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Edward O. Clark of the Steamship Historical Society recorded this dramatic view of the sidewheeler, TICONDEROGA, landing at Ticonderoga, N.Y. In order to show the green Vermont hills in the background Mr. Clark was forced to stand on the alien New York soil. All in the picture, though, is Vermont. The TICONDEROGA, one of the last sidewheelers, makes regular and charter sailings on Lake Champlain during the summer.

"That frequent recurrence to fundamental principles and a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality are absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty and keep government free." Vermont Constitution

Editor's Uneasy Chair

Probably nothing exasperates out-of-state Vermont fans as much as our covered bridges—about the state's apparently wanton destruction of these fine old structures, which have become the hallmark of New England.

But let's look at the facts. The Vermont highway department knows that on main state routes these bridges, all sentiment aside, are too weak, too low, too narrow and thus hazardous for modern traffic.

Then, why not by-pass them with modern structures and preserve the covered bridges as historic relics, the covered bridge fans ask. The answer is that some of them are by-passed, but who is going to pay the considerable and continuing cost of restoring and maintaining these by-passed bridges? Dollars are the crux of the covered bridge problem. No state highway department money is voted for this type of work. The towns, which contain the bridges, can't swing the cost to repair them annually.

But after this year there will be no covered bridges on Vermont's main routes (and allow the truckers here a sigh of relief). Of the 121 bridges remaining in the state, though, on secondary and town roads, a more encouraging picture is found. Many of these bridges are being preserved and the highway department is preparing plans for the rebuilding and reconstruction of many town bridges—and allowing the towns to save money besides.

Bridges already have been restored through town-state cooperation in Dummerston, Pittsford, Grafton, Townsend, Westminster, Clarendon and Woodstock, though regrettably some towns have abandoned their repairable covered bridges. More people are learning, though, that on roads not subject to heavy loads the bridges are practical if kept up.

Bridge fans will be interested to learn the State Highway department has a new map of the state (available free) which locates the 121 covered bridges on public highways, the six private and the seven railroad bridges.

We started off on the wrong foot last Spring. It seems that the front cover scene is in Green River (a section of Guilford township) not in Guilford Center. They were Summer residents, of all people, who noted to us triumphantly this error. Local residents stayed mum, illustrating perhaps a basic difference between Vermonters, native and adoptive, a difference we won't attempt to define. w
by Walter Hard

Green Mountain Post Boy

by Walter Hard

The scene around us. When the summer touring season is in full swing there is nothing which irks the Post Boy more than to have some wanderer drop in and ask, in a petulant tone, if there is anything of interest to be seen in the region. Or worse yet, to have people ask what on earth one finds to do in this place, looking at us with an accusing eye as though we, as a native sign post, had led them on by false promises. Sometimes we find ourself put to it to give an answer. We mention golf, riding trails, hikes, or places to swim. Maybe we dig up one or two historic events which transpired here, but we have no monuments to offer them. We find ourself with an empty feeling as though we had missed dinner. We wonder why these people ever ventured away from the crowded areas anyhow, and what came they out to see. Certainly they wouldn’t be interested in a reed shaken by the wind. Some would.

More often comes the enthusiast, so bubbling over with adjectives that he plasters them over everything without discrimination. He rushes on until we, somewhat bound round with a slight amount of Vermont reticence, get positively embarrassed. The satisfactory ones, those who offer no blame nor yet burst their seams with boundless enthusiasm, are the ones who come ready equipped with interests.

We have sometimes driven around with our school superintendent who is also a geologist. In the course of an hour’s drive, over roads we have travelled for years, he has pointed out to us so much of the geological story staring us in the face, and opened so many fields of speculation, that we have come near wrecking our car and ourselves showing Friend Wife, later on, the wonders that an hour’s trip have taught us. With considerable help from Friend Wife, we learned of such things as the marvelous spring mechanism, which we once saw in operation, on a—we’ve forgotten the name for sure but we think it was Witch Hazel—(If we’re wrong do not write the editor. He doesn’t know either) and we’ve had to begin all over. When we’ve learned of such things as the marvelous spring mechanism, which we once saw in operation, on a—we’ve forgotten the name for sure but we think it was Witch Hazel—(If we’re wrong do not write the editor. He doesn’t know either) and we’ve had to begin all over.

In turn may account for our liking for things that grow unsaid by the hand of man. We’ll admit our inability to remember the names of these roadside friends from year to year. Last year we did, with considerable help from Friend Wife, manage to spot some twenty-two varieties in an afternoon’s drive. This year we’ve had to begin all over. When we’ve learned of such things as the marvelous spring mechanism, which we once saw in operation, on a—we’ve forgotten the name for sure but we think it was Witch Hazel—(If we’re wrong do not write the editor. He doesn’t know either) and we’ve had to begin all over.

Last winter we ran three bird feeding stations and we set out, as we do annually, to learn to know the different birds as they came along. We’ve always been fairly strong on crows and robins. Now we know from last winter a tree sparrow, a chickadee, a downy woodpecker, and a blue jay. But here all at once come hundreds of birds of about as many kinds, and they don’t stop to patronize our feeding stations any more, so we’re back where we usually are. Again we have put up our bluebird house which the Barry Patch man gave us last year. We got tenants very soon after we put it out—a pair of bluebirds. Then something came they out to see. Certainly they wouldn’t be interested in a reed shaken by the wind. Some would.

Sometimes we fear we have a low mind because we have always been more interested in the lower forms of life than in the larger fauna. We like to watch bugs and such. Our century and a half old maple tree houses a colony of ants. Over a period of years they have made a clear roadway some thirty feet long from the tree to the edge of the meadow. We have often found, after mowing that section of the lawn, that we can watch for an hour at a time, the road repair gang working there, in spite of the fact that there is much more lawn to be cut. Then there are the spiders. Our garage used to be, a good many years ago, a woodshed. It has old hewn beams up quite high and it seems to offer especial hospitality to various kinds of spiders. Friend Wife has learned to know that at the time we are supposed to be weeding the flower beds (we have some) or fixing the gate, she will likely find us sitting in the cool garage watching a large and most unattractive spider catching her dinner. We do hate to break the intricate laciness of those cartwheel webs it has taken all night to spin, and nothing delights us more than watching a small spider come down from the high ceiling timbers on his thin line of silk which he makes as he goes. We have been hoping to see what a friend of ours did—the opening of a spider’s winter home. She was horrified at what she saw. Hundreds of little spiders poured out of the cocoon and forthwith fell to eating one another. In spite of the fact that Friend Wife objects to having spider webs inside of the house, she gave us a book on spiders last Christmas armed with which we expect to pass many a cooling hour in the garage this summer. Anything to see here?

Or, lifting ones eyes, there are the stars on a clean summer night. Or the moon caught on the trees of the eastern mountain for a minute or sailing serenely through infinite space high up in the heavens. Or the sun opening the day as it rises swiftly over the surrounding mountains, or reluctantly leaving the valley, trailing the gradually softening colors of the afterglow, as twilight comes on. Yes and the gathering clouds and the lightning flashes and the roar of the oncoming storm with thunder—these things too might offer something of interest hereabouts.

In short, it would seem to the Post Boy, that the best equipment for the vacationing traveller, which will assure him of finding always, anywhere, something of interest, is an inquiring mind tuned toward the scene around him.

END
Historical novels have always been as attractive as lemon meringue pie. Especially so if they involved ships and oceans.

But my native Vermont, a state with not a foot of seacoast, does, however, have navigable outlets to world-wide oceans, by grace of Lake Champlain, the Champlain and Chambly canals.

A boyhood ambition to have a boat on Lake Champlain was finally realized in 1922, when my older son was thirteen years old. Soon after that the family acquired a summer house in Lake Champlain on the largest of three islands in Converse Bay, off the town of Charlotte, Vermont. I was now established on worldwide water and could cruise alongside ships that came from the oceans. What mattered the improbability that I would ever travel out into the great salt seas?

The most successful of three inboard boats we had at Garden Island was an old "naphtha launch" converted by installation of a complete power plant from a 1923 Hudson car. Many adventures with this Iolanthe, inconsequential but interesting and thrilling to us, occurred as we cruised her from Garden Island south to Ticonderoga and north as far as Grand Isle and Malletts Bay.

During these years there was in my mind the idea of cruising from Lake Champlain into the Hudson River and the St. Lawrence. In the winter of 1947-48 I decided I could do it by installments; that the time had come. It was late enough. The Iolanthe had gone to the rest of all good old ships. But the boys who had helped operate her now had their own families, all girl tots, too small to help run a cruiser. Grandma's gentle personality, one hundred five pounds and her loss of sense of security off terra firma combined against her taking a job as deck hand.

She drives the car comfortably, however, with caution and good luck. And so she accompanied my cruising by traveling in the car and acting as advance agent to arrange lodgings, meeting me at prearranged destinations, transporting me back and forth from the water front and sweetly insisting that she enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed the cruising.

A broad beamed, high freeboard, plywood boat suitable for use with powerful outboard motor was found after an extended search. Named Puss II, my wife, Edith's childhood nickname, the boat was thoroughly fitted out for cruising.

Puss has proved a lucky name. She made three trips from Troy, New York to northern Lake Champlain and on two of them she reached St. Jean, Quebec. Puss II in 1951 made the trip from Troy to Sorel and gave the skipper a good ride on the St. Lawrence.

Troy, N. Y. is thirty miles from Bennington, my home town and the location of my business. Only a slight variation of distribution of land in Colonial days and Troy might have been in Vermont; with, no doubt, an enhanced rating for the souls of its citizens.

Opposite Puss's berth at Strunk Marine
Supply, at 123rd street North Troy is the first lock of the Erie Canal. Cruisers from Great Lakes ports make the circuit through Lake Champlain either way, home by the Erie Canal or by the Richelieu and St. Lawrence rivers. Increasing numbers of cruisers each year are coming into Lake Champlain for the summer or a visit, from everywhere that cruisers spend the winter.

Our family method of combination cruising and motoring is unique, so far as my observation goes. I know other men who would love to cruise but whose wives are allergic to boats. I do not know, though, how many of the wives would care to spend vacation time as Edith does.

A season permit to pass a small boat through the locks of the Champlain Canal is issued on request by the lock tender at number one lock and without charge. The experience of passing through the locks, visiting with the attendants and the crews and skippers of the ships has not lost interest for us. There are the tank ships and the tank barges pushed by tugs. Either of these may fill the big locks to capacity. There are the Canadian “paper-boats” that bring in much of the newsprint used by New York daily papers.

At Fort Edward lock number seven lifts the boat from the Hudson into the “dug” canal. This follows approximately the path over which Burgoyne’s Army struggled through woods and swamps from the head of Lake Champlain at Whitehall (Colonial Skeensborough) to the Hudson at Schuylerville.

The scenery along the canal is picturesque. The enforcement of the speed limit for small boats is, at least in its milder form, carried out by telephoning leaving time of a boat to the next lock and penalizing speeders by a wait. I once walked into the office of a lock tender and found him saying over the telephone: “I don’t care if he’s President Truman’s brother, he can’t ignore all the rules for boats in this canal. He isn’t going through this lock until four o’clock.” It was then about quarter before one. He turned to me, “Where did you come from?” and looked at his watch.

From North Troy locks lift boats from fifteen feet above sea level to about one hundred forty feet. Then other locks lower the traffic, finally to the level of Lake Champlain at Whitehall, which is about ninety-six feet.

The canal captures the water of Wood Creek and, at the northern end, that of the Mettawee River, a well known Vermont trout stream that starts in Dorset and reaches the canal just south of Whitehall. Lock number twelve is the point where Wood Creek cascades to the level of Lake Champlain. This is the point where Lake Champlain begins, as considered by the British and by the United States. The French, however, during their period of control, considered that Wood Creek, extended to Crown Point, which they called Fort St. Frederic.

The ride on this water from Whitehall to Fort Ticonderoga, especially if done on a day of blue sky, fleecy clouds and sunshine, presents a long double panorama of changing mountain scenery at close quarters, tempting one to superlatives. Large birds of the heron and crane families often escort the boat through the territory they occupy. The famous white egret is now not uncommon along this route.

Not many of the points of historical interest are indicated on the charts obtained from U. S. Lake Survey. Nor are they indicated by signs, as along the highways. A southbound skipper, intent on his course, could easily pass Fort Ticonderoga and never see it because of concealing woods. If a water-bound traveler is curious about Hand’s Cove,
from which Ethan Allen (with Benedict Arnold as excess baggage) launched his force for the attack on Ticonderoga, the ferry man will point it out.

North from Orwell and Shoreham, Vermont, where are Chipman Point, the Arthur Ferry, the historic old stone warehouses, Chipman Point Inn and Larabees Point Ferry to Ticonderoga, the vista widens. The foothills of the Taconic range flatten out to the east into the valley of the Otter Creek, Vermont's longest river. Otter Creek pursues its meandering way through some of Vermont's finest farm land alongside Lake Champlain to reach the lake north of Vergennes, just south of Diamond Island.

Champlain Bridge spans the lake from Chimney Point at Bridport, Vermont to Old Crown Point, New York. This was the starting point of the expedition of Roger's Rangers as described in Kenneth Roberts' novel "Northwest Passage," Fort St. Frederic, built here in 1731 by the French, was held by them for twenty-eight years. Discharged French soldiers started a settlement along the Vermont shore but deserted it before the French gave up the fort.

The lake broadens north of the bridge and sensations of cruising a river are left behind. Arnold Bay on the chart marks the spot where Benedict Arnold beached his remaining boats and escaped capture by Lord Carleton and Captain Pringle after his two day fight and defeat, which so discouraged the victors that no attack was made on Crown Point or Ticonderoga in 1776. Button Bay just north of Arnold Bay is mentioned by Kenneth Roberts as the first stop of Roger's Rangers. Here, he writes, they spent the first day and saw the Indian canoes carrying white uniformed French officers.

The west shore of the lake in this area, an outpost of high cliffs, is nearly straight for five miles. Opposite, the Vermont shore is lower and indented with bays, making the shore line much more than five miles. The Green Mountain range is visible in the distance. Camels Hump is first seen and then Mt. Mansfield. From Button Bay northward one finds Basin Harbor, almost completely enclosed, just about big enough to make a cup of coffee for Paul Bunyon. The indented shore line from Basin Harbor to Thompson Point includes beautiful Kingsland Bay and the Otter Creek. The latter, during the war of 1812, was busy with the building and assembling of Macdonough's navy, with which he won so outstanding a victory at Plattsburg. The river furnishes eight miles of serpentine cruising to Vergennes, Vermont's oldest and smallest city.

Framed between Thompson Point and Split Rock Mountain is the northbound skipper's first view of the "broad lake." The smaller islands, Sloop, the Four Brothers and Juniper are visible in clear weather. The more distant, Four Brothers and Juniper, lying low on the water, will later prove to be faced with high cliffs.

North of Thompson Point is Converse Bay and Garden Island.

About 1900 Garden Island was owned by Henry W. Putnam of Bennington. Here and at other points on the lake there was then much entertaining of people who would now be called V. I. P.'s. President McKinley was transported about the lake on Mr. Putnam's yacht, and William Howard Taft visited Garden Island when he was Secretary of War.

The first venture of the Pass north of Burlington in 1948 was for a date with Edith and the car at South Hero village. Pass got there by the short route, through the railway causeway and the culvert in the Sand Bar Bridge. A feat not possible, even for a boat of such small dimensions, with water level too high or too low. I hove Pass to off a spot in Keeler Bay where a few row boats showed on shore.

The north limit of our cruise in 1948 was "The Gut," as the passage between South Hero Island and North Hero is called. On a bright Sunday morning Pass and I made the trip from Keeler Bay north, through the passage and south along the west shore of South Hero, to Gordon Landing, where the Roosevelt Ferry operates, to meet Edith there. It was a ride to lift the spirit to happy attunement with the Infinite. After lunch a south wind which was causing the ferryboat to roll spectacularly made going for Pass and me more than fun. We pulled in at Beech Bay for a rest. Two hours later the wind turned west and we made Burlington before dark.

Malletts Bay, about three miles southwest to northeast and a little over two miles south to north, has picturesque islands and small bays indenting either side the narrow entrance, plus long stretches of shore line of high cliffs, forest topped and embroidered with white cedars growing out of soil-free crevices and a long curving beach from south to southeast. It is an entrancing lake in its own right, an ideal bit of water for small boat sailing. The membership of the Malletts Bay Boat Club is largely made up of Burlington residents who are sailing addicts, with the proper contempt for other power. An outboard can, however,
**Left:** The Puss steers south, the Beeson shore on the left, south of Chipman Point.

**Top, Opposite Page:** The northern, broader waters of Lake Champlain make for fine sailing. This craft is passing Sloop Island.

**Below:** Cruisers find a good berth here at the head of navigation in Vergennes. Macdonough constructed his fleet here in 1814.

**Left:** This is Puss 1, in which the author made three trips to the north end of the Lake and St. Jeans, Quebec.

**Right:** William Avery, shown here at Rooses Point, later robbed his craft as far as Quebec.
often be found buried somewhere in the
hold of their craft.

In 1949 I reluctantly passed by Isle
LaMotte. I knew little about it and I saw
no public landing, or sheltered water area.
But in 1950 I was determined to visit the
island. When I inquired of a friend,
Elisha Goodsell, about Isle LaMotte he
said, "Lord, man I was born on Isle
LaMotte." He told of the "black marble"
on his home farm, the quarry now owned
by the Vermont Marble Company. He
told us this marble lines the foyer of
Radio City and that it is unique.

The Puss had to be beached on the
north shore after traveling the length of
the east shore in a south wind with a
heavy following sea. We found the Isle
LaMotte Inn as Lishe had reported. There
we stayed, with pleasure and a surfeit of
fine food and the informality of a summer
boarding house, over the Labor Day week
end.

The west shore road is one of those
rare ones almost at water edge all the
way. We found a deserted stone mansion
with a ruined wing, a small harbor shel­
tered from north and south winds and a
small basin behind an old cement pier.
This mansion was owned at the turn of
the century by a lieutenant governor of
Vermont, Nelson W. Fisk. Here, as a
guest, was Vice President Theodore
Roosevelt when word reached him of the
shooting of President McKinley at
Buffalo.

I once spent a night in Puss II, at the
canal pier at Rouses Point.

Morning disclosed breaking clouds and
soon, an encouraging sun. Two other

(Continued on page 53)
HENRY NEWITT, a modest but accomplished angler, is a native New Yorker presently connected with the investment firm of Ballou Adams & Co. in Boston. His early trout fishing was done in Adirondack and Catskill streams, but in 1946 he was initiated to Vermont fishing. He reports fruitful angling, too, on the White River and its tributaries. Mr. Newitt's article is reprinted here by special permission from the Atlantic Monthly, the issue of May, 1951.
RALPH ENTWISTLE, who has launched a Summer Art School in Manchester, has been to Manchester, England, studied art in New York and Canada. For some years he did magazine illustrations, later developed the large galleries and art school he still operates in Ridgewood, N. J. Going to Arlington five years ago he and his family "fell in love with Vermont immediately." His reported ambition now is to become a more proficient fly fisherman.

RISING in the Dorsetts, a few miles north of Manchester, Vermont, the Battenkill flows south for approximately ten river miles to the village of Arlington. There, at what is known as the Cove, the river takes a westerly turn between the Ball and Red Mountain, flows another few miles through West Arlington township, then on into New York State and the Hudson. It is a powerful stream at certain times, with a treacherous thrust in many of its reaches, and dunkings are a commonplace experience for anglers who wade it.

For the greater part shaded by trees, the ten-mile reach of river between Manchester and Arlington winds largely through meadow and pasture land, glides smoothly around boulders at the base of great mountains, and, broadening impressively at Arlington, sweeps on toward New York State, in a series of long, gin-clear pools linked together by gravelly glides and short stickles. It is a magnificent stream, and one to quicken the pulse of the most phlegmatic angler.

Three species of trout abound in the Battenkill: the native or Eastern brook trout, the European brown, and the latter's lesser known cousin, the Loch Leven. Many large, some impressive, all outstandingly smart. The insect life of the Kill is both prolific and varied, ranging through the bewildering maze of the Ephemeroptera, better known as the May fly, to the more subdued and less important stone and caddis flies. Food minnows also are plentiful; and in clear sandy stretches of high visibility, the angler may see for himself large schools of black-nosed dace and common brook chub or, scurrying beneath stones at his approach, that shy little fish called the darter. It would be remarkable indeed if the Battenkill trout were not well-fed and lusty.

But while food is abundant, no less impressive are the trout's natural enemies. Heron, kingfisher, and mink take a more or less constant toll of Battenkill fish life, while those major-league killers, the otter and osprey, play havoc among fish of a pound or more in size. Heading this list in terms of its ubiquity is the kingfisher, whose festive rattle is as much a part of the Battenkill scene as it is the sting of the black fly. Next in line come the heron and the more recent arrival, the snowy egret.

In my ramblings, I have come upon mink patrolling the riverbank; and on an early November afternoon, I surprised one arrowing through the shallows of a Battenkill slough. Otter, less common than mink and very shy, may best be observed by proxy, when snow blankets the countryside and the ever narrowing stream is little more than a winding black ribbon between its housing of snow and rim ice. Then, on snowshoes or skis, one may pick up their trails at the edge of the rim ice and follow their ramblings through the snow to the point where they return to the river. Now and then, however, a large smudge of crimson on the snow, along with the skeletal framework of a brown trout, points clearly to the spot where an otter paused for dinner.

About the time of first frost, a pair of ospreys put in an annual appearance in the vicinity of the Cove near Arlington. From then on until snow flies, these great birds of prey, only slightly smaller than the eagle, may be seen almost daily, wheeling low above the river or perched in the branches of a tree above a trout pool. At the foot of the Cove, the river spills over an old wooden dam. And while photographing trout one October, taking this hurdle en route to the spawning beds upstream, a sudden rush of wings overhead sent me scrambling beneath the lip of the dam to one side of the spillway. Crouched down in my blind, uncomfortably, I waited. The osprey meanwhile, after winging on downstream for perhaps a hundred yards, banked suddenly to the right above the treetops and, returning to the dam, came to rest on the limb of a dead elm not a hundred feet below me. Unconscious of my presence the great bird merely sat there, one moment preening its feathers, the next looking idly about at nothing in particular. Suddenly, without the slightest forewarning, it plunged and, wings tucked in with a backward slant, struck the water with a crash and disappeared beneath the surface. Emerging in a shower of spray, it flapped heavily off its hurdle en route to the spawning beds upstream, its talons grasped firmly the tip of its scale.
is the mass invasion by man of our trout streams. So that fished over daily, almost hourly, throughout the summer by anglers, pricked repeatedly by artificial flies, convulsed if not killed by spinning lures and worm hooks, the Battenkill trout have had to grow smart to survive.

It is not my intention to paint a disquieting picture. Quite the contrary. Trout still abound in the Battenkill and, no doubt, always will. The trick lies in taking them—in a manner, of course, that will at once serve the sportsman and the aims of conservation. For compared with the trout of twenty or thirty years ago, the Battenkill trout of today have a shocking disregard for the best efforts of the too casual angler, and yield only to the man with the knowledge and skill to bring his equipment to the peak of its performance.

Equipped with a binocular I have witnessed the behavior of trout under fire by an accredited master of the dry fly. His fly was right both in size and in pattern, and his casting was perfection. But the trout would not come to his dry fly. With the whole picture under my eye, I suspected his leader. Of a dark bronze color, it cast a shadow on the stream-bed sand as opaque and conspicuous as a clothesline, scattering the trout like chaff even as it hovered above the water. On an overcast day on darker waters, when leader flash and shadow would be negligible, this same leader might well have worked to perfection.

Removing the offending leader, the angler replaced it with another of pale aquamarine shade, with a five-x tippet. With a handful of moss and mud from the stream bank, he spent the next five minutes removing all the kinks and shine from his replacement, then held it aloft for my inspection. I couldn’t even see it. A few moments later, at the end of a beautiful loop cast, his fly dropped lightly on the inside edge of a rising trout’s window. From that point on he had no trouble taking several nice fish, while, watching through my glass, I marveled at the precision of his rod work.

Of the several factors which may influence a trout’s refusal, however, only one is set forth in the above illustration—leader color. But had his fly been at fault as well, and had the angler, fumbling his cast, laid his leader along with the fly too far in from the edge of the trout’s surface window, his problem might well have been multiple, and a completely fresh start with three corrections might have been required of the angler.

The average fly-fisherman, and this includes the writer, is an incurable romantic. Hence the subject of trout fly patterns, however esteemed by anglers as a conversational gambit, is more often than not a delusion and snare for the unwary and gullible tyro. There are altogether too many patterns of both dry and wet flies to make sense. With this fact established in his mind, the beginner will save time and money by avoiding this pitfall.

Using approximately a half dozen self-dressed and unmaned patterns ranging in hook size from No. 12 to 18, and in color from cream-badger through lemon and primrose to a nondescript reddish-brown and gray-blue—fishing only these few patterns in four sizes, I have greatly improved my trout take in recent years over earlier ones. Unlike too great variety in pattern, however, variety in hook size is of vital importance. The reason for this distinction becomes clear when it is considered that the May fly, with all its interfamily resemblances in form and color, occurs also in many sizes. Of the two factors, size and pattern, however, the former is more exact from an optical standpoint. In short, first by its size—and only incidentally by its color—does one distinguish the crow from the goldfinch. And so it is with trout, who are far more selective in their diet than many anglers realize, and who, when feeding on a given type of fly, have a way of rejecting all others, especially when their size reveals their difference at a glance. Thus, while only with a hook may the tier fix the size of his dry fly, he may suggest in a single pattern, tied in four sizes, a wide range of May flies of similar, if not identical, coloring. It is no mere coincidence when trout come up repeatedly for the No. 16 fly after pointedly ignoring its No. 12 counterpart.

Some anglers, if they could, would have trout feed around the clock to fit snugly into their own itinerary. Fortunately for the sport, Nature has better ideas on the subject and takes suggestions from no one. "When grub’s on, trout feed, and when it ain’t, they just loaf" would be the guide’s laconic comment on sol-lunar tables and die-hard anglers. For he has learned, as do the die-hard anglers, to whom its challenge stands forth as its number one virtue.

But our angler, by this time, has marked down his trout and in turn gone into action. His line leaps out, pauses briefly in mid-air, then settles toward the water, its leader curving inward toward the willows. A boiling of the water, then a crash; and his fly is returned battered wreck, reminding him too late that willows at times have roots beneath the surface. A split second later his fly settles lightly on the water about two feet above and an equal distance out from the center of a rise-form near the bank. Completely at the mercy of the current, it now starts its journey past the target—high-riding, free, undisturbed by line drag—a morose to tempt the most cautious of fish, yet apparently ignored by the one beneath it.

Then a strange thing happens, surprising to the angler, who, about to retrieve his fly, is caught completely off balance. He has learned, as do most of us in time, that trout have an irritating way of upsetting too finely drawn theories as to the hour and manner of their feeding.

However, as the season advances and trout become more and more nocturnal in their habits of feeding, the seasoned angler adjusts his rod about sundown, when, cooled by the forests, soft winds bring relief to the lowlands, sweeping over his trout stream and energizing indiscriminately all life beneath its surface. Then, seated on the bank, he awaits a bit impatiently that phenomenon of Nature called the hatch, when May flies swarm to the surface in whole battalions. Only then does he enter the pool by way of the stickle at its foot and, taking up his stance in midstream, stand by for that most spectacular of all moments in the drama of the trout stream when, having fasted all day, the trout swing into action and the evening rise is on.

Then suddenly his pool is full of movement. Deserting the mowings, swallows flick the water all about him, the faint snapping of their beaks a strange nuance in the silence as they share along with trout the bounty spread before them on the water. To the angler, however, the thing of greater interest is the dimpling of the surface caused by trout—the eager splashing of the small ones out in midstream and, in along the bank beneath the willows, the surreptitious rise-forms of the big ones, whose caution on the take is known to every angler on the Battenkill.

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The average fly-fisherman, and this includes the writer, is an incurable romantic. Hence the subject of trout fly patterns, however esteemed by anglers as a conversational gambit, is more often than not a delusion and snare for the unwary and gullible tyro. There are altogether too many patterns of both dry and wet flies to make sense. With this fact established in his mind, the beginner will save time and money by avoiding this pitfall.

Using approximately a half dozen self-dressed and unmaned patterns ranging in hook size from No. 12 to 18, and in color from cream-badger through lemon and primrose to a nondescript reddish-brown and gray-blue—fishing only these few patterns in four sizes, I have greatly improved my trout take in recent years over earlier ones. Unlike too great variety in pattern, however, variety in hook size is of vital importance. The reason for this distinction becomes clear when it is considered that the May fly, with all its interfamily resemblances in form and color, occurs also in many sizes. Of the two factors, size and pattern, however, the former is more exact from an optical standpoint. In short, first by its size—and only incidentally by its color—does one distinguish the crow from the goldfinch. And so it is with trout, who are far more selective in their diet than many anglers realize, and who, when feeding on a given type of fly, have a way of rejecting all others, especially when their size reveals their difference at a glance. Thus, while only with a hook may the tier fix the size of his dry fly, he may suggest in a single pattern, tied in four sizes, a wide range of May flies of similar, if not identical, coloring. It is no mere coincidence when trout come up repeatedly for the No. 16 fly after pointedly ignoring its No. 12 counterpart.

Some anglers, if they could, would have trout feed around the clock to fit snugly into their own itinerary. Fortunately for the sport, Nature has better ideas on the subject and takes suggestions from no one. "When grub’s on, trout feed, and when it ain’t, they just loaf" would be the guide’s laconic comment on sol-lunar tables and die-hard anglers. For he has learned, as do the die-hard anglers, to whom its challenge stands forth as its number one virtue.

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How many of you remember the good old horse and buggy days? Every business and professional man in town and every farmer in the country kept at least a good driving pair and his influence and affluence in the community were judged by his turnout. Vermont was the home of the Morgans, the finest and fastest driving horses in the country in the early days. Everyone was able to drive a horse, and while many of us can "steer" one now, very few could qualify as good reinsmen.

But don't be too disheartened if you were not born twenty-five or thirty years earlier. There is still a chance for you to enjoy some of the fun of those bygone days. The Green Mountain Horse Association puts on a "buggy ride" in which some of those days can be relived. Over the Fourth of July week-end the Association conducts its annual "Buggy Ride" over beautiful back roads. It is a three-day affair covering a marked route of approximately fifteen miles a day in the vicinity of Woodstock on back roads ideal for horse and buggy. The footing is soft; you will seldom see a car and you feel that you are in a new world. The landscape is lovely; beautiful little brooks following the roads, attractive old farm houses—a thousand things that you would never see from an automobile.

Many of the people bring in their own horses and buggies and even dress in the costumes of the "gay nineties" to make it seem more realistic. The drive is done in a leisurely manner. You put your lunch under the buggy seat, take along a halter to tie to a tree, and at noon a big picnic lunch is held with music, singing and fun. This year they expect to have a stagecoach or two to carry people who may not have a horse to drive.

The little villages of Woodstock and South Woodstock where the Ride is held are delightful spots, unspoiled by modernity, and the countryside is fresh, green and lovely. Further information about it can be obtained from the Green Mountain Horse Association, South Woodstock, Vermont.
One of the Nation's beloved artists, Maxfield Parrish, finds inspiration in Vermont.

by George E. Holman

Left: Maxfield Parrish looks out from his garden to the West, across the Connecticut River to the green slopes of Mt. Ascutney. The 3320-ft. granite peak was called "Cascadnac" by the Indians.

I live in New Hampshire so I can get a better view of Vermont," said Mr. Parrish with a twinkle in his eye. He was standing on his garden terrace, absorbed for the moment in the beautiful vista of Mount Ascutney. But as the eyes of the visitor wander to the graceful, rolling hills and farm land down the Connecticut valley, the open fields near his home dotted with huge pine trees, he soon realizes that more than one motive entered into Mr. Parrish's choice of location.

There are few people today who are not familiar with the works of Maxfield Parrish, the artist, but there are undoubtedly many who do not know that Vermont scenery has furnished the inspiration for much of his art. Indeed he could obtain countless inspirations without stepping a foot from his own estate near Windsor. Mount Ascutney with its ever changing moods is constantly before him. He studies the transient patterns of light and shade upon its surface, and the mystical figures which seem to take form when draped with clouds.

Mr. Parrish says that Vermont is full of charming spots that he loves. He enjoys particularly the scenery along Routes Five and Seven. He likes to drive north on one route and back on the other, every turn of which affords a new delight. "It is like going through a collection of Albert Dürer, all scenes arranged by the artist," he says. He feels that these scenes are more "intimate," and that people are molded by them rather than by grandeur; that there is a sort of "homelike" quality to the Vermont scene. He enjoys these views best in the glow of late afternoon, with its long shadows and subtle lighting.

As one enters the grounds of the Parrish residence, "The Oaks," he immediately feels placed in a setting of one of those many well known artistic accomplishments which have adorned the walls of homes and public places, for here the work of the artist and the work of nature have gone hand in hand. The "Parrish influence" is in evidence at every turn.

As the approach is made by way of a long, winding road one sees the house in the distance framed by six giant oak trees. From the grounds and across walls, terraces, pools and gateways, charming vistas of the countryside are obtained. Because of the harmonious blending of manual creations with those of nature, there is at no time a feeling of formality.

The transformation of a rocky, hillside pasture to the estate in its present form...
has taken place over a good many years. From a modest beginning, consisting of a little four-room cottage, additions have been made as more space was required. As Mr. Parrish puts it, "It just grew." His idea in development has been to modify the building plans to fit the works of nature, dodging rocks and trees as annexations were made. Such a procedure in the hands of a less competent designer might have resulted in a creation lacking the charm and dignity as displayed here. The long, low house with its two gabled wings, white clapboards, and small-paned windows forms one completely harmonious entity with the landscape and constitutes the personalized expression of the man who designed and lives in it.

His studio occupies the top floor of another two-story structure situated behind the main house. In reality it is studio and living quarters, for here Mr. Parrish has spent most of his time during the last few years. By means of a stairway, enlivened with pictures and cut-outs of humorous Parrish characters, the visitor enters this most important part of his domain. A crackling log fire in the fireplace sends forth a play of light across his paintings around the room, gleaming in subtle tones of blue, green and gold. These are set off by copper, brass and old pewter plates and pitchers variously placed. Shelves lined with books of every description, history, biography, travel and novel, occupy other space.

A small room or alcove used as a kitchen, containing an old-fashioned cook-stove, immediately adjoins the studio-living room, while an eating porch faces east and south, with a view of the Connecticut River valley.

"That part of my studio has been photographed so much the corners are rounded," said Mr. Parrish with a gesture toward the fireplace wall. "I have even worn a hole in the stone hearth where photographers have asked me to stand." He told of two photographers who came with elaborate equipment and many wires "looking like a dish of spaghetti spread over the floor."

"They said they were looking for the psychic, the soul," he went on. "I forgot to tell them I didn't have any."

Facing a large window to the east, Mr. Parrish talked of his favorite view. Though not as spectacular as others, it was more intimate. He told of his many attempts to capture the beauty of a certain oak tree in this much-loved scene. It had always escaped him. He feels that he now has come nearer it in a painting.

Verona Holman, of Wakefield, Mass., artist, lecturer, engineer, has had a lifelong interest in art. His illustrated lecture, "Moods of Nature," has been widely presented. As a chemical engineer he has done extensive photographic and color printing research.
This, the Parrish home, is another of the artist's creations, located amid giant oaks on a rocky hillside. Built to fit into the landscape, the main house has two gabled wings. Mr. Parrish's studio is located on the top floor of a separate building. This is called, fittingly, "The Oaks."

about to be published. He spoke of the seasonal changes in the landscape as he lounged on the broad arm of a chair, and reminisced about a particular morning in winter when there had been a rosy glow on the hard crust of snow and the distant mountains were deep purple.

Below the studio, on the ground floor, there is an exceedingly well equipped machine shop. Mr. Parrish, in addition to his ability as an artist, always loved machinery. He says of himself, "I am a mechanic who paints pictures," rather than an artist who is also a mechanic. His fondness for mechanical work has been passed on to one of his sons who is an experimental machinist for the Polaroid Corporation in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Parrish's machine shop may be considered an integral part of his art, for here he constructs columns, vases and other articles to be used as models. It has often been said that pallet, brush, chisel and lathe go into the making of his art creations. Apart from these articles which find application in his art work, he also constructs furniture for the house and various gadgets which might be a part of any household.

The art of Maxfield Parrish is so well known as to hardly need description. It has always possessed that popular appeal and decorative value which is so lacking in much contemporary art. A "Maxfield Parrish blue" or a "Maxfield Parrish effect" have become almost bywords of the American public.

Born in Philadelphia in 1870, he received his early schooling in that city, and later, going abroad with his parents, continued his education in England and France.

His father, also an artist, did much to stimulate young Maxfield's interest in that subject. He was a man who apparently saw beauty in everything, even calling his son's attention to the artistic qualities of the family wash against an evening sky. That some early stimulus had taken root was manifested later in young Parrish's chemistry notebooks at Haverford College. These were decorated with gnomes doing the experiments. He later attended the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts and studied under Howard Pyle at the Drexel Institute.

Because of the fact that he has specialized in landscapes during the latter years of his life, many people do not realize that in his earlier art he was not infrequently referred to as the "Master of Make-believe." This was because of his creations of knights in gleaming armor, clowns, Pierrots, ogres, pirates, woodland sprites and Mother Goose characters, all used to illustrate editions of the "Arabian Nights," children's books and as murals on the walls of clubs, hotels and publishing houses. Some may recall the humorous characters on the covers of "Collier's Weekly" and the old "Life" magazine.

It is, however, his landscapes for which he has been better known throughout much of his life. His method of working is unique and has been seldom revealed. Instead of the opaque oil paints in common use, he uses transparent oil colors in the form of a glaze. The control of color and hence, of tonal relations, is much more precise by the glazing method, while the use of transparent oil pigments on a white ground produces a luminosity unattainable by any other medium. His basic colors are few in number.

While this method of working is not new, dating as far back as the year 1400, and used by such masters as Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Gilbert Stuart and Copley, Mr. Parrish probably has ex-
exploited this difficult technique more than any other contemporary artist. His method of handling subject matter, or models, is equally unique. Vases, columns and like articles, he fabricates in his shop. For foliage he makes paper cut-outs and mounts them in such a manner that their shadows are cast upon the columns and vases. For figures he again makes paper cut-outs of drawings. With these and the other units already assembled, various positions and modes of illumination are tried until the most effective composition and lighting is obtained.

The models he uses for mountain scenery are of particular interest. He has found that quartz rocks, when fractured, frequently break into irregular shapes suggestive of massive and rugged mountains. These he illuminates with electric lights placed at various angles. He often uses molding sand for snow.

Mr. Parrish explains that he first became interested in working from miniature models at a very early age by watching the cook spread flour on a molding board. He was fascinated by the manner in which it seemed to fall into hills, valleys and precipices. He displayed a picture titled "Arizona" which he said he had painted entirely from material picked up around his own pasture. He hardly ever works directly from nature, as the elusive qualities he is after, such as the sense of air and space and color, only last for a moment, and cannot be painted by sitting down out of doors and making a portrait of them. Gifted with a photographic mind, he recalls past scenes with remarkable exactness and is able to work to a large extent from memory. One picture, completed in recent years, showed beautiful cloud forms which were inspired by some he saw in his boyhood days. In early manhood he lived for a year in Arizona, and was much impressed by the rock formations, their brilliant coloring and deep blue shadows. This has had an influence on much of his subsequent art.

It is quite apparent after a careful study of his works that the sharp, jagged cliffs, the domes, spires, pinnacles and deep blue shadows reflect Arizona, while the graceful hills, valleys and verdure are decidedly New England. In connection with this, if we consider his residence of a year in Italy with his intense interest in Italian villas and their gardens, we are able to piece together the theme for some of his later works which have become so well known.

Mr. Parrish, now in his eighty-first year, enjoys a somewhat more leisure life than formerly. With an antipathy for writers and photographers, and a dislike for personal publicity during his busy years, he now finds time to chat with his friends and the occasional visitor who is able to find his way to this county retreat. These callers find him a charming host, informal, friendly and full of an artistic flow of words; a person of multiple interests and a raconteur of homely incidents spiced with humor. He likes to reminisce but only as these memories affect the present and future. He speaks of the changes in Vermont through the years, of his former walk of two miles to the stage with mail and a mile over the hill for a quart of milk. He wonders now how he got all these activities in along with his other work.

Mr. Parrish apparently enjoys excellent health and, with a fine complexion, he presents the appearance of one who never grows old. He continues to live throughout the year in New England and says he thoroughly enjoys the winter months. This year-round love for the region finds reflectance in his art.

The name of Maxfield Parrish must be added to that long list of immortals—artists, writers and musicians—who have found peace and inspiration in the hills of New England and who have, through their work, given mankind that spiritual uplift so badly needed in a troubled world.
The Story of Vermont’s Exasperating Oddity, A Novelty to Visitors But a Giant Sized Headache to Local Residents

by J. Howard Buffum, Jr.

Can you imagine any Vermont community that would want to get rid of a tourist attraction? Well, there is. That community is Whitingham, located in Windham county at the southernmost part of the state.

The selectmen haven’t put it on the auction block, but it’s a certainty that the first person who offers to cart off the famous Floating Island of Lake Sadawga will get plenty of assistance from the townspeople, and especially from the many summer residents owning cottages beside the lake.

That’s right, a real, honest-to-goodness floating island—or rather, islands.

It’s the only “Floating” island in the Western Hemisphere, and only one of two such phenomena in the entire world. The only other known floating island is on a mountain lake in Switzerland.

The fact that Whitingham, already famous for being the birthplace of Brigham Young, the Mormon, and the site of Harriman dam, the world’s largest earthen dam when built, has the only known Floating island in this
Twenty-five acres of Un-dependable “land”, giving a deceptive appearance of pastoral calm, floats on Lake Sadawga.

The author points to the main body of Floating Island. Centered is Freezin’ Hole Mountain. The village of Whitingham lies hidden behind hills at right. PHOTO BY RAYMOND MERRIGAN.

The Floating island of Lake Sadawga was “born” in the early 1800’s. Actually, the island itself was in the process of formation many years prior to that time, when much of the present lake was merely swampland, with a small, but deep pond in the center.

Vegetation, such as water lilies, grew there then, and this was gradually formed into a fibrous mass.

Then, in the first part of the 19th century, dams were constructed at the lake’s two outlets, ultimately making a body of water many times larger than the original pond. This flooding, so the story goes, caused the submerged fibrous mass of vegetation to break loose from the original pond and float to the surface of the new lake.

Vegetation then really flourished, until today the Floating island is covered with tamarack and spruce trees and with bushes and swamp grass.

The big island—estimated to be 25 acres in size—doesn’t float around at will. It is anchored to the lake bed by a network of twisted roots.

VERMONT Life
Unwelcome visitor to the summer home of Girardo Bolognani is this vagrant island, blocking the view and leaving little water access. Photo by J. Bolognani.

The Floating island first made the headlines in 1926, when a large section was broken off in a gale and ultimately lodged by the east shore, blocking the waterfront of a row of cottages.

Then again, in September, 1933, high water and winds broke off a three-acre section. It floated about the lake for some time before finally “anchoring” in pieces, also on the eastern shore, and again spoiling the approach to cottages.

That island actually had passengers on part of its erratic journey, Mr. and Mrs. George Mather, Lake Sadawga summer residents, having rowed out to the moving section in their boat and “hitched a ride” for a few minutes.

Some cottage owners were forced to lay plank walks across a large expanse of island and anchor their boats at the far end, or, forego the pleasures of boating altogether.

Some attempted to blast the islands apart with dynamite, only to find that such a spongy mass was practically undamaged by such efforts.

Most of the cottage owners along the east shore were pleasantly surprised in November, 1950, when a southeast gale effectively removed all but a few of the island fragments and lodged them together by the north shore at the main outlet.

But Mr. and Mrs. Rene Stebbins weren’t pleased. The mass floated right down toward the Stebbins’ Sadawga Lake House, an attractive summer hotel, and except for a very narrow stretch of water, blocked the waterfront, scene of many a pleasant boating and swimming party.

The wayward island was about an acre and a half in area, and on it were a number of tamarack trees, some 20 feet high and six to eight inches in diameter.

Mr. Stebbins had to admit, however, that the whole thing had its silver lining.

“The high water brought a nature colony right to our back door,” he exclaimed, as he told how he had watched muskrat and even mink slither through the marshy land; how youngsters in the neighborhood had pulled out huge bull-heads from beneath the murky waters.

But last September, just as Landlord Stebbins was mapping plans for blasting a channel through the island into open water, his entire problem was solved by a strong northwest wind.

“The island’s moving” was the cry that went through the village like wildfire. Yes, sir, that island was moving, and it kept moving. The wind sent it sailing away from the Stebbins’ shore almost due south until it bumped into the main, “Floating island” at the opposite end of the lake. Then it changed its course to southeast, and continued to “gee” and “haw” for a while.

“Mr. Stebbins’ island” finally wound up on the eastern shore, right back where it had started its journey in November, 1950. It nudged into the waterfront area of a summer camp owned by the Girardo Bolognani family from nearby Readsboro, Vermont. Mr. Bolognani and his son, James, rigged up a chain leverage device, and succeeded in moving the small island out about 300 feet into the lake. But the next day, another of those fateful winds came up, sending the island right back into shore again.

As this story was being completed, the Bolognanis were toying with the idea of again moving the island out until it was free-floating, and then recruiting everyone on the lake having motorboats for what would be the most unique “moving bee” in history. The destination: The main island, to which the “wayward child” would be securely hitched by stout cables.
Lake Sadawga, so tradition says, got its name from a lone Indian found living on the shores of the body of water when the first white man arrived in Whittingham. Here the legend is divided; some stories saying he was an outcast from either the Pequot or Pocumtuck tribe; others the he was once a chief, and because he was ailing, his tribe left him at the lake after making sure that he was comfortably taken care of for the rest of his days.

When Whittingham area folk speak of the “Floating island,” they are referring to the 25-acre main island, situated at the southwestern edge of the lake.

It is very doubtful that the big island will ever move in its entirety from its present anchorage. It has too many roots firmly imbedded in the lake bottom to do that. But, after buffeted by high water and strong winds, small sections of the “mother” island eventually bow to the elements, their roots break off and they start their journey.

Fishing through holes dug through the fibrous mass on the main island long has been a popular sport for residents and summer people. But extreme caution must be used, since a false step would send a person plunging through the cushion-like surface into the dark waters beneath, in some places 15 feet deep.

Many theories have been offered by “shoreline superintendents” as to how to cope with the Floating island problem. Some have suggested throwing stout lines around the trees and towing the smaller islands to some out-of-the way spot at the head of the lake. Others have proposed dynamiting, and removing the mass piece by piece.

So far, no suggestion has merited action.

So, how about it? Want a real, honest-to-goodness Floating island? It’s yours for the taking. END
For more than a hundred years a recreation center, Stowe and its people, both resident and transient, find themselves now more than ever under the protective shadow of their tall neighbor to the west, Mt. Mansfield.
In this world of uncompromising realities, always urgent and sometimes grim, whatever will take a man out of himself is to be cherished. This is the message of the mountains. Theirs is the power to quicken imagination, to restore perspective, to lift the spirits of men along with their bodies, to spread before their vision a broader view of the world even as their eyes encompass new horizons. This is their offering. There can be no greater gift to mankind.

WALTER COLLINS O'KANE
TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

I, perhaps, you think of Stowe as a community dedicated solely to the glorification of Vermont winter sports, that is because of its prominence today as one of the country's foremost skiing centers. Stowe's emergence since the early nineteen-thirties as a winter sports paradise has overshadowed, somewhat, a tradition of summer recreation that goes back over a hundred years.

But now, partly as a result of its considerable winter reputation, more and more vacationists are seeking out this mountain town again at other seasons of the year. Should you be among them, you will know what power those green hills have to lift men's spirits.

For the mountains dominate Stowe, though in a benign rather than a forbidding way. To the east of town is the Worcester range, while on the west the main ridge of the Green Mountains, with Mt. Mansfield in the center, rises steeply out of the foothills and sweeps across the skyline. Mt. Mansfield in particular has been the town's outstanding natural feature. Being the highest in Vermont undoubtedly has added to the appeal, but its situation and conformation, with the varied character of the satellite hills and valleys, have made this mountain mass and the basin on the eastern side a compelling attraction for a diversity of interests.

Even Mt. Mansfield could not be so widely popular without the means being provided for people to reach the summit easily. Very likely the principal reason why Stowe has become so exclusively associated with the mountain itself is because the eastern slope offers the most practical approach for a road to the top. But that came more than half a century after the town was settled.

When Oliver Luce, Stowe's first settler (only it was spelled Stow then, after the town in England), arrived from Hartland, Vt. with his wife and two small children on April 16, 1794, he probably was not too appreciative of the scenery nor could he have had any burning desire to climb mountains.
Since there was no road or track of any kind north of Waterbury Center, he had to drag his belongings six miles over the forested hills on a handsled. That sled, a crude affair which he must have built himself on the spot, is now preserved by Mrs. Anson Page, a direct descendant, who lives with her husband on the West Hill road a little way out of Stowe village.

The story goes that there was some rivalry as to who would be the first in town, so Oliver Luce was in a hurry. Clement Moody, No. 2, got there next day, hot on his heels. Enough people had come in by 1797 to hold the first town meeting.

When Stowe was chartered a town (as a township is called in Vermont) it was smaller than it is today. Mt. Mansfield was located in the town of Mansfield then, but later the portion on the eastern side of the mountain was annexed to Stowe and on the other side to Underhill, although not without some vociferous opposition from a few independent citizens of Mansfield, it may be added. Zimri Luce, Oliver’s brother, was the first settler in Mansfield, in 1799. Luce Hill, where the famous Von Trapp music family has built their home, was named after him. Another old town to the north, Sterling, was divided among several neighboring towns, and a section east of Smugglers’ Notch was added to Stowe. The mountains and the region there still go by the old name.

Life was grim during the pioneer years, with the forest to be cleared so that food could be grown and log cabins constructed. There obviously was little leisure to commune with nature, and no record exists as to who made the first ascent of Mt. Mansfield. But it was only natural for some of the early settlers to wonder what the view was like, and then to find out.

A young girl who climbed the mountain in 1842 reported no trail of any kind. But a footpath eventually came into existence, and then a horse trail, followed by a carriage road and finally an automobile road. Today you may either climb on foot, drive up in your car, or ride the aerial chair lift which originally was installed for skiers but is also operated during the summer and fall for an increasing number of visitors who find the trip through the tops of the trees delightful.

The first man in Stowe with the idea of making the town a summer resort was Stillman Churchill, who opened a hotel named the Mansfield House in the village in 1850. Years later it was called the Brick Hotel, and after that the Green Mountain Inn. Of all the early hostleries in Stowe village, this is the only one still doing business on the old stand. Mr. Churchill’s home place, built in 1826, which he traded for the hotel property, is now known as The Fountain, a summer and winter inn just north of the village toward Morrisville.

With the opening of his Mansfield House, Stillman Churchill also cleared a horseback trail to the top of Mt. Mansfield. Unfortunately he overextended himself financially, as the phrase has it, and lost his hotel, but he always maintained
that Stowe someday would become a great summer resort, and he wanted to be remembered as the one who “set the ball in motion.”

The new owner of the Mansfield House was William Henry Harrison Bingham, a wealthy Stowe lawyer and businessman, for whom Bingham Falls in Smugglers’ Notch is named. He was responsible for a carriage road being built by the town in 1857 to a point about halfway up Mt. Mansfield, where he built the Half Way House to provide limited accommodations and to stable the saddle horses which would carry people the rest of the way up. The next year he built the Summit House on the mountain at the base of the southerly peak called the Nose, where it still exists as a part of the present mountain-top hotel.

But larger ideas were in prospect when Mr. Bingham organized the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Company in 1859, having interested some outside investors in the future of Stowe.

RIGHT: The Lodge at Smugglers’ Notch is the largest in the mountain area.

BELOW: The Stowe Country Club, a 3000 yd. course adjacent to Stowe Center.

RIGHT BELOW: The mile-long aerial chair lift climbs nearly to the Nose.
Stowe's most fabulous years as a summer resort began with the opening of the lavish Mt. Mansfield Hotel, by some called the Big House, in the village on June 24, 1864. It was situated across the main street from the present Akeley Memorial Building and provided 200 guest rooms, a large dining room, dancing hall, and fine parlors. Although of plain exterior, the hotel was elaborately furnished. Later another 100 rooms were added, with buildings for a bowling alley and a laundry, and in back a park and a pond for bathing and boating.

With this and its other places, the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Company was prepared to take care of 500 guests. And business was good, because the record says that some three or four months in the summer, from three to five hundred strangers are thrown into it, with all the means of show and parade they bring with them, of fine apparel, fine carriages, and fine horses, in addition to what they may find and put into use here, this village has quite the appearance of a considerable watering place ...

Some apprehension was expressed by Mrs. Wilkins as to what disquieting effects these high-toned strangers, with nothing to do but spend money and enjoy themselves, might have on the young people of the town, not to mention the more mature. Apparently no permanent harm was done, and the Big House with its influx of summer guests did provide a good many jobs.

Mrs. Wilkins, incidentally, was the wife of George Wilkins, a distinguished local citizen, and besides being Stowe's first historian she was the first woman elected to public office in the town, serving as school superintendent from 1881 to 1888.

Several years after the big hotel was opened in the village, the company extended the Mt. Mansfield carriage road to the Summit House and charged tolls to pay for the maintenance. The Half Way House then was given up, but its site may be identified today by the large woodshed beside the present automobile road.

A carriage road previously had been built by the town into Smugglers' Notch, a spectacular rocky defile dividing Mt. Mansfield from the Sterling mountains to the northeast. This road ended just below the height of land on the Stowe side, where the Big Spring still pours water out of the mountainside as it has done since the memory of man. A small lodge called the Notch House, no longer in existence, was built by the hotel company across the road from the spring.

Smugglers' Notch has been second in popularity only to Mt. Mansfield as a scenic spot, and it is known today to the many motorists who drive through every summer on the fine state highway between Stowe and Jeffersonville in the neighboring town of Cambridge. In the 1860's, however, the Notch could be reached only on foot or by horseback from the Big Spring. Various legends, naturally, tell of smuggling activities there, but actually there seems little foundation for them although they make a good story.

As time went along, the controlling interest in the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Company passed through several hands and it was owned by a Boston hotelman named Silas Gurney when calamity struck.

On October 4, 1889 the Big House burned to the ground, and only the united efforts of the townspeople prevented the entire village from being destroyed. According to Frank E. Stafford, one of Stowe's oldest living citizens, the fire spread so rapidly that the great building was gone in a matter of two hours or so. His post during the crisis was on an adjacent brick house which was saved by pouring pails of water over carpets covering the roof. Mr. Stafford allows that it was a bit on the warm side there.

Surviving that blaze was the hotel's huge barn which had been built to stall a hundred horses with all their equipment, carriages and feed. This barn was located immediately in back of the present Green Mountain Inn (the old Mansfield House), and stood until 1950, an object of amazement in its size and construction.

Also undestroyed by the fire was the hotel's laundry building, now being used, with the original paint still visible, by the C. E. & F. O. Burt Lumber Company as a storehouse. The old bowling alley later was moved up to the main street and became, with a new roof and other additions, the building now occupied by the H. E. Shaw Company's store.

The burned-out foundations of the hotel...
remained for several years before new buildings finally were erected over them. The Burt sawmill and yard now occupy the place where the pond used to be, and through the nearby area are some of the elm trees which were planted in the hotel park.

Without any doubt the fire was a very real catastrophe and a good many local people temporarily lost work, even though business had been declining during the hotel's last few years. There were some dark mutterings to the effect that only God and Gurney knew how the fire had started, but that's as far as it went. Other large New England summer hotels were located directly on the railroads and were much more accessible, since the nearest railroad to Stowe was at Waterbury ten miles away over questionable roads. For the next thirty years, until after the first World War, summer recreation in Stowe was at Waterbury.

Recreation was not the only activity that kept things going, by a long way. Until the latter 1890's Stowe was an isolated town, in the sense that it was not located on a railway or a main thoroughfare. Food came from the local farms, and the many early industries, utilizing water power, produced almost everything else required in town. Timber, of course, there was in abundance. There were sawmills, grist mills, carding mills, tanneries, starch factories, a wagon shop, to name a few, and even a distillery. The dirt road to Waterbury was pretty bad even for those times, but in spite of this an increasing number of products such as starch, butter and butter tubs, among others, were sold outside. In 1851 a plank road, which was a primitive type of pavement used where lumber was plentiful, was constructed between Stowe and Waterbury in an attempt to solve the transportation problem, but it was torn up after a few years because the tolls did not pay for repairs.

The electric railway really opened up the town for the transportation of goods and brought about changed conditions in its economic life. Many of the small industries no longer were necessary, and the others were faced with competition from outside. It is a measure of the town's solidity and the perseverance of its citizens that at present the volume of industrial business is greater than ever before, mostly in wood products.

Following World War I a new Mt.
LOOKING WEST FROM THE NOSE:

This 4062-foot peak, though not the highest on Mt. Mansfield, offers a striking panorama of northwestern Vermont, Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks beyond. Equally spectacular are the views to the east.

The Nose is reached after a short climb from the Summit House along the west face, via the Long Trail, which traverses all of Mt. Mansfield, or by the Hazelton trail from the eastern slope.

This is part of the Mt. Mansfield State Forest which measures almost 21,000 acres, is the largest in Vermont. It comprises parts of Underhill, Stowe, Cambridge, Waterbury, Bolton and Morrisville. The Forest also may be reached from the west side at Underhill Ctr. Here there are picnic and camping areas.

In the Smugglers' Notch area are located the State Ski Shelter at the base of the Aerial Chair Lift, the caretaker's office, the parking area, and directly across from this the Loop Road for campers.

On this Road are lean-tos and tent platforms (which may be reserved in advance), toilet facilities, running water, outdoor fireplaces and special areas for trailers.

A mile further into the Notch on the main highway is the State Picnic Area, with tables, fireplaces and other facilities.

Near Barnes Camp in the lower part of the Notch the Long Trail meets the highway. Hikers may follow the Trail to the west to reach the Taft Lodge just below Mt. Mansfield's summit (CHN). Some stores usually may be secured here from a caretaker.

From the Summit the Long Trail goes on south past the end of the Toll Road (at the Summit House), along the edge of the Nose, over the Forehead, and past Butler Lodge, where usually supplies may be had, too.

Also on the Long Trail but east of and a mile-and-a-half from the highway is beautiful Sterling Pond and its lodge.

The Long Trail lodges are accommodations built for hikers by the Green Mountain Club. With those of the State Forest Service they provide inexpensive facilities for those who love the outdoors. They supplement the many private lodges and hotels in Stowe village and in the mountain area.

(Article continued next page)
ABOVE: The attractive Toll House buildings lie at the Road's terminus with Route 108. This view faces Stowe.

LEFT: Between Stowe and the mountain is the church built as a memorial to Ira Dutton of the Molokai Leper Colony.

BELOW: Also on the mountain road is the unique Stowe Center recreation area. Next to it is the new Stowe Country Club, with nine-hole course.

Mansfield Hotel Company was incorporated to purchase the Summit House and carriage road on Mt. Mansfield. Craig O. Burt, one of the directors (and the man who with Franklin E. Griffin and George Gale was responsible for starting Stowe's development as a ski center), designed and supervised the construction of an automobile road up the mountain. Although generally following the line of the carriage road, there were many problems of grading, widening and drainage. The work was commenced in the fall of 1920 and completed in 1922.

The next year the Summit House was enlarged and improved to provide for a hundred guests. With the automobile road, now commonly called the Toll Road, this enterprise has enjoyed a constant summer popularity ever since. The Toll Road also proved to be an invaluable asset in winter, for its smooth surface made an excellent ski run. In the late thirties the Toll House at the foot of the road was rebuilt as a winter inn. Mr. Burt always had a great personal interest in the mountain and until the hotel company recently passed into other hands he exercised a valuable direction over its operations.

Today the Mr. Mansfield Hotel Company has become the Mt. Mansfield Company, a Vermont corporation with Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius V. Starr of New York the majority stockholders. The company has acquired the Toll House, Toll Road and Summit House, together with the Lodge at Smugglers' Notch which has been rebuilt and redecorated as a luxurious resort hotel. The company also owns all the various uphill carriers installed on Mt. Mansfield for skiers. The aerial chair lift to the top is operated in summer as well as winter.

Mr. Starr spent many years in the Far East, and is head of the American International Underwriters Corporation, doing business all over the world. He and his wife became interested in Stowe after World War II through their enthusiasm for skiing. They found that their ideas for an integrated major ski area were shared by a young ex-Austrian, Sepp Ruschp, who had come to Stowe in 1937 for a winter of ski teaching and has remained there ever since. Mr. Ruschp organized what has become one of the most successful ski schools in the country, and now is vice president and general manager of the Mr. Mansfield Company.

The aims of the new company seem to go beyond those considerations pertaining exclusively to its own holdings. The policy is to encourage in every way the promotion of the year-round recreational
A Stowe business man estimates that the income of Stowe is derived about one-third each from agriculture, industry, and recreation, making a well balanced community taking advantage of all its resources. Since skiing became so popular, an increasing number of people have come to Stowe and opened inns and lodges. While many of these are conducted as winter business only, they are available for summer accommodations as the demand warrants.

A visitor to Stowe today will find none of the transportation difficulties of an earlier time. A modern paved highway traverses the town from Waterbury north to Morrisville, while another leads to Mt. Mansfield and Smugglers' Notch. A network of good gravel roads winds through the hills. Although the automobile has brought with it a certain attitude of feverishness—a desire to keep moving—you feel impelled to take it easy when you reach this town.

As George Adams, mill owner and one of the town selectmen, says in talking about Stowe's past: "It was a great town." and he adds quickly, with conviction—"and it still is."

"It is well worth the journey to stand upon some of our highest hills, or upon the rocky summit of Mt. Mansfield, and drink in the goodness of the Dear Father for such lavish displays of ravishing beauty, even at the remotest points, in the rough places, down the deep gorges, as well as on the mountain tops."

—Maria N. Wilkins

A quarter-mile trail leads from Route 108 near The Lodge to the rushing water and the deep-cleft gorge of Bingham Falls.
WILD FLOWERS of Vermont

by Harold C. Todd

Color photography

by the Author and Mack Derick

ONE associates a profusion of beautiful flowers with a warm and sunny climate. At the very mention of wildflowers, thought takes flight to some tropical land where the air is heavily laden with the penetrating odor of lush, exotic blossoms! In contrary manner, the infinite whiteness of snow and ice is contemplated in terms of a cold, wintry, northern domain. These are normal visions but, oftentimes, they lead us far astray from the realities of a many-sided world. There are no fixed laws which limit the range of flowers nor the ice-capped hills!

The ceaseless struggle of a wildflower for existence in the face of innumerable natural elements, amazing though it is, is as nothing compared to its eventual battle against the ravages and despoliation of man in his so-called advance of civilization. There are but few remaining places where there is still an unspoiled stand of native flora! Among these few, Vermont holds an enviable spot. In proof of this we have the wildflowers themselves to bear testimony in the full loveliness of their virgin, massive clusters in every section of the state.

Scarcely have melted the snows of a skiers paradise when, along the edges of woodland and field, drifts of wildflowers, sometimes snow-white, appear from out of nowhere to carry on Nature’s scheme. White at first and then the paler colors of lavender, soft pink and luminous yellow. Gently the colors unfold with an increasing depth and richness until the last fall blossoms round out the spectrum range. It would be impossible to list them here for there are some 1,500 species scattered over the mountains and valleys of Vermont. They stand as a tribute to the preservation of an original inheritance and to the unbounded enthusiasm of the many early contributors to the study, history and knowledge of the state flora. The historical background of the Green Mountain state abounds in names of famous naturalists.

What is the spirit of wildflowers which has prompted so many to devote their lives to it ... and why Vermont? Perhaps it may be said that the flowers of a state, like the songs of a nation, are an index to the character of its people! Certain it is that many of the flowers of Vermont, brought down through glacial ages, are of necessity rugged and sturdy and well rooted to the soil. Few indeed are the eastern states which can offer an equal diversity of bloom and species from alpine to tropical. Aside from a few marine plants found along the seaboard and a few alpines found in the White Mountains, Vermont has practically all of the plants indigenous to New England and some forty odd not found in any other New England state.

Escapes from New York have wandered into the fertile valleys and Canadian plants have crossed the border to find congenial surroundings in the northern counties. In the Champlain valley there is a large group not found elsewhere in New England. Mansfield, Horrid, Sterling, Stratton, Pisgah and Hor are but a few of the mountains offering sanctuaries for rare, precious flowers. The valleys afford a carnival of such color and magnificence as to thrill both the scientist and nature lover. Vast areas are still virgin and await exploration. There is still a fair quota of unbroken forested land where one can hope for the thrill and reward of some new discovery!

Over a half century ago, in 1894, the Vermont legislature adopted as its state flower, the red clover. Only two other states, Oklahoma and Minnesota, preceded it in a similar action. To Vermont belongs the honor of being the third state in the Union and the first east of the Mississippi to designate a state flower. Wildflowers play a tremendous part in life and the scheme of things. There are no limits to the study and enjoyment of them. They offer an outlet of truly astounding proportions to those who would avail themselves of a new, absorbing attraction. The relaxation that comes from their acquaintance and study approaches that of an exciting adventure.

(Continued on page 52 & 55)
Opposite, from top to bottom:
R: Blood Root & Mt. Laurel;
Honeysuckle (with Brown thrasher’s nest) & Wood Lily;
Azalea (Pinxter Flower)
Joe Pyeweed (Eupatorium);
Navy Weed (Piercyy Root)
Canada Golden Rod.—By Todd

(Top): Pink Lady Slipper or
locasin Flower, native orchis.

Now, from top to bottom:
R: Marsh Marigold (Crow-
family) & spring Violets;
Sweet Nuts & Wild Rose
brier) —by Derick

(Continued on page 53)

By L. B. Puffer, courtesy Bryant.
You may have seen bouillabaisse in New Orleans, your lobster stew in Maine or your clam chowder on Cape Cod but Vermont has soups and chowders, Besides a host of other things, on her menus that make your tongue hang out! Vermont, as well as Antoine’s, is noted for her food, and some of the recipes have been handed down from grandmother to bride for generations! Even with modern things like pressure cookers and electric stoves, she still cooks the old things in a way that sticks to your ribs!

There is one thing which we can’t stand. It’s tomatoes in clam chowder! Once a bride from over in York state was almost boycotted by her new family because she made the fatal mistake of making her chowder pink. We have more in common with Maine than politics since they are stiff-necked about their chowder there too! Anyway, just fry up salt pork scraps good and brown, toss in a chopped onion and when that is brown, add cubed potatoes and simmer until tender. Add whole milk and chopped clams—juice and all, if they come from a can—pepper and salt, a lump of butter and serve with old-fashioned crackers. Corn chowder is made the same way.

Chicken pie is a household word with us and if you don’t go to a chicken pie supper in some church vestry at least once a year, you are out of touch with life! Fowl, not chicken, is the main ingredient and we make it in five-quart blue baking dishes or milk pans. When the disjointed victim is stewed tender, you make up a rich gravy with the liquid, or use top milk—pour it over the boned bird in the pan and cover with fluffy baking powder biscuits. Bake until the biscuits are brown and that is all; just pass around extra gravy in pitchers for the mashed potato.

Baked bean suppers are as common as chicken pie and there are probably more of them, augmented by salads, hot rolls, coffee and pickles with a whole galaxy of pies for dessert. Yellow-eye, kidney, pea or soldier beans are raised right on the home place and have formed the nucleus of three-meals-a-day since the pioneers brought them from Boston. When I taught school and lived with an Adventist family, they had them cold for Sunday dinner.

All-day cooking is the secret of this staple. The old brown bean pot went into the oven of the wood fire on Saturday morning and came out at night, oozing its fragrant juices. You can do it with an electric oven just as well, turned low and you won’t notice the difference in your power bill. Soak the beans over night, picked over and washed and parboil in the morning. Dump half of them into the pot and add molasses or maple syrup—maybe some brown sugar or maple, if you like them sweet, a chunk of salt pork, a pinch of mustard, salt and pepper. Cover with water and bake. Uncover the last hour and they will be brown and crispy on top. Serve with slabs of home-made steamed brown bread.

Then there is the long and luscious parade of native berries which flood our fields and hills like largesse from Olympia. Wild strawberries start the procession, red as gum drops in pasture and mowing. In shady places they grow as big as thimbles with six-inch stems and you can pick them in a fragrant bouquet. Wild strawberries make the best jam in the world if you have patience to hull them and garden berries run a close second. Grandmother used to cook them in the sun, turning them over and over. She called it sunshine jam and this is how she did it, keeping the sun-kissed flavor of the fresh berries, for she had no freezer locker to hold their sweetness for months. She weighed equal parts of sugar and berries, hulled and washed and laid them carefully in layers in her big white enameled preserving kettle that was on duty from June to October. She covered each layer with an inch or so of sugar and set them on the broad shelf in the butt’ry—out of the way of us children, I suppose—then heated them slowly on the back of her wood stove until they boiled. She skimmed them with her old flat cream skimmer and boiled them, fast, for ten minutes.

Then out came the huge old ironstone platters that held the Thanksgiving turkey and onto them she poured the berries. Some broken window glass was always carefully saved for the next step which consisted of propping it over the platters about a quarter of an inch, on wads of newspaper. For two or three days they remained in the sun in the yard. She turned them over carefully every day. Finally the syrup formed a soft jelly, and then they were brought in and poured into hot, sterilized glasses, sealed with wax. This was sunshine jam as grandmother made it years ago.

And of course, berry season is short cakes season, too, the hot biscuit kind. We split the biscuits in half and spread with butter and
I am always disappointed when I order crushed, sweetened fruit with one more on top and a dab of whipped cream as the climax. Berry season is so short but we live handsomely while we may!

But there are weeks of epicurean delight in store for you, especially if you live in the country and can find them for yourself. Nature is open-handed and strawberries are only the beginning. Black raspberries or black caps, step on the heels of strawberries and the red ones overlap the black. Berries on cereal, shortcake, pie and jam, raspberries frozen for next winter!

Blueberries are next. Most make deep dish pies with one crust and don’t thicken them, either! We like them juicy. High bush blueberries grow like trees and are such easy picking that we fill water pails every year.

We are usually picking currants about the Fourth of July for jelly and bar le due, made with honey. To make the latter, you stem about three quarts of fruit and crush them into a kettle and bring to a boil, cook two minutes and add six cups of hot sugar. Boil for three minutes more and add half a cup of clear honey, slowly, so that the boiling does not stop. If you have your own bees, there is nothing just like clover or wild flower honey! It adds a different zest to anything! Boil three minutes longer, pour into glasses and seal. It’s a prize item. I often use the soft, blackberry-like fruit of the old mulberry trees with currants in a pie. The tartness of one offsets the flatness of the other.

Then, before you know it, blackberries are ready and they go down cellar, too, in jelly, jam and wine. Red raspberries make that old-fashioned favorite, raspberry shrub or vinegar, which grandmother used to put up in two-quart bottles with paraffin-dipped corks tied on with rubber for pickle, an economy measure in hot jars. You can even use your old jar rubbers for pickle, an economy measure which Vermonters never pass up!

Slice young summer squash very thin and fry it. First dip your squash into a thick batter of egg, flour and milk and sauté until a golden brown. And there’s an old family recipe for summer squash pie, made just like winter squash, with brown sugar—and tasting like pumpkin!

Farm women of fifty years ago always had a batter pitcher sitting on the back of the stove. They kept buckwheat batter in it all year round, adding a little every night so that, it never went dry. For always there were buckwheat cakes for breakfast with maple syrup or sugar along with thick oatmeal and thicker cream, baked potatoes (they got up at five o’clock to do it) and country sausage in flat cakes, fried brown. They didn’t go in much for fruit but they made up for it in calories!

Outdoor barbecues are all the fashion now. In Vermont, country people have always had their own style of cook-outs, long before they got into the magazines! Often they were combined with business, for Vermonters have no time to waste, or it might be a Sunday picnic party in the north field.

When an all-day berrying trip was on the program, say strawberries in June, there were usually early peas in the garden as well as a few little new potatoes big enough to dig, no bigger than a baby’s fist. A mess of new peas, baby potatoes, a tin milk can of top milk or cream, a pat of new butter, and a kettle to cook in, made up the menu. Maybe there was a loaf of fresh bread or a warm sponge cake, hurriedly baked after breakfast. Milk and butter were cached in the brook and at noon, someone rang the big cow bell and the berry pickers, hot and tired, gathered to eat. While a fire was built upon a stone circle at the edge of the brook, peaches were shelled and potatoes scrubbed in the water with wet sand, all the peeling they need. They boiled the potatoes until almost tender, tossed in the peas and served with cream and butter. Maybe there was cottage cheese, with fresh sage stirred in.

Every good Vermonter thins out his beet row for beet greens when the little beets are as big as marbles, providing a thirsty and tasty meal. Cook them with new potatoes and salt pork, in doors or out and you have a typical country meal!

“Tell me what a man eats and I’ll tell you what he is.” Maybe that is why you can tell a Vermonter anywhere.
Auctioneer Charlie Bissell of Morrisville is superb showman, uses standard cane.

Disconsolate man sitting in rain with purchased cups wants to go home. Wife urges him to stay.

In photographs shows the faces of Vermont auction triple-decker, with alternating days last year in the small town.

Below: Under the hammer, sunshine finds the professional front row. They won't budge from their seats all day if they'll bid. Every auctiongoer's dream is to attend a sale.
The joys and intoxication of auction going are recounted here.

Hellen Hawthorne

Werner Z. Reed III

Motions reflected on guns. This was a auctioneers, held three of Albany, Vermont.

For many years, June, my husband (and please don't ask me to go into detail with his name) Junellen, our daughter, and I decided we wanted to live on a farm. Our former home was small, only five rooms, and the "yard" as they call it in the suburbs, about a sixth of an acre. You could almost hear the neighbors snore when the windows were open. Being the Hawthornes we went to the other extreme. Our farm house has eleven rooms, plus the woodshed, a milk room, summer kitchen (which I have hopes some day of restoring) and garages, not to mention the barns, chicken house, corn crib across the road. We have three hundred and ten acres, "more or less."

Even though the van was loaded with our furniture, plus many donations from friends, you can well imagine we decidedly needed more, so the Hawthornes got a good dose of auction fever.

I love auctions! They give me more fun than anything else I know of. Never a dull moment, believe me. If I see a notice in the paper or in the post office, I read every line and immediately feel myself quivering with the mere thought of what is to be sold, and of what I can buy.

The really bad part of the whole thing is, I never know enough to keep my big mouth shut. I want to bid on everything. Once I bid on a spring to go with an old bed I had bought. What did I get but the whole bed and the spring for ten cents. That was three years ago. The bed, the one I wanted the spring for, is still standing in the summer kitchen. Some of the old varnish has been scraped off, but it is still far from finished. That will be a job for one of those "long winter evenings" we hear so much about.

Another time I bid on a buggy. That, of course, would be at an auction miles from our home. June kept saying, "How will we get it home?" That thought never occurred to me; all I wanted was the buggy. "We'll get it home some way," I answered. We did. I was so enthusiastic I bid myself up fifty cents, much to the amusement of the crowd, and a very red face on my part, but I got the buggy for three dollars and fifty cents. That is one of the many things which I have bought that was well worth the money.

Another thing I bid on was the property itself. I bid myself up fifty cents, much to the amusement of the crowd, and a very red face on my part, but I got the property for three dollars and fifty cents. That is one of the many things which I have bought that was well worth the money.

Mud season is mud season up in these hills! Believe me, even though I am middle aged, I never in my life knew mud could do the things it does to you. One thing I certainly do know, it gives you a choice vocabulary that definitely is not in the dictionary. But that is another story. To get back to my buggy, it comes in mighty handy during this very maddening season. Hitch up old Topsy, if you want a slow leisurely ride to where you keep your car.
parked half the time in mud season, or
to Ginger, if you want a fast one, and
probably lose half your groceries coming
back. I have seen that happen too.

One of my pet acts at an auction is to
bid on boxes of junk, at least that is what
June calls them. Junellen loves to do the
same. Once she bid on a bread box,
contents unknown. It was during the
sugar rationing and also at the time when
if you could get paper napkins, you
couldn't get toilet tissue, or vice versa.
When we opened the bread box, what a
surprise inside, two boxes of confectioner's
sugar, three rolls of toilet tissue (we had
paper napkins at the time) and a new
percolator, and all for seventy-five cents.

I bid on a box because I saw part of a
hanging lamp in it. It cost me fifty cents.
What a collection I got; a high silk hat, a
pair of wooden ice skates with metal
runners, a raffia napkin ring, several coat
hangers, a small dish bound with sweet
grass and a picture of Mt. Vernon under
the glass with assorted shells, a small
brown and white dish, (I have that hang­
ing on my kitchen wall) two iron shelf
brackets and of course the part of the
hanging lamp. The lamp part itself was
missing, but I still have hopes someday of
getting that. And then I have the colossal
nerve to wonder how things collect in
woodsheds and attics.

Our kitchen table when we first came
to the farm was a small drop leaf affair
which an auction soon remedied. For
another fifty cents, I bought a kitchen
table with seven leaves. What a mob we
can get around that, and what a joy it is
to say, “just shove another leaf in”
instead of squeezing ten in where five
could sit in comfort.

Came a time when June began to won­
der if it were safe for me to attend so
many auctions. In due time along came
another one. I promised I would do my
best not to bid too much, but I wanted to
take a friend of ours who had never been
to one and who had recently bought a
place near us.

Off we started, Wilma, her small
daughter Sandy and myself. We were
warned most emphatically by our men­
folk not to come home with any more
junk, a good thing our opinions differed
on the meaning of the word junk. This
time I didn't bid much for myself, I was
the mouthpiece for Wilma. She was so
taken in by the fast speech of the auc­
tioneer, the stuff for sale and the people
around, she was practically speechless.
She would nudge me whenever she
wanted something and say hurriedly,
"See if you can get that for me." In a few
hours we had quite a collection, two
spool beds, a black walnut drop leaf table,
six or seven leaves added, a few chairs,
boxes of junk, and as the saying goes on
every auction poster, “and other articles
too numerous to mention.” Then we
began to wonder how in the world we
could get it all home. I guess we were
rather excited and spoke louder than we
thought. A young man standing next to
me said, “I have a pick-up truck and will
be glad to help you out. We thanked him
and congratulated ourselves on our luck.

Then came the job of loading. Carefully
and lovingly we helped. We were de­
lighted with our loot. My sedan was
parked further down the road so I told
the young man I would blow the horn and
he could follow us. He asked what kind
of a car I had, so I told him what to watch
out for. His next words almost had the
effect of a bomb. “Want to swap cars?”

My utter surprise must have shown on
my face. “I'm not fooling” he went on,
“There are four of us in my family and
we would like a sedan.”

My thoughts went back to the warning
of June, “Please don’t do anything fool­
ish.” I weighed this up and down in my
mind. A truck sure would come in handy
on the farm I thought.

“Well,” I said, “let me think it over.”
Home we started. You can well imagine the consternation on our respective husband's faces when we drove merrily up on Wilma's and Art's lawn, the truck loaded in back of us.

Before they had a chance to protest I hurriedly exclaimed, "Do you want to swap our car for this truck?" I got the stock answer, "Are you crazy?"

The young man and I finally convinced June we weren't fooling and in the wind up, the Hawthornes had a truck, and the young man a sedan, both parties entirely pleased with themselves and their cars.

We have trucked the cow to the bull more times than I want to think about, because it is usually my job to push the cow in from the stone wall where we back the truck for loading. We have taken a year old bull down street to be dressed off, we use the truck for haying, lumbering and also for pleasure. When I say pleasure, I mean after we get to our destination. Though the "General" is certainly serviceable, it was never made for easy riding. Nevertheless it gets us where we want to go, at least most of the times, and I am sure June doesn't think it is junk, although he still claims I wanted the truck just to haul stuff home.

We bought "Emily Bedelia" our first cow at an auction and arrived home long after respectable milking hours. We knew that definitely from the protests she bellowed every few seconds.

We have bought farm tools, farm machinery, and here we go again, "articles too numerous to mention." I still love auctions and if you never have been to one, do your darndest and make sure you do. If it is one off the beaten path, so much the better. A rare treat will be in store for you. You'll get many a chuckle I'll guarantee. I did, and still do.
The story of the F. H. Horsford Nursery in Charlotte, Vermont's oldest and the verifiers of new flower strains.

by Baird Hall

Photography by Mack Derick

Native Vermonters and discriminating visitors to this State find special enjoyment in two things. Scenery and Vermonters.

A fortunate combination of these two attractions rewards the visitor to an old farmhouse in the Champlain Valley at Charlotte, Vermont. Behind this farm, to the east, rise the Green Mountains. In front of the farm, across a beautiful reach of Lake Champlain, rise the Adirondacks. The glories of sunsets in that westward view are beyond description. And in the season of perennial blooming, these incredible colors come to earth all around the old farmhouse. Flowers. Acres of flowers. Because this Horsford farm has, since 1893, been better known as the Horsford nurseries.

Above: Mrs. Earl Horsford, who manages the 50-year old concern, gathers Hybrid Lilacs, picking from the mauve-pink Belle de Nancy. The Horsford's “own-root” Hybrid Lilacs, of several varieties, have proved successful as far north as Alaska.

Above Opposite: Peonies in single, double, anemone, or bomb types, invite one to visit Horsford's. Many make selections at bloom time for planting later. Horsford's displays more than fifty varieties. An old slate quarry lies in the far meadow.

Right Opposite: Oriental Poppies glorify the garden landscape during June, blending with other early flowers. The older orange-scarlet poppies are now supplanted largely by whites, shell-pink, salmon, mauve, cerise, mahogany red and other hues.
These old fashioned Painted Daisies in vivid pinks and reds always capture the visitor’s attention. The June blooming perennials, found to be excellent for cutting, are termed “Pyrethrum hybridum.”

So much for the scenery.

Last summer Norma Jane Horsford was married in the old house. And she was the fifth generation of her family to be married in that house. When the old Squire built it in the latter part of the 18th Century, on a land grant of 2000 acres, the house was not large. It has been added to. And the acreage has been reduced as crop farming changed to the growing of perennial flowers, shrubs and trees.

It was Frederick H. Horsford (born 1855) who became the first family botanist and who, with the famous Cyrus G. Pringle, began work on the collection and preparation of botanical specimens for the supply of European herbariums. The “Pringle & Horsford’s Price List” of 1881 (reproduced with this article) quoted all charges in shillings and pounds for convenience in foreign exchange. The “Horsford’s Trade List” of 1893 (viz. the little lady in the big hat) went so far as to quote in American money, but with the notation that the lily bulbs were “well packed for shipment to any part of Europe.”

Hardy Horsfords, in a little north country Vermont valley, built a business of growing hardy New England plants for a more effete world.

With the coming of the 20th Century, a lot of things have changed. But Hardy Horsfords are still growing hardy plants on this same north country farm. There is a big greenhouse now, but make no mistake, Horsford plants are not hothouse plants. This nursery stubbornly (albeit often regretfully) refuses the urging of enthusiastic customers that this or that or the other variety should be included in the catalog offerings. As skilled horticulturists, the Horsfords can of course grow practically anything . . . and they do keep experimenting . . . but no plant or bulb, no shrub or tree goes into the Horsford line until that variety has proven itself a Vermonter.

It takes more than one winter to prove oneself a Vermonter.

The Horsford nurseries are probably best known for...
SECTION IX.

Lilies.

The prices herein mentioned are for good, healthy bulbs of strong-flowering size, and well packed for shipment to any part of Europe. No charges for packing.

LILIUM auratum. Strong-flowering bulbs ......................................... 25 00
Extra large, select ............................................................................ 30 15 00
LILIUM speciosum rubrum ........................................................................ 25 8 00

This comes from the first price list of the reorganized F. H. Horsford Nursery. The Horsfords settled in Charlotte in the late 1700s.

their hardy lilies, hardy chrysanthemums, and a special hybrid lilac grown only on its own roots. Frederick Horsford originated Lilium horsfordi. The lilacs grown only on their own roots bloom sooner after transplanting and are more hardy. The Horsford selection of shrubs and evergreens, of roses and climbing vines are the old standbys that have been growing and blooming in New England gardens for many generations. To quote the current catalog, “The growth on our shrubs is slow but is correspondingly ‘hard’ and less liable to be killed back.”

Specimens “well packed for shipment to any part of Europe” are not, today, the major part of the Horsford business. It is from all parts of the United States that Horsford catalog order blanks now come, requesting hardy stock from a little north country valley. And hardy stock is what those catalog orderers get.

But we are hereby hinting that maybe the way to get an extra something . . . something in addition to the good plants . . . is, on a summer’s day, to nose your car into the village of Charlotte, and out along the blacktop road beside Lake Champlain, til you come to the old Horsford farmhouse, with the Green Mountains behind it and the wide Lake in front of it and acres of flowers all around it and Horsfords inside it. Or, if Horsfords aren’t inside, they’ll be somewhere right there on that land which was granted to the old Squire a couple of Centuries ago. END

VERMONT Life 43
KURN HATTIN
The story of a unique Vermont institution, privately supported, that has provided a fine education and home for many children.

"My uncle's boy who is ten years old has no home; his father and mother are both dead. He has no brothers or sisters. My mother took care of him for a while, but she is seventy-three years old and I have no place to take him. He is a nice little boy and real bright."

Vermont has such problems and like other states has worked out various solutions. Most public welfare endeavor is an outgrowth of some project started by groups of private citizens attempting to alleviate a serious need. Vermont has developed fine public welfare services but has several outstanding privately developed projects as well, such as Kurn Hattin.

(Continued next page)

Black and White Photography by Rétasse and Lloyd

Top Left: A place in the Band is a musical goal.
Left: Boys made own pool. The girls have another.
Top Right: Wilson cottage is Director's home.
Right Ctr.: School cookouts are always popular.
Right: Girls' Glee Club produces own operettas.
Fifty years ago a Boston minister, the Reverend Charles Dickinson, a native of Westminster, joined with several other Vermonter's in developing a home for boys and girls who had none of their own or had been deprived of one because their parents had failed them. The organization was named Kurn Hattin because a hill behind the buildings resembled the one in Palestine on which, it is said, the Beatitudes were first spoken. Literally the name means "Horns of Hattin." Throughout the years the Homes have grown in serving boys and girls of the New England states.

At present the organization owns some thousand acres of land; five well equipped cottages, three for boys and two for girls; two school buildings; two gymnasiums; and other farm and service buildings. The Homes are for children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Those who are in a position to contribute to the support of their children are asked to do so.

The organization operates its own grammar schools with full-time academic teachers as well as special instructors in music, recreation, printing, sheet metal, agriculture, sewing, and domestic arts. The Homes are...
unique in setting no visiting days or hours. People are welcome to visit the children at any time. Kurn Hattin boys and girls live in home-like cottage groups of about twenty each, cared for by a house instructor. They attend church services in the villages of Westminster and Saxtons River.

The Homes not only care for children, but train them as well. In a separate Manual Arts building the boys operate a print shop, carpenter shop, sheet metal shop, and their own laundry. Kurn Hattin operates its own farm.

The girls' department has been developed in Saxtons River on property left to the Homes by Mrs. Sarah Warner, a lifelong resident of the village. The girls have a well-equipped domestic science laboratory and a sewing class room. Both the boys' and girls' departments are equipped with infirmaries and a recreational director reaches all the children to swim and to play the usual games children enjoy. The academic training is of a high order, and graduates are accepted by high schools throughout the state. Kurn Hattin has long been noted for the musical training that its boys and girls receive.

It is not the purpose of the Homes to send every boy
Individuality is fostered here at Kurn Hattin. The girls chose their own clothes. Puppets make one of the favorite hobbies.

and girl to college, but any who are capable of doing college work are encouraged to continue. The Trustees have set up a special fund for aiding college students. Four years ago one of the boys, who had been at Kurn Hattin for eight years, won a four-year scholarship at Middlebury College. Now graduated, he has earned an officer’s commission in the United States Marines and entered the service at the close of last year. He has already repaid to the fund most of what was given him.

Another boy who had been at the Homes for eight years, started out as a farm worker. He soon showed that he had considerable ability as a carpenter and obtained work with a contractor. He now has his own family, own contracting business and home. Still another boy owns his own plumbing business and has recently been made a Trustee of the Homes. The boys and girls enter varied occupations. Many are engaged in farming, store-keeping, trucking, carpentry, printing, and plumbing.

Kurn Hattin is managed by a board of eighteen trustees, the present chairman is Howard C. Rice of Brattleboro. The director for the past twenty-five years has been W. I. Mayo. A small endowment fund takes care of about one-sixth of the expense. Some fifty thousand dollars yearly is raised by public subscription to enable the Homes to continue their service to Vermont.

The purpose of the Kurn Hattin Homes, as it was fifty years ago, is to turn out boys and girls who will be self-supporting, self-respecting citizens of the community, able to manage their own affairs sensibly and to live in accordance with good moral standards.

Dietician Eleanor Ward gives tips on cooking, one of five girls’ vocations. The girls enjoy weaving on a hand loom.
Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By Vrest Orton

A New Deal in Public Life

Don't bristle . . . the word New Deal has nothing to do with Federal affairs in Washington. I am using it in its semantic sense. In Vermont we offer a new deal in public life for Americans. Our special way of life proffers men of experience and wisdom an opportunity for real public service unparalleled anywhere in the United States today. This opportunity is what I want to talk about here.

The Fundamental Principle

The Republic of Vermont was founded on the hope that the Freemen of this state would continue to be self-reliant and independent folk, able to conduct their own affairs in their own special way. Our Constitution concisely states this principle when it says:

"That frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, and a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality, are absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty, and keep government free; the people ought, therefore, to pay particular attention to these points in the choice of officers and representatives..."

How It Works

Since this is not an essay in abstraction, let me tell you about a man I know who illustrates, better than any theory I can cite, how the Vermont way of life works, when an able and successful man, with a sincere desire to be of public service, starts to find where he can do the most good.

Right after the war, there settled in one of our southern townships a newcomer who was as foreign to Vermont and Vermon ters, as they were foreign to him. During the war, lying in a Navy Hospital he had read in a newspaper something about Vermont, a place he had never before given any thought to. What he read appealed to him. He determined, if he ever got out of the Hospital, to go up there. To make a long story short, he got out, sold his holdings in New York, and came to the Green Mountain land, bag and baggage.

Naturally, he looked around and saw that everyone in Vermont worked at something . . . everyone that is who was anyone. So he went to work. He bought a farm and began to build it up. It wasn’t over a couple of years before the place won honors in the Green Pastures program. Our friend didn’t brag about it . . . he kept on improving the farm and working . . . quietly.

After a while, again to shorten our tale, he got acquainted in town, and since he was a modest chap, he was one day asked by a group of citizens to run for town representative.

He had a fight there. An old-time native and former representative was also running. But our man quietly, and this took a long time, stopped into the homes in the township and visited with the families . . . sometimes for a couple hours each. When the primary returns were in his vote was 120. The other fellow got 20. Our friend didn’t brag about it . . . he kept improving the farm and working . . . quietly.

What it Means

On every hand, this man practiced the virtues set forth in the Constitution of moderation, temperance, frugality and industry. Thus, the story proves, I believe, a number of things that are good. It proves that the Vermont Constitution is not a scrap of paper but a true record of the Vermont way of life. It proves that we are able, up here, to conduct our own affairs.

But above all . . . and this is my purpose in setting down these words . . . above all else proves that a newcomer to Vermont, if he conducts himself according to these principles, can not only begin, almost at once, rendering real public service to the people of this state, but he can actually go far in winning honors and satisfaction for himself.

This is the kind of people who succeed in Vermont instead of unsuccessful theorists who, deluded into thinking they can escape reality by migrating to the country, come to Vermont to practice what they call sub-sistence farming, only to end up by living sub-sistence lives. The man I cite here was just the opposite, he was a success before he came here, and he therefore knew success comes only with hard work.

Further, the story of my friend down forever, I hope, the oft repeated canard, current in Vermont and in New England for over a century, that Vermon ters are a stand-offish folk, and that it takes more than thirty years for them to accept a newcomer into the fold. While this may have been true in the 19th century, certainly it is not true today.

In Vermont today, there are golden opportunities, lying like gold nuggets all over the landscape of this mountain land, for men who are tired of city life, to settle amongst us and to make a contribution to Vermont life.

But only if they are good men, with the virtues enumerated . . . plus modesty, sincerity and patience.

Vermont needs first rate men and welcomes them . . . not exactly with brass bands or loud bally-hoo . . . but with a less exuberant welcome as slow as it is sure. It is a welcome that can end in great mutual respect and admiration. Several newcomers I know have not only given much to Vermont, but they have found themselves. For the first time in their lives they have been able to do something they could never do in the United States . . . give themselves to a people and a cause that never seems unworthy of the gift. END

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.
At the Sign

A Department of

Literary Comment

"I Never Read Poetry"

Most of the world has gone steadily on its way, paying little heed to the uproar that has been raging for two decades in gatherings of modern poets. The trouble started with Amy Lowell who emerged from France heavily laden with the aura of the French symbolists; then Ezra Pound—now in a mental institution—began to thump his kettledrum; and, finally, an ex-American, now a Britisher, T. S. Eliot, awoke the poets. The trouble started with "The Wasteland," which nobody seemed never intended such a result, the result in Vermont for many and many a year, in its class of "mean." Was a wide rash of poetry—with most of them being in the same class with General U. S. Grant who said, in speaking of music, that he knew two tunes—"One was Yankee Doodle, and the other wasn't." A certain hard-headed type of citizen cannot be expected to enjoy poetry. I recall that in my teaching days in "prep" school, one of my lads in reading the scene in Shakespeare where Queen Dido waves farewell to Aeneas with a willow in her hand, read "pillow" instead of "willow," and I was never able to make him see why a "pillow" was not as satisfactory as a "willow." He was the hard-headed son of a long line of hard-headed shipbuilders—and they built good ships—to whom a rose was merely another kind of flower with a different smell, and that was that, and any talk about a rose blooming redder where some Caesar bled was plain nonsense. I recall a friend who dismissed poetry with a grunt, but I had the pleasure of singing lustily at his funeral Whittier's grand old hymn of hope—"I know not where His islands lift/ Their fronded palms in air,/ I only know I cannot drift/ Beyond His love and care."

And there is poetry in it, T. S. Eliot and his whole crowd to the contrary.

The poetic tradition in Vermont is quiet—one which has viewed the uproar to which I have referred above with amusement—"This, too, shall pass away," but it has its moments over the years. Names such as Elsa Barker, Sarah Cleghorn, Wendell Phillips Stafford, Percy MacKaye, Burges Johnson, Frances Frost, Walter R. Hard, are names not merely for yesterday and today, but for many tomorrows. We have younger poets, writing steadily and well, to whom I hope to give some attention after Quill readers have recovered from this venture into poetry. Those with real interest will find Vermont Verse: An Anthology, edited by Walter John Coates and Frederic Tupper, an excellent review of Vermont poets from the past to the present. Most Vermont libraries have copies, but they may be purchased through the Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, at $1.50. The Society endeavors to rescue such books which cannot be handled successfully on a commercial basis.

To bolster my point of view a bit, I have chosen two Vermont poets for passing comment. Mrs. Blanche F. Gile of Burlington was one of the winners of the Durham Poetry Award offered at the University of New Hampshire Writers Conference in August, 1951. She is at present president of the Poetry Society of Vermont. This award takes the form of publication in a brochure called the Durham Chapbook, Number Seven, published by the American Weave Press, 1559 East 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio, at fifty cents. Robert P. Tristram Coffin in his introduction to the Chapbook writes this significant sentence about her work: "From slender and private lyrics she has gone on and up to universals of fundamental metaphor and the public domain of the inevitable phrase."

(Continued on page 52)
The chimneys scream. there's not much doubt
The shutters clamor. From here it seems
March night; be so serene? the small ones out.

There you have the final word on a wild Vermont night in the lowest month of the year. Then with a far imaginative sweep, we have this poem, simple as the word “home,” yet like “home” having thousands of different meanings not found in any dictionary because no two homes are alike to those who love them:

Monument

The meadow pool remembers
The name a slim white quill
Of moon has written on water
Between a hill and hill.

The meadow pool remembers
A name the pines have told
The wind to write on water,
Stars to point with gold.

Sleep well in the unmarked distant
Grave you keep alone,
When water is pledged to remember,
What need of stone?

The poem brings to mind three young friends of mine, fine, upstanding, American lads who had a right to live out their dreams, now vanished in Korea with their dreams and great possibilities. With the dead of all old American wars, they seem to fade in memory, just as the names on monuments fade, but most of us are wise enough to know that “some must die that something greater than man may live,” and in that “something greater,” which I will not stop to define, their memory is safe—and they have “no need of stone.”

Selected Poems by Corinne Eastman Davis reflects a blithe and brilliant mind and a sensitive spirit. Mrs. Davis was one of the founders of the Poetry Society of Vermont, and her interest and ability are woven throughout its sound organization. Poetry was but one element in a life usefully and gaily lived. Both prose and poetry appealed to her, and her prose contributions were major winners in the contests sponsored by the League of Vermont Writers, but in her poems are the gleams of her joyous, courageous, thoughtful self. It is difficult to select representative poems, but here is a Vermont picture, gently, simply done:

Interval

The ticking of the big clock
Heard his first crying;
Now the striking of each hour
Measures his dying.

Time is slowed by weight of will;
As he softly fingers
The faded pattern of the quilt
Life still lingers.

Beyond the pasture bars, young stock
Await his coming;
Other hands than his tonight
Guide their homing.

The last log of apple wood
Burns to embers,
But in a room grown cold, he
No longer remembers.

A smiling poem, too long to quote, is entitled “Irritations,” and my male readers will begin to recognize themselves as the poem describes the way we read across the breakfast table, overlook anniversaries, slam a door that makes “the whole house shiver,” set a tumbler down with a bang, leave all the house lights on, take a bath and leave a ring and “soapy footprints on the rugs,” and we are lucky if someone can still say of us:

There doesn’t seem to be a thing
That I can do to change him,
But I suspect he’d lose his charm
If I should rearrange him.

Although desperately ill and facing death which came later, Mrs. Davis wrote this poem for a friend also severely ill:

Faith

This then is Faith, standing there
Between Hope and Love, the gentlest of these three;
Unquestioning, submissive, her fair star
Reflects the brightest in the darkest sea.

This then is Faith—the only bridge
Between the grim days of our darkness and our fear,
When God withdraws His face until the certain hour
We feel again the shining presence near.

As one of her many loyal and admiring friends, I would close this brief review with Shelley’s immortal words, “Hail to thee, blithe spirit!” and add “farewell.”

Selected Poems is a beautifully designed and printed brochure, privately printed by Deane Chandler Davis of Barre, Vt.

Summer Reading

In recent previous Quills I have published lists of favorite Vermont books, and I have just enough space to add a few more from the lists that have come in.

Here are some suggestions: Four Ducks on a Pond by Alice Brainerd Nelson (“Four ducks on a pond./A grass bank beyond./A blue cloud of spring./White clouds on the wing;/What a little thing/To remember for years—/To remember with tears,” The Vermont Book Shop, Middlebury, Vt. $2.05, 1951; The South-west Corner by Mildred Walker (There was a door in the southwest corner of the house, and this is a charming, gracious story, free of “sex and sin,” about what lay beyond the door), Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1951, $2.00; The Quarry by the same author has been praised by our readers; the publishers do not know enough to put the price of the book on the advertisement for the book; so I cannot give you that. The above are recent books; here are some older favorites named by Mrs. Arthur E. Davids, 730 Secor Road, Hartsdale, N. Y.: The New Green Mountain Songster by Helen Hartness Flanders, Yale University Press, 1939—Vermont ballads with tunes; New England Year and A Drop in the Bucket by Muriel Follett, Stephen Daye Press, 1939 and 1941; Old Vermont Houses by Herbert W. Condon, Stephen Daye Press, 1940; Mountain Verities, Over Against Green Peak (Tuttle Company 1926), Chrysalis, The Beloved Community, Winterwise by Zephine Humphrey, E. P. Dutton; poetry-East of Bridgewater by Ann Batchelder, E. P. Dutton, 1943; Green Mountain Verse, edited by Pierce and Flanders, Farrar and Rinehart, 1943. Raymond Sanders, Director of the Community School, Bennington, Vt., adds some worthwhile titles: It Can’t Happen Here by Sinclair Lewis, Vermont Boyhood by Charles Ripley, Blue Cat of Castleton by Catherine Coblenz, Justin Morgan Had a Horse by Marguerite Henry, Stage Coach North by W. Storre Lee.

Local libraries and local bookstores can be consulted about these books. Many excellent Vermont books pass from the scene because New York publishers cannot keep books in stock unless the sales reach sizable figures—or so they claim. Vermonters and summer residents can query the Free Public Library Commission, Montpelier, Vt., whose excellent staff is not only co-operative but wise in the ways of books.

Poking an inquisitive nose into books is an interesting pastime and also rewarding. Friends who come visiting can hardly be ordered home when they become bored; books are an improvement—they can be heaved aside with little respect; and a book that does not get such summary treatment becomes a friend for the months and often the years. The final list of “book-friends” will appear in the autumn issue, and will represent the combined wisdom, I hope, of all of us.

END
SUMMER GREETINGS

Unlike a certain contemporary we do not in Vermont boast endless days of sunshine, not caring much for such monotonous fare.

We think you'll like the fresh, warm days, cool nights and occasional showers, and more than that, you'll like the charm of the Vermont countryside, the many and varied things to do and to see here.

For instance, there are maple sugar on snow parties in August, antique shows, town fairs, pageants, church lawn parties, summer theaters, fine art exhibits and concerts, flower shows, fascinating historic sites and restorations.

For the athletically inclined there are the many state and national forest parks to visit, Long Trail hiking, enjoying the youth hostels on foot or cycling, riding, mountain climbing, swimming (more than 400 lakes), golf (57 courses), and some of the best fishing you've ever seen.

The days of chair rocking on summer hotel porches are past in Vermont, but neither is the Vermont summer one of roller-coaster rides or "planned activities." We think you'll like, too, a country that contains in each square mile a full square mile of growing soil, with trees and flowers and people living on it. Enjoy Vermont with us this year.

VERMONT LIFE
Montpelier, Vermont

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There is no more Yankee than Polynesian in me but whenever I go to Vermont I feel that I am traveling toward my own place . . .

Bernard DeVoto in December 1951 HARPER'S