang" saw was introduced. This was a series of saws which sliced the huge blocks into manageable slabs. The original Dorset area was still the most active one before the Civil War, and here were to be found eleven mills of 62 "gangs," employing over 300 men. Later quarrying itself was simplified by the use of "channeling" machines, which sliced the quarry floor into uniform blocks.

The Dorset area was early stimulated by new demand for marble as a building stone. In 1837 the blocks for the new U.S. Bank building in Erie, Pennsylvania, were quarried and laboriously dragged behind oxen to Whitehall. From here they went down the new Champlain Canal and across the Erie Canal to the Great Lakes. If land transportation could be avoided, however, it was. The Middlebury mills sent their product down Otter Creek into Lake Champlain, and then way around by the St. Lawrence River and the Atlantic Ocean to eastern seaboard cities—all this to avoid as little as 50 miles of land transportation. It gives you a little idea of how difficult the latter really was.
COMING OF THE RAILROADS

It might be expected, therefore, when the railroad came up through Rutland and Pittsford in 1849, that there would be a second revolution in the marble industry. There was; for the railways brought not only improved transportation. They had also helped stimulate industry all over the nation, which then promptly felt the need of great temples for its places of business and palaces as homes for its leaders—to rival even those of ancient Rome. This was welcome news to the marble men.

Before the railroads, there were only five localities with very much activity: Swanton, Isle La Motte, Middlebury, Dorset, and the Pittsford—Rutland area. And the tremendous possibilities of the latter were still mostly unrealized. But with its fine new railway connections in the fifties, activity began to boom. Through the activities of the Ripley and Clement families and Governor John B. Page, several firms were built up, both to quarry and finish the stone. The largest of these was the Rutland Marble Co., owned mostly by New York financiers, but its expansion was slowed by a habit of paying out all its profits in dividends. Just north was another company, the Sutherland Falls Marble Co., which was doing just the opposite. Its president, Redfield Proctor, had invested every cent he could gather to buy up a bankrupt mill and quarry in 1870. He then proceeded to plow back every dollar he made to expand and strengthen the new company. Impressed by the competition of this newcomer, the New Yorkers asked Proctor to manage the Rutland firm, and in 1880 he merged the two into a new corporation—the Vermont Marble Company.

VERMONT MARBLE COMPANY

No less important than machines and improved transportation in revolutionizing the industry were new methods of business organization. The leaders of the new industrial age were seeking means to regulate the distribution and prices of their product to their own liking. One of the first methods tried, before it was outlawed by the government, was the "pool." In Vermont, the new marble company joined hands with several of its smaller competitors in a pool to sell jointly, at a set price, all of their marble. Each company contributed a fixed amount, over half being allotted to the Vermont Marble Co.

Like most of the "pools" of the time, it had a short duration. All over the country the big firms were getting bigger, and they soon preferred to swallow up their competitors instead of joining in pools. The Vermont Marble Co. followed a similar course, absorbing the smaller firms one by one over the course of years until it assumed undisputed dominance over the industry. Today, it has extended its sway over quarries and mills throughout the nation. And in Proctor it has taken over or built up all the auxiliary services necessary to its huge plants there.

PROCTORS IN POLITICS

Behind this amazing expansion lay the organizing genius of Redfield Proctor and his sons. His single-minded devotion to the growth of his company and his careful investment policy created a new giant of industry.

Like other contemporary American industrialists who found it desirable to promote their manufacturing interests by participation in politics, Redfield Proctor mounted the steps from local politics to the governorship in 1878. Ten years later he served as Chairman of the Vermont delegation to the Republican National Convention. For his services there, and at the petition of the state legislature, he was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Benjamin Harrison, a position he filled with distinction. At the death of Vermont's great U. S. Senator George F. Edmunds, Proctor was appointed to fill his unexpired term, and was reelected regularly thereafter.

Upon entering national politics, Redfield passed on the presidency of the Vermont Marble Company to his son, Fletcher D. Proctor, who guarded its destinies until his death in 1911, having served as Governor 1906–1908. The present president is Redfield Proctor, Jr. who became Governor 1923–24. Also active in its present affairs is Fletcher's son, Mortimer R. Proctor, who was elected Governor in 1945. Each of these men had extensive service in the legislature before stepping up to the governor's chair. And during its entire existence the Vermont Marble Company has played an influential role in state politics as the state's most extensive industrial enterprise.

Gov. Redfield Proctor
Gov. Fletcher D. Proctor

Gov. Redfield Proctor, Jr.
Gov. Mortimer R. Proctor
FIRST STEP: EXPLORATION—A diamond drill cuts a core from a cross section of a marble ledge. The cores are polished and examined. If the quality and quantity of the marble warrants, a quarry may be opened here. Soil must first be cleared away.

FROM THE MAIN SHOPS at Proctor, building marble and memorials go out to customers all over the country.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT specified “a plain white marble monument to be placed over my grave” at Hyde Park, New York.

END PRODUCT: THE SUPREME COURT BUILDING at Washington is an outstanding example of the many Vermont marble buildings in the nation's capital. A thousand carloads of the Vermont product were used in this great Grecian temple of justice.
THE HOLLISTER QUARRY in Florence (Pittsford) extends over three hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ground. The first quarry in this area was opened about 1793.

SHADOWS UNDERGROUND (right, above). In the “West Blue” quarry at West Rutland John Molaski runs a channeling machine back and forth along a moveable track, cutting the marble layer into blocks.

TOWERS OF MARBLE (right, below). Blocks are piled high in the West Rutland storage yards. These white blocks are from Vermont quarries. Stored here also are marbles from Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, Sweden and South America.

COLUMN BASE for the Supreme Court Building (opposite page) is being fluted by a carborundum wheel. It was first turned in a lathe.
MARBLE IS SAWN into thin slabs and rectangular blocks by gang saws—a series of steel blades set into a swinging chassis. Here a quarry block goes into a gang at West Rutland.

Charles Rakanyi brings out the beauty of a Vermont Marble monument with an electric polishing machine. Rakanyi, born in Nagy Acsad, Hungary, is one of many Vermont Marble workers who originally came from Europe.

Industrial diamonds find important use in marble cutting. This saw with diamond teeth cuts swiftly through the stone.

A rubbing bed is a cast iron disc some fourteen feet in diameter. As it revolves a mixture of sand and water “rub” the marble to its desired thickness. Carl Carlson, the operator, came from Sweden.

Aristide Piccini is one of Vermont Marble’s finest carvers. Born in Carrara, Italy, he is a graduate of the famous Academia di belle Arte there. Here Piccini carves a statue of St. Joseph and Child from a plaster model. Piccini carved the recent replica of the Mead statue of Ethan Allen, on the State House Portico.

INTERIOR of one of the marble plants in Proctor. This building is four hundred feet long and a hundred feet wide. It is used entirely in the production of marble memorials.
MAY 1, 1948 IS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ONE OF MOST SIGNIFICANT DATES IN ALL AMERICAN HISTORY

It was on May Day of 1898 that George Dewey, native of Montpelier, Vermont, led the United States Navy to its most bloodless victory of all times over the fleet of a foreign power. But the conquest of the Spanish Fleet off Cavite in Manila Bay, without the loss of a single American life, was not alone a great naval triumph.

That engagement launched the United States on its career as a world power. By his victory Dewey extended the range of the American flag to the Far East, and made the political events of the Orient the intimate concern of the American people.

It was not merely hysteria that made George Dewey the most widely acclaimed hero of our national history. Probably no American military figure has ever enjoyed the adulation, the crowds, parades and ovations which were extended to Admiral Dewey after the Spanish-American War. Dewey's triumphal tour of the great American cities from New York to San Francisco has been unparalleled in our history. So many loving cups, swords, souvenirs and countless mementoes have never been awarded in such numbers to any other man in this country.

The sense of destiny that accompanied Dewey's victory off Manila, the dramatic way in which he so quickly and completely followed his laconic orders to "capture or destroy" the vessels of the Spanish fleet, finds few parallels.

Until 1898 the United States was a continental nation, small in population and removed from the intrigues of the rest of the world. After Manila Bay it was an empire, responsible for the welfare of peoples more than halfway around the world.

It is interesting that such a meaningful accomplishment should have been achieved by a New Englander, a man who was completely the product of the earliest settlers of this country, a man from the Green Mountains, instilled with the culture and religious austerity of Vermont.

George Dewey was born in a small shingled house opposite the Vermont capitol in Montpelier on December 26, 1837. His father was Dr. Julius Yemans Dewey, a small town doctor. Dewey's ancestors had lived in New England for nearly two centuries. They had fought in the Revolutionary War, at Bennington and Ticonderoga, and the spirit of the Green Mountain Boys and Ethan Allen were vital in the influence they exerted on young George Dewey.

Dr. Julius Dewey was an important figure in Vermont history, too. In 1859 he virtually gave up the practice of medicine and with other Vermonters founded the National Life Insurance Company of Vermont. As its first president, he built the company into one of the leading insurance firms in the United States. His sons and theirs carried on the leadership of the firm.

As a boy George Dewey day-dreamed on the steps of the new Capitol. The influence of the Revolution and the War of 1812 prompted him to enter the Army, and in 1832 his father sent him to Norwich University, then a military academy, to prepare for West Point.

Although an appointment to West Point failed to materialize, Dewey was admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1854. As a plebe in a class of 45 he piled up the greatest number of demerits in his first year that any midshipman had ever earned. But the prospect of being expelled changed Dewey's character radically. He gave up his indulgence in pranks and practical jokes and began to work in earnest, by the time of his graduation ranking third in his class.

George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy

In 1861 Dewey found himself aboard the USS Mississippi below New Orleans, under the command of Admiral Farragut. In his trial by fire in the Civil War Dewey distinguished himself. He was executive officer of the Mississippi when it was sunk by Confederate shells at Fort Hudson, and he was also second in command of the Colorado in the final naval engagement of the war, when the Atlantic fleet pounded the batteries of Fort Fisher at Charleston.

A curious sense of destiny pervaded Dewey during the War Between the States. The Mississippi had been in Commodore Perry's flotilla when it opened Japan to the Western World in 1854. Dewey's service under Farragut gave him training under one of the greatest Naval tacticians of all times, and Farragut's immortal words at Mobile Bay, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead," was perhaps the one great influence which inspired Dewey to scorn the minefields outside Manila Bay and steam in to devastate the Spanish Fleet 44 years later on.

In 1898 George Dewey was a commodore in the United States Navy. Widowed for 26 years—his wife had died at the birth of his only son—he had lived a lonely, almost futile life. The Navy had rotted away in the years after the Civil War and Dewey had passed slowly up the grades with routine jobs ashore and afloat helping to keep the skeleton Navy alive.

From 1889 on, Dewey had served as a captain and commodore enjoying the society and prestige of life in Washington. In those years one of his closest friends was Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont. Proctor introduced Dewey to the right people, and Dewey, as a single man, became a popular guest at dinners. It was Proctor who introduced Dewey to Theodore Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the Navy. And it was Proctor and Roosevelt who were responsible for obtaining for Dewey the appointment as commander of the Pacific Fleet in December, 1897. In fact, so vigorously did these two fight for Dewey that Secretary John Long, a sincere and earnest individual, refused to give Dewey the usual raise in rank to Rear Admiral when he finally named Dewey to the post.

"Perhaps, you used too much political influence Commodore," Long said stiffly to Dewey when he gave him the appointment.

Not to be too rebuffed, Dewey pointed out that the last Pacific commander who had gone as a commodore had been Matthew Calbraith Perry who had opened Japan.

"He did all right, Mr. Secretary," said the Vermonter.

By Laurin H. Healy

The author, who served as a naval officer in World War II, is now Publicity Director for Encyclopedia Britannica Films, and author of the latest and best biography of George Dewey, "The Admiral."
VICTORY AT MANILA. Artist's sketch for the diorama depicting Admiral Dewey on the flying bridge of the Olympia. The diorama was erected in the Museum of the Vermont Historical Society on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. Made by the Pitman Studio of Cambridge, Mass., its foreground is sculptured in three dimensions, fading imperceptibly into a circular painted background.

GREEN MOUNTAIN Admiral
Admiral George Dewey of Montpelier won for the United States the battle of Manila Bay in 1898, and became thereby the most celebrated naval hero in American history.
It was on December 7, 1897 that Dewey sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong and his new command. And it was on April 23, 1898 that war was declared between the United States and Spain.

"Dewey could be slipped like a wolfhound from the leash upon the Spanish fleet in the Philippines," wrote his good friend Theodore Roosevelt. And like a wolfhound, indeed Dewey led his squadron of seven ships from the Chinese port of Mirs Bay near Hong Kong on April 24 aboard his flagship the white Olympia towards the Philippine Islands with orders to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet.

At Subic Bay in the Philippines Spanish Admiral Patricio Montojoy Pasaron waited for him with eight ships of his own. The Spanish fleet was slightly inferior in power and was ill-prepared for war, while Dewey's squadron was in top fighting condition. Psychologically, too, Montojo was at a grave disadvantage. So convinced was he of defeat that he removed his ships from Subic Bay, because, as he later admitted, the water was so deep there he was afraid that his men would be drowned when his ships went down.

As Dewey steamed for the island of Luzon, Montojo fled to Manila Bay where shore guns could aid his fleet. But there again the Spaniard made a grave mistake; for, fearing that American shells might damage the city of Manila protected by 39 shore guns, he lined up his fleet in front of Cavite, where only four guns were installed.

At midnight on April 30 the American squadron reached the entrance to Corregidor. Despite reports of mine fields in the passage, Dewey, recalling Farragut's bold venturesomeness at Mobile Bay, steamed full speed ahead. The mines were there, to be sure, but none of them went off, apparently having become ineffective in the tropical water.

And at four o'clock on the morning of May 1, Commodore Dewey walked onto the bridge of the Olympia a gray tweed travelling cap on his head, for he had lost his officer's cap somewhere, looked at the green hills of Luzon, which reminded him of his Vermont home, and ordered coffee for the sleeping gunners who were sprawled beside their guns.

At Dewey's command the Olympia steamed towards battle. Behind her were the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and the Boston. As they neared the Spanish fleet the Manila shore guns opened fire, but their aim was wild and the shells sailed overhead. Now the Spanish ships were in range, the Commodore ordered
The lieutenant said "certainly not," but Dewey's reply went back to von Diedrich, "Well, it looks like it. And you are very near it—and you can have it, sir, as soon as you like."

When von Diedrich asked Captain Chichester, the British commanding officer whose squadron formed a balance of power between the U. S. and German fleets what he would do in that event, Chichester replied:

"There are only two men who know that—myself and Admiral Dewey." From then on the Prussian threat was ended at Manila, although Dewey himself prophesied on his way home that the next war in which the United States would fight would be against Germany.

The acclaim in the United States which greeted Dewey's victory was so immense there seemed to be no rewards which could do justice to his fame. A $50,000 diamond-encrusted sword from Congress, an eight-foot loving cup made up of 70,000 dimes contributed by school-children all over the country, plaques and a house seemed not enough.

Congress made up for the earlier slight to Dewey's rank. It created for him alone the unprecedented rank of Admiral Of the Navy. No Naval officer before or since has held such a rank in the United States. Farragut was an admiral in the Navy. After World War I the four-star rank of admiral, became accepted. During World War II the rank of Fleet Admiral was created, but even Ernest King, commander in chief of the fleet in World War II never attained the rank of Admiral Of the Navy. Dewey's rank would today rate six stars, although in his lifetime, since there were no ranks higher than vice-admiral, he had the right to wear four.

Like Perry who reached the North Pole and had no place to go but south, Dewey had no way to go but down after his great rewards. Yet as president of the General Board of the Navy, a post created primarily for him, he served ably and well during his last two decades. When Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House Dewey was almost unofficial chief of staff to the President. He used his influence to carry out the naval-diplomatic feats of T. R.—the maneuvers of 1903 in the Caribbean, seen by many as a warning to Germany, and the Navy's round-the-world cruise of 1908 when 16 battleships showed Japan who ruled the seas.

Dewey lived among the great policymakers of the nation from 1899 until his death in 1917; and all of them, from Roosevelt to Taft and Wilson and Josephus Daniels sought his advice with constant regularity.

It is 110 years since George Dewey was born in a one and a half storied shingle house opposite the State Capitol of Vermont. It is fifty years since the 60-year-old Vermonter uttered the words "You may fire when you are ready Gridley," and raised himself into immortality along with John Paul Jones, Stephen Decatur, Lawrence and Perry among the great American naval heroes. In those fifty years the United States has come a long way to its present position of number one naval power. But the first stride was made when George Dewey of Montpelier, Vermont, reached Manila Bay and turned his guns on an enemy fleet.

END
People continually ask how the abandoned lands, the deserted homes of the "back beyond" in Vermont came into being. Simple reasoning about fire and lightning, remoteness and danger can become over-simple. For one thing there is the matter of actual soil and forest to be considered. Lands cleared of woodlands all too soon prove thin and the ledges show gauntly through. Cultivation is hard and endless and the result slim. But the major reason lay in the several migrations from Vermont hill country of the back-lands. In the days of the opening West, well before gold was found at Sutter's Mill, the westward fever came to these parts.

At the end of the Civil War this westward trend was heightened and if less in a frenzy was nevertheless sometimes enough to drain a whole Vermont valley, and depopulate a whole hill township. Most readers have letters from ancestors who were, in the early 1830's and 1840's, in Wisconsin and Iowa and "moving on west." The second great migration came with the industrialization of the '80's, and '90's, when the railroads reached the extent of their penetration of the hills and lured men to the factories and girls too. From Cabot and Cavendish, Elmore and Woodbury, families trekked to the mills of Lowell and of Claremont, to quote family records. The third migration came with World War I, when the last hangers-on lost their sons to the gentler life of the towns. Part and parcel of this migration was the increased number of modern technical gadgets which made life easier but which would not function where there were no electric lines. The automobile, was a prime mover in more ways than one, of hill people to valley villages.

It is however another type of migration, embracing parts of all the others, which also helps to account for the back beyond. This migration came with a certain dying out of the pioneer spirit. That is not unique in Vermont but it is here a more concise laboratory example. It was actually when we changed from the satisfaction in earning a living to the actual need of earning money, that the Vermont pioneer became obsolete. Home spun, home grist, home cobbling, and above all home entertainment gave way to purchases with "cash money."

It is the modern trend from barter to tangible income, from services shared to services purchased, that has promoted the "other Vermont"—the Back Beyond.

← HERITAGE of a century of migration; the deserted fields, cellar holes, and abandoned homes of the "Back Beyond."
There is a state within the state of Vermont: it is an inner state or remnant state. Our fourteen years of political independence as a sovereign Republic before 1791, has perhaps been run into the ground, but it was in that threshold period that this inner state existed.

Vermont has a sufficient number of highways of the state, extant. To discover the highways of the state, extinct, one must scan those flourescent maps of the United States Geological Survey where, with dotted lines and small black squares, the roads and homes of the “back beyond” are traced.

Exploring this back beyond means innumerable tournaments with deep mud, collapsed stone culverts, logging roads with towering middle sections, and encroaching bushes and fallen logs. It also means the final rejection of motor transport and following the dim trail in tangled walking. Only the war-born jeep makes this area available, and even then it is with more daring than wisdom that one starts up a wild trail that once was a public road.

These now forgotten roads really went through and were lived upon. Cellar holes fringed with self-obliterating poplars and buried beneath sagging rotted beams, with the charity of raspberry bushes, reveal where men once lived. Many a road which today baffles man and motor in full struggle, once led to church and school. These roads are not unknown, for fishermen and autumn hunters find and follow them. In spring and after heavy rains they are convenient pathways for freshets.

For antiquarians seeking the pattern of frontier life when trading roads went from Massachusetts to French and British Canada, here are actual pathways and the foundations. Here also are lilacs, the sometimes continuing patches of rhubarb, and the snarl of apple trees gone native.

There is no lure of loot in old attics. While many a house can be found far from the present haunts of man, it will, as it settled down into its old cellar, furnish the early morsel for porcupines who chew their salt-hungry way through either, there rises a strain in human relations and a definite challenge to navigation. On the Geological Survey Maps there still appear these appropriately named derelict communities such as Lost Nation, Notown and so on. Yet lumber developments today again bring men to these areas. Once a mill hummed along Stony Brook at Notown, and again a lumbering activity has rekindled the brookside with industry. Here the Appalachian Trail crosses the forest and nearby runs the Long Trail threading peak to peak in a rosary of adventure.

The Vermonters who struggled for generations with these stubborn forests constitute the buried treasure of our rugged beginnings, a heritage of a people who once peopled the back beyond is the treasured condition but these are treasure trove only for the imagination.

The most abiding link with the men who once peopled the back beyond is the stone wall, lichen covered and now usually deep in a forest. It’s like a calling card dropped by a visitor of the past.

Where is the back beyond? In general this thin-soiled area lies hard against the main east and west slopes of the Green Mountains. It is no disgrace to towns with perpendicular geography that large portions are now given over to wilderness. From high hill tops athwart an old door stone one may face two states and file after file of green to deep blue hills.

Lumber interests go into these back country areas and sometimes reopen the lost roads, but this only makes the hazard greater for the explorer. When a car comes face to face with a loaded logging truck on a road not wide enough for and a wiser purpose when others migrated. The measure of their perserverance was well taken by the back-to-the-land movement in 1910, and after World War I. In that halcyon period a back-woods farm or even a whole village could be purchased for a song. A lyric sense of pastoral life and a belief that a fortune could be made with a swarm of fertile hens suitably squired, gave way to discouragement in the many cases where fortitude, vision and determination were weaker elements.

Today there are far fewer such places available, and the “song” has a higher tune. Today this back beyond land can still of course be reclaimed and the wilderness reopened, but it must be with better tools than a nostalgic perusal of Robert Frost, Tristram Coffin, or Frances Frost. The challenge remains for men and women still to develop characterful lives on Vermont’s wood crested hills.

The dreaming idealist who sees in every abandoned Vermont farm a perfect summer place which he can buy for practically nothing, and have a hide-away from electronics, will not repeople the back-beyond. This wistful thinker however much he dreams or plans is, now and forever, the dependent of electronics, do what he will.

It is with a feeling a little wistful and a little proud that you stand on one of these old homesteads in the back beyond, and look at a dying orchard and across the last careening hand pegged beams of a barn. High against the cumulus clouds of a summer day, burning golden in the mauve hazes in autumn, darkly silent in the sifting snows of deep winter is this ridge land. Let the literary man if he wishes write the saga of the last couple living in the last house on a hill road now nearly forgotten and no longer on the rural route. It is pathos and longevity, determination and possible adherence to an inbred pattern. Let the rest of mankind who dares the stones and mud lift the curtain of forest and find these traces of the forefathers of mankind talents who created a sovereign and independent Vermont and who endowed a loyal first child of the new Republic.

By PHILLIP H. CUMMINGS

Born in Hardwick, the author has traveled all over the world as a writer and lecturer. He has returned to his native state, and now lives in English Mills, near Woodstock.

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The waterfront at Camp Kill Kare on St. Albans Bay, with its boating and swimming facilities, is representative of Vermont summer camps. Boys at Camp Abnaki, North Hero, get a particular kick out of sailboating, always a popular water sport. Everyone joins in the Indian pageantry at Grand Isle Camp, on South Hero Island in the middle of Lake Champlain. Group activities characterize camp life.
Eighty-six summer camps for boys and girls, fifty of them located on lake shores or river banks and others hidden away in woodland areas, open annually for an eight to ten-week summer season in Vermont late in June.

The well over 6,000 youngsters who experience summer camp life in Vermont each year range from preschool to college age. Twenty-one of the camps are for boys and girls, thirty-three for girls alone and thirty-two for boys. In all, 3,524 girls and 2,947 boys may live the outdoor Vermont life at camps which accommodate from one to as many as 290 boys and girls. Staff members and counsellors number 1838, in addition to 615 camp employees.

Besides tutoring, language-study camps, and others designed for special interests, Vermont camps provide horseback riding, swimming, boating and canoeing, fishing, nature study, logging, gardening, farming, fishing, hiking and scouting. Popular camp sports include tennis, archery and baseball. Most camps offer, as well, crafts and shopwork, and some provide for language instruction, cooking courses, dramatics and special music study.

Kodachromes by MACK DERICK
Teela-Wooket Camp, at Roxbury, is an outstanding riding camp.

Many camps have improved refrigeration and food preparation equipment since last year, the state department of public health reports. The department inspects all camps annually for water purity, garbage and sewage disposal and sanitation in food handling and storage, as well as milk purity.

Last year each Vermont boy and girl camper drank more than a quart of milk per day. Almost 99 per cent of this was pasteurized milk. Three camps in isolated sections serve unpasteurized milk, and here the dairy herds get rigid tuberculin and Bang's disease tests.

Vermont summer camps vary widely in attractions they offer, but all are built around the summer sunlight, the clear lakes and streams, the mountain woodlands, the natural aspects of rural life and the pleasant traditions of country living.

The Lake Morey and Lake Fairlee section, just west of the Connecticut River in east central Vermont, is the leading boys and girls camp area of the state. Twelve different summer camps are located here, along the wooded lake shores not far from U.S. Route 4.

Lake Champlain, with ten children's camps on its Vermont shores, is the second camp area of the state, the areas reached by U.S. Route 7 and Vermont Route 22A.

Further south, near the state's eastern border, lie Lake St. Catherine and Hortonia with two camps each, and Lake Bomoseen with one. Eastward on mountain-ringed Lake Dunmore, just east of U.S. Route 7 north of Brandon, are five more boys and girls camps.

Southeastern Vermont's Windham county, reached by Vermont Routes 9 and 30 and U.S. Route 5, boasts 12 boys and girls camps, including four along the West River, three in the Marlboro area and three near the town of Putney.

Along the northern lakes of Seymour and Willoughby and many other smaller lakes and ponds are other Vermont summer camps for children. Some 20 farm home and woodland camps are located along the length of the state along the foothills and heights of the Green Mountain range, paralleled by U.S. Routes 7 and 5 and Vermont Routes 8 and 100, and crossed by U.S. Routes 2 and 4 and Vermont Routes 8, 11, 30, 103 and 105.

Also in Fairlee is the YMCA Camp Billings, where Vermont boys and girls get a crack at water sports and other treats of camp life.

From Camp Hanuom, in Thetford, comes this lovely scene of canoes, campers, and blue waters (right, above). At Camp Winape in East Charleston (right, below), youths gather with their counsellor at eventide.
Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By Vrest Orton

When Bill Bischoff, wife and two youngsters came to Vermont after his Army discharge, they had the hardihood to settle on a remote farm atop the back mountains of southern Vermont and there start, in the farm house kitchen, candy-making that has now grown from a home-craft into a real business. I cite Bill's case as one of general interest, because he made the mistake some explorers into our Republic often do make: he went too far back. Finding, last year, that it was impracticable and sometimes impossible to conduct a candy business (Bill makes stick candy, barberry-pole style, Christmas candy, the old-time horehound drops, molasses peppermint, and suchlike) atop a mountain, especially in winter, spring, mudtime, fall and often in between, Bill discounted the romance and bought himself an accessible house on Route 7, at Manchester Center. Today he is getting ready to open a new building where you can see his candy made . . . without climbing a mountain. (N.B. Bill still loves the high country—for fishing!)

Around the Waist

Working, for years, with one of America's most famous hand-leather craftsmen, Bob Hopwood got the Vermont fever and didn't see why he should not move to the Green Mountain Country and make a living with his special trade. He knew he could do leather work, but how to sell it was the question. The Hopwoods came to Middletown Springs, bought a place, and setting up a small edition of Uncle Lisha's Shop in the house, began making a few belts, pocketbooks and other things of leather. Now, selling through less than half a dozen special stores, they are making a living. Their reputation has spread even in one short year and today it has almost become the thing to do, so the girls from Smith, Bennington and Mont Holyoke tell me, to have a belt hand-made by the Hopwoods.

Taxi

Women taxi drivers are still news in the city, but how about a Great-Grandmother driving one in Vermont! That's a report I have from Brattleboro about Mrs. F. B. Switzer who has piloted her own taxi for 25 years and is still on call. She has gone from an early Model T Ford to the latest vintage. Mrs. Switzer is 73, makes a living out of her job, although confesses that late she leaves the night driving to the male line.

Display Man

A Navy veteran, J. Duncan Campbell (with two New York partners) has started in Bennington the Bennington Display Manufacturing Company where merchandise displays are built. Mostly designed by Mr. Campbell, and built of Vermont wood by Vermont veterans, these units are made for an astonishing variety of manufacturers such as Botany Mills, Rolls Razor, Guerlain Perfumes, Van Raalte Gloves and Doubleday, book publishers. The displays which serve to show off merchandise in stores, windows and other spots, are unique items, each built to order and requiring ingenuity in construction, color and function. A method of printing color designs directly on the wood by the silk screen process is one of the several modern techniques employed.

Mothers' Helper

Another war veteran, John T. McKeever, from Hartford, Conn., who spent summer vacations in Vermont, has settled in Brandon and is providing a hard-to-get kind of service to the housewives of that lovely village, through what he calls The Home Service Company which Mr. McKeever says is the first of its kind in this part of New England. McKeever stands ready, so he tells me, to do about anything, at any time, that the pater familias or his wife can not, will not, or should not undertake. His repertoire includes such tasks as cleaning all manner of furnaces and range burners and the numerous other household gadgets that always seem to need attention. He uses an electric sewer cleaning machine of which he is proud. No longer, when the sewer stops up, does one have to dig. This motor driven apparatus, the first in the state, will, he claims, knock the stoppages out of any pipe up to 10" in diameter.

Vision: Vermont style

Mrs. Walter Fuller, born and raised on a farm in Calais, married and settled in East Hardwick in 1928. Searching for ways to make some money and still stay at home to care for her family, she saw an advertisement one day in a magazine for cavies and white rats. So she sent and got a few. She found the cavies were Guinea Pigs, and while the rats were albinos with pink eyes and pretty as all get out, neither were meant for pets. They were just what scientists needed for experimentation to advance the frontiers of medical knowledge.

Today, of course, Mrs. Fuller's pioneer herd has grown to a population of hundreds. Weekly to two laboratories in New York, she has shipped these creatures for years. In 1947 she raised and sold 3514 white rats, with an inventory of only 200 on hand at the end of the business year. It was quite a job raising them in a cold climate; they took pneumonia easily, and had to be sent off when they were about 3 weeks old and weighed about 25 to 50 gms each. For the females there was a steady demand, they sold on sight at 50 cents each. The males fetched less and in fact were hard to sell at all. Scientists didn't want males. This left Mrs. Fuller with an unsolved problem in genetics.

Mrs. Fuller's rat business is, she reports, at the cross-roads. The railway station burned to the ground recently, leaving her with no shipping point because the other railway depots were too far away for successful transportation of animals in the winter with a team. She has turned to making miniature reproductions of skunks, wooden ones 2 inches long and turned out with tails of real skunks' hair. Says folks buy them to add to their collection of other miniature objects d'art. This has led her into making miniature furniture items.

I dwell at length on this story because it is a good illustration of that old-fashioned Vermont virture of self-reliance and perseverance to which a dash of vision has been added.

Readers are urged to send to Vrest Orton, Weston, Vermont, notices of unusual new businesses and ways of earning a living which have news and human interest value. Mention here in no way constitutes endorsement by either Mr. Orton or Vermont Life.
Summer vacations are important. One that's unplanned often falls short of all it might have been. In fact, planning is really fun in itself... and a swell way to make certain of the best time of your life. That's why the Development Commission offers you these booklets. Each one covers a specific angle of vacationing in Vermont. All together, they give you a most complete picture of the exceptional possibilities for a real summer of fun in the high country... while the Recreational Calendar at the right supplies you with even further cues.

Unspoiled Vermont—illustrated 24 Pages
Vermont—Hotels, Tourist Homes, Cabins 116 Pages
Vermont—Farms and Summer Homes 140 Pages
Vermont—Cottages & Camps for Rent 64 Pages

RECREATIONAL Calendar of SUMMER EVENTS—1948
Northern League Baseball playing season
June 17–Sept. 6—Eight Vt. & N.H. parks
St. Michael's Players Summer Theater
June 28–Aug. 6—St. Michael’s College, Winookski
Mid-Vermont Artists’ Summer Exhibition
July 1–September 9—Free Library, Rutland
Show and Exhibit of Arts & Crafts
July 1–10, Fleming Museum, Burlington
Brattleboro Summer Theater, season opens
July 12—Auditorium Theater, Brattleboro
Vt. Amateur Golf Championship Tourn.
July 22–25—Ekwanok Country Club, Manchester
“1048 Soap Box Derby,” boys’ auto racing
July 25—on Main Street hill, Burlington
Castleton Colonial Day, historic revival
August 4—old houses & Main St., Castleton
Fishing ends for trout (except lake except)
August 14—All of Vt., except certain lakes
“Vt. Craftsmen”’s Show and Exhibit
Aug., 15–21—Fletcher Farms, Proctorsville
Bennington Battle Day Celebration
Aug. 16–Old Bennington & Bennington
Vermont Antique Show and Exhibit
Aug., 16–18—Mad Com. House, Rutland
Hartland Country Fair & Exhibition
August 18, 19, 20—Fairgrounds, Hartland
Orleans County Fair & Agri. Exhibit
August 18, 19, 20, 21—Fairgrounds, Barton
Caledonia County Fair & Exhibits
Aug., 26, 27, 28—Fairgrounds, Lyndonville
Southern Vt. Artists’ Summer Exhibit
Aug., 28—Sept. 6—Burr & Burton Gymn., Manchester
“Champlain Valley Exposition” and Fair
13th Annual Trail Ride, G.M.H.A.
September 2, 3, 4—Starting at Woodstock
Rutland Fair, Agri. & Indus. Exhibits
Sept. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11—Fairgrounds, Rutland
Union Agricultural Fair (“World’s Fair”)
September 21–23—Fairgrounds, Tunbridge

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