Maple Time

THE OLD WAY 18 Grant Heilman
STREAMLINED SUGARBUSH 24 James W. Marvin & Ruth Page
NEW HARDWOOD LAB 27 Federal help too
MIRACLE MAPLES 28 Ronald N. Rood
IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO FUN 29 You don’t eat economics

Scenic Specials

FOG 12 Sonja Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo

People

QUILTS OF GOSPEL HOLLOW 2 Hanson Carroll
BOOKS IN BARS 4 Barbara and John F. Smith
SODA HOP 11 Ann della Chiesa
HARNESSMAKER 30 Joyce Wilson
KIM GOES FISHING 32 David Bachelder

Nature

THE WET LANDS 43 Charles C. Johnson, on bogs
Philip F. Allan, on marshes

The Past

1200 MILES ON THE HOOF 6 Enoch Squires
FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HAYDEN 50 Louis L. Lamoreux, on The Dale Curse

Departments

V-L REPORTS 60 Fine art collections
MYSTERY PICTURE 57 Number 25
FOOD 58 Cooking with Maple
GREEN MOUNTAIN POST-BOY 57 Notes on the passing scene

Covers: Front—Ray Richardson Farm, Jeffersonville, Grant Heilman; Inside—Apple Blossoms, John Vondell; Back—Near Pawlet, E. L. Gockeler
THE QUILTS OF GOSPEL
ONE DAY each month the Ladies Home Mission meets in the old church at Gospel Hollow which serves now as the Calais town hall.

Most of the ten members are daughters of the women who started the Mission 70 years ago, their purpose, as now, to lend support, mainly by the members’ talents in sewing and quilting, to neighborhood needs.

When this was an active church, the Mission met every other week at some member’s home. That day the ladies would pitch in and do what household sewing their hostess had on hand, and work too on practical garments for the needy.

Today the Mission still makes and lays aside clothing for families which have been burned out or are otherwise in need. They make plain and fancy aprons to sell at local bazaars, and the profits help to keep the town hall in repair, and to support active churches in the area.

But tying quilts is the Mission’s best-known endeavor. Members usually cut and sew the patchwork blocks at home, and piece the blocks with sash dividers. Today most people want a light quilt (which can go in a washer), so the colorful patchwork top is backed to a heavy flannel or blanket liner. The tying is done at the meetings, the top and liner stretched on big hardwood frames. Tying must be done carefully to keep the quilt from puckering, but twenty experienced hands make the work go fast. Most years the Mission makes five or six quilts to sell, and they tie other people’s quilts for them, too.

The Mission day is one for pleasant visiting, along with the work, and a pot-luck dinner is served at noon in the hall’s kitchen basement. Each lady brings a dish of her own choosing and making, to share with the others. But one day the inevitable happened—eight ladies came and brought with them eight apple pies. At noon they sat down together, however, and ate the eight with pleasure.
Pick a specialty if you really need an excuse. It's old cookbooks that lead us to pleasurable afternoon browsing in old Vermont bookshops. In so doing we've already poked through three intriguing establishments, and there are more, especially if one counts the old book sections of Vermont's new bookshops and the celebrated Charles Tuttle Company in Rutland. There are also Thomas Barham in Pownal (summers), Stephen Mahan in Brandon, M. E. Morgan in Barre, the Charles Townsends of Burlington (genealogies), Ruth Westman in East Middlebury, Hofmann's in Pittsford, and John Johnson near North Bennington (natural history).

The largest of the old country bookshops lies outside the village of Grafton. It was started by Gela Sessler and her husband 14 years ago, and now houses more than
100,000 volumes on a diversity of subjects, in the main non-fiction. The stock is fully catalogued and much of the trade is mail order. Dr. Sessler, a writer himself, before retirement was a Pastor in New York and Michigan.

North and westward in East Middlebury is the barn-housed collection begun by Harriet Proctor in her home. At first it was one of her several hobbies. She's also an amateur radio ham. When Miss Proctor retired from 4-H club work the business was moved to an adjacent barn and is now a full-time occupation. As with the Sesslers, she makes rare book searches for clients, has much of her stock catalogued, and conducts a growing mail business.

Florence Blackmer down in Wells found herself in the old book business almost by accident. An auctioneer sold her a whole truckload of books for $2. She started sorting them out and reading many for her own pleasure, and finally, when the books overflowed her house, moved them into a barn. Her husband helped her with the shelves and other carpenter work. Mrs. Blackmer now has more than 20,000 books for visitors to poke among, and she has a big collection of bells as well.

You can never tell what treasures you may unearth in an old bookshop. We went for cookbooks and came back with the Bobbsey Twins and a book telling how to amuse boys on a rainy day. A single volume that Mrs. Sessler found in the first private library they purchased, paid for the whole collection. And then Mrs. Blackmer found that even Tarzan books can be choice items. She gave one to a neighbor boy. And later he found it was a double pleasure—a valuable first edition too.
1200 MILES ON THE HOOF

— when two cows took a three-month hike to glory for Vermont and the Ayrshire Breed

ENOCHE SQUIRES

THE ORIGINAL astronaut was, of course, the cow that jumped over the moon. But that airborne bovine never did prove she could cover the ground like Alice and Tomboy, two earthbound bossies from Vermont. Their claim to fame is that they trudged from the Green Mountains clear out to the Mississippi River in 90 walking days. Besides, they filled milk buckets to overflowing all along the way, whereas that high-flying moon-struck critter gave nary a drop during her interplanetary travels.

The idea of calling Alice and Tomboy from their placid life in lush Vermont pastures for a grueling 1200-mile seven-state trek over macadam and concrete highways was dreamed up in 1929 by Clifford T. Conklin, of Brandon. The fact that Alice and Tomboy were purebred Ayrshires and that Conklin was the astute executive secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders’ Association and could holler louder than anybody the praises of this sturdy breed, may
Bye-bye Brandon: Bill Philipsen with Alice and Russell Fifer with Tomboy, followed by Bob Chapman in the Chevrolet bunkhouse, set out for St. Louis at 14 miles per day.

have had some subtle connection with the cows' long hike.

Too, their destination was the National Dairy Show at St. Louis, in the land of “show me” skeptics, Missouri. Conklin obviously craved to demonstrate that even on a daily forced march of 10 to 20 miles, subjected to mid-summer heat, and with grazing limited to rough grasses along the highway, the modern Ayrshire is a hardy, vigorous milk-maker.

Alice and Tomboy “hoofed it” out to St. Louis in 10 days under their scheduled arrival time. They kept up their plump body weight, hobnobbed with governors and other notables, and for a while saw their heavy milk production sold at the astronomical figure of 50 cents a quart. They also reaped thousands of dollars worth of free publicity over the nation’s news wires, newsreels and radio networks for the Ayrshire Breeders’ Association and, incidentally, their old home state of Vermont.

These bucolic beauties were selected for this walking marathon as average rather than outstanding specimens of their breed. Alice was bred and owned by the Vermont Industrial School at Vergennes. Tomboy was rustled up from one of the largest Ayrshire herds in the state, that of L. B. Chapman, near West Rutland. A visitor eyed the nearly 300 red-and-whites that once fanned out over Chapman’s pastures and asked, “How many cows are you milking now?” Farmer Chapman cogitated a moment, then drawled, “Oh, I dunno. Maybe as many as come down to the gate.”

When the Chapman gate swung open for Tomboy to begin her hoof-pounding jaunt to St. Louis, she had calved...
only six weeks before and was milking about 50 pounds of 4% milk per day. (Three months later, as a weary pedestrian in Missouri, she was still producing 41 pounds daily). Alice had been bred the previous fall and was due to have her next calf after reaching the National Show.

Chapman contributed not only Tomboy to the venture, but sent along his 19-year-old son Bob to join two other young fellows—William H. Philipsen and Russell Fifer, both of Brandon—as the crew accompanying the cows. Fifer, originally from Illinois, was a field man for the Ayrshire Breeders' Association; Philipsen, barely out of high school, clerked by day in the association's Brandon office and was attending Rutland Business College at night.

Bob Chapman did not relish the prospects of the footblistering trip. He recalls that at the time he regarded it as the “biggest damn fool thing I ever got inveigled into.”

To provide living quarters for the boys en route, Conklin hired Ray Thomas, Brandon carpenter, to build a fancy miniature hip-roof barn about 9 x 14 feet. This was mounted on a Chevrolet chassis. Painted Yankee red and trimmed in white, the barn-on-wheels attracted as much attention as the cows—at first. Besides bunks and cooking facilities for the herdsmen, it contained a grain bin (grain being the only rations carried for the cows; no ensilage, beet-pulp or hay), and storage space for milking utensils. The boys spelled one another at the wheel and in leading the cows.

Conklin carefully specified the size he wanted the “barn” doors; large enough to admit the crew but not the cows. This he did to avert a possible charge by unbelievers and scoffers that Alice and Tomboy were occasional hitchhikers rather than honest walkers, being carried in the vehicular barn for long hops in the dark of night.

As it turned out, Conklin need not have been concerned. “We couldn’t have cheated in this manner if we wanted to,” Philipsen remembers. “Once underway, this expedition got front-page treatment. Reporters swooped down on us all along the route and pin-pointed our progress from one day to the next.”

The boys were instructed to walk the cows at least 10 miles a day, rain or shine, except on weekend layovers. Frequently they covered up to 20 miles, and once reeled off 25 between sunrise and sunset. Their average: 14 miles. While good speed for a bossy, this two-miles-per-hour gait, just half the natural walking pace of a man, proved tiresome to Bill, Bob and Russ. It was interminably long between towns.

Odd experiences now and then did help the miles go by.

Following the red-hot publicity trail blazed by Alice and Tomboy, Clifford Conklin later shows two more Vermont Ayrshires to a standing-room-only crowd in Montana.
Brandon sent the caravan on its way June 20, 1929. At South Poultney they said goodbye to Vermont soil, crossing over into New York State on a route that led to Fort Ann, thence kitty-cornered across the Adirondack foothills, ambled across the Mohawk Valley and headed toward the northwest corner of Pennsylvania. DeRuyter, N. Y., gave them a baptismal reception they have never forgotten—fortunately the only one of its kind on the whole trip. It was a grim one.

The travelers from Vermont pulled into this Central New York village in a driving downpour and, thoroughly drenched, inquired for some place where they could stake out overnight. They were directed to a lumberyard. At 2 a.m. they were uprooted by a sheriff’s deputy who ordered them to move on pronto—in the driving rain.

A more typical adventure came when the boys reached Alfred, N. Y., where they—and the cows—were guests at a college picnic arranged in their honor. Merchants of Titusville, Pa., greeted them with bouquets. In Ohio, and later in Indiana, the governors of those states tendered them formal receptions. But the welcome that meant most to them came from a Scottish farmwife near Meadville, Pa. She was waiting by the roadside in front of her house when they came plodding along, and stopped them with a wave of her apron. “So, you’re the boys with the coos! Won’t you bide awhile?” She had followed their progress in the newspapers and knew they were to pass her place. The bubbling elderberry pie she lifted from her oven was timed right on the button for their arrival—with appetites.

Among other friends the boys made on the way was “Doc” Goodwin, an old-time blacksmith of Horseheads, N. Y. As a protection against 1200 miles of wear and tear on their hooves, Alice and Tomboy were steel-shod with ox-shoes. These plates wore down fast on hard-surfaced roads and had to be replaced frequently. Finding a blacksmith, especially in 1929 one adept at fitting ox-shoes, was a problem. That is, until “Doc” Goodwin proved a godsend. Knowing what they were up against, Goodwin, who was experienced in this line, made three trips after they left his smithy in Horseheads, catching up with them by automobile in Pennsylvania and Ohio and seeing that Alice and Tomboy were “pedicured” with proper footwear. In all they wore out six sets of shoes between Vermont and Missouri.
More easily solved was the disposition of the cows' daily output of milk. Here the boys found a bonanza but pulled a boner. Crowds always gathered to observe the milking ritual whenever it was done in a village or city. Bystanders, perhaps bewitched by the rhythmic jets singing the ancient tune of the froth-topped milkpail, voted with one another to buy the warm, fresh milk. The boys stocked up on cartons and found more takers than they had milk for, at the sky-high price of 50 cents a quart. After all, this milk came from bona fide Vermont walking cows, and an enchanted public gladly paid for it. The fancy price was reported on the news wires, to the envy of depression-ridden farmers everywhere. Back in Brandon, Secretary Conklin of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association read about it and dashed off a telegram that blistered the boys in lavender. This is Not A Commercial Venture Quit Selling the Milk Give It Away read the quotable part of his wire to them. Privately he was elated by their sense of enterprise and, naturally, that Ayrshire milk could command the El Dorado touch.

Two months after leaving Vermont, the union derby reached Columbus, Ohio. September found the boys and Alice and Tomboy wending their way across the rich-loam prairie country of Indiana and Illinois, following a transcontinental highway that had its origin in the wagon trails of earlier Americans who pioneered the West, shoeing family cows before them. Alice and Tomboy were traveling historic ground and, while making no better time, were giving more milk than their scrawny forebears and proving more durable.

Arriving in East St. Louis, Ill., on September 29, a full 10 days before the National Dairy Show was due to open in St. Louis, across the broad Mississippi, the boys quietly "holed up" here with the cows. When at last they spanned the river and made their grand entrance, they were cheered to the rafters for their extraordinary feat. "A smash hit" was the message flashed back to Brandon by the show's officials. Mayor Miller of St. Louis tendered the Vermonters the key to the city, and in return Tomboy donated a bottle of Ayrshire milk to His Honor.

"Alice and Tomboy came through," proudly announced The Ayrshire Digest. "And they could walk home before Christmas!" But they had caught the fancy of farmers and stockmen from one coast to the other, and their travels away from home were only beginning. Other shows demanded them as a feature attraction.

In St. Louis, the little red-barn-on-wheels was sold, and the boys and cows were put aboard a specially-equipped boxcar and rushed by rail to the Pacific International Livestock Exposition at Portland, Ore. (Philipsen: "Bob, Russ and I sat in wicker chairs and soaked up the scenery of the Rockies through the open door of the car. Gosh-a-mighty, we felt like princes.")

The Hotel Portland rolled out its red carpet, usually reserved for the arrival of royalty, presidents and upper-crust movie stars. This time it was laid for two mundane cud-chewers from Vermont, so they could be ushered in style into the hotel's banquet room where garlands of Portland's famed roses, a big feed, and a cow-happy crowd awaited them. Governor Patterson of Oregon challenged the Governor of Washington to a milking contest. Alice and Tomboy were willing enough, but Washington's chief executive, who knew more about tall-tree lumbering than he did the business end of lactiferous animals, declined.

From Portland, the Ayrshires and their keepers sped by train to a big dairy show in Wichita, Kansas. Here, Alice kept her expected date with the stork. The local Chamber of Commerce presented her with an enormous basket of flowers and urged that her calf be christened Wichita. For some reason that neither Philipsen nor Chapman can now recall, Alice's owner, the Vermont Industrial School, would not permit it.

After one more stop, a livestock show at Kansas City, the entourage headed back to Vermont. Russell Fifer by this time had caught the wanderlust in earnest and left the party in Chicago. Later it was learned he wound up on an expedition to Borneo.

Bill Philipsen, who began the trek undecided on what he wanted to do with his life, came home with his mind made up to care for animals. The following fall he entered Ontario Veterinary College at Guelph, and eventually returned to Brandon with a DVM degree to join his father, the late Dr. Herman Philipsen, in veterinarian practice. This remains his work today.

Bob Chapman in time took over the family farm at West Rutland. He has greatly reduced the farm's dairying operations in order to concentrate on his specialty, cattle-dealing. Reminiscing on his novel experience of 34 years ago—a Green Mountain farmboy playing Gulliver for a while with a couple of cows—Chapman says: "We sure had a time of it. We piled up 6,000 miles, the first 1,200 hundred of it on foot. Gone five months. Got home the day after Thanksgiving." And, what a story to tell his grandchildren—about the time Alice and Tomboy really walked from Vermont to St. Louis, and Grandpa himself helped to prove that "no trail is too long, no hill too steep, for the Ayrshire."

One more grand reception awaited Alice and Tomboy before they went back to the humdrum existence of workaday cows. This took place in Brandon, where the venture began. An impressive crowd, headed by Governor John E. Weeks of Vermont, gathered at Brandon Inn for banquetting and speech-making. Unlike the red-carpet treatment they rated in Portland, Ore., here the cows were not permitted to enter the inn's dining room. Instead, they were tethered out in the village green near the hotel. They didn't seem to mind; they were back home, chomping away on fat cuds of Vermont grass.
**SODA HOP**

**Ann della Chiesa**

JUNE MAY BE listed officially as Dairy Month in Vermont, but teenagers in the Burlington area know better.

For them the annual dairy fever gets in full swing two months early, at the Ice Cream Soda Hop held on a weekend evening in April.

In each of the past seven years more than 1000 young people from all over Chittenden county have sipped at least as many ice cream sodas and milk shakes at the gala event held in Burlington’s Memorial auditorium. More than 80 gallons of ice cream and 120 quarts of milk are consumed at each hop.

The idea for such a dance was conceived by a peppy Burlington housewife and amateur songwriter, Mrs. John C. Arnold, Jr. Although the theme for the dance varies from year to year—(last spring marking the 150th anniversary of Dolly Madison’s introducing ice cream to the White House)—Mrs. Arnold is always the guiding force behind the hop, and her song—“Won’t You Have an Ice Cream Soda With Me?”—is always played.

In teenage circles the dance is one of the most eagerly awaited social events of the year. Girls blossom forth from winter woolens and emerge, many for the first time, in swishy pastel skirts and tiny white heels. Boys, spiffed up in flannel suits, suddenly discover that the social graces aren’t so bad after all.

Parents join the act too. More than 100 of them jerk sodas and chaperone, besides helping with the decorations. Ice cream and milk companies provide booths and promote the event weeks ahead, decorate booths and provide refreshments.

Last year twenty-two young people, representing eleven high schools in the area, put on a specially-arranged coronation dance with flower decked hoops, the length of the auditorium. The Dairy Princess was brown-haired Shirley Pidgeon of Westford, who grew up on a 600-acre dairy farm.

Mrs. Arnold and the local committee have plans for an even bigger and better hop this year, to take place April 19th.
FOG

comes gently in the
Spring to hush the weary
trees and tuck in around
the warming hillsides.

Sonja Bullaty and Angelo
Lomeo found such enchantment
late in March, one midday,
north of Randolph.
Maple Time

IT'S NOT by chance that Vermont's official tree is *acer saccharum*, the great sugar maple, or that its standards for quality lead those of other states where maple syrup is made and sold. Yet, though maple is the trademark of the Green Mountains, volume of production has fallen in the past few years, and the future is a question mark for this sweet occupation which goes back to Colonial days.

Here *VL* presents the state's maple picture as it is today: the old colorful ways compared with innovations in equipment, methods and marketing—even research-in-depth on the tree itself. There's a look at tomorrow here too, but still with the unchangeable delight in Indian Spring and in the role of maple as an incomparable food from Nature.

**THE OLD WAY**

Shown by Grant Heilman in black-and-white and in color, these are hallmarks of the traditional family sugar operation—sap plinking into a bucket, the patient team, the slog through snow with pail in hand to visit every tree.
THEN THERE'S manpower, that scarce commodity as years go by, to cut up the wind-throws during a lull in gathering, and so feed the evaporator fires at the rate of five cords of mixed four-foot wood for every hundred gallons of syrup.
THE OLD-STYLE operator is choice of his sugarlot's reputation for flavor—whether it's "cold" or "ledgy" or sloping just right toward the sun—and he professes to taste the difference between his neighbor's syrup and his own.

Scenes on the Thomas Minor farm in Fairfield.
ICY, CLEAR, just tinged with sweet, sap is too precious for spilling—but it may be drunk by a leg-weary man or a thirsty team. For gathering properly is a day-long job with either horses or tractors when the sap is running, and many a load crawls back to the sugarhouse as the evening chill turns the clock back to Winter.
Near Wilmington—john harris
HOWEVER it's gathered, though, the sap comes into the wide, shallow evaporator pans, there to boil down at a ratio of forty-odd gallons for every gallon of syrup. Perhaps even more symbolic of the bridge between the old and new ways in sugaring is the hydrometer, that fragile tool which, dunked in bubbles near the drawing-off spigot, registers the specific gravity of the syrup and insures that it's up to required sugar content. Equally long in use and unlikely to be supplanted soon as a test is the boxed row of bottles shown on Page 27. The unsealed bottle is filled with fresh syrup and graded, according to standard examples of color, as Fancy, A or B.

But now for the new ways. Less picturesque—and also less wasteful of manpower and time—they promise a brighter future for Vermont sugarmaking.
SQUINTING up at the sunlight through a row of little glass vials, the old farmer checks his sample of fresh maple syrup, hoping it will match the pale amber glow of the highest quality syrup in his testing kit. Behind him, fresh sap is boiling in the narrow channels of immense, flat tin pans, over a blaze of burning logs which he replenishes from time to time. Newly-split wood is stacked outside the door, piles of extra sap buckets lie in the corner, and the huge storage tank stands at the high end of the sugar house, allowing sap to flow steadily into the evaporator.

What is wrong with this picture, which thousands of Vermonters and visitors remember with happy nostalgia every time they pour the golden syrup out of the table-jug?

What’s wrong is simple. This picture is a Currier and Ives print hanging in a gallery of modern abstracts. It’s an anomaly in the days of automation.

Perhaps because it is so small an industry, the maple syrup business has been one of the last to undergo the uniquely Twentieth Century process of conversion from family-style production to assembly-line efficiency.

Vermont producers, who have always prided themselves on turning out the best, and the most, pure maple syrup of any state in the U.S., have been jolted into concern for their laurels by the increased production in other

STREAM-LINED SUGARBUSH

New tools and methods promise better products and bigger business

Central gathering is the theme of Sheldon Miller’s composite drawing of tomorrow’s sugarlot in action. Plastic tubing replaces buckets-covers-and-spouts, allows sap to run by gravity flow from trees high on the hillsides, down to vats spotted along the roadside. There it’s pumped into tank trucks—like those for bulk milk transport—and is carried in record time to the sugarhouse storage tanks. Not shown, because it wouldn’t exist, is the old-fashioned woodpile: this producer boils with oil.

By James W. Marvin

24 • Vermont Life
states. Neglected stands of sugar maples, uneconomic today when hired help and Kohinoor diamonds are of equal rarity on the farm, reproach their owners and all Vermonters as a sad waste of nature's gifts.

The discouraging expense in both time and money of gathering and processing maple sap in the old-time ways has led not only to reduction in the number of trees tapped, but to the cutting of maples for quick profit as lumber. Since most sugar bushes belong to dairy farmers, the decrease in the number of these farms has also meant a decrease in the number of maple-producers.

There are still two thousand maple producers in Vermont, and most of them, with family help, try each spring to gather the sap, boil it down, filter it, grade it, put it into cans, and sell it. In the meantime most of them are trying to run a dairy farm with the other hand, and though this operation has been streamlined to the point where IBM helps with the record-keeping, it still requires constant attention.

When you consider that the maple sap flows intermittently over a period of from four to six weeks, that 34 gallons must be gathered to produce a single gallon of syrup, and that about a thousand taps must be made in order to pay off, it becomes plain that modernization or stagnation may be the only choices left for the industry in Vermont; to grow, it must modernize.

An efficient gathering system should take into account the fact that sugar season usually finds deep snow back in the woods; that sap left too long in buckets deteriorates; and that sap should be protected from contamination not only by bits of falling leaves or twigs, but by bacteria at the tap-hole.

Just as milkmaids have given way to electric milkers which pipe milk into a tank in the dairyman's barn, sap buckets (especially the wooden ones, to the antique collector's delight) may give way to plastic tubes which carry the sweet liquid to a central gathering tank. Here the maple trees have one big advantage over a cow—you don't have to squeeze the sap out of them, it flows readily out the tap-hole as the living tree's life juices quicken at the touch of the sun-warmed days and crisp nights of March and April.

Numbers of individual maple producers in Vermont have already installed miles of plastic tube in their sugar bushes, through which the sap flows effortlessly, safe from contamination as the buckets are not, and protected from the risk of standing neglected at the trees and deteriorating before the farmer can "catch up" with the flow.

WHERE TO SEE MODERN SUGARING
Here is a sample group of Vermont maple producers, ranged around the state, who welcome visitors during sugaring. Those using more modern methods and equipment are marked with a star:

- Pownal—Andrew Crosier
- *Wells—Clark Brothers
- *Salisbury—Howard
- Foster
- *Huntington—P.C. Jacques
- *Georgia—Eric Nye
- *Johnson—Franklin
- Hooper
- *Newport—Warren
- Mitchell
- E. Montpelier—Harry

Morse
Barnet—Lyman Crown
So. Newton—John
Smith
*Quechee—Harold
Eastman
*Putney—Donald Harlow
*Dummerston—Frank
Hickin
*Wilmington—Robert
Coombs

Sugar on snow is sometimes available at these places.
Only two problems attend the installation of plastic piping. In the first place, it is rather expensive; the farmer already has his sap buckets, so he loses part of his investment in those at the same time that he has to buy the new tubing. Second, the plastic pipe takes a considerable time to install; once up, however, it requires very little tending.

On some of the more up-to-date maple farms, the sap runs from the storage tank into a modern sap-boiling rig which burns oil instead of wood, reduces the sap quickly and at regulated heat, producing a higher quality product than that yielded to farmers using the "lug the buckets, throw more logs on the fire and drip the boiling sap from your ladle to see how it's coming along" system.

Further hope for the continuance of this diminishing industry which decreased from five thousand to two thousand producers in two decades, is inspired by the idea of the central processing plant which can handle sap from several good-sized stands of trees.

Such a processor would purchase sap from several farmers, just as the milk company buys their milk. Various ways of handling deliveries are being tried in different places. In one plant the farmers carry the sap to the plant in big tanks in the back of their farm trucks. In other cases, the plastic tubing feeds into a pipeline which carries the sap to a big roadside tank, from which the purchaser-processor can collect it.

Each central processor pays his suppliers for their sap on a per gallon basis, with higher rates for the sweeter sap. Sweetness usually runs from one to three per cent.

It is good news to the Vermont maple industry that studies show the business can be carried on profitably when handled in this way. Both the farmer and the processor make money, and the public receives more pure maple syrup.

Agricultural economists suggest that it may even become possible for the individual to handle such a large sugaring operation that he could depend on it as his main source of income. To the harassed maple producer who is still racing from bucket to bucket and climbing through snowdrifts to dump them into the tank on the back of his tractor, this appears almost incredible.

Marketing of finished syrup direct to the consumer has up until now been a rather haphazard business. Many farmers try to handle the selling themselves, using roadside stands and contacts with friends. Others sell their entire crop wholesale, in big drums, at less rewarding prices.

Central processors with many hundreds of gallons to sell ought to be able to work out an efficient marketing procedure. Maple sugar is one of the very few agricultural products in the entire country that is not overproduced. There are no stockpiles on hand, and stores even in Vermont sometimes run out of their supply of last year's syrup weeks before the new spring run begins.

With adequate advertising and large-quantity ship-
ment, it should be possible for the Vermont processor to keep the breakfast tables of New York or Georgia (that’s ‘lasses country, where they call Vermont’s product “maple juice”) well supplied.

To grow, the maple industry must modernize. There will still be some old-time sugar houses to touch visitors’ hearts with the bittersweet nostalgia of the good old days. But the little weather-beaten sugar house nestled against its broad grove of handsome old trees, the pungent smell of burning applewood mingled with the sweetness of sap boiling in open pans, the pale gray smoke corkscrewing into a blue March sky, are likely to become rarer as the years go by.

As use of modern methods and tools spreads, there will be more better syrup, more prosperous farmers, and a prosperous and growing industry rather than a diminishing one.

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**HARDWOOD LABORATORY**

MAPLE PRODUCTION in Vermont is getting a king-sized boost from the federal government. No subsidy or price-support this, however. Rather it’s on a very practical level.

“We’re interested in improving the sugar maple through selection and breeding,” says Albert G. Snow, Jr., in charge of the Burlington office of the Northeastern Forest Experiment Station, “and we are as much concerned with today’s maples in the sugar bush as with tomorrow’s unplanted crop.”

Some of the techniques used by the Station might seem better suited to an apple orchard. One of these is grafting shoots from a superior sugar-producer onto a second more ordinary maple tree. Another is “air layering”—a trick involving hormone treatment and wrapping of twigs of a good tree so they’ll produce roots. Then they can be removed and grown independently from the parent. Still another experiment being carried on is the thinning of blossoms in an effort to control bumper yields of maple seed which sometimes occur, and level out seed production from year to year.

“We’re very interested in so-called ‘sweet trees,’” Mr. Snow says. “These are needed for our maple breeding studies. We’ve had fine cooperation from county agents, foresters and private operators. People with high-producing trees should get in touch with their county forester or agent, who are helping through a state selection com-

mittee.” Sweet trees then can be used for seed.

Some of the Station’s work is done in cooperation with the botany and forestry departments at UVM, which have been working on these problems for many years. While the crop tree aspects concern the botany people, the forestry department under Dr. Bill Adams is deep in all phases of research into forest tree problems. Additional research is done on a farm, in Williamstown, Mass. More takes place at the state tree nursery at Essex Junction, where workers are pioneering in seeding and planting.

The Station works closely with the lumber industry, too, and is interested in finding densely fibered maples which pulpwood buyers can use, and locating maples which from their bark appear to have a peculiar grain structure. Bird’s eye or curly maple still puts a gleam in the eye of the furniture man. Not only maple but ash, yellow and paper birch are coming in for their share of other studies at the Station.

Seed is brought to Vermont from many countries—Sweden, France, Japan, Korea and Pakistan, to name a few. It’s imported from our own South, West and East. Thus this little-heralded project endeavors to find the best from many parts of the world, so that future hardwood forests may produce the best products available.

**Ronald N. Rood**
Miracle Maples?

Ronald N. Rood

Forty years from maple seed to syrup? That's what it takes today, maybe, in the sugar business. But just you wait. Someday a man may plant a brand-new sugar orchard and send his son to college on the proceeds.

This is the way one researcher expressed the growing optimism about our famous Green Mountain crop. And it's no pipe dream, either. A large percentage of sugar research is on a coldly scientific—yet mighty fascinating—basis at the University of Vermont's Agricultural Experiment Station.

Take the idea of speeding up the growth of a maple tree, for instance. This is one of the projects under way at the Station's farm in Underhill. "We know there's a great difference in trees," says James W. "Jim" Marvin, who has been active in the studies since they began nearly 20 years ago. "Some sugar maples just naturally grow fast. If we could cross-breed them to others—perhaps even of a different maple species—we might get a vigorous, rapid-growing hybrid. This might cut growth time in half. If so, a crop could be expected in 15 or 20 years—such as you now get with apple trees."

The University has no such miracle maples on hand now, but the studies are progressing. "The Big-Leaf Maple of Oregon may put on six feet of growth in a good year," Jim told me. "However, it can't stand a Vermont winter. But think of the possibilities if you could combine the rapid growth of the Oregon tree with the sweetness and hardiness of our own Sugar Maple. It's angles such as this that we're working on."

Maple breeding, however, is a slow business at best. Maples can't produce a whole new generation every year, like cucumbers, corn, wheat and other short-term plants. Some trees don't even blossom in any particular year. And a large percentage of pollination is done by a tiny wasp, which crawls over the flowers. So to prevent chance insect pollination, man has to fasten tight plastic sacks over the blossoms. Then he fertilizes just the ones he wishes.

Even after the seed has been obtained, it will be years before sap quality of the new trees can be determined. And even a fast growing hardy hybrid is worth little in the sugar works if the resulting sap is weak or of poor quality.

Could this slow process be speeded in any way? Dr. Marvin strikes an encouraging note. This he found in some little trees which received radiation treatment at Brookhaven Laboratory on Long Island. Some of them put on amazing rates of growth. However, they, too, unable to stand Vermont conditions, died when transplanted.

"We're still trying, though," he assured me. "Maple sugar is a crop, just like apples or corn." The point is that, just as the farmer tests his soil and then fertilizes his corn accordingly, so tomorrow's maple farmer may establish his sugar bush on just the proper soil. Or he may build up the fertility of his existing bush. The farmer pulls his weeds; the sugar maker culls low-producing trees.

"We're interested only in the sugar potentiality of trees," one of Jim's co-workers said. "Timber problems are turned over to the University's Forestry Department. Often, too, we cooperate with the Northeastern Hardwood Research Laboratory, which also has a station at Underhill."

By a simple measurement with a device called a refractometer, the sugar content of the sap can be determined quickly. Some rare trees read as high as 7 percent sugar, some as low as 1½ percent. "Sugar content of sap varies with season, weather, soil and other factors," Jim points out. "But a tree that's high in sugar content will tend to stay that way in comparison with the others, no matter what the season."

When it's considered that 5 percent sap takes half as much boiling as 2 percent sap, it's easy to see the value of the Station's work on careful selection of trees in the sugar bush. Add to this their experiments with pipeline gathering systems (complete with vacuum pumps to get the last drops of sap), hybridization, sudden-growing strains, radiation and experiments with soils, and the scope of the maple studies can be seen.

"We know some two or three hundred trees personally, the way a man knows his dog," Marvin says, "and several hundred others less intimately. Each is an individual."

This, perhaps, is the key to the work at the Experiment Station. Not the sugar bush, but the Sugar Maple itself is the subject under study.

How does this apply to today's maple sugaring? The studies have brought out such facts as these: An acre of ground is capable of just so much sap production. This can come out of 40 well-selected trees with plenty of elbow room or a crowded stand of twice that number. Since sugar content of the sap can now be measured, the farmer who ends up with a sugar bush of well-spaced high producers may tap far fewer trees—and yet make more syrup—than his neighbor. So the modern sugar producer, like the modern dairy farmer, can boost the yield of his raw product.

"They take the temperatures of trees and measure the thickness of bark up there," an Underhill resident told me, jerking his thumb towards the farm on the hillside. "I haven't figured out what else they do."

Perhaps, if the farm's long-range studies finally bear their anticipated fruit—or syrup—he will know for sure.
It all boils down to fun

In the deep country they call it a Sugar Eat. Otherwise it’s known as sugar-on-snow, and it is described and shown in loving detail on Pages 58 and 59.

Do sugarmakers ever get tired of maple? Certainly not in the season, when syrup comes up from the sugarhouse at the end of a long day’s boiling, to be eaten for supper on porridge or popcorn or buttered hot biscuits broken into a bowl. Then a prime gift for neighbors is a jar of first-run syrup, better than Fancy and still warm from the settling tank. Later, when worries about sap runs and volume are over, the sweet stuff becomes a staple—but still served with pride—for all manner of treats.

And do sugarmakers themselves prefer darker or late-season maple?
No, not as a general rule. Today’s sugarmen know and want the best. After all, they make it.

FOR FULL DETAILS
about sugar on snow, on sugar party arrangements and a new list of welcoming sugarmakers, write Publicity Div., Vermont Development Dep’t., Montpelier.
WHILE matched teams are disappearing as fast as their hill farm homes, Glenn Sanborn is just as busy as ever down in Chelsea. His harness shop has been going almost 150 years now.

Times have changed, it's true, but there still is call for fine, new, work harnesses and especially for repair jobs. Horses are used even now, here and there, for sugaring and logging work.

The trend is to saddle horses, though. Horse-pulling contests are on the increase and trotter races too. That keeps the harness work coming to Chelsea, from an even wider area. For, this is the only active harness shop left in Vermont.

Scarce as harness makers, are some of the materials that Sanborn uses. An old Pennsylvania firm still provides fine horse collars in assorted sizes. But stock leather isn't as good as it used to be, Sanborn says—cured too fast, like a lot of other things. Harness hardware is hard to come by anywhere and Sanborn sometimes has to make or salvage special items.

Using hand tools unchanged for generations and sewing with waxed-linen thread, all by hand, Sanborn turns out two sizes of pony harnesses, keeps a pair of standard draft harnesses in stock, and makes all sorts of bridles and specialty items. He's even made harnesses for llamas and zebras, and once the head harness for an elephant. But the future lies in pleasure riding and driving gear for horses.

Most people will let a harness go. But a good one should last for years with proper care, Sanborn says. Keep the leather clean and oiled.

HALTER KING

by Norman MacIver

Fred Gale, now near ninety, is turning out hundreds of fine rope animal halters a year in his spare time, just as he has in the past sixty years. They go from his Williamstown home to livestock dealers all over New England.

It takes about thirteen feet of half-inch Manila rope to make a halter, but more than that calls for smooth splices and sound general craft work. A halter is no good at all, Mr. Gale says, unless it's perfect.
Kim lives in Ascutney. He has a dog named Blackie and a cat named Mittens, and one day he went fishing down on Mill Brook.

His story in pictures is by David Bachelder.
Signs of Spring

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and a sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

JOHN MILTON

A Scenic Portfolio
On Route 105, north of Troy—Grant Heilman
Left, the Misisquoi Valley—Grant Heilman; right—Hanson Carroll; below, near Rawsonville—John Harris.
Treasures of THE BOG

AS REVEALED BY

CHARLES CLEVELAND JOHNSON
The Wet Lands hide a secret world of BOGS and MARSHES

CAUGHT in glacier-formed pockets of Vermont’s traditionally on-end topography are numerous ancient bogs. Swampy also, but very different in origin, are the broader marshes, found sometimes in wide river valleys and especially along Champlain’s south-eastern shores.

Vermont bogs, seldom very large, all began at the close of the last ice age, thought to have been 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. They originally were deep ponds which, over the ages, have filled with decaying organic matter. A typical bog near Fairlee is shown opposite. Marshes usually are not as deep and are formed by alluvial deposits which have been washed in from nearby, overflowing streams and lakes.

The bogs come in two types. Acid bogs, such as one at Morristown, are characterized by sphagnum moss, blueberries, cranberries, Labrador tea, black spruce, and especially by the insect-eating pitcher plant, its flower at left. Alkaline bogs, such as a large one at Peacham, present quite a different picture in plant life, and therefore support a somewhat varying insect group. Plants characteristic of the alkaline bogs are the white cedar, white spruce, tamaracks, sedges and the rare orchids.

In these old, glacier-formed pools vegetable matter has been collecting for many years. Yet decomposition is very slow in the cold water. Some bogs disclose way down, or on their bottoms, layers of marl, which in the past was mined in some places for agricultural limestone.

This semi-decomposed organic matter, which makes fine mulch or will burn when dried, oxidizes further, if the bog dries out, and eventually turns to muck. A rough rule once held that a bog accumulated about one foot of peat per 500 years. And since several Vermont bogs are more than 30 feet of quaking peat deep, this roughly matches the dates of the last ice age. But conditions of climate have varied widely over the thousands of years, and the rule isn’t always dependable.

Here are some peculiarities about bogs: Some are very acid and some are very alkaline. If there is sphagnum peat in the bog it almost always forms the top layer. Where bogs are drained and used for farming (common in parts of New York, the Lake states, California and Florida), they grow such varied crops as onions, peppermint and beans.

All through bogs from top to bottom there are pollen grains that have been deposited through the centuries. Experts in pollen studies can reconstruct the whole amazing sequence of plants that have grown in Vermont since the glaciers melted away—from the dwarf willows of the tundra that first grew after the ice left, through the sub-arctic boreal forests of spruce and fir that came a few centuries later, to our present day woodlands of maple, spruce, beech, birch and pine, which probably have been with us for the last six or seven thousand years.

Marshes hold fewer mysteries than bogs and usually are not as old. But they, too, often contain interesting flora and fauna which, if not as rare, is more profuse. Because of their comparative shallowness and firm bottoms they are usually safer to explore, and they are too wet to support many trees. All kinds of life in a Vermont marshland follow definite and interlocking seasonal cycles.

SCATTERED widely through Vermont are remnants of glacier-made pools that are among the State’s most interesting natural phenomena. Seldom large in size—none like our great swamps of the South, they are of natural interest far out of proportion to their physical area.

These bogs which lie in pockets between hills and mountains are typified by a tiny pond in the rough center of an open area that is irregularly girded by a mixed stand of swamp trees. Black spruce, balsam, tamarack, white cedar, birches of several species, and swamp maple are the usual forest growth. The black spruce ventures closest to the open water. The thousands of years elapsed since the last glacier melted northward have permitted vegetation such as sphagnum moss and other water-loving plants to grow inward from the pool’s original edges—creating new land from their organic remains which, at last, is firm enough to support the trees whose roots draw sustenance from the peat and marl base.

Walk over the damp spongy ground at a bog’s edge—toward its center—out onto the sphagnum. Suddenly the earth quakes under your feet. Each step causes vibrations in the moss cover for yards around and you realize that this is no longer terra firma but only a plant mass that supports your weight above land in the slow process of formation. Not far beneath your feet is decomposed vegetation with the consistency of hasty pudding.

But why venture into such treacherous places? Why not be satisfied to view such locations from their extreme edges? One of the answers to these questions is that a bog

Spring 1963 • 43
Orchids and flesh-eaters

is often a place of rare beauty—an absolutely unspoiled natural setting—a place where one seems suddenly remote from all civilization and walking out of time itself. Something of this Thoreau must have had in mind when he wrote, “I enter a swamp as a sacred place.”

Here Spring and Summer bring wildflowers in profusion and exciting color variety. The woods that bound most of these bogs are particularly rich in Spring flora—the forest glades often nearly carpeted with violets—yellow, blue and white. And in such places I’ve found bunchberry in mats so dense as to require detour lest a straight course despoil them. In thicker wooded areas the painted trillium, heartleaf-lily, and gold-thread are among the flowers to greet you.—And these are but suggestions, for here you’ll find most of the flowers of Spring of those species requiring moist earth for their happiest growth while scattered about in the not too dense areas flowering shrubs and trees like the swamp maple lend their high-level color accent to the scene.

In the central open area bordering the pool cotton grass, laurel, Labrador tea, and cranberry are among those flowers that add their note of visual beauty to the harmony of yellow, red, brown, blue and green that is the sphagnum, sedges, trees, water and sky. Nor should we omit the water-lilies—frequent residents of the pool itself.

One familiar with such environs may well recall a day in May when sights and sounds of Nature included mass and variety of the common wildflowers at their loveliest, leaf buds bursting on the hardwoods, the scurry of small game surprised by a quiet approach, and the height of the warbler migration—thrilling both eye and ear. Such a combination is for one’s memory bank—a fund to be drawn on when some other pleasant experience recalls this one.

But as many do know, there is treasure in our bogs far exceeding this already banked. Thoreau explored little of Vermont. He should have done more—for these same bogs are the favorite haunts of our most beautiful terrestrial orchids—some species of which may be found throughout most of our late Spring and Summer.

It may surprise some folks familiar with the orchids of our florist shops to learn that Vermont is especially rich in this flower family. Of America’s approximately two hundred native species and varieties, at least fifty are residents of this State. And of these Vermont residents no less than two thirds have chosen the bogs either as their only dwelling place or as one type of location where they flourish. As to one’s chances of finding several species growing in a single environment, it’s worth noting, I think, that thirty-three species have been found in one five-square-mile Vermont area.

Generally speaking our native orchids are smaller than the featured horticultural species, but those who know the rare beauty of the lady’s slipper clan, and Arctopus, Calypso, Calopogon, and our several species of fringed orchids (purple, orange and white) regard their smaller perfection as rivaling or surpassing the florist’s exoties.—And all of these are natives of Vermont’s bogs—each species waiting to greet you in one or many locations from May until mid-Summer as its flowering turn arrives.

As long as I live there will be something mysteriously intriguing about a bog. It may be that childhood training that warned of breaking through and disappearing beneath what appeared to be fairly solid ground, could have instilled both fear and fascination. And let no one show disrespect for a sphagnum surface! When ground quakes under your feet you’re well advised to move with caution. I’ve

Orange Fringed Orchid

Sundew
explored a lot of bogs. I've never fallen through. I don't want to.—And if this article inspires some bog hunting for orchids, you be careful too! In one bog photographed in 1961 we poked a pole easily down through seventeen feet of the stuff on which we stood and didn't touch bottom.

The reward for your search? Who has ever looked upon the beauty of Arethusa in her natural setting without a gasp at her perfection? Through the late Spring and Summer there are surprises each week that include such orchids as Calypso. You may well find, too, the exquisite Calopogon whose second Latin name means "little beauty," and five species of lady's slipper in bloom for weeks from the first May appearance of ram's head through the pink, and yellows, and finally the usually accepted queen of them all, Reginae.

Spring often brings the coral-root in the wooded wet areas at the open bog edges and the green and white spires of the rein orchids, hyperborea and dilatata. And to name only a few others, late June and July finds the Pogonia tribe in all its glory and the marvelous blooms of the large purple-fringed about which Thoreau complained that it grew only where moose and moose hunters could see it.

These are but a few of the orchids awaiting the explorer in the bogs of Vermont and though those named include the more beautiful ones, there are others available for discovery into Autumn and the last blooms of ladies' tresses.

But the explorer will find still other thrills in the bog's open area in the large colonies of carnivorous plants—peculiar in appearance and fascinating in their ways of life. For here are the pitcher plants whose odd leaves and blossoms are both strangely handsome, and the very different but no less intriguing sundew.—I once watched hundreds of freshly hatched dragonflies of a small species become trapped inexorably at a bog's edge by a colony of sundew and then to await digestion as supplemental diet to soil nutriment.—And how many pitcher plant leaves I've investigated to view the remains of insects who found the pitcher mouth a one-way street to oblivion!

Our forefathers, both American and European, and the American Indians as well, had high regard for many wildflowers, including orchids, as alleviants and cures for their ills. Of our more common wildflowers, many of which you'll find on any Spring or Summer venture to a Vermont bog, violets have been used as herbs; and wild ginger has been used as an antidote for snake bite and for sciatica, difficult respiration, and various other diseases. Indian cucumber root has been used as a medicine. The root of our common adder's tongue boiled in water was supposed to be good for the teeth. And though not a flower, a concoction made from the walking fern was used to treat diseases of the kidneys and liver.

These are but samples of the herbalist folklore, which, projected into the orchid family finds many species playing a prominent part in medicine.

Whatever may be thought of our ancestors' knowledge of plant use as materia medica, we may be a bit surprised at the number of our New England orchid species that had already been located by European botanists and transplanted to British botanical gardens prior to 1810. Our large purple fringed orchid reached England in 1777—Calypso in 1805 and Calopogon had reached Holland even earlier.

Our orchids are rare today—far more so than a hundred years ago—and in need of strict conservation. In addition to the woodsmen's axe and the drains of encroaching civilization that have changed the character of many of our former orchid habitats, other factors have adversely affected their survival. Promiscuous picking sadly depleted these species. And such picking had been preceded by bulb snatchers who once found market for their gleanings in herb doctors who from them made salves and unguents and other cure-alls. Unfortunately, when the herb doctors fell into disrepute the bulb snatchers found a new and better market in florists who featured native orchids for the home flower gardens.

Despite this sad note on man's destructiveness of some of the most beautiful things that God ever made, we still do have them in limited quantities in the bogs of Vermont. And if we will but use a little common sense and observe one simple rule we shall continue to have them.—If you choose to visit these wonderlands, only your feet need leave their imprint. Be careful where you put them lest you crush a thing of beauty while observing that major but simple rule of the National Park Service—"Admire and leave for others to enjoy."

Charles Cleveland Johnson, the photographer and author of this article, from the Univ. of New Hampshire (class of 1929) went into photography and engraving, in the war served in Photo Reconnaissance and for many years was partner in a large photographic firm. A recent major work was his collaboration with Robert S. Lemmon in Wildflowers of North America. Securing the 440 color illustrations took him 200,000 miles in this country and Canada. He is at home in New York—occasionally.
The rock on which I sat remembered the first warm sun of spring after the air had forgotten. Ten, and perhaps 20 millennia of warm suns and cool air, since the granite boulder was wrenched from a northward ledge by the last glacier, had sculptured my rock into a fairly comfortable seat. Infinitesimal expansions deep inside and equally small contractions outward, the results of alternate heating and cooling, had rounded the angular granite. The concave slabs exfoliated from its surface now lay half-buried near the base of the rock.

I drew my jacket a bit tighter. To the west the sky was still roseate in the brief twilight after sunset. Below me lay a small marsh; about an acre in area. A chorus of spring-peepers welled up from the cold waters at its center. At times, it seemed to me that the individual voices were out of cadence, then suddenly all of the hundreds of singers were in rhythm. The sound recalled other marshes and other Hylidian music makers; the "tink-tank" orchestra in a Maryland marsh where each frog seemed to be clashing tiny copper cymbals; the string ensemble of cricket...
frogs in Michigan; the chorus frog glee club in a Texas marsh.

In one of the quiet intervals between songs I became aware of a faint rustling of leaves at the side of the rock. A spotted salamander hurried, in ungainly fashion, to a rendezvous in the marsh. Each leg seemed to operate on its own schedule in a tentative sort of way. But in spite of its apparent lack of coordination and its clumsiness the salamander must be accounted a success. For something like a hundred million years—roughly 100 times as long as humans have been around—salamanders have been making this annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of the marsh. It is said that life came from the sea. But the emergence of salamanders, and indeed of all vertebrates including ourselves, no doubt took place in a fresh-water marsh. Most of our present-day amphibians have an aversion to salt water.

Now and then, among the spring-peeper voices, I detected a “ker - r - ock.” That is the spring song of the leopard frog. In a few more nights the rasping clucks of the black-masked wood frog would be added. Then the trills of the common American toad join the musical festival; and the pickerel frog with its low-pitched croak; and the banjo-string plinking of the green frog. The flat telephone ring of the gray tree frog is heard about a month after the peepers start and last of all comes the familiar, warm-weather “jug - o - rum” of the bull frog.

Thus, spring came to a small Vermont marsh. And with

Philip F. Allan, biologist with the Soil Conservation service for 28 years, now at Cornell, like Charles Johnson spent his boyhood in New Hampshire and attended the University there. He later did graduate work at the University of Michigan.
Gift from the ice age

it came the fiddle-heads of marsh and cinnamon ferns, the yellow-blooming cowslips, the “pur - ple E” song of the courting redwing, the first sunning of the painted turtle on a muskrat lodge, the garter snake slipping through the new green rushes at the water’s edge and the doe, heavy with twin fawns, seeking tender waterlily shoots.

Marshes are one of the more evanescent features of the landscape. We tend to think of them as being there forever. But they come and go. Floods, silt deposits and the dead remains of plant life are the great makers of marsh. They also are the natural destroyers of marshlands and in surprisingly few years—sometimes less than a century—a marsh may be converted to a meadow or a wooded swamp.

Man’s activities have hastened some of these changes, for from the time of first settlement by our pioneer ancestors drainage has been practiced. Land tillage and lumbering have contributed to flooding and the deposition of sediment, thus obstructing some water-courses and creating marshes or filling and putting an end to others. Many a present-day marsh in Vermont was once a hay meadow or crop field, now abandoned. And some such fields were once marshes.

Vermont is not as well-endowed with natural marshes as are many states. There are, nevertheless, about 50,000 acres, perhaps more, of them. The largest ones, and most extensive area of marsh, arc found in the Champlain Valley. In general, the conditions that favor marsh development: highly erosive soils, slow meandering, silt-laden streams and gently undulating terrain or broad flat valleys, are not common in the state.

My little marsh, like the granite boulder, owed its existence to the glacier. The retreating ice left a relict pillar buried in the fine silt of an esker. With the warming climate, the top of the ice-pillar melted, giving birth to a pond. Even before the parent glacier disappeared up the valley, algae were growing in the icy pool and the tiny insects called spring-tails gathered in blue-gray blots at the water’s edge. With the continued thawing, the water became deeper until, had someone tried to plumb its depths, it became one of the so-called “bottomless” ponds. But other actions were taking place to reduce the pond’s depth. Rainfall on the raw moraine carried soil into the depression. The first visiting black ducks brought seeds of Potamogeton and Najas, aquatic plants whose descendents are still there. Watershield and waterlilies followed and soon there were also floating mats of duckweed.

Willows and birches moved in behind the retreating glacier and after them came spruces, balsam and pine. Their pollen, carried by the south wind, floated on the pond surface for a time, then sank, water-logged, to the bottom. The various layers of pollen can still be identified and this serves scientists as one of the ways of dating glaciation.

As the pond waters warmed, brook trout invaded and so did minnows and suckers. Spring thaws and summer thunderstorms brought leaves, twigs and silt into the pond. When maple, beech, ash and oak succeeded the conifers there was, each autumn, a particolored shower of leaves on the water’s surface. In the cool Vermont climate this rich organic deposit accumulated rapidly, accelerated by the water plantains, bur-reeds, arrowheads, pickerelweed, sedges, rushes and cattails that presently grew in the shallows.

Through the years the pond surface diminished in area and the water became ever shallower and warmer. Horned pout and grass pickerel largely replaced the trout. Today all that remains of the pond is an irregular shallow pool, fed and emptied by a little meandering brook and bordered by a marsh and wet meadow.

One summer afternoon I started for my favorite sitting rock. An old lightning-struck pine stands about 20 rods north of the marsh. At one time a pair of pileated woodpeckers excavated themselves a nest in it. I glanced toward the tree as I passed and thought I saw a small gray object fall from the hole. I started to investigate, when another popped out. So I stopped to watch. My binocular revealed a tiny duckling at the foot of the tree. One after another, four more dropped the 30 feet from hole to the ground and, as I quietly watched, the mother wood duck led her brood to the marsh.

I had earlier seen a family of black ducks and found the multiple nests of a pair of long-billed marsh wrens in the cattails. Redwings had hatched and gone. But a pair of yellow warblers had a nest in the pussy-willows on the west side and yellowthroats nested in the tall bluejoint grass of the wet meadow. There, too, I had seen a meadow jumping mouse, that odd little kangaroo that sleeps out the long Vermont winter snug underground.

In summer, the open water is a simmering soup of living creatures. Pollywogs of a half dozen kinds wriggle in the shallow water. Whirligig beetles dance minuets on the surface. Pond skaters glide about, making, on the pond bottom, six black shadows of the depressed water film beneath their feet. Vampirish great red leeches undulate along, seeking a turtle or a human foot on which to make a meal. Minnows eat and are eaten by insects. Fierce dragonfly nymphs lurk about the plant roots underwater, hoping to impale other immature insects, while their bright-hued parents hawk for mosquitoes overhead. I pulled a water-soaked stick from the pool and found on it several tiny hydras. Nearby was a large jelly-ball of Bryozoa, or moss animals. A horse-hair worm, which, as a child, I believed was actually a horse-hair come to life, writhed in the water. Once it lived in the body of a cricket. Snails of three species scrape up a meal on pondweed stalks and leaves.

Summer is flower time. There are white arrowheads and
lavender pickerelweeds; pinks show in smartweed, grass pink and snake-mouth. And, to me, a marsh would be incomplete without the dusty pink of joe-pye weed. Blues are well-represented by the blue flag and lobelia. Sometimes you can find the purple fringed orchid or the yellowish-white ladies-tresses. Rattlesnake mannagrass, so named for its segmented inflorescence, grows well out into the water. So does the saw-edged rice cutgrass, whose rice-like seeds are a staple of the ducks.

Where the brook enters the meadow the sweet flag grows. In my boyhood there was a Shaker colony nearby in New Hampshire and there one could buy candied sweet flag root. Whenever I see this plant I recall the austere stone buildings and the serious, hard-working Shakers, long since departed.

I like, especially, to visit a marsh in fall. It is a busy place. In the pool there’s almost always a pair of hell-divers (or pied-billed grebes, if you prefer the book name), searching for late insects, leeches and minnows. Almost helpless on land and not much better aloft, hell-divers are masters of the water. With a little forward hop, they dive almost without a splash. Their reappearance is magical—“Now you don’t see it, now you do!”

Song, and occasionally, swamp sparrows are active in the rushes. A spotted sandpiper, no longer spotted in its winter clothing, bobs on a fallen log. Myrtle warblers flit through the willows in search of insects or pluck late fruits of the dogwoods.

Fall is house-building time for the muskrats. When you sit quietly by a marsh on a late fall afternoon, you’re almost certain to see a muskrat sculling across the open water with a mouthful of cattails or grass roots, the building bricks of this rodent. The house, like a small hay-cock, may be difficult to see in the surrounding vegetation. By spring, however, it will be surrounded by a moat of open water after the ‘rats have foraged beneath the ice for their winter food.

Examination of a mud flat reveals, by their tracks, that other creatures are busy in the marsh. Here you’ll find the footprints of raccoon and deer, and perhaps those of a visiting porcupine seeking late waterlily pads. The small tracery of shrews’ feet and the larger ones of meadowmice may be found. Relatives of the muskrat, the latter often make winter nests in the sides of their cousin’s houses.

To my eye, reddish-brown and orange-brown colors prevail in the dying marsh plants. The brilliant scarlet, vermilion and cardinal hues of the hillside maples and the gold and lemon tints of willows, birches and poplars make a pleasing contrast with the soft tones of the marsh.

Against the snow of the winter marsh the stems of redosier stand out like veins. Only these and the tattered lady-fingers of the cattails relieve the white landscape. A shadow shows the location of the domed muskrat house. A closer look reveals that something has been going on there. Here, paired mink tracks weave in and out along the brook, then come directly to the house—and there they go on down the stream. But in between the mink paused to dig out the meadowmouse nest. A single bright drop of blood on the snow tells of a capture. A sudden roaring whirr marks the departure of a grouse that had been feeding on poplar buds at the marsh-side. Now a flock of snow-bunting drifts in to glean the few seeds of dock or smartweed extending above the snow. Except for those bits of life, the glacier has temporarily returned to the marsh.

**UNSPOILED VERMONT?**

The slogan, “Unspoiled Vermont,” seems to suit naturally the efforts of a new and active group here—but in a quite unpromotional sense.

They come from a diversity of personal interests and professions—silviculturists, bird watchers, wildflower fanciers, naturalists, ecologists—all of them people who place high value on nature’s beauty. They are the Vermont chapter of something called the National Nature Conservancy.

These are people who recognize the necessity for highway construction, suburban building, new power lines and industrial expansion. Yet they are people who also are determined that the places of rare natural beauty, the unusual wild habitats, shall be kept alive and not be bulldozed under. They are a Wilderness Society of scattered pieces.

When Jacob Bayley built his military road in 1776 he skirted such traps as the Peacham Bog and held to dry ground. But these same primeval regions of sphagnum, these refuges of blue heron, the pitcher plant, fringed orchid and rare warbler, today are ripe game for dragline mucking and rock filled obliteration.

And so the Nature Conservancy, collaborating with individuals and the State of Vermont, is buying and otherwise protecting those irreplaceable parts of Vermont, which are as yet unspoiled.

Those who would help support these aims and efforts may write to James W. Marvin, 303 Swift St., South Burlington, or Perry H. Merrill, 200 Elm St., Montpelier.
The mellowed brick of the great mansion glowed in the light of the Autumn sun that October afternoon in 1910 as the black hearse grated along the South Albany Road, not far from the Canadian border, bearing to the village churchyard the remains of William Henry Hayden, last in the male line of his family. Heavy brocaded curtains, faded and dusty, were drawn across the Mansion windows, as they had been these past eighteen years that the richly furnished house had lain untenanted.

Some among the funeral party remembered Mercie Dale's curse—that the Hayden name would perish. How certain it seemed now of fulfillment. Others, passing by the Mansion at dusk, looked uneasily toward the darkened house and its three imposing barns. What would happen to it now? Where lay the Hayden fortune? But Henry Hayden had carried many secrets with him to his grave.

Nothing like the Hayden Mansion has been built in these parts before or since. They chose for the site a broad intervale in the Black River valley. The Mansion, in contrast to the modest wooden dwellings of the area, was a Victorian version of the Colonial style. Though restrained in design, its excellent proportions even today convey elegance. This was what Henry’s father was after when, a decade before the Civil War, he set out to show what money could do.

No fine mansion awaited the first William Hayden, Henry’s grandfather, when he with his wife, Silence, and her mother, Mercie Dale, first arrived in Albany, then known as Lutterloh.

The Haydens, married in 1798, had journeyed from Brantree, Mass. by ox cart over the Hazen Military Road, and for the first few years had pioneered in neighboring Craftsbury. Widow Mercie Dale was well-to-do for that day and helped the young couple over the rough times. In 1806 William bought Lot #4 in Lutterloh and soon moved from their rude cabin to a frame house.

His few fellow townsmen found William a shrewd and ambitious man. He was named highway surveyor when the town was organized, and took his pay in extra land. During the next few years he served as a selectman, was elected captain of the first militia, kept the first public house, and then started a spinning and weaving mill which employed several women. He was the area’s first and only customs officer—until the rise of cattle smuggling in his area lost him the appointment.

Through the years William had been acquiring so much land that by 1833 he was overextended and in serious financial straits. Although Mercie had advanced money to her son-in-law in earlier years, he apparently never repaid it and kept nagging her for more. Embittered and suspicious, Mercie fell into a long illness. Finally she came to accuse William of poisoning her.

Then one day, near the end and in the presence of Silence, she pronounced her famous curse: “The Hayden name shall die in the third generation, and the last to bear the name shall die in poverty.”

In her final days Mercie was cared for by neighbor Sally Rogers, and when she died (the date unknown) she had made certain of burial in the Rogers’ family cemetery, disdaining to share the same ground with the Haydens.

William’s troubles all seem to have come to a head by 1830, although they had been brewing for the better part of a decade. He and Silence, by one account, had raised five sons and four daughters by then, but census records indicate only a twin son and daughter living to majority.

Numerous lawsuits finally lost William everything. William, Jr., now thirty years of age, was his co-defendant in some, but himself had at least four writs later issued against his father—for recovery of a black horse (value of $40), of a lost gold watch (found by his father but not returned), and for loans never repaid.

To escape these bitter family quarrels and his creditors,
William finally decamped to Potton, Quebec, just across the border. It appears that Silence and two young sons went with him.

He lived in Potton until 1838 and then, involved in the Papineau Rebellion, was forced to flee back across the border to North Troy. Family tradition said William’s trouble stemmed from his declaiming—even though Victoria then was reigning—“To Hell with the King.” Whatever the cause, William was decoyed back into Canada, but escaped in the woods while being taken to the Montreal jail. He emigrated to the “West,” never returning to Albany, and died at Farnshoile, N. Y. in 1846.

Whether Silence lived with her husband in exile from Vermont is not known—neither is it certain whether one or both of the young sons survived. There is no indication she ever again lived in Albany, although she must have kept in touch with her Vermont son in his later days of wealth. For when Silence died (we do not know where) in 1872 at the age of 94, and when the news reached Albany, William, Jr. ordered the village church bell tolled.

In the second generation we have record of only two living to maturity. Arathuza died at 64 in Albany, apparently a spinster. Her twin, William, Jr., remained to carry on the Hayden name.

But William, Jr., or Will as he was called, was emerging as a “comer” by the time his father decamped. He was married to Azubah Culver of Albany, and by her had five children (one son) who reached maturity.

Will was both a farmer and a cooper, until he decided to try a railroad building contract in New Hampshire. In this he prospered, later extending his work as far as Michigan and into Canada. He was absent from Albany in these pursuits for many years on end, building in all 586 miles of line and amassing a considerable fortune.

We don’t know when Will Hayden conceived of his Mansion, but it is quite certain his motive was to build a monument to himself. Owning a fine horse and rig was the status symbol of that day, but Will had different ideas. “I’ll show those damned fools in Albany what money can do.” And he proceeded to.

Tradition says that Will’s elder daughter was married in the new Mansion’s ballroom in 1843, but old family account books, listing purchase of great quantities of brick and window weights, for instance, suggest it wasn’t started until 1854. A workman’s signature date still to be found in the old plaster, confirms this.

Will never quite finished off the Mansion as he’d planned. Ornamental iron work never graced the granite curbings, and one room was never used. Will had planned to visit England and select its furnishing. Already the Curse’s shadows were falling. There was family illness and instability among his children, the later estrangement with wife, Azubah, and his own failing sight.

But the Haydens in the new Mansion took up a genteel mode of life which was the wonder of the region. Azubah and daughter Julia would be taken for pleasure drives in one of the handsome carriages drawn by blooded horses. There were two servants, and on New Year’s Eve a great party would be held in the third floor ballroom.

Will obviously relished being the country squire, but railroad work continued to take him away for long periods. More money was needed to maintain this style of living.

There were 900 acres with the Mansion and 400 more with the old Hayden farm nearby, and it always pleased Will to be asked how much land he owned. “All that you can see,” he would reply with pride.

He favored old clothes, and when about the farm usually wore the old farmer’s long blue smock, wide brimmed hat and boots. The story is told of a day when he was returning from a sheep pasture on foot, looking his worst, and a passing Newport minister offered a lift in his buggy.

Noting Will’s poor apparel the minister asked to send Will a pair of his old trousers. Will allowed that he could use them. As the horse trotted up to the Mansion driveway, Will
told his benefactor to drive in. The minister asked if he worked there. “I own the place,” Will admitted, and, it being close to dinner time, he gave orders for “the best meal you can prepare.” As the dazed clergyman was driving away later, Will called after him: “Don’t forget the pants.”

In spite of the Mansion’s elegance and lavish furnishings there is no evidence the Haydens were strong for education or acquired any degree of culture. Nor did they seek to achieve any social or civic distinctions. Although they were Spiritualists they supported the local Congregational church. Except for Hemenway’s Gazetteer neither Will nor the other members of the family ever were mentioned in the several biographical compendiums of the century. Of Will Miss Hemenway wrote in 1870: “His history as a railroad contractor, both in the States and Canada, has never been tarnished by any act of malice or injustice to those who have labored for him.” Equivocally the item ends: “Even now the essence of human kindness must be drawn from him, but it can not be done with a blister.”

For a while the family’s life seemed normal enough, and perhaps Mercie Dale’s curse was almost forgotten. Will and Azubah’s daughters were all married and presenting grandchildren regularly. It is true that the one son, William Henry (known as Henry) had always seemed erratic and undependable, but he had married Lydia Crosby of Waterville, Maine, was living on the old home place and had started a family of his own.

Soon, however, things began to worsen. Will arrived home after one of his long absences on business in 1862. His trusted farm manager was found somewhat later badly beaten. The cause of the dispute, now uncertain, apparently involved Will’s jealousy of the attentions that the manager was paying to Azubah. The man’s name is lost to history, but it appears somewhere among the roster of sixteen Albany men who enlisted for the Union cause in 1862.

From this time forward there was a lifelong estrangement between Will and Azubah. They continued to follow the genteel life at the Mansion, but communicated with each other only through a third party—Henry or a servant. But Will remained, by report, unfailingly courteous to others, and Azubah “was considered the gracious lady by all who knew her.”

One tragedy then followed another. Will and Azubah’s married daughter, Mary, sickened soon after she had lost her fourth child and herself went insane and died. Four years later Will’s only Hayden grandson, a boy of five, died also—and then his daughter Julia.

By now Will’s eyesight was failing, and when in 1883 he was stricken with apoplexy, he was almost totally blind. Azubah, his widow, lived out her days in the already declining Mansion to the age of 83. The large farm, apparently, never itself supported the family’s style of living, for an inventory of Will’s estate after his death placed its total value at $19,551.53.

On Christmas day of 1891, about a month before she died, Azubah made out her will. It bequeathed the apparently modest estate left to her by one Lavinia Fuller (perhaps a relative on her mother’s side) to the wife of son Henry, to Henry’s two living daughters and to Julia’s two daughters—but not a penny to Henry himself. Earlier that year Henry
had tried to get title to sell Will and Azubah’s real estate, and this may have so displeased his mother that she cut him off. Meanwhile, there still was no settlement of the estate of Will Hayden, who had died nine years earlier.

Henry, who from boyhood seems to have been the black sheep of the family, was hearty of manner, a rawboned six-footer who “looked like Uncle Sam.” Henry maintained the appearances of a prosperous farmer, although not equal to the style of his parents. He kept a fine herd of registered Jerseys and raced his blooded horses at nearby fairs.

People were suspicious of Henry. He lived on the farm place but secured the Mansion key when his mother died. Just before Azubah’s funeral a servant, as she told later, observed him in the Mansion taking papers from a safe and burning them. “There, by God, we’ll see,” he muttered.

Had Henry fixed the inheritance in his own favor? At any rate a great and protracted family squabble broke out after Azubah’s burial. It is quite possible that Henry and his brother-in-law Bill Blaisdell were in cahoots. Both entered large claims against Will’s estate, and neither contested the other’s claim. But the McClary and Dow relatives called them “wholly fraudulent” and fought these moves bitterly.

In spite of their opposition, Henry remained as administrator of the unsettled estate for 27 years—until his own death. And after that Bill Blaisdell kept the litigation going.

In 1915 Blaisdell talked Henry’s daughter, Mamie, into signing a bad bargain. He got $8500 from the estate and she and Julia Ella Blaisdell were to get the rest. But this remainder, it turned out, was entirely in the form of a court judgment (for $40,496.80) issued against one H. E. Fuller way back in 1874. It is doubtful that Mamie or Julia Ella ever received a cent of this old claim, which was not even listed in Will’s estate inventory of 1883.

As it turned out Blaisdell finally received $7500 when Will’s estate was closed, but Mamie received nothing, nor did anyone else. Some did to go Henry’s estate, however, and here is what of the Hayden fortunes finally came in 1915 to Mamie:

| Household Furniture | $395.00 |
| Buggy | 20.00 |
| Cash | 977.51 |

*$ * *$

And so the Mansion remained closed as the litigation and the years stretched onward. There were strange happenings, though—rumors of moving lights inside late at night; sometimes the sounds, carrying to the road, of heavy movement inside the house.

Some, remembering the seances of years ago, laid it to ghosts of the departed Haydens. One man to this day main-

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**Plush and Dazzle**

Brick for the pre-Civil War Hayden Mansion walls was kilned on a farm across the Black River, and only this of the house seems native to the region. Originally there was a two-and-a-half story brick ell, half the length of the main house. Attatched to it was another ell of wood a story-and-a-half in height, and used as servants' quarters. Plans for formal Italianate gardens were never developed, although a large pool was formed when fill was excavated south of the house to grade the front lawn. Behind were three enormous barns.

The interior of the Mansion is still remembered by many both for its architectural features and sumptuous furnishings. Through the paneled front door one entered a fair-sized front hall with a short graceful staircase, its fretwork balusters curving to a second floor. A glass, urn-like ornament called a "wishing well" was mounted on the newel post. Rooms had high ceilings with molded plaster cornices and recessed windows with paneling. The more formal rooms had elaborate chandeliers with engraved glass globes and crystal pendants.

The decoration and furnishings were luxurious. Contrasting with the white of the heavy paneled doors and the ceilings, were the deep, dark colors of velvet or brocaded window draperies, suspended from ornate, gilded cornices and piling generously in folds on the thick Persian rugs. Crystal ware and silver in every conceivable form, highly polished tables, plump upholstered chairs, grand pianos and dazzling linen, remained in the minds of visitors.

There was a long dining room at the back of the house with a table which would seat thirty. There was a small bridal chamber with canopied four-poster, and a sickroom fitted with all the conveniences of the day. What seemed to most the height of opulence was the ballroom on the third floor of the main house. It had a vaulted, plaster ceiling, benches all round, a stage for the orchestra and, above all, a spring floor.

For all its many chimneys—four in the main house—the Mansion had no fireplaces. In the cellar was an early and gargantuan hot air furnace so big it would take six-foot logs. What appeared to be fireplaces on the inside walls actually were furnace registers with grilled openings framed by mantels of cast metal painted to resemble dark marble.

Although both ells and the barns are gone and the Mansion itself was heavily damaged over the years, it is being brought back now to its original grandeur. The house and seven acres were acquired five years ago by Mr. and Mrs. William Chadwick, formerly of Texas, who are gradually restoring the property. To date more than seven thousand bricks from the ruined ell have been cleaned, also, preparatory to rebuilding it.
tains he once heard an orchestra playing in the dark and abandoned ballroom.

Others believe these nocturnal mysteries were related to the smuggling of Chinese, a profitable activity (also linked to Henry) until after the Boxer Rebellion, when Chinamen then could enter this country legally. Some say more than one Chinaman lies buried in the apple orchard behind the Mansion. At any rate, there were tunnels at one time running from the cellar of the house to the barn. A post-Hayden owner, probably fearing someone might be trapped, years later filled them in.

And so the house remained for many years after Azubah’s death, closed and mysterious. The few who had occasion to go inside found it a chilling experience—hushed and dark, white dust protectors covering the furniture. So airtight was the house—possibly that was the cause—that when you opened one door, others would slam heavily in the distant darkness.

What happened to the rest of the family fortune? Some think that Henry knew. He always told daughter Armenia Mamie she would be well fixed financially when he died. And when that day came in 1910, Henry, stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage, lay on his deathbed desperately but in vain trying to tell Mamie something—perhaps where Will and Azubah’s fortune (which some felt he had looted) was concealed.

By the time the estates at last were settled (after Henry had gone silent to his grave) most of the legatees themselves had died. For dark and melancholy appearing Mamie, last of the Haydens, there was virtually nothing. Gone now were all the rest—her little brother years ago, her twin in 1891 and sister Carrie taken the same year as her father.

Mamie, the frail and shy, the last known to bear the Hayden name, went back to her mother’s old home in Maine. There in 1927, poverty stricken and alone, she died.

* * *

In 1913 the Mansion and all its furnishings were sold—for $8,300. The money probably went into Will’s unsettled estate. The new owner during the eight years he lived there, sold off the Mansion’s contents “at a handsome profit,” and then, doing better than anyone had since Will Hayden’s heyday, he sold the bare place and land to a Canadian family for $25,000.

Those who remember these things, say the Mansion now entered on a new career—extensive bootlegging. The new owners were a sociable lot and held public dances in the old ballroom. The tunnels, useful in the Chinese era, probably came in handy again for this fresh, clandestine trade.

The Canadians sold out in 1922, and from then on the Hayden Mansion went downhill fast, each successive owner finding that hard times had replaced elegant living. Land was sold off piecemeal, barns burned, the house fell into disrepair, and finally fire destroyed the brick ell.

After that the place was abandoned, and for many years it was open, inside and out, to passing vandals. Only now is its future bright again.

But for the Haydens, all is past. Their fortune vanished with the family name. Its secret lies somewhere among the graves at the head of Albany Cemetery. Here the Haydens are ranged in front. Squarely behind lie the Blaisdells, uniform marble head and footstones giving an illusion of family unity.

Of them all, Mercie Dale in her lost grave, can rest in peace now. Her curse has been fulfilled.
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To buy simply send us a list of the past issues you would like, with remittance of 50¢ each.
North Country people seem to be packed with optimistic spunk. *VL* readers may recall the Montreal barber who for a time stymied the Vermont highway department by blockading a road he said they had no title to. Now Mr. and Mrs. W. Milton Smith have cited the U. S.-Britain Peace Treaty of 1783 to prevent a thruway from taking their land in Highgate. The Treaty called for surveys to determine where the international line should go. But this was never done, the Smiths argue. For all anybody knows they and their land should be in Canada, and out of reach of Vermont highway condemnation.

We wish the Smiths well, but expect they have about the same chance as the Indians. The Algonkians, who lay treaty claim, periodically, to the larger part of Vermont, always are granted a very courteous hearing.

Statistics are employed by some to guess at trends. So here are recent random figures from which readers may be able to draw certain conclusions: Licensed fortune tellers—6, cosmetologists—1100, doctors—965, plumbers—1000, embalmers—220, barbers—600, dentists—350.

Maintaining our constant vigil on the see-saw hominobovine race, we find humans have forged ahead, now outnumbering all kinds of cattle lumped together: 390,000 to 383,313.

The fact that Vermont has thirteen licensed private detectives brings to mind the Addison-Bridport Detective Society, organized some one-hundred years ago to cope with sheep stealing, and still quite active. Their pursuits today, however, are mainly social.

This Winter may have confirmed that the world’s warming trend has reversed, the Old Farmer’s Almanac tells us. Thus last summer’s strange discovery in North Troy, next to the Canadian border, may be temporary. Here was found a thriving patch some half-acre in size of that supposedly delicate shrub, the flowering rhododendron.

Vermont Life’s favorite forest conservationist, Riley Bostwick of Rochester (see *VL*, Winter 1958-59) the past autumn had a piece of his forest land enrolled as the millionth acre to be a part of the New England Tree Farm program.

Marble Operations have begun again in Dorset, not far from the site where the first quarry in the nation was opened in 1795. “Blue Cloud” marble is coming again from the McCormick quarry after a lapse of forty years.

Our Summer Issue contained the innocent statement that Vergennes is the world’s second smallest city. Not long thereafter we were asked to show cause why Vergennes should not be termed the smallest. Here is the vindicating testimony: Vergennes, Vt.—pop. 1921, area 1200 acres; Vatican City—pop. 970, area 109 acres.

Correspondence is invited by the editors on the locations and origins of Vermont’s recessed porches. We refer to old houses found in scattered locations which have second story porches which are recessed in a gabled end under the eaves. Many such porches have arched ceilings.

Mystery Picture 25

The first correct location of this village scene (town residents disqualified) filmed by J. F. Smith, and postmarked after seven A.M. of March 5th, will receive a special prize. Please use postal cards.

Our Winter Mystery Picture, an antique view of Suicide Six near Woodstock, was first identified by William Cochrane of Bellows Falls.
Thanks to the Indians

LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

ONE OF Mrs. Appleyard’s favorite passages in literature is in a story by an Englishman. Broadmindedly he chose an American scene and with genial realism splashed in the background, thus: “It was autumn, the season called Indian Summer, and under the red and yellow maples the Indians in their feather headdresses were gathering the maple syrup.”

What an improvement this is over going out, with no feather headdress, on some raw, bone chilling morning in early March to tap trees and hang sap buckets! You might, Mrs. Appleyard supposed, just as well catch the juice of the maple on its way down in the fall as on its way up in the spring especially as, in Indian Summer, there would be none of this nonsense about cooking down thirty or forty gallons of sap to make one of syrup. In that happy season, it seems, syrup comes right out of the tree. The fortunate Indians could serve it at once on waffles or—perhaps a little more handy—sagamite, that corn meal mush to which Indian gourmets often added grasshoppers or crickets according to the season. Only how about sugar on snow? If it had not been for the Indian habit of collecting the spring run of sap, we would never have known that hot syrup poured over fresh snow makes a sort of crisp golden lace and tastes the way maple syrup smells. Ambrosia and nectar is a menu that has been favorably mentioned for quite a while: sugar on snow is like both only more nourishing because with it are served eggs that have been boiled in the sap, plain doughnuts of a substance splendidly absorbent and dill pickles with which you stimulate your palate for another round.

It used to be necessary to go right to the sugarhouse for such a treat but, thanks to the deep-freeze, you can now have sugar on snow in lilac time, wild rose time, under a temperature of 23°F. For the crisp and lacy kind, the right mixture is cool, whip heavy cream and fold it in. Freeze this either in a deep freeze or in a refrigerator set at its coldest point. Heat, but do not boil, the syrup. Beat egg yolks thick and lemon colored. Keep on beating while adding hot syrup gradually. Beat in light cream. Cool. Add marrons cut up . . . not too fine. When mixture is cool, whip heavy cream and fold it in. Freeze 3-4 hours. To keep ice crystals from forming, stir the mousse thoroughly three times during the first hour.

On a day when she was going to have some luscious unsalted rice and five steamed apricots for lunch, Mrs. Appleyard’s freezer contained a number of neat paste board dishes full of snow. In case you have some snow, either in the freezer or on the front lawn, this is how you cook syrup to use with it.

Into a kettle that will hold a gallon or more, put a quart of syrup and quickly bring it to the boiling point. Watch it! If you turn your back, it will boil over, leaving you with a cleaning job that will make you wish you could just pick up your wigwam and go somewhere else. Use a candy thermometer. If you like your sugar on snow waxy, cook the syrup to 238°F. For the crisp and lacy kind, the right temperature is 232°F. Call in the customers. Dribble the hot syrup over the snow. Ah-h-h!

Perhaps you prefer maple flavor in a more permanent form. Then butter a plate lightly. Cover it with nut meats—butternuts, walnuts or pecans. Pour syrup at 232°F into a big tortoise shell Bennington bowl. Stir vigorously until the syrup turns from dark to pale amber and just begins to thicken. Pour it over the nut meats. Mark in squares while it is still warm.

You may like granulated maple sugar. Cook the syrup to 238°F. Pour it into a bowl. Stir it through various shades of amber to a pale golden beige. Use a spoon with holes in it, then a strong pastry blending fork. After a while it will begin to grain. Sift it through a large-meshed strainer. Break up any lumps that are left. It will look rather like brown sugar but it will taste of bare maples, like fans of black coral against a blue silk sky, of crunching crusty snow, of wood smoke, of sap tinkling into buckets, of sun hot on your cheek—of, in fact, maple.

Serve it on ice-cream or on freshly cooked homeground wheat, or scotch oatmeal, with cream. Mr. Appleyard’s favorite dessert was a slice of homemade whole wheat bread generously sprinkled with this sugar and with cream spooned over it. He spooned it since, being Vermont cream, it was too thick to pour.

He also liked something his wife invented. She called it

Maple Marron Mousse

1 c. maple syrup 12 marrons (the kind in vanilla yolks of 4 eggs syrup)
1 c. light cream 2 c. heavy cream

Freeze this either in a deep freeze or in a refrigerator set at its coldest point. Heat, but do not boil, the syrup. Beat egg yolks thick and lemon colored. Keep on beating while adding hot syrup gradually. Beat in light cream. Cook mixture over hot water till it coats the back of the spoon. Cool. Add marrons cut up . . . not too fine. When mixture is cool, whip heavy cream and fold it in. Freeze 3-4 hours. To keep ice crystals from forming, stir the mousse thoroughly three times during the first hour.

On a day when she was going to have some luscious unsalted rice and five steamed apricots for lunch, Mrs. Appleyard was heard to wish she were an Indian. However she soon realized she would be a squaw, busily gathering sap and boiling it, probably with a papoose grandchild on her back, while the horses smoked. Occasionally one would come around and say “How?” To this remark Squaw Appleyard would respond by swishing some syrup over the snow. If it was lacy enough, he would eat it and then she would be allowed to set the kettle in the snow and stir the syrup until it sugared.

She certainly thanks the Indians for this discovery and even more the white men who put the syrup in cans decorated with red and yellow leaves. Never mind if they wear imitation fur hats instead of war bonnets—she thanks them specially.
\textbf{REPORTS:}

\textit{On Ten Art Collections}

By \textsc{Samuel R. Ogden}

\begin{quote}

There is a deep chasm between the bar, which in my youth embellished the Hoffman House in New York, and the quiet, respectable St. Johnsbury's Athenaeum. Nevertheless a bridge joins the two, a tenuous structure contrived by French painter Adolphe William Bouguereau, (born 1825). His breathtaking \textit{Nymphs and Satyr} was for years a fixture in the famous Gotham hostelry while another of his paintings, \textit{Going to the Bath}, today repose on its easel in a quiet back-room of the Athenæum.

My discovery of this really splendid Bouguereau in St. Johnsbury is but a single instance of the rewards and delights which attended my tour of the permanent public art collections found in Vermont. Besides the Bouguereau there are at least two other noteworthy items in the Athenæum collection. The most impressive is Bierstadt's huge oil, \textit{Domes of Yosemite}. Paintings by this artist are found in at least two other Vermont collections, five in the Shelburne Museum and at least one in the Bennington. But most choice of all, in my opinion, is a small marble figurine carved by Hiram Powers, who was born in Woodstock, and went on to fame and wealth as a sculptor, but whose renown did not long survive him. His most famous, the \textit{Greek Slave}, may have evolved from this exquisite nude female torso. The \textit{Slave Girl} is about fourteen inches high.

The frolicsome \textit{Nymphs and Satyr}, wherein four nymphs, as bare as the gal in \textit{September Morn}, give a ferocious appearing but obviously terrified satyr a rough time of it as they try to push him into the pond, now hangs in the Williamstown, Mass. Clark Art Institute. This, one of the great art galleries of New England, is so close that one should include it in his rounds.

There is not a great deal of sculpture in the Vermont collections, but some is noteworthy. Antoine-Louis Barye, perhaps the greatest animal sculptor, is represented by three magnificent bronzes in the Bennington, but most remarkable and beautiful of all is his small wax figure of a panther, at the Fleming in Burlington. This unique item (for being in wax it surely has never been reproduced) is about eight inches long, and has a quality of ominous repose and a beauty of texture not matched in the larger works.

One other truly great and beautiful item at the Fleming is the life-sized head of a Princess, cast in bronze in Africa in the 17th or 18th century. Besides, there are some modern works including two wrought iron figures by Paul Aschenbach of Charlotte, and, by Roy Kennedy of Underhill a fat man who sits astride an ass, made of bits of brazed copper. These are noteworthy, as is a giraffe, by Louise Kaish, also of brazed copper, at the Southern Vermont Art Center, in Manchester.

There are in these collections other objects which merit attention if for no other reason than that they are the creations of famous hands: Rodin, MacMonnies, Daniel Chester French and Houdon.

A splendid bronze by William Zorach entitled \textit{New Horizons}, reposes in the Webb Gallery at Shelburne. \textit{The Spirit of America} by Clyde D. V. Hunt, who lived in Weathersfield, is an imposing life-size bronze group in the patio of the Bennington Museum. It represents Lincoln in top-hat and cloak, standing with his hands on the head of a small nude boy, and on the brow of a nearly nude female, seated on the ground at his feet and snuggled within the tails of his great coat. The original of this female figure, in marble and entirely nude, (entitled \textit{Nirvana}), reposes inside the museum, and it is very fine indeed.

While the great works outdoors is impressive, I sense some slight incongruity in placing the lovely unclad lady under the coat-tails of \textit{The Great Emancipator}. But perhaps my sense of fitness is out of joint.

While not, in the strictest sense, "works of art" the fine collection of Joel Ellis dolls at the Miller Art Center in Springfield and the great collections at the Shelburne of wooden decoys, figureheads, cigar store Indians and weather vanes are outstanding of their kind.

As might be expected, since most Vermont museums have a distinctly historical slant, many of the paintings are primitives, and by unknown artists. In both the Sheldon Museum at Middlebury and at the Miller Art Center there are important portraits and landscapes. In each are portraits by Horace Bundy of Hardwick, a primitive whose fame is now rapidly growing. In the Sheldon, also, there are several fine portraits by Benjamin Franklin Mason (born in Pomfret in 1804). There are many excellent primitives to be found, too, at the Shelburne Museum.

One of these, Erastus S. Field's \textit{The Garden of Eden}, depicts Eve, behind waist-high shrubbery, reaching for the famous and fatal apple. Close examination reveals that some prudish owner had the shrubbery extended upward so that the leaves also concealed her bosoms, which certainly, up to the time of the plucking of the apple, Eve had had no use for.

In Montpelier's Wood Art Gallery is a collection of over 50 paintings by the founder, Thomas Waterman Wood, a Montpelier native and one time president of the National Academy of Design. Examples of this artist's work are at the Shelburne and Athenæum as well, and these genre paintings might be 19th century forerunners of Norman Rockwell. I liked best \textit{The Drunken's Wife}, and while none gleams with the fire of genius, perhaps this or \textit{Give Us a Light} might outrank in popularity the perfectly magnificent Andrew Wyeth tempera in the Webb Gallery. This is a view from above of

\end{quote}
soaring turkey buzzards, wherein the tilted horizon gives the observer the feeling of being air-borne himself, and it is appropriately entitled Soaring. Of all the 20th Century works I saw, this was my favorite.

Along with the Woods in the Wood Gallery are a representative group of present-day artists, many Vermonters. There are works of Paul Sample, Schnakenberg, Herbert Meyer, Bouche, Bernardine Custer, Bartlett and Eldredge. A collection similar to this is to be found, very poorly hung, in the Bennington Museum. Here, with its magnificent Colyer Collection (which includes many really great works of art), the paintings seem to be subordinate to the glass, pottery and china. And this is a pity, for here are masterpieces worth going far to see. There is a Reubens, a terrific Leda and the Swan by the 19th century Vincent Sellear, a magnificent portrait of the Countess of Rochester by Sir Peter Lely, to mention but three of the many great works. Here the contemporaries include, in addition to some listed previously, works by John Atherton, Horace Brown, Leroy Williams, Harriet Miller, Fahnestock, C. V. Grant, Francis Colburn, Claude Deems, Leale Towsley and others.

As the Wood Gallery is top-heavy with Woods, so is the Miller Art Center top-heavy with Horace Brown's. It would be a great thing, it seems to me, if museum directors could make trades. Of all the collections the most homogeneous perhaps is in St. Johnsbury, for this appears to have been all selected in the same era, and dominated by one individual taste, which I suspect was that of Horace Fairbanks. On the other hand the Colyer collection in Bennington is more catholic in its scope, and it forms but a part of a larger group. At the Shelburne, the paintings are but a minor part of the whole show.

At Shelburne, besides the Webb Gallery, there is a great collection of maritime prints and paintings, ship models and figureheads (one a perfect gem, not matched even in the Newport News Marine Museum). Under construction as this is written is the Electra Havemeyer Webb Memorial Building. When completed it will contain a distinguished European art from the Havemeyer and Webb collections, which, of course I did not get to see.

At the Southern Vermont Art Center, there is a permanent collection of paintings, mostly contemporary, which includes many noteworthy items. Unfortunately they are scattered about, poorly hung, or not hung at all. A choice group of them is on the walls of Factory Point National Bank in Manchester Center, and only a few of these can be viewed by the public. One of the finest, an Ogden Pleissner water color, Salmon Anglers, hangs in the lobby of the bank. A fine oil by Gene Pelham is beneath the clock. Behind the tellers' cages is a great landscape by Dean Fanceett, one of several hung so that they can be viewed only from a distance, if at all. I hope the day will come when these fine contemporary paintings will be sympathetically housed in their own place.

I have been chary in the use of the word "modern." Of modern art, in the sense of the works being non-representational, there was little to be found on my tour. I saw some at Bennington College, where there is no real museum. A few were on exhibit at the Fleming.

So if this is a situation to be remedied, the young man in Waitsfield, Harlow Carpenter, will fill the bill. The Bundy Art Gallery lies at the end of a steep mountain road in Waitsfield, on a clearing in the woods with a magnificent view of Lincoln Mountain off to the southwest. Here is a man with vision. His entire concept for his art gallery is original and striking, and, blessedly free from commercialism. The works of art to be exhibited at the Bundy Museum will, I suspect, all be modern. I have a list from Mr. Carpenter of 33 items now owned by the Museum, mostly paintings, and the name of none of the artists is familiar to me. The names and the titles of the works suggest most of them are European. I shall be glad to see these things when the time comes, and in the meantime I salute one who has had the courage to transform his dreams into reality.

The scope of this survey has been far too large for the space available. But I still hope the excitement that this tour engendered in me is contagious, and that others will be inspired to explore the fascinations of Vermont's public art collections.

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**GALLERY HOURS**

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<th>Location</th>
<th>Hours</th>
<th>Closed Dates</th>
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*Admission charged.*