The Editor’s Uneasy Chair

With this issue we complete the monumental task of converting some 43,000 subscription records to IBM punch cards, this system to be used in accounting, filing and addressing. Faster subscription handling, especially in the Christmas rush period, more flexible service, and cost saving lie behind the long-planned change. The use of this electronic equipment is possible to Vermont Life only because a wide array of machines is available in adjacent state departments and at a cooperating insurance company in Montpelier.

By the limitations of punch card addressing, titles have to be limited to four letters. “Archbishop,” for instance, a title by convention never abridged, had to be. Some addresses had to be shortened, especially those interminable California streets.

The subscriber's name, on the top line of the new address label, is followed by two numbers. These show what will be the last issue of your subscription. Read it this way: the first number indicates the name of your last issue. 1 is Fall, 2 is Winter, 3 is Spring and 4 is Summer. The second number indicates the year of your last issue. 1 means this year, 2 is 1960, 3 is 1961 and so on, to 0, which is 1968.

The IBM addressing will produce expiration notices and gift lists also. There will be small problems at first, we expect, but better and faster service will result. Please help us by keeping orders separate from other correspondence, by using the shortest and yet adequate addresses, and by not forgetting postal zones.

* * * * *

In case someone else already has read this copy of Vermont Life before you, and has torn out the center-spread flier (without doubt to rush an order to us), this is what it was: We are advertising and offering the first annual Vermont Life Calendar, for 1960, a handsome full-color publication, supplied boxed at $1.50 each postpaid. If your flier is missing, please write us for details. END

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Autumn Events in Vermont 61, BACK COVER


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Published September 1, 1959
WERE our founding fathers really so dull? The imitative and unimaginative names given their Vermont towns seem to prove it. But usually they didn't have any chance to show a flair for words. Benning Wentworth did it for them, and his interests didn't run to local color.

To sound out more lively fare, to glean something of our forebears' real characters, the prober turns to the names the settlers themselves gave to their new hills, ponds and villages. These were dreamed up for many reasons, and were applied unofficially, though many now appear sedately on our maps. Some are grotesque, some descriptive, others grandiose, or with a secret story behind them. All are fun to investigate.

This autumn season VERMONT LIFE proposes you plan a foliage tour which will also seek out and explore some of these intriguing localities. Match their appearances with their names, and ferret out the stories behind the naming. As a planning aid, and an inducement to setting out, we list here a sampling, taken largely from U.S.G.S. sectional maps—the very best aid for back country travel.

In the attractive vein, which at times verges on poesy, we suggest Sheldon's Pumpkin and Milton's Checkerberry Villages, Honey Hollow in Bolton, or a drive through Pleasant Valley in Cambridge. Then there is Shady Rill beckoning in Middlesex, Horn of the Moon in East Montpelier, Blush Hill near Waterbury and Blissville in Castleton. Sugar Hollow in Brandon is another possibility.

Harmonyville lies in Townshend's south limits, Maple Corner in Calais, while Blossom Corners is a Pawlet adjunct. For the introspective we suggest Dream Lake in Fairfield.

On the other hand there are eyebrow-raising names, too, scattered about Vermont, which bear investigation. For instance take Skunk Hollow in Greensboro or Skunk's Misery in West Fairlee. Springfield's Skunk Hollow has been deodorized to Pleasant Valley. Barnet has an unjustified Mosquitoville. Just southward lies Ryegate's Ticklenaked Pond. There is a Murder Hollow in Dummerston and another in Winhall. Sodom in Calais now is Adamant, but Shaftsbury still retains one. Consider also the juxtaposition of Springfield's Bloodsucker Pond with Rattlesnake Hill. Some distance south is that town's Hardscrabble Corner. Mt. Tabor has its Purgatory, Chelsea its Devil's Den and Leicester a Satan's Kingdom. Only in Williston, however, is Sucker Hollow found.

Some Vermont names are just plain odd. In this category are Pawlet's Tunck (Spanktown and Brimstone Corner lie there also.) Not far from the Lemon Fair River, in Benson, is a section called Bump. Both Big and Little Eggcup belong to Saxtons River. Back in Williston is Stovepipe Corner. Podunk lies in Norwich while Paddledock is in Granville. Hancock, nearby, has its Bingo Camp and in the wilderness town of Lewis is Peanut Dam. A Stowe locality is Packer Street. To the south, in Wardsboro, sits Buckertville.

Our editorial confere, Vrest Orton, previously has noted Weston's Paydenwarren and Fre-um-catsey, as well as Chester's enigmatically named region of Pulpit Dungeon. Gassets, in that town also, might well invite inquiry.

With their hills Vermonters let all stops out. Old Shincracker in Baltimore compliments Breakneck Hill in Pomfret. Pairs of hills are popular, too. In Sandgate Minister Hill opposes Sweating Hill. Northward lies Bear-town, one of many in Vermont. In Westford Sugarloaf Mountain stands appropriately near Strawberry Hill. Lord's Hill in Marshfield matches Devil's Hill. One of Stratford's handsome hills is Grannyhand. Stockbridge, more formal with its Granddamad Hill, also boasts a Notzon.

A name which is colorless to some—Brattleboro for instance—evokes something else again, according to a Swiss picture magazine published earlier this year. In French text the magazine told about the musical Moyse family of Brattleboro and Marlboro College. Concluding his interview the writer expressed (in French) his own reaction to this distant Vermont town: "Gay, like the roll of a drum, is this name—Brattleboro."

History of the outside world or of local events now forgotten, lies behind some Vermont place names. Kansas in Sunderland recalls the migrations west when the Territory opened in 1834. Chilcot Pass in Morristown harks to the gold rush days at Skagway. The Egyptians of Lyndon and Bakersfield bespeak small oases there during famine years such as 1816. The Moscows of Stowe and Calais recall world interest in the unearthing of the great Russian bell. The names, the places, the fun in finding them is endless. Tater Lane, Lost Nation (two to choose from), Tidd Hollow, The Purchase, Bullethoat, Hogtough Brook or Rabbit Hollow. Take your pick and your own back road. Explore Bethel Olympus or Bethel Gilead. The trains no longer pass, but Huff's Crossing still stands on the map of Orwell. Look for Goose City in Dover and climb Toot Hill in Lyndon. Then tell us what they mean.

END
Ducks Over the Water

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSON CARROLL

WATERFOWL GUNNING is 250 years old in Vermont. One of the earliest such records in America, says Vermont waterfowl expert William R. Miller, tells of a gunning expedition with Indians on the marshes of Missisquoi Bay. It was in May of 1687.

The beautiful, mouthwatering and seemingly numberless ducks were both sport and sustenance for the early settlers—later for sporting and commercial hunters who bagged them in vast numbers. Only in recent years, as the duck populations dropped alarmingly, were stringent federal and state regulations finally imposed.

Now the beautiful, wild ducks, both Vermont’s home-nesting birds and the migrating flights, are increasing steadily—to the pleasure and relief of duck hunters themselves, and to others who love and value wildlife.

Leaving their jeep truck, Homer Holbrook and Howard Castaey load their canoe and head down one of the many creeks inland from Lake Champlain. Early in the season these twisting, forking creeks are haven for wood duck, who feed on the banks and in the hardwood trees.
HUNTING REGULATIONS

Besides a federal stamp ($3), a Vermont duck hunter must have a Vermont hunting license. Birds (the daily bag limit—four) may be shot by bow and arrow or shotgun, not above ro-gauge nor loading more than three shells. The season is set by federal regulations in early fall. It runs for about 60 days, starting in early October.

At the left, Holbrook and Cassavoy set their decoys in front of a “pot hole” blind—a marshy area attractive to mallards and black ducks. Below, John Sloan Dickey, president of Dartmouth College, watches for “whistlers” in a lake-shore blind. A third type of blind is the “boat landing” (shown on page 4), which allows the decoys to be in a more conspicuous area.
DUCK HUNT  MILFORD K. SMITH

THERE are folks who say that all duck hunters are crazy. Such remarks, often voiced by duck hunters’ wives when the alarm goes off at 3 a.m., are shrugged off by the hunters themselves as both untrue and slightly slanderous. In secret, however, duck hunters will admit that being “touched” may be a help at times—particularly on those mornings when the mercury hangs around the 20-degree mark, and gale winds, laden with stinging snow, blow down Champlain’s waters. Duck hunting can be a rugged sport on such mornings. The warmest of clothing and well-insulated boots do little to keep out the marrow-chilling cold in a “setting” (decoy on such frigid dawns. The small boat pitches and tosses among the churning white caps. Fingers all become clumsy thumbs when cords and anchors are to be unwrapped from the wooden counterparts of Whistlers and Bluebills. The blind, little more than a few reeds or cedar branches set on the bare rocks of a wind-blown point, seems like a very haven of warmth when the cold preparations are over, and the numbed hunters have returned shoreward.

Hunting from a duck blind is pretty much of a waiting business. Huddled as motionless as their shivering will permit, the hunters watch the decoys, heads to the wind, dipping and bobbing at the beckoning of incoming waves. Eyes scan the gray of the water and the gray of the sky for the first sight of any duck foolish enough to be lured by the dancing decoys. Ears are alert, attuned above the splash of water and the moan of the wind, for the first whistle of approaching wings. Gloved hands are ready to thrust the loaded gun through the thin covering of the blind at the first suspicion of a winging, swift flight low over the water.

Overhead the gulls cruise on slowly moving pinions, ceaselessly watching for some bit of flotsam to reward their storm-tossed search. Wind-swept crows make a smudgy and ragged line in the distant sky on a belated southward retreat. A loon, clad handsomely in formal black and white, glides effortlessly through the waves, vanishes in an instant beneath the surface.

A wild and distant gabble far up in the dark sky marks the passage of a flock of Canadian geese, wildest of the waterfowl. It is the red letter day of a hunter’s lifetime.

VERMONT DUCKS

Ducks most commonly bagged along the Lake Champlain and Connecticut River migration routes are, in order; black, golden eye (whistlers), blue-winged teal, wood and bluebills. Other ducks often taken from Vermont blinds are—Puddle Ducks: pintail, green-winged teal, bald pate, shoveler; Diving Ducks: canvas-back, buffle head, old squaw, scoters, ruddy and mergansers.

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if they descend into the decoys. Rare as such a chance may be, the hunter’s heart beats faster at even this faint hope. Eyes follow the wavering V in the universal drag of sky, snow and water.

But now, a faint sound at first, then increasing and excitingly distinct, comes the undulating whistle of beating wings. Straining eyes suddenly see, appearing from nowhere, a group of oncoming dots, moving it seems with the speed of bullets. Scudding just over the tops of the waves, the dots increase and magnify into fast-flying ducks. Heads and necks outstretched they come toward the fancied companionship of the decoys as if drawn by magnets.

Now they are directly over the decoys, swinging in a wide circle. Legs are dangling, wings are flaring, settling to the waiting water. Every detail of smooth plumage is etched on the minds of the hunters in that second before the guns start. In the tenseness of the moment cold and discomfort have ceased to exist in the wind-swept blind.

In one swift movement guns are at shoulders, safeties off and the swings are started. Just as the alarmed ducks start to speed away the gun barrels swing from behind, then onto the ducks, and then beyond—all in the same, smooth motion. The pulling of triggers is a reflex, automatic and unplanned, seemingly unconnected with the splash of ducks into the water. Then, as the flat echoes of the gun blasts die away from the far-off New York hills, it is time to launch the boat and with eager hands retrieve the drifting prizes.

It is time now to have hot coffee from the vacuum bottle, to heft the heavily-feathered birds and admire the subtle coloring of hackle and wing. And this is the time to admire the savage beauty of the storm-tossed lake, the dark mountains beyond the bending reeds. And, of course, this is the time to pity those who have never known the joys of duck hunting.

PHOTOGRAPHER

HANSON CARROLL’s photography appears regularly in these pages (in this issue—three articles) and those of Sports Illustrated, The New York Times, Life and other national publications. The photographer lives in Norwich with his wife, Gloria (who took this portrait), and a young son and daughter. Carroll attended Marlboro College, did newspaper reporting in Burlington, and in 1951 took up photography seriously. He attended the Country School of Photography (South Woodstock) and served a stint with the Valley News (West Lebanon, N. H.) For the past five years he has devoted his whole time to freelance photography.

Besides possessing high technical and artistic talents, Carroll has unusual reportorial and story-sensing gifts. His liking for people is reflected in all his work.

Carroll originates and plans most of the picture articles which he films. This magazine is proud to present his varied and perceptive reflections of Vermont life.
"Built to Drive" said Bennington coach maker Karl Martin of this unique car. But . . .

"Buy a Wasp and Get Stung!" jeered the competition.

KEITH MARVIN

BACK IN THE NOSTALGIC TWENTIES Vermonters were witnesses to an unusual birth, that of the state's only real, and perhaps last automobile manufactory.

They witnessed it distantly, it appears, because none of the exotic Wasp automobiles manufactured in Bennington was ever bought at home. The car itself, though, was as unique in design as the most individual Vermonter.

Young Karl Martin, a brilliant coach craftsman and auto designer, established his Martin-Wasp plant, right after World War I, on Bennington's Pleasant Street. Barely in time for the New York Automobile Show of 1920, he finished his first Wasp, or "Automobile Wasp" as he preferred it. Even then he might have guessed that his spectacular car would lend itself to the jeers of the competition: "Buy a Wasp and Get Stung.

But the purchasers of the 18 Wasps produced in the company's six years found them as sound in design and craftsmanship as distinctive in appearance. One is still operating in Perrysburg, Ohio and a reconstructed model in Florence, Mass.

Karl Martin got his start in Buffalo, as a boy tinkering with his father's Columbia electric and later his single-cylinder Packard. By 1912 he was doing custom coachwork design, favoring, as he did later with his own Wasp, European craftsmanship and styling as well as the choice of materials.

Martin was the designer of the middle-priced Roamer, which was an imme-
Above, Karl Martin and his 1921 phaeton. At right, the touring car. Below, the Formal.
diatc success when it appeared in 1916. It resembled somewhat a small Rolls-Royce and it retained this look during its 14-year life.

In 1919, after a wartime stint in Naval Aviation, Martin came to Bennington and, at 32, undertook the design, manufacture and sales of his own car. This was the era of wide-open opportunity. There were more than 100 auto makes manufactured in America.

In the New York auto show, where Martin cannily slipped his prototype car into the Commodore Hotel lobby, the Wasp was a sensation. Many original ideas contributed to its almost fantastic appearance. Fenders were sharply pointed, the front ones jutting straight out instead of curving over the wheels. Doorsteps made of white ash took the place of conventional running boards. This wood was used freely, too, as railings on the body, for top bows and windshield frames. The car’s hood was of highly-polished, unpainted aluminum and it was peppered with externally-exposed rivets, like the Rolls and Hispano-Suiza. Two ornamental fins flew from the hood’s center. The crowning touch was a strip of metal which ran diagonally across the radiator’s honeycomb, in the style of a diplomat’s formal shirtfront. Like the Rolls, the Wasp’s radiator was triangular at the top and didn’t match the hood’s shape. The prismatic nameplate carried the wasp-wing emblem. Special oddities were the parking lights, which were set into the windshield’s glass.

Wire wheels were standard and two spares were mounted behind at a rakish angle. The usual body was of the “rickshaw phaeton” design—a victoria top which covered only the rear seat. When it rained an extension could be fastened to the windshield top and spread backward over the other.

Special drum-type headlights were spun in a Troy, N.Y. shop. The car came complete with haircloth rugs, and, though its innovations were more in style than mechanics, it was something of a “sports” car. The four-cylinder model had no shock absorbers but it came with a cut-out and resounding brass horn. It would do a respectable 70 miles-per-hour and was a fine hill climber.

This assembled car used a Wisconsin T-head engine, but with certain of Martin’s own valve and crankshaft refinements. He also was an early user of heat-treated steel for the frames, and of alloyed engine parts.

The Wasp was “Built to Drive” (its low-pressure motto) by Bennington wagon craftsmen—26 of them on the force at the height of operations. Karl Martin’s transplanted Vermont individualism showed mainly in the bodies he designed—and supplied at extra cost, or to be built by craftsmen such as Brewster.

The first six Wasp were fours, built on 136-inch
chassis. The bodies were beautifully hand-finished in dark blue or yellow ochre. Two were sold in California, one to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and others went to New York and to Georgia.

In 1924 the Wasp Six made its debut. It used a Continental engine and was built on a 144-inch chassis. Like this, it sold for $2,600. Bodies were supplied from designs at extra cost. Totals ran from $5,000 to $6,000.

Karl Martin didn’t believe in advertising a car of this breeding, but he knew all about indirect promotion. Issues of Vogue for 1924, for instance, showed two very recherché Wasps, which, regrettably, were never built.

Manufacturing came to a halt in 1925, though the company continued for three more years and then turned to woodworking. Karl Martin, who died in 1954, and America, had come to the end of fine hand-crafted cars.

The Wasp cannot lay claim to uniqueness even in Vermont. In Barre the Lane Steam Wagon was a generation earlier. Then, also, there are elusive legends of an even older steam car operating for some years near Brattleboro, finally wrecked and abandoned in Guilford.

But the Wasp brought a certain new elegance and experimentation in styling which has persisted. And among old car buffs the Wasp name will not be soon forgotten.

Vermont’s first documented automobile was this staunch, 3,200-lb. steam wagon, designed in 1900 by W. A. Lane and built in Barre by his Lane, Daley company. Completely home-built even to its boiler, this prototype was sold to the Houghton & Dutton company in Boston. There it performed years of dependable delivery service.

The wagon was able to carry a two-ton load up the steepest hill in Barre and a one-ton load up a 25 percent grade. Its uphill speed was 3 to 5 MPH and on the level 10 to 15. The steam wagon, the firm asserted, could outdo three horses in delivery work, at a cost of $26 per month against the horses’ $87. Safety features included a self-closing throttle, in case the driver fell off or otherwise lost control of his speeding vehicle. The company sold out about 1902 to the larger Daley Motor Wagon company in Everett, Mass. There its progress and passing is lost in history.
Most of them are gone. A few have been restored. When one listens to the music of overshot or undershot wheels and the creaking, groaning shafts and gears, he is listening to echoes of the great American symphony.

A century and a half ago, water mills played a major role. Men and women with dreams in their hearts had come among the green valleys and hills. They cleared land, built homes, fought for their rights and a new state came into being.

Yankee ingenuity met and conquered problems. Clear-water streams tumbled down from the highlands; swift flowing rivers rushed through the valleys. In some instances, dams were built to store water which was sluiced for a considerable distance to the wheels; in other places, the run was short.

In early days, men and boys came to the mills on horseback with bags of wheat and corn. Then pathmasters laid out roads from farm to farm—roads that wound leisurely by lowland streams and meandered casually around hillside shoulders. Lumbering ox carts brought loads to the mill. Men and boys watched as the grist came pouring from the grooves in the nether stone; wheat for bread and cornmeal for mush and johnnycake.

So far as research reveals, no one place was especially favored for the wheel. The location of the dam, the flume, or rocks in a stream channel were determining factors. The wheel might be under the mill, on an outer wall, or wherever the lay of the land and expediency dictated.

If you would like to pursue a hobby with rich returns, search for the sites of old mills. On the outskirts of towns and villages, back in peaceful valleys, on upland streams wherever abandoned farms have returned to spruce and birches, you may suddenly come upon the place where a century and a half ago, men gathered with their grain and paid in kind to get food for family and livestock.

Now the old mills are gone. Tree-circled ponds above broken dams mirror the sun and clouds, moon and stars. A leaping trout glistens in dawnlight and the ripples cross quiet water and break on a rocky shore.

Perhaps one can find bits of old timbers and pieces of metal. Sometimes there are granite blocks that men with ox teams dragged into place for foundations. And the foundations that men built for mills were part of the foundation of a new nation.

Through the cycling seasons, life goes on around the old sites. As it was a thousand years ago, so it is today. The seasons come and go and man must live in accord with them. For a time, the old mills served a need. Now most of them have played out their role.

It is good for a man to know an old mill and a water wheel and stand in reverence. No one knows how many thousands of mills and wheels have been built. But this we know—the old mills and their wheels did their part, as a new nation in the west began its role in history.
I have installed this home-style water power largely for reasons of economy and independence. From now on I never shall have any more fuel to buy, no repairs to make on any gasoline engine, no possible future electric power bills to pay, no risk of fire either from gasoline or defective wiring. The project will have paid for itself in about 20 years—much less if I can take on more cider and grist business or generate my own house current for lights and heating.

Such an installation bought new would never be paid for in any 20 years. All these parts, however, (about six tons worth) are old and used. The wheel itself is rusted through in places. Many of the parts were hard to find, especially the big, eight-foot gear. I poked into every junk yard within driving distance, investigated old water power sites, looking for that gear—and then found it in Woodstock, ten miles from here.

Maintenance costs? Well, a little oil and grease. That's all. Of course the head race must be dredged out every five years or so, but even there I come out ahead. What is dredged out and spread on my own meadows is some of the best topsoil from the farms upstream. I use this long headrace to divert the brook. Hence there is no dam to be maintained or wash out.

Where a man has a sufficient and constant supply of water he can put in a turbine for, probably, half the cost of an overshot wheel of like power. This brook, however,
gets pretty low at times. So I chose an overshot. It will deliver all the power in any given volume (weight) of water. A turbine, on the contrary, must operate close to full capacity or fall way off in efficiency. The overshot is the most efficient type of waterpower ever developed.

At one time there were 18 water powers on this little brook in Hartland. Now there is one other besides mine. Why were they abandoned? Some were flooded out. Bigger mills took their business. People no longer had to buy within horse-team distance. There is less water in the brook, too, and mills with production deadlines can't afford to run short of power. I'm not troubled in that respect, being fixed so I can do my grinding when there is water—which there just about always is for what power I need. The feeling of economic independence that goes along with the water power is a good part of its long-term value. Come hell, high water—or high power rates—I will always be able to put out my cider, vinegar and flour at attractive rates.

If I should happen to run out of water during a dry spell in the cider season (which can happen) then the customer must come some other day. If that makes him mad, then he can go elsewhere for his cider. END

The Ogden wheel is 100 years old—13 feet in diameter, 6 feet wide, weighs 4 tons. Here he shows visitor Bob Latham how the wheel ices over on cold days—yet stays in even balance.
The mill stands below an ideal pond, whose sluiceway is seen at far left. A “breast wheel” stood here until the 1927 flood took it away.

Frank Gibson and Ben Duffy view the 16-foot wheel they built in spare time. Able to develop 10 h.p., it grinds the grist and generates electricity for lights.

Gibson checks the whole wheat. Stone ground meal preserves the wheat germ nourishment, being ground in small quantities for immediate use. The germ has to be extracted from commercial flour—for long-period storage.
We bought a house in 1938 in Reading to spend our summers. But once here we couldn’t bear to leave. So we sold our house on Long Island and my husband commuted to his business in New York, coming home week-ends. We, my husband, three school-aged daughters and I, grew to love the state and the people and the life we’ve lived here for 21 years now.

In 1942 the old grist mill in the center of the village, was put up for sale and my husband bought it. The renovation and re-construction became a consuming interest. From libraries and the ruins of old mills we found much of interest and use. In an old-time miller, Frank Gibson of Reading, we found great knowledge and interest and help in the work on the mill.

Then in 1948 my husband died. I felt I couldn’t let all his work and his interest be wasted. And when Mr. Gibson said he was willing to continue it with me, we kept on. In 1950 I started to operate Rockledge Farm Grist Mill.

The dam and water wheel had both washed away many years ago. But the building, erected in 1851, and the original French buhrstones were still there. After careful resharpening, the old mill stones soon were grinding our flour and corn meal. The old mill pond was cleared by the townspeople and now provides skating and swimming, too.

Without a wheel to turn by water power, we had to use electricity. But about two years ago Bob Duffy, my son-in-law, with Mr. Gibson began designing and constructing a wheel. The backshot water wheel is built out of scrap steel, is 15 feet in diameter, 3 feet wide and carries 50 buckets.

Late last fall the wheel was set in place just before the winter freeze. This spring the wheel, turned by the brook, began to grind our grist and to provide electricity, too, for our lights. Frank and Bob are planning to make a penstock, now, to carry water along the bottom of the pond and ensure a flow that will always run the wheel. They plan to make it from old steel drums.

Mrs. Hammond markets whole wheat and graham flour as well as corn meal, milled from selected grains, in her Reading mill. During January she takes a few days off . . . not to vacation but to put up several hundred pounds of her special Seville orange marmalade. This she makes in small batches in her own kitchen.

The mill in production—Frank Gibson, at left, checks the consistency of the flour as it goes up the shaft to the storage bin, where Bob Duffy fills the bags, hands them to Mrs. Hammond, who weighs and seals.
THIS, THE HALF-CENTURY YEAR of the Boy Scouts of America, has special meaning in Vermont, particularly in Barre. Here it all began.

Pictured above is the first Boy Scout troop in this country, formed in 1909.

A former Scotsman, William F. Milne, in that year returned to Barre from a visit to Scotland, filled with enthusiasm for the work of the Scouts he had observed there, which had been organized by Robert Baden-Powell the year before. With 14 eager Barre boys as the nucleus, they met on October 29, 1909 to organize Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America.

A VERMONTER it was who, a century ago last month set in motion America’s and the world’s vast petroleum industry. Edwin L. Drake, a Castleton resident, was the man who sank the first successful oil well. It was in Titusville, Pennsylvania, the date August 29, 1859.

Drake was one of the generations of inventive Vermonters who have taken their genius into the world. His ancestors were among the founders of Castleton, and though his own birthplace is in doubt it was reported “on the shores of Lake Bomoseen.” He lived, was educated and worked in Castleton into early manhood.

Drake’s success caused a revolution in home lighting, a greater one later in the field of transportation. It led to a whole re-orientation of America’s economy. Here, too, Edwin Drake’s earthshaking discovery has changed the face of the land and the life of every Vermonter.
VERMONT'S FIRST ROAD across the mountains began countless years ago as an Indian route for trade and war. It led from Champlain, near Crown Point, up Otter Creek, across mountains to the Black River's headwaters, thence to its mouth on the Connecticut near Springfield.

When the methodical British General Amherst captured Crown Point from the French in 1759 he ordered Lt. Col. Zadoc Hawks and young Captain John Stark to build a military road by this route to Ft. No. 4 on the river.

Work began in August, 200 Rangers cutting a 20-foot roadway the 77½ miles through wilderness. By December a rough road was done. Early the next year Col. John Goffe brought his regiment over it, improving as he went, to Crown Point. Later a branch circled Rutland to the east; a spur led to Ticonderoga.

This crude highway served a vital purpose at the end of the French Wars, again in the Revolution. Today busy motor roads follow much of it. Commemorative programs are being held in the towns the old Road crossed, with main events at Rutland, October 10th.

IT WAS IN 1909 that the first state forester, Austin F. Hawes, was appointed. Serious large forest fires in 1903 to 1908 probably prompted the legislature to act, with the first laws pertaining to fire control. Too, there was interest in the reforestation of idle acres. Over the years a complete fire detection and control system, correlated with the northeast states, has been developed.

Annual nursery production has increased from a few thousand trees to the 12,000,000 seedlings which will be available for soil bank planting next spring. Today there are foresters for every county, who served some 4,000 land owners during the 1957-58 biennium. Beside growing practices, guidance is given in the use of wood products and control of pests.

The first state forest, the L. R. Jones, was established in 1909. Today there are 28 areas totalling 82,600 acres, from which about 4,000,000 board-feet of timber and pulpwood was cut during the last biennium, for which the state received about $61,000. This will at least double in the next decade, under good cutting practices.

Municipalities have had forests since 1910, and in the last biennium 90 of them netted about $32,000 from the sale of timber, in addition to their recreational and water conservation values.

From a few picnic fireplaces established in 1925, on through the boost of the CCC program in the '30s, recreational use has been increasing greatly, summer and winter.

The first of the twentieth century has seen forestry assume an important place in the economy of Vermont.
THE LITTLE ROOM above the Manchester jail was stifling in the August heat. The gangling young man sat sweating at the writing table, his face screwed up in an agony of indecision. Around him, unspeaking, stood a justice of the peace, a sheriff’s deputy and the state’s attorney. These were the three he had asked for. Outside the leaves drooped limply and the long, piercing buzz of a locust came from far off. The man at the table squared his jaw and reached for the quill pen.

The prisoner was named Stephen Boorn, and on this 27th day of August, 1819, he was about to write a detailed confession in one of the strangest cases to be found in criminal history.

Though nobody was aware of it at the time, the noose which was threatening to tighten about Stephen Boorn’s
neck had begun to dangle seven years before.

At the start of the young republic's second war with Britain, Manchester was a town of some 1400 people, a trading center for the settlers who had come from Massachusetts and Connecticut to eke out a living on the hillsides. Among these was the family of Barney Boom, a respectable man who earned a precarious living by farming, with a little slaughtering and meat dressing on the side for "hard money". Barney Boom’s brood of five children all grew up in Manchester when it was a poor town. The three boys and two girls were a wild, headstrong bunch whose main pastimes appeared to be quarreling, cussing and carousing.

The youngest girl, Sally, was married to an older but not steadier neighbor, Russell Colvin. Too shiftless to earn their own keep, the Colvins and their two sons moved in with Sally’s father and called it home. When the spirit moved him, which wasn’t often, Russell did chores around his father-in-law’s farm, and was always johnny-on-the-spot when the Boom potatoes were passed.

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This state of affairs didn’t sit too well with Stephen Boom, the wilful youngest son. He had a wife to support but owned no property. Stephen moved about from one farm to another in Manchester and Dorset, picking up work where he could. Every time he dropped by his parents’ home he could see the snug berth that Russell Colvin had made for himself.

To say that Stephen was jealous would be putting it mildly. To friends he muttered that sister Sal was “one of the devil’s unaccountables,” and Russell was something a great deal worse. Most of the neighbors thought Russell a bit weak-minded, but grudgingly gave him credit for shrewdness in business dealings.

The Colvins had an unusual design for living. Sponging for the most part on patient old Barney Boom, they would, first one and then the other, take off on unexplained visits elsewhere, visits that lasted from three days to several months. Lewis Colvin, the couple’s ten-year old son, when asked where his father or mother might be, was apt to shrug and say: “Over the mountain.”

There came a day when rotund, blue-eyed Russell Colvin really went over the hill. Not much attention was paid, for Russell’s wanderlust was well known. In addition a war with England was shaping up, and several young men from town had joined the army. Sally’s generous father continued to provide for her, and it was three full years before Sally Colvin commenced to think that it had been a long time since anyone had seen her husband. The war on Lake Champlain was over now. Where in creation had Russell gone to?

When Sally started asking around, tongues began to clack and little sparks of memory began to spin out. Apparently the last time Russell Colvin had been seen was the 10th of May back in 1812. On that Spring morning he had been clearing a field known as the Glazier lot, down near the Battenkill. With him were his son, Lewis, and his brothers-in-law, Stephen and Jesse Boom. A neighbor was certain he had seen the four lugging rocks to the piles along the edge of the lot. There had been some kind of argument going on among them. Naturally the finger of suspicion swung toward the Boom boys.

When questioned by self-appointed investigators
Stephen Boom told various stories about Colvin’s disappearance. To one inquiry he said that the man had acted queer and had run off into the woods. To another he replied that Russell was so disgusted, after eating a half-cooked woodchuck prepared by Sally, that he had declared he’d never eat another of her meals. To still other inquisitors both Stephen and Jess denied they were even near the Glazier lot on that particular, long ago day.

But then an old and mouldy hat which had belonged to Colvin was found in the lot. Russell was not remembered as a man to bare his thinning locks to the elements. Stephen Boom chafed and fumed. He declared that Russell Colvin had gone to a hot place, “where potatoes wouldn’t freeze.”

After the terrible “cold summer” of 1816 Stephen, with many other Vermont farmers, left town to find a better life in New York state. He settled down some 160 miles away in the Adirondack foothill town of Denmark. There he considered himself well shut of the whispers and accusing glances that had followed him about Manchester.

“What could have happened to Russell?” remained a question no one could truly answer. In spite of the general belief that there had been foul play in the Glazier lot, nothing was done. Two more years passed.

It was a supernatural event which started the final delving into the mystery. Stephen’s own uncle, Amos Boom, of all people, reported a horrible dream. As he told it, Russell Colvin appeared at his bedside, declared he had been murdered, and showed him the place where his earthly remains might be found—an old cellar hole in the very lot where he had last been seen. Amos had this unnerving nightmare three times straight.

This particular Boom’s character was considered unimpeachable, and his neighbors took full stock in his story.

In short order a shovel brigade went pounding down to the little cellar hole in the Glazier lot. Even more sinister now became Stephen’s remembered remark about Russell being where potatoes won’t freeze. The old cellar had been used for storing them.

The volunteer posse dug and scraped the hole clean, and then sifted the dirt. They found Russell Colvin’s jackknife and a button from the coat he had always worn. The web of circumstance tightened still further when a dog and boy, digging in a hollow stump some rods distant, came upon charred bones and what appeared to be two human toenails. The old cellar had been used for storing them.

A court of inquiry convened, presided over by Justice of the Peace Joel Pratt. Four physicians first agreed that the bones were human, argued it, and then decided, after viewing the disinterred leg of an amputee, that they were not. But the toenails remained, and at least one of them surely was human, in the doctors’ opinion. The inquiry went on for five days, with Russell Colvin’s rusty jackknife, his coat button and a description of his mouldering hat the prime evidence. Stephen Boom’s talk about his brother-in-law was taken into account, and it became evident that something, ranging from a mild argument to a battle royal, had taken place in the Glazier lot on May 10, 1812.

Jesse Boom was questioned thoroughly and was about to be discharged when the Justice showed him Russell Colvin’s jackknife one last time. Jesse began to shake and tremble. Then he blurted out that he “believed” his brother, Stephen, had murdered Colvin. If he thought this accusation was going to let him out, he was dead.
wrong. Sheriff Heman Robinson clapped him in the Manchester jail and immediately secured a warrant for Stephen’s arrest.

Three deputies went over to New York state and brought Stephen back in irons. When confronted with Jesse, Stephen denied everything, but it did little good. With Stephen as principal and Jesse as an accessory, both brothers were held for action of the Grand Jury in September.

As the long, hot summer wore on, the guilt of the Booms appeared more and more certain. There were few in town who would say a good word for them. In jail they were visited and re-visited by clergymen, lawyers and assorted busybodies who advised them over and over that, their guilt being clear, a confession was the only hope of avoiding the gallows. The pressure became more than the harried Stephen could stand, and just a few days before the trial was to begin, in the upper room of the jailhouse he made his written confession.

Yes, wrote Stephen, there had been a quarrel in the Glazier lot that spring morning. He and Russell Colvin had argued; there had been name-calling; and Russell had walloped him on the shoulder with a stout beech limb. He, in turn, had fetched Russell a back-handed blow on the base of the skull. Russell had fallen and presently had died.

Stephen went on to tell how he had disposed of the body in the cellar hole and tree stump, just as he had been accused of doing.

Almost immediately he was sorry he had written the confession and wanted to retract it, but it was too late. In those days a murder trial had to be held before the Supreme Court of Vermont, and it was a month before all three members of that body met in Manchester for the Boom case. So large was the crowd the trial was held in the old Congregational church.

Under laws then in force both a principal and accessory could and did receive similar punishment for a single crime, so both Boom brothers were tried together, on equal status. Another procedure, forgotten today, provided that an accused person could not testify as his own witness or in his own behalf.

Though represented by able counsel, Richard Skinner and Leonard Sargent, later governor and lieutenant-governors of Vermont, the Boom boys had to sit silent while the conflicting tales and opinionated stories they had told years before were dredged up from long memories and used as testimony against them. Most damning, of course, was Stephen’s written confession. Lewis Colvin, Russell’s young son, testified that he had seen his father and Stephen Boorn beating each other with a stick in the Glazier lot, and, being afraid, he had run home. Stephen had warned him repeatedly not to mention this fact, but he now did so.

So overwhelming was the evidence that, while only a toenail remained to show there had ever been a Russell Colvin, the defense did not even suggest it might well have been someone else’s toenail. Since neither defendant
could give evidence, their confessions could not and were not denied. The jury had little choice, and found the Boorn brothers guilty of murder. Chief Justice Dudley Chase sentenced them to be hanged on the 28th of the following January. The crowd of 600 which had attended the trial went away satisfied that justice had been done.

There was an appeal, of course, which was acted upon by vote of the entire Vermont legislature. They upheld Stephen’s sentence by more than two to one, but commuted Jesse’s to life imprisonment at the State’s Prison in Windsor. Stephen Boorn, hope nearly gone, mumbled dejectedly: “I suppose I must die.”

The convicted murderer’s chief friend and visitor during these dark days was the Reverend Lemuel Haynes, the respected Manchester pastor. Reverend Haynes began life in Connecticut as an abandoned “bond boy” of mixed white and Negro blood. After serving in the Revolution at Ticonderoga, he educated himself and became an ordained minister. He served West Rutland’s and Manchester’s all-white congregations for over thirty years. The ministrations of this brilliant and selfless man kept the wretched Stephen Boorn in the realm of sanity.

Chained alone to the floor of his gloomy cell, the condemned man read his Bible by candlelight and prayed.

People from as far away as Pownal and Brandon already were planning a trek to Manchester in January to see him hanged. The gallows were to be erected next to the whipping post, where Manchester’s present court house, built in 1822, now stands.

Unknown to Stephen events involving tremendous luck and amazing coincidence were taking place. In late November two men, total strangers, stood in the lobby of a New York hotel, listening, as was the custom, to the reading aloud of a copy of the \textit{Evening Post}. One man was James Whelpley, formerly a Manchester storekeeper. When an item about the Boorn case and Russell Colvin was read, Whelpley spoke up and told the group of his former acquaintance with Colvin, relating stories about him, his peculiarities and his wanderlust.

Another man in the hotel lobby, Taber Chadwick, listened at first with only half an ear, then more and more intently. Five years before, out in Dover, N. J., a relative of his had engaged a hired man, just such a person as Whelpley was describing. Chadwick lost no time in visiting Dover. Then he sat down and wrote a letter to the New York paper concerning his suspicions.
Mr. Whelpley, fortunately, saw Chadwick's letter when it was published, and he hurried over to New Jersey to see this "Colvin" for himself. Though the plump blond man he found was laboring under many delusions, his looks and familiarity with people and places in Manchester were enough to convince Whelpley that he was indeed Russell Colvin.

Then came the difficult task of persuading Colvin to return to Vermont, something he had no intention of doing. A ruse, involving a lady, got him as far as New York. Next Whelpley convinced him that the War was still on and that British ships in the harbor necessitated a roundabout detour to New Jersey. It was roundabout, all right: some 200 miles due north.

In Manchester the news began to filter through from letters and newspaper articles, but at first there were few who believed it. "It's just someone who looks like Russell," people declared.

But excitement grew as the stages brought Colvin and Whelpley closer to Manchester. In Bennington their arrival emptied an entire courtroom where a hearing had been in session. A stentorian-voiced messenger preceded the coach through Shaftsbury and Arlington. The rutted, snow-blown road was lined with farm people come to see the dead man returned to life.

As the excited horses pranced along the main street of Manchester and drew up in front of Captain Black's tavern, the crowd went wild. Those who had doubted were convinced when they actually saw Colvin. He, in turn, stood waving his hat and calling many of them by name.

They took Russell to the jail and found Stephen nearly prostrate with relief. For once he was very glad to see his brother-in-law. Russell seemed to have a blank spot in his memory when it came to his relatives and things concerning them. He innocently asked why Boorn was in chains.

"Because they say I murdered you!"

"Pshaw," said Colvin, "You never hurt me. Jesse hit me with a briar once, but it didn't hurt much."

Manchester people, quick to forgive and forget, decided that it was much better to declare an impromptu holiday right now, two days before Christmas, than to wait for a solemn hanging in January. The jailer struck off Stephen's fetters, and he was allowed to touch off the first of fifty cannon shots fired in honor of the gala occasion. The next step was to send a delegation over the mountains to Windsor in order to effect Jesse Boorn's release from prison.

Of course Colvin was subjected to a thorough grilling by the state's attorney and a battery of sheriff's deputies. He came through with flying colors, and for a few days was lionized wherever he chose to walk about town. Perhaps he recalled the ill-prepared woodchuck dinner, for he refused to have anything to do with his wife.

The real savior of Stephen Boorn, James Whelpley, soon took his often-addled Russell "home" to New Jersey. Later the state paid him in full for his modest expenses in bringing the wanderer back to Vermont.

So ended the Colvin "murder" case. Russell lived out his deluded days in Dover, and the Boorn brothers, free from suspicion at last, hied themselves to the new Western Reserve region of Ohio.

Lawyers and amateur criminologists have been arguing ever since about the strangest aspect of this unusual case. Why did Stephen Boorn confess to a crime he did not commit?

Jesse Boorn's part may be accounted for by fear, and the fact that he saw or participated in a fight. He may well have gotten a good lick himself, as Colvin later stated, and perhaps presumed that Colvin had gone off on the mountain to die. By implicating the absent Stephen he was diverting suspicion from himself.

That the personally-written confession by Stephen was obtained without duress, is harder to explain. It probably had to do with the fact that he believed the evidence would most certainly convict him. If he confessed, with self-defense carefully pointed out, he might be given life imprisonment instead of death.

Though there was no corpus delicti proven in this case, the jury and judge had every reason to arrive at its verdict and sentence, in view of the signed confession. Nobody profited from the affair, except in experience. Laws in Vermont have long since been changed so that there can never be a repetition of such a chain of events.

Barney Boorn's house still stands near Manchester Depot. With a bit of inquiry you can find the old Glazier lot and the shallow depression which marks the site of the cellar hole, where Russell Colvin supposedly was placed: "where potatoes wouldn't freeze." Today one might consider the Boorn-Colvin case a period comedy of errors. But to Stephen Boorn it was far from comic. For a while he stood in the very shadow of the gallows, a victim of what was nearly an appalling miscarriage of justice, in Vermont's most famous mystery.

Related here are what the author feels are merely the main facts in the Boorn-Colvin case. There are many other fascinating details, sidelights and conjectures concerning the affair. For the fuller story, a perusal of the following will be rewarding:

- The Trial, Confessions and Conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn for the Murder of Russell Colvin, etc. by Hon. Leonard Sargent, Manchester Vt., 1873.
- The Return of Russell Colvin by John Sparrow, Bennington, Vt., 1945.

Vermont Life 25
Yellow, mellow, ripened days . . .

A Vermonter far from home, thinking back to the remembered sights and sounds of his homeland, will recall the ever-memorable panoply of Autumn's foliage. Will Carleton, although no Vermonter, must surely have visited here in October. His verse concludes: “Sweet and smiling are thy ways, Beauteous, golden Autumn days.”
Near St. Johnsbury.

Life
WHEN Vermont's boxy-looking second statehouse burned down early in 1858, it was the signal for hometown boosters to have Vermont's capital moved elsewhere.

The special legislative assembly met in February to consider rebuilding plans, but first to be beaten down were proposals to build number three at all sorts of places—notably at Burlington.

Montpelier won out, but in doing so had to pledge to match the amount ($40,000) appropriated by the state. Somehow the little city did it, only to be asked for $34,000 more when, later in the year it was found the $80,000 wasn't enough. But the legislature relented and footed the extra bill.

The new and present building has been called by John Gunther (Inside the USA) the most beautiful among the state's capitol buildings. It made use of its predecessor's Doric portico, which was modeled after the Temple of Theseus. The new and better dome was made of wood and copper covered. Later it was gold-leafed. Surmounting it was a statue of Ceres, designed by Larkin Mead. The present figure is a copy in wood, done by a practical Sergeant at Arms, when he was past 80 years old.

The building in the lower left is the about-to-be-vacated home of the National Life Insurance Company; at far right the Pavilion Hotel; to the left of it, the State Library building and home of the Vermont Historical Society; the tower on the hill is in Hubbard Park.
The austere bulk of what is to be Vermont's largest office building is nearing completion on a hill overlooking the Capitol at Montpelier. This modern new home of the National Life Insurance Company stands alone, facing out towards Camel's Hump and neighboring mountains. Its setting, its striking design, the skill of the men who build it, are recorded here by Photographer Hanson Carroll.
Medicine Hill, source of many herbal and other remedies, today still yields effective curatives for what ails you.

"Medicine Hill" great-great-Grandfather sometimes called the partly wooded slope southeast of his saltbox house in western Vermont.

Long before he settled there in 1787, however, roaming Abnakis were said to have utilized its resources for their healing. From its patches of lobelia or Indian tobacco they gathered milky quids to chew for the bellyache. Having watched a mangy bear digging fern roots; a wild turkey feeding her babies strawberry and raspberry leaves in a rainy spell; and a wolf, bitten by a snake, chewing snakeroot, those early red men there learned about nature's medicines from their bird and animal brothers.

The Indians believed that flowers, trees and other living forms possessed souls the same as men. From these living spirits then, the squaws hoped to draw health for their papooses, and the braves strength for their hunt and battle.

The red men shared with the earliest white settlers their knowledge of chewing and steeping the roots, barks, buds and leaves, found along their mountain trails, for tonic and cure. A salve from Balm-of-Gilead buds was one of their prized concoctions for healing sores. A slightly modified recipe appeared in great-great-Grandmother's cookbook. Recently a formula similar to hers appeared in our local newspaper.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the hills throughout eastern North America supplied the Indians, the pioneers, and their descendants with herbal remedies. Even today, scores of these herbs and barks of the same names may be bought in our nation's drugstores. Upon the shelves we find boxes of eyebright (lobelia); blackberry, raspberry, and strawberry leaves; birch, witch-hazel, elm and wild cherry bark, to name only a few.

Indian faith in the "gifts of the trees" persists in the white brother more than three centuries later. One preparation still listed in The National Formulary, published by the American Pharmaceutical Association, is more novel in these days. Legend has it that this remedy, called the Spanish Fly, was first brought to Vermont by Samuel de Champlain. He, in turn, had learned of this "blister beetle" from the Spanish sailors, whom he had captured in a maritime war between his native France and Spain in 1595.

This iridescent brown beetle, about an inch long and a third as wide, centuries ago was found living in abundance upon the trees of Spain, where they fed on the leaves. These insect bodies, dried and pulverized, possess a chemical cantharidin which can be depended upon to raise a blister on the human skin. The Spanish sailors were said to use it for all kinds of ailments, even including falling hair, hydrophobia, and unreciprocated love.

In an era of belief in counter-irritation by blistering, Champlain, impressed by the unfailing power of this agent, laid in a good supply for his American expedition. Legend also has it that he shared his blister-remedy with his friends, the Algonkians, when accompanying them in the late spring of 1609 from Canada to the lake that now bears his name.
Blistering was a long-used Indian treatment for ailments also. Their agent was the punk or touchwood, the soft white substance into which wood is converted by the action of fungi. Its power was slight, however, compared with that of the gift of their new paleface friend.

Great-great-Grandfather likewise believed in “drawing a blister.” The Spanish fly was a prized remedy in every early American household that could afford it, but it was expensive, costing from five to sixteen dollars a pound. Yankee ingenuity, therefore, set to work to discover a cheaper way for securing blister benefits. In 1806, one of the Farmers’ Almanacs published a formula for the less expensive method.

From great-great-Grandfather’s potato field at the foot of Medicine Hill, as from numerous other potato fields throughout the country, came the new-found essential for this “blessing of the poor.” Potato bugs, drowned in cider vinegar and dried in the sun, for some decades thereafter drew the coveted blister on the rural epidermis.

A swamp near the potato field supplied another highly esteemed curative, the bleeding agent, in the form of the leech or bloodsucker. These worms, extricated from spring mud and summer pools, could be relied upon to relieve the sufferer of as much as an ounce of blood at one sucking.

Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, a leading authority in 1793, advocated purging as well as bleeding and blistering, as relief for disease in general. Many a native herb was employed in this systemic cleansing.

In fact, a wave of treating disease herbally swept the country in the late 1700’s and continued somewhat even into the twentieth century. One outstanding leader of this movement was Dr. Samuel Thomson, a botanic physician, who practiced in New Hampshire about 1790 to 1840. Many a family invested twenty dollars in the voluminous Materia Medica published by Dr. Thomson and his son. With it came the certified “right of preparing and using the System of Medical Practice secured to Dr. Samuel Thomson by Letters Patent.” Most of the buyers long and faithfully practiced the principles set forth on its more than 800 pages.

From its chapters and from the wisdom of his forebears and their Indian friends, great-great-Grandfather and many another patriarch of his time and since treated the ailing in family and community.

Diligently they explored the medicinal resources in their meadowlands and semi-barren hillsides. From the yellowed pages of their notebooks come interesting “receipts.”

One of these great-great-Grandfather especially prized. According to old tales, frail little five-year-old Eben Smith was “sinking fast” when great-Grandfather was called during a blizzard one wild March night. In despera-
tion, he administered his concoction of dogsbane and other herbs, collected from his Medicine Hill the fall before. The recipe reads:

The powder of the newly dried dogsbane root acts as a stimulant when taken as snuff, and as an emetic, in doses from half to a teaspoonful or more. The root should be dug in the fall, the bark bruised off and carefully dried, after which it should be pulverized. It may be used in small quantities for the dropsy, as it is a powerful hydragogue, cathartic, emetic and diuretic. It is also a sudorific, as it causes copious perspiration.

Take of the pulverized bark of the root one ounce, three-fourths of an ounce of witch-hazel leaves, and one-fourth of an ounce of baxberry, all made very fine. Mix, and they make a powerful snuff for catarrh and other difficulties of the head. This snuff is frequently used in the last stages of acute diseases with small children. If there is vital energy sufficient left for the child to sneeze, we conclude there is yet hope for the little patient. No injury can arise from a trial of this means.

Frail though he was, little Eben that night must have sneezed. At least, he lived. Twenty years later, as a husky young soldier in one of the regiments of the Army of the Potomac, he was one of the few who survived the long forced marches and the Battle of Gettysburg.

Lobelia was another highly prized herb that grew on Medicine Hill. It also grows throughout most parts of the world. The American species is still an ingredient in some medical concoctions. Its single, 12- to 18-inch, erect hairy stem branches which bear numerous serrate, oval, hairy, deep green leaves and delicate blue flowers, about the size of a bluet. These July blossoms bear oval seed capsules, each crowned about a month later with a persistent calyx.

Lobelia was named for Matthew Lobel, physician and botanist to James I in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century. One wonders whether Champlain or the French botanists of that time also may have known of the lobelia's powers, so valued by their Algonkian friends. A family notebook of 1791 states:

A good supply of lobelia should be collected and laid by in seasons when it is plentiful. The plant, also known as Indian tobacco, and eyebright, should be taken in August or September, when the leaves and pods begin to turn yellow. The stalk should be separated between leaves and root and the herb thinly laid out on a sheet to dry. The kitchen loft is a good place to spread the sheet, where moisture cannot attack it.

When thoroughly dried, take a straight stick and whip the herb. The leaves and capsules are thus easily separated from the stalks, and the seed is ejected from the capsules, all of which settle, leaving the naked stalks uppermost, which may be removed, and you have the herb and seed together.

Now gather the four corners of the sheet, and the substance settles into the center. Shake the sheet laterally several times, and you may then remove the leaves and capsules, and have the pure seed at the bottom. The seed should be bottled close, and the herb should be kept in boxes, all of which should be dry.

Pound these leaves and pods in a mortar with a pestle, and sift in a fine sieve. Take one teaspoonful of the powder with the same quantity of sugar in half a teacupful of warm water for an emetic.

The green herb, roots and all, may also be pounded fine in a mortar and combined with an equal quantity of spirits, good vinegar or pepper sauce. When well worked together, strain through fine linen and press hard to get out all the juice. Keep this liquor in tightly stopped bottles as a counter poison.

The surface of the body may be bathed occasionally with lime water and tincture of lobelia to remove the morbid matter from the skin.

Although in my childhood, we never knew of a lobelia bath "to remove the morbid matter from the skin," we did frequently receive treatment from the herb.

When hornets, nesting in our old schoolhouse loft, stung an unwary scholar, we would run for Aunt Delia, who lived up the road a piece. That dear, white-haired old lady always rendered capable first aid, usually from her big, close-stopped brown bottle of pungent tincture of lobelia.

More than a century before our day, pulverized lobelia seed, mixed with tincture of Balsam Myrrh was great-Grandfather's remedy for the hired man's lockjaw after he had stepped on a rusty nail. The man survived.

Years later, one of his descendants noted that this remedy was also "good for bite of mad dog, drowned persons, fits, spasms, and all cases of suspended animation.
It will go through the system like electricity, giving heat and life to every part."

From hemlock boughs, saved when he gathered bark for the tanning-mill, the hill patriarch compounded another valuable remedy, this time a syrup, directed by his Materia Medica.

Take of Juniper berries, poplar bark and watermelon or pumpkin seeds each half a pound, and hemlock boughs one pound. Bruise all articles together, and boil them in two gallons of pure new cider for half an hour. Strain off, and sweeten with boiled honey. Then add half a pound of mustard seed, half a pound of green horseradish roots, and half a gallon of best Holland gin. Let it stand in a stone jug for two or three days, being often shaken, when it is fit for use.

Dose, a glass one to three times a day, or at discretion. It will start an active circulation and perspiration through the whole body, and its diuretic properties will operate admirably in all cases of dropsy, strangury, gravel and other irregularities.

The dandelion, an English corruption of “dent de lion,” again legend has it, also was introduced to the Vermont hills by Champlain and/or his men, the seed having been in the packing straw of some of their equipment. From pre-Revolutionary times the leaves, blossoms and roots were esteemed for their use as a tonic for liver, kidneys and the entire system. It has even been said that the Battle of Bennington was won on numerous gallons of wine, for which pioneer children had picked miles of the yellow blossoms from the sunny slopes of Bennington country.

From England, too, came seeds of useful weeds, probably in packing straw. One of these is the tansy, which grows in wild abundance on Medicine Hill. Recipes for its use came also from its native land. In Herbal Delights Mrs. C. F. Leyal writes that the English in the 1500’s or earlier used the roots, cooked in honey, for the gout. So did some of our pioneers. She also reveals the English origin of our ancestors’ belief that tansy leaf tea aided digestion, dispelled rheumatism, and soothed nerves.

From our English forebears came also the knowledge of using “wild greenery” indigenous to both Old and New England. In Mrs. Leyal’s book may be found suggestions, similar to those in our old cookbooks, for such health aids as catnip tea, nettle greens and burdock tea for purifying the blood, caraway seed poultices for earache, and elder berries and flowers for healing the skin.

In her account of early English uses of witch-hazel, for subduing inflammation, she adds that its virtues were known to the American Indian. Again Grandfather’s notes state that “witch-hazel in decoction is useful for bleeding at the lungs, stomach or bowels. Chewing the leaves alone is good for sore mouth.” Did he and his forefathers acquire this knowledge from their London ancestors or from their Abnaki friends or from both? We can only wonder, and wonder further when we buy in today’s drug store witch-hazel pads for soothing sore eyes.
Many pamphlets which advertised patent medicines during the 1860’s and ’70’s also promoted belief in the herbal harvest from Medicine Hill.

In the 1867 *American Domestic Cookbook* advertising Herrick’s Pills for Liver Complaint, we read: “Nature is the Great Physician. This is now admitted by the medical profession as a fundamental principle of healing science.”

*Mrs. Winslow’s Domestic Receipt Book* for 1866 states: “Burns and Scalds: Apply a poultice of elm bark (the powdered if to be had) and milk. If the elm bark is not at hand, scrape a potato fine and apply it.”

The Manhattan Medicine Company in the 1860’s and ’70’s issued *The Manhattan Cook Book*, advertising Dr. Rogers’ Compound Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Canchalagua. It added: “Liverwort (also called hepatica or mayflower), a plant found in the woods and on the hillsides in most parts of the United States, had long been noted, especially among country people, for its bland and soothing effect on the membranes of the throat and chest when irritated by a severe cold or cough . . . For pneumonia or lung fever, slippery elm tea may be drunk with benefit.”

Dr. Ray Vaughn Pierce was also a long-time promoter of Medicine Hill. In 1867, he began practicing medicine in Buffalo, New York, but his influence was widely felt in Vermont, as indeed throughout the reading world. His herbal remedies sent from his “World’s Dispensary” at Buffalo were known “throughout the globe.” So, too, was his Invalids’ Hotel and Surgical Institute. This was built in the same city, and there it stood from 1882 until August 1, 1941. “Large mills for crushing, grinding and pulverizing roots, barks and herbs,” wrote Dr. Pierce in describing the Institute, “occupy a considerable part of the fourth floor.”

Even today, our local pharmacies carry Dr. Pierce’s Golden Medical Discovery and his Favorite Prescription. His famous Compound Extract of Smartweed, however, is no longer obtainable.

Great as were the effects of his Institute and World’s Dispensary, Dr. Pierce’s greatest influence was perhaps through his 1000-page volume, titled *The People’s Common Sense Medical Adviser*. More than 300,000 copies of the first fifteen editions of this work were sold by 1887. Thousands more copies of the 16th edition, published that year, went into the homes of the vast number of families which had complete faith in Dr. Pierce’s recommendations.

As great-great-Grandfather and his contemporaries had learned to utilize the resources of Medicine Hill from Indian, French and English lore, as Great-Grandfather had drawn information from this Thomsonian *Materia Medica*, so Grandfather and even those of my generation turned to Dr. Pierce’s *Adviser*. From Medicine Hill came the basic ingredients for the home-concocted curatives and tonics for five or six generations. A few of Dr. Pierce’s recommendations follow.

Lobelia is a powerful systemic emetic but very depressing. The herb and seed are used.

The white ashes of hickory or maple wood dissolved in water make an excellent alkaline drink in fevers.

Burdock root is beneficial in diseases of the blood.

Sweet elder flowers are a mucous and glandular stimulant, excellent in scrofulous diseases of children. The flowers or inner bark of the root, simmered in fresh butter, make a good ointment for most cutaneous affections.

A bag of the leaves of the hop vine, moistened with whisky and placed as a pillow under the head acts as an anodyne.

The leaves of wintergreen are a useful carminative, allaying intestinal pains and exerting a general soothing effect.

Butternut bark, catnip, witch-hazel, bloodroot, boneset, cranebill, lady’s-slipper, queen-of-the-meadow, horseradish, hardhack, pennyroyal and numerous other kinds of “wild greenery” of Medicine Hill were listed by Dr. Pierce, with details of home preparation and use.

And in recent years, Dr. Otto Mausert, writing for the Agricultural Department at Washington, emphasizes also the health values derived from Mother Nature. Modern chemistry has performed wonders, he points out, but that the laboratory can never supplant the remarkable processes that nature uses in performing its work in plants and in human bodies.

From touchwood to streptomycin; from the findings of the squaw in her wigwam, to the discoveries of the technician in his laboratory, the search goes on. Bit by bit, man evolves his knowledge of the means for health and survival. Most generous and valuable in its contribution has been the largesse of Medicine Hill.
OLD FRIENDS HAVE A PICNIC

Photographs by
Sonja Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo
Smuggler’s Notch, some day in August, you stumble on a nap such as this, it will be the annual Old Friends’ Picnic, an informal gathering of sixty or so women which brings together the older generation of men and women which brings together the older generation of people with some former residents. Each year a few of the younger generation sign the guest book—and they too find old friendships here.
SITUATED on Route 7, a mile or so south of the Burlington city line, is Harbor Village. This combination restaurant, gift shop, and gun shop is a tribute to the ingenuity of Dr. Wallace White, and a monument to Dr. White’s father whose hobby of gun collecting was the foundation for what now is one of the finest and most complete historical collection of guns in existence.

Dr. White, known to his friends as “Wally,” was christened Wallace Raymond Albert Augustus Sunday White. He is known to connoisseurs of the combustible arts (gun collectors) as “Sunday” White and is one of the 50,000 registered gun collectors in the United States. He is also known in Burlington as the optometrist at 13 Church Street who specializes in the fitting of contact lenses. A clue to his attitude toward superstition lies in the fact that he started his optometrist practice at 13 Church Street on Friday the 13th, 30 years ago.

His father, of Irish-English descent, was an avid collector of firearms and Wally, sharing the same interest, learned much about the business (or perhaps hobby) from him. When he died, much of the collection was in a small gun shop on Church Street in Burlington and in 1954 Dr. White moved it all to the new Gun Shop on Shelburne Road where it presents an awe-inspiring display for the layman and a nerve-tingling, tantalizing temptation to fellow collectors.

Harbor Village, it should be noted, “growed” from a hot dog stand. The hot dog stand, which was originally intended as an outlet for Mrs. White’s excess energy, soon was enlarged to the present Harbor Village restaurant. Further expansion resulted in an attractive gift shop which is presided over by Mrs. White.

A separate building, with a 30-foot long replica of a model 71 Winchester rifle on the roof, houses a modern gun shop and Dr. White’s gun collection. Here history marches across the walls and one can find practically any detonating instrument man has thought of. Included also are African blow guns, spears, armor, swords, powder horns, jackknife pistols, a bicycle with guns for grips, knives, and even a chastity belt.

And speaking of knives, each one in a collection of Sicilian assassins knives which hangs on the wall has accounted for at least one life, some as many as 60. In Sicily enemies were dispatched by knife assassination, a very quick and highly efficient method, we are told, when performed by an expert.

Dr. White has obtained many of the knives in his collection through dealing with a man named Harry Sid whose address is “In the middle of the Street, Damascus, Syria.” In the course of their corresponding it was disclosed that the Syrians make a form of candy, or tid-bit, called “bac-la-bas.” One of the ingredients was honey and Dr. White
One of a pair of Queen Anne Flintlock Pistols that originally belonged to General Jonathan Chase of New Hampshire, a member of Washington’s staff. His name, with the date 1775, is engraved on the silver escutcheon plate of the arm. Wilson of London was the maker of this fine set.

suggested using Vermont Maple Syrup instead of the honey. The resultant “bac-la-bas” was so superior that Dr. White now trades maple syrup for gold encrusted daggers and damascus steel guns.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful items in Dr. White’s collection is a set of matched Boutey’s Duelling Pistols from the Baston Renee collection. In addition to numerous duelling pistols, Dr. White also has the face masks and other protective devices used in practice duels.

Dr. White has what is probably the largest collection of Vermont guns in existence. In all, Vermont lists 82 gun makers and the doctor informs you, with a twinkle in his eye, that Texas lists only one.

Having delivered this tribute to Vermont and the obvious important part played by Vermont gun makers in the early history of our country, Dr. White showed us perhaps the only pair of Jonathan Chase pistols in existence. These are Queen Anne flintlock pistols which originally belonged to General Jonathan Chase of New Hampshire, Washington’s third General, and were shown by Dr. White in the New York Historical Arms show in New York City. General Chase’s name and the date, 1775 is engraved on the silver escutcheon plate of each pistol. Wilson of London was the maker of this fine set which is a “trophy of arms in solid silver.”

The only model of the cannon which overlooks Burlington Bay from Battery Park.

And while we’re on the subject of “one of a kind,” he has the one and only model (1/32” scale) of the cannon which now overlooks Burlington Bay from Battery Park.

Dr. White’s collection has a set of air pistols made by Contrierier of Vienna, gunmaker to royalty. These were the personal guns of King Frederick VI of Denmark and were used by him for wild boar shooting. There were only seven pairs of these guns made.

Contrierier, as well as being an accomplished gunmaker, also made dolls for royalty. King Frederick VI had trouble with his second wife and ultimately discovered she had a secret lover. So Contrierier, at the King’s request, made an African doll and cleverly concealed a gun in the body in such a manner that the weapon would be discharged if the doll was squeezed. The unfaithful wife was killed “by her own hand” in the year 1702 when she hugged the doll to her bosom. This doll is in Dr. White’s collection.

Hanging on the walls of the shop and stacked in corners are guns, guns, guns. Matchlocks, wheelocks, snap, bounce, mignlet, flintlock, cap and ball and cartridge guns in profusion. Here is an Indian gun with brass tacks in the stock—one for each white man killed with the gun.

In a display case are some surgical bullets—47 calibre lead bullets which the soldiers used to bite on as their wounds were being patched up.

Also in the case is a “feudin’ fiddle,” a violin with a gun in the neck. With this instrument an old time fiddler could easily dispatch a rival as he sashayed up close with the fiddler’s gal friend. This is one of only two in existence. Dr. White sold the other to a dentist in Ohio.

How anyone could amass such an amazing display of priceless and unusual items is almost beyond comprehension. There were 2,200 guns alone at the last listing—and there are more now.

During the winter months the museum, or gun collection, which is in the gun shop, is only open Sundays to the public but during the late spring, summer and fall season there is daily access to this most interesting collection of firearms curios.
BOOK-READING is a respectable addiction, yet like liquor or narcotics it requires a fairly constant supply—of books, of course. If you live in some metropolis, there is no problem. Libraries and bookshops appear to abound. Vermont is rich in cows and scenery, but not in bookshops. Especially in winter the book addict is sometimes hard put to it to satisfy his craving. He may be driven to re-reading the books he already has. This is a good way to decide whether a book was worth buying in the first place, but does not always provide the required excitement. Our librarians, assisted by the roving Bookmobiles of the Vermont Library Commission, bring sustenance to the hill dwellers, but there are times when buying a book outright is compellingly dictated.

It is fairly safe to say that only aggressive book addicts run bookshops. True, books are to be found these days in strange places: beside the check-out counter in the supermarket, alongside comic books near the drugstore soda fountain, or in between the pop-beads and hula-hoops in the variety store. Once in a while you can find a few on an island at the stationer’s, thrust to the back of the store by successive waves of greeting cards. If these sellers of books have deep passions they are for cold cuts, tranquillizers and gift wrappings, and books to them are to be sold by the ounce or the yard. I have visited most of Vermont’s booksellers and so far have discovered only a handful who can be classed as single-minded purveyors of literature.

The Johnny Appleseed Bookshop in Manchester is the oldest of those I have in mind. The little brick building that houses it invites you in at once, unless you are caught fast by the wealth of second hand books in cases at the door. Inside you have a sense of manifold treasure that makes you wish for unlimited time to explore the shelves. English greeting cards and other small items are concentrated at the back of the shop, where also Margaret and Walter Hard are usually to be found, dispensing friendliness, book lore and good conversation.

Across the mountains, in Brattleboro, Stephen and Janet Greene can be found at the Book Cellar (now definitely soaring above ground.) The Greces feature books about Vermont and have pretty complete files of back issues of Vermont Life. An attractive art gallery and record collection are part of this modern, well-designed shop. Several exhibitions are planned each season, mostly by Vermont artists. There are fine prints and art books in stock. The Book Cellar is the headquarters for the Stephen Greene Press, which publishes a few selected titles each year, generally with a Vermont or New England flavor. A Note from the Horn, a beautifully printed little news-sheet, announces these books, discusses books in general and country matters.

The excellent, small Hartford Bookstore in Rutland is one of the oldest in the state, is located conveniently on Center street. The excellent children’s book department and general stock is managed by Ellen Hollrocks.

Further north, in Middlebury, the traveling book-lover will find Dike Blair’s Vermont Bookshop, overflowing with paperbacks to suit all intellectual tastes as well as a wide selection of current titles. Middlebury, as a college town and particularly because of its Summer Language Schools, meets more bookreaders, perhaps, than most other Vermont communities of its size. Mr. Blair also does a large mail order business. Part of his shop is devoted to recorded music, classical and otherwise; another section is a miniature art gallery. Occasionally he embarks on publishing ventures, such as Walter Hard’s poems.

Farthest north of our true bookshops is Edward Sanderson’s Everyday Bookshop on College Street in Burlington. Mr. Sanderson came to Vermont from Brentano’s in Radio City and claims never to have regretted the move. The shop has been redecorated and rearranged within the past couple of years, and I was glad to see that high quality paperbacks are slowly edging out non-literary items at the rear of the store. Mr. Sanderson still carries Arabia (Finnish) and Country Fair earthenware, elegant imported greeting cards, toys and other pleasing objects. His selection of children’s books is particularly impressive, with classics, ancient and modern, always available. His art books are mouthwatering.

It would not be fair to imply that these are the only places in Vermont where books may be bought. A block away the Everyday Bookshop, McAuliffe’s has a large selection of current books, with particularly good cookbooks, how-to-do-its and other non-fiction. This is merely part of the store, however, and the rest is devoted to stationer’s and craft supplies of every sort, gifts and toys. On a smaller scale, Martin’s Bookstore in Barre and Capitol Stationers in Barre and Montpelier provide a certain number of current books and will order others. Other good shops of this type are, notably, Ronald Sinclair’s Bennington Bookshop, the Yankee Bookshop in Woodstock and Baker’s in Brattleboro. The Don C. Stiles
bookshop in St. Johnsbury is complemented by Randall Whitcomb. In Pittsford is J. A. Hofmann's shop.

Rutland's Charles E. Tuttle Co. is a special kind of bookstore. It deals in rare and second-hand books, with Japanese items of particular interest. No other firm in the country publishes here and in Japan as well, and the Rutland and Tokyo imprint has come to mean books of highest typographical quality and fine color work. Business here is largely by mail, with catalogues available for libraries and collectors.

Each of these shops bears the stamp of personality of its owner. There was never a true bookseller who was not himself a reader and a friend to readers. It is this quality which keeps customers coming in and sending back their orders from far places. A good bookshop is more than a trading place for goods. It deals in all the ideas and emotions that lie between the covers of its wares. Hence for book addicts it is always a place of magic, a sorcerer’s house and a spring of water in a dusty land. Would there were more such springs in our pleasant valleys.

RECENT BOOKS


VERMONT VALLEY—Walter Hard, St., Vermont Books, Middlebury, Vermont, 1958, $3.50. A welcome reprint of one of his earlier volumes of concentrated Vermont character, boiled down and sugared off. Once you acquire the taste for these you want more and more.

POEMS: 1947-1957—William Jay Smith, Little Brown and Co., Boston, 1957, $3.50. Mr. Smith has many gifts: wit and gaiety, chief among them. Poems in other tongues attract him and he translates them elegantly. Birds and flowers he celebrates most particularly. The poet and his family (his wife is a poet too) live in North Pomfret, Vermont.

OCTOBER GARDEN—Katherine Scholl Smith, Comet Press Books, New York, 1959, $2.00. Many of these verses, traditional in style and theme, have appeared in New England anthologies. Mrs. Smith makes her home in Proctor, Vermont.

SOMETHING SHARED: Children and Books—Phyllis Fenner, The John Day Co., New York, 1959, $4.00. Subtitled "A Personal Treasury of Stories, Articles and Cartoons," this is a collection of things the author has enjoyed and lovingly passes on to readers of all ages. She is a Manchester, Vermont resident.

BOY BLUE'S BOOK OF BEASTS—William Jay Smith, Little Brown Co., Boston, 1957, $2.75. The poet in every child could not help responding to these airy, nonsensical rhymes, to read to himself or have read to him. Juliet Kepes' lively drawings cooperate perfectly.

DAVID AND THE MOUNTAIN—Christine Price, Longmans Green and Co., New York and Toronto, 1959, $2.75. The background of Welsh sheep farming in this story makes it unusually interesting. The hero and his sheep dog are appealing and believable. Miss Price, who lives in Castleton, has made her own decorative drawings for her book.

NICHO OF THE RIVER—Tracy Richardson, Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1958, $3.95. A boy of the jungle Indians of Nicaragua and Honduras comes of age as his family make their yearly voyage down river for gold and back again. Authentic and fascinating detail plus a swiftly moving story. Illustrations by Hubert Rogers.

YOUR PONY BOOK—Hermann Wiederhold, Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1958, $1.50. Everything on the subject is included in this handsome little book except how to earn the money to pay for your pet. Especially useful to accompany one's first venture in owning a pony. Illustrations by Wesley Dennis. The author has a pony farm of his own.

WILLIE IN EARLY VERMONT—Gregory and Helen St. John, privately printed, obtainable from Mrs. St. John, 9 Charles Street, Barre, Vermont, $1.50. Family reminiscences of pioneer days in a Vermont settlement. Good school introduction to Vermont's history and 19th century life.

Mystery Picture

NUMBER 11

This autumn street scene, a Vermont numbered highway, calls for town location only. The earliest, correct postmarked reply, mailed after August 31, will receive our special award. Residents of the town in question are not eligible. Winners of the Spring issue contest were listed in our Summer issue.

GEOFFREY ORTON

VERMONT Life 49
The Blackish Stream which wove into the morning sun on the narrowing Connecticut River meadows was more than a mile long. Its width ranged from a yard or less to more than fifty yards. Viewed from a considerable distance the blackish stream showed visible bobblings of red and buff. The phenomenon was otherwise unusual. Intermittently it veered up hills as well as down them, and eddied into roadside groves of beech and small acorn oaks and berry brambles. In some part the farflung stream was being guided by people. Men and boys tramped ahead, behind and on the wavering flanks. As the day grew late the leader men carried lighted lanterns. Other helpers toted wooden buckets filled with shelled or “tollin’” corn, which like the lanterns, was supplied from high-boarded farm wagons which jounced alongside. The wagons were mostly drawn by horses and in many instances driven by women.

One who watched long enough would have noted a peculiar orderliness about the procedure. He would have noted, too, that between dawn and dusk the average day’s progress was from ten to twelve miles, weather and topography permitting. At night the dark stream did not move at all. It sometimes eddied into an open pasture, or more surprisingly ascended into tall trees; or in areas where barns or settlers’ cabins were nearby, mounted their ridgepoles and roofs, occasionally caving them in by accumulation of weight. But not by the weight of water alone; meat, bone, feathers and entrails were among other weighty elements of the stream.

The great and peculiar stream was made up of turkeys, recruited live and some 7,000-strong, from more than 40 homesteads in three Vermont counties. The Great Drive of October, 1824 was among the largest and longest-traveled in the remarkable 60-to-70-year history of Ver-
The monster flock was moving overland to turkey-cherishing Boston, the hub of New England, and, as some admitted, of the Universe. Boston's live fowl market was comparatively strong; Vermont's turkeys were even stronger. The proof was in the walking.

In ten days the overland drive had progressed more than 100 rough-country miles, not as the crow flies but rather as the turkeys foraged. About 150 additional miles and at least two weeks more of cross-country tramping separated the big flock and its "drovers" from the then biggest New England market. In mid-autumn of 1824 Vermont turkeys were beginning to flow down on burgeoning Boston which was soon to lead in making "Vermont turkey" a classic menu entree, as it still is—however apocryphal.

Boston of 1824 was leading in several other perceptible developments. It was in the process of supplying its second citizen President of the United States, and one of the most tumultuous mayors in all the Hub's extravaganzas of tumultuous mayors. Boston's epicurean and rotund John Quincy Adams was an enthusiastic and eloquent feaster on turkey. Boston's explosively pure Josiah Quincy who was president of Harvard College as well as mayor of Boston, went further. He was aggressively sponsoring public markets where turkeys and other "meritorious produces" could be sold advantageously. He was pleading for relief from excessive rates (then averaging $20 per hundred miles) on wagon freight. And for good measure he was seeking, as he said, to enable purity to permeate by such legal means as fining at $2 per catch any uncouth citizen caught smoking a cigar on any Boston street.

Apparently Vermonters of 1824 had no overwhelming desire to smoke cigars in Boston or elsewhere. But many were eager to sell their produces in the Hub and knowingly or otherwise, practically all were being touched by Mayor Quincy Adams' loquacious crusade in behalf of more reasonable freight rates for New England.

Since Green Mountain Republic days, indeed since the
beginning era of Connecticut Valley federation, Vermont’s number one economic affliction had been remoteness. Preponderantly agrarian and mountainous Vermont had been able to survive and grow only by producing harvests which were compact, portable, and salable at comparatively high prices per pound. Pearl ash for soap-making was typical. By 1800 block soap was proving itself the state’s most valuable farm manufacture, largely because Vermonters could pay the excessive wagon or ox-freight rates and still enjoy a chance of profit. The same held for home-mined copperas (for curing leathers, pelts and furs); for Vermont-grown “winter heavy” cattle hides; also for “Portugal” (Merino-type) wool. But the times were too early for any substantial trade in dairy products, and Vermont beef was meeting ruinous competition from the still lush Piedmont prairies of the lower and mild-wintered Atlantic states.

Significantly, turkeys were the first sizable Vermont crop capable of going to market on their own power. The cross-country drive was its modus operandi. In 1824, and for a quarter-century thereafter there were no public railroads in northern New England and live turkeys were too perishable, bulky, and sold for too little to accommodate the then going rates of $34 to $45 per ton for wagon portage to Boston. Even had prices permitted, the feeding en route was an insolvable problem. Wagon freight rarely moved faster than ten miles per day. Without proper feeding (which was practically impossible aboard freight wagons) the birds would have reached their market either emaciated or dead. Driven overland, they foraged much of the way and sometimes actually gained weight enroute. The “natural” foraging could be supplemented with grain feeding.

Thus, many of the turkey drives were as valid economically as they were picturesque. The “great” ones, known to have included up to 10,000 birds and a drover force of close to 100 people, were big-time enterprises. They sometimes involved overhead of more than $100 per day enroute and they sought to permit an owner’s net of around $1 per bird marketed. Drives of this size usually involved a dozen or more farms and, oftentimes, several communities to pool birds, manpower and operative expenses. Drives of 3,000 to 4,000 birds were fairly frequent during the 1820’s and ’30’s; 800 to 1,000 birds were somewhere near the effective minimum for the long drives, of say 150 to 350 miles. A wagon train, camping supplies, many tons of grain and a practical minimum of one “drover” per 100 birds, were indispensables.

The driven birds required a morning feeding of corn, and when driven late or on dark days, a great deal of toiling or luring with grain. Night watches were frequently required to protect the flocks from foxes and other predators, and not infrequently, to protect roadside homes from the turkeys. When roosting time comes, it is turkey instinct to pick the highest roosting place available, or to follow feathered friends to such a place. Probably to a turkey this would be a matter of essential correctness of behavior. But as already suggested, the multiplying of body weights repeatedly de-limbed or shattered trees, sometimes crushed fragile sheds or barns, occasionally caved in the roofs of farm homes, and in at least one instance (at Burke) flattened the local school house.

Thus, there were reasons why the Boston newspapers of the 1820’s and thereafter tended to view the Vermont turkey drives as funny; reasons why The Advertiser, for example, quipped of “Varmount” turkeys as wild birds chased down in the wilds by wild Green Mountainers... as having been hatched with Christmas bells around their
Oddly enough, each of these nuggets of meant-to-be wit was rooted in fact. There is absolutely no reason to believe that Vermont turkeys were literally wild birds. But they were comparatively direct descendants of the over-size and distinctly American genus *Meleagris*, the pheasant family, which was indigenous to Vermont and many other areas of North and Central America. The now common turkey was perhaps first domesticated by Mexican Indians, was introduced to Europe early in the Sixteenth Century and presently brought back to colonial America, including Vermont.

Market records show they were fairly big birds; entire flocks scored liveweight averages of around 25 pounds per bird, more than twice that of contemporary wild turkeys. Otherwise, Vermont's early turkeys must have looked a good deal like the wild birds, being black-gray with some buff-colored feathers on their tails and wing tips.

Needless to say, early Vermont turkeys were not hatched with Christmas bells on their necks. But neck-belled turkeys were frequently used for the convenience of tenders and drovers, both on the long drives to markets and in home pastures and nearby open ranges.

The mention of the Vermont turkey's propensity for wearing out its feet enroute Boston also had a footing of fact. Vermonsters sometimes coated the turkeys' feet with discreetly warmed tar. This provided a nonpainful protective layer between the heavy birds' underpinnings and the rocky or sometimes hard-frozen earth.

Robert Fullam recalled his boyhood sight of a mighty river of live turkeys sweeping into Springfield Valley. A weary head drover asked him to suggest a place where the big flock could rest down for the night.

The turkeys began answering before Bob had a chance to. The flock headed into a nearby woodland. By the dozens and hundreds turkeys began rising into the air. First comers settled on the lower branches of trees, in numbers sufficient to bend them almost to the ground. Followers flew higher to roost on the upper branches. Many slid off, only to fly up again, higher and higher. In a matter of minutes all the little woodland was black and bowing with turkeys. Presently the grain and supply wagons came rolling up. The lagging drovers pitched camp, built bonfires to cook their communal supper and to warm themselves against the frosty autumn night.

Such was a good night on the turkey trails. There were plenty of such nights, and there were bad ones, such as the one up Island Pond way in 1867, when what appeared to be a national convention of foxes "weaved" in, and pulled off at least 50 birds in a lesser number of minutes.

There was also an abundance of daytime mishaps, including river crossings. Turkeys are agreeable about fording or "flapping" across brooks or shallows. Confronted by deep water, or flood rapids, the big birds which were landbound with weight or age would sometimes drown. Even worse, more spritely members would sometimes "fly for it." Hours later, sodden drovers still would be seeking to shoo or toll their flock out of the tall timber,
or off high ledges. Covered bridges were still another considerable hazard. If the bridge were long and shaded, or if the day was cloudy, the birds were apt to mistake the bridge for a cozy shelter for the night and huddle for a long sleep, thereby blockading the bridge.

The big flocks sometimes blocked main roads too, and frequently impeded horse-and-carriage traffic. About 1840 Father John O’Shea, who kept a mission station near East Northfield, Mass., recorded how huge flocks of Vermont turkeys used to “take roost” on the open road at night, leaving mortal transients out of passing room and luck. He told how on a dark afternoon a turkey drive blocked a covered bridge in lower Vermont and kept it impassable for at least two dark November days. The observant pastor told of making a surrey drive to Brattleboro and at twilight meeting a turkey drive from the north. As the big birds began to settle on the surrey top, and on the backs of the horses, the priest “drove for dear life,” barely avoiding a runaway, but not as he indicated, a surcoating of turkey manure.

Drive casualties of ten percent of the starting number were fairly average. Normal estrayals and fox casualties were sometimes augmented by the disappearance of fat gobblers and hens later reportedly seen lolling in barnyards or taking the smoke cure in homestead chimneys.

And there were the inevitable hazards of markets. The common goal was to net a dollar a bird by “land droving.” But during the long weeks of tramping, prices would sometimes slip badly or collapse, and would-be profits would change to losses.

The years of the “unnaturally long” turkey walks ended in the 1850’s with the advent of Vermont’s railroads. When first rails began linking the Green Mountains with Boston and many other markets, the geographic length of the drives diminished while the numbers and placements increased. The shorter or “broken” drives...
usually led from home ranges and backroad farms to the nearest depot or railhead. The then very young railroads played an important part.

By 1857, Vermont's own Rutland Railroad had developed and put in service the nation's first refrigerator cars. They were wooden boxcars equipped with center compartments which were filled with home-sawed, housed and otherwise honest Vermont ice. Within three years, the Vermont Central, then New England's biggest railroad, also began providing iced-car service. This permitted Vermont turkey growers to pioneer in the pre-market slaughter and ice-packing of their products.

The coming of railroads also opened the way for upstate growers and dealers to supplement their flocks with Canadian-grown turkeys. By the 1850's, Vermont "recruiter" were buying live turkeys throughout lower Quebec, driving them through the nearest boundary "port." Then at or near the most convenient railroad contact they fattened and "dressed off" the birds and packed them in boxes of ice, for direct shipment to city buyers.

Canadian customs officials viewed the practice with mixed emotions. They had been duty-bound to "receive," count and collect duties ranging from a few cents to as much as a half-dollar a ruddy head for all Canadian exports of live turkeys. Because the chore of counting the open-flock turkeys was a daytime nightmare, Canadian customs officers were disposed to ask the drover or head herdsman how many birds he was taking across.

"'Bout two-hundred and fifty," became the classic Vermont answer. That left the customs man the choice of jotting down "250 live" or undertaking the ever formidable task of making a bird-by-bird count of a flock which oftentimes strung along for a mile or more. One able Vermont turkey man from Highgate drove in Canadian turkeys for better than 20 years, never failing to state the number of each flock as 250. One snowy November evening, Old Ave Prentice got his flock to Morses Line just as the customs crew was making a shivery sign-off. "So you got two-hundred fifty live turkey birds!" bellowed the chief clerk.

Old Ave stroked his white beard in gentle amazement. "That's right! How'd you ever guess it?"

The Canadian removal of excise on live fowl and other livestock as specified in the Empire Trade Agreement of 1854 contributed strongly to Vermont's leadership in the great turkey game. Also the opening of New York's canalways and steamer service on Lake Champlain, both providing shipping rates as little as one-fourth of wagon freight charges, thereby permitting first water shipments of live turkeys. Even so, the land drives were destined to continue for another mortal generation.

The turkey drives continued into the turn of the present century, all the while shaping a memorable pastoral history. Hundreds of long-enduring families of Vermonters did much to restore to life and value America's most distinguished barnyard fowl. It set working patterns for open-range turkey growing in other regions of the United States. And it outlined working shapes of the great Western drives of open-range cattle and sheep which, like Vermont turkeys, foraged their ways from range lands to the early railheads, usually sustaining themselves, frequently gaining on the way.

VERMONT Life 55
What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light.
This glimpse of glory infinite!

WHITTIER
AUTUMN RIME

During the inner cycle of shortening days that bright precursor to Winter, Summer's blazing end, is brieflyushed by a breath of the cold to me. These fleeting touches areown only to those astir early. Soon ves drip and the lagging sun turns sty grasses wet. But now, just drawn to dawn, there is a special reward those who are up betimes. Down the river's chill edge, along the window lowlands, lies a new and sitting soft world; colors are muted their opaque coating, crisp and ttened by hoarfrost. These rarely photographed scenes were done by B Creed and (top right) by David olor.
THE Old Stone House is one of the most remarkable buildings in Vermont, or, for that matter, anywhere else. It stands alone in its granite dignity near the busy village of Orleans and a few rods east of Brownington’s main street. This thoroughfare in the early years of the last century was part of a stage coach route between Boston and Canada. A few spacious houses, in varying degrees of disrepair, and the well-preserved white spired church are evidence of this village’s former prosperity. For Brownington was a half-shire town before the county seat was moved in 1816 to Irasburg.

Here in 1823 the first Grammar School in the county was established, and was known as Brownington Academy. It soon attracted students from all the neighboring townships, and from communities north of the border.

In 1829 the Reverend Alexander Twilight, just graduated from Middlebury college, was engaged as principal. Under his rule the school developed rapidly. Soon he begged the Academy trustees for a new building in which scholars from a distance could be housed and fed. He was refused.

So the Reverend Twilight went to work himself, assisted according to the legend, only by one trusty ox. He quarried the granite on his own land across the road from the school site. He used an ingenious system of inclined planks to haul the blocks into place.

This master-work was finished in 1836 and was proudly named Athenian Hall. The title is still blazoned in large letters over the main entrance. But the building was commonly called The Boarding House, and for more than twenty years it buzzed with eager students for whom the zealous headmaster provided the best books and other educational facilities available at the time.

The Reverend Twilight was stricken by illness, however, in 1855. By that time other grammar schools were flourishing in the county, and the prosperity of Brownington was draining away with the coming of the railroad to the valley towns. Soon after the principal’s death, in 1857, Brownington Academy was closed, and it never re-opened.

For some years a few people rented quarters in the big granite Hall. Then it was abandoned altogether, and became known simply as The Old Stone House. It was in danger of being sold for the building materials it contained when in 1916 the Orleans County Historical Society bought it for a permanent home. The Society turned it into an historical museum for the preservation of documents and relics of local interest, and examples of the methods of living and working in the county’s early days.

The ground floor contains the school parlor, the dining rooms and the kitchen, with its huge fireplace and other pioneer-style cooking facilities. On the first and second floors are the little rooms, with fireplace-like ventilators, in which the students lived. These have been furnished in appropriate style. On the top floor are the library and assembly hall, where hang quaint portraits of grand old men and women of the area.

The caretaker of the Old Stone House lives across the road. From May to November he will, for a modest fee, unlock for visitors the building and various rooms. Here the lover of antiques and the delver into local history will find much of interest. Here the schoolchildren of today can see first-hand how their predecessors lived and studied a century and more ago.

So Athenian Hall has come into its own again, although in a way that was never planned by its energetic creator, the Reverend Alexander Twilight.
ARCHITECTURAL NOTES AND POSERS

The same way the Egyptians built their pyramids, (as the good Mr. Twilight may have read), he built the walls of Athenian Hall, each course "wrapping around" the building. Earth piled against the walls by the ox and a scraper slowly grew to a sort of spiral roadway, until the entire height was reached. Then the earth was scraped away just as the Egyptians did.

This plain and practical building, also designed by Mr. Twilight, poses more questions than can be answered:
- Why was it built of granite instead of wood?
- Who dressed the stone? Had Mr. Twilight once worked in a quarry and gained that skill?
- In his spare time from teaching and preaching could he possibly have quarried and dressed the stone, designed and fashioned the entire building—alone and all perhaps in just five years?

HERBERT WHEATON CONGDON
**ONLY YESTERDAY**

*A Remembrance of Vermont*

By WALTER HARD, Sr.

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**CHURCH SUPPERS**

If you happen to drive into a Vermont village in midafternoon of an autumn day when the sinking sun highlights the brilliance of the maples around the green you may notice a few cars parked on the grass outside the church. Maybe a woman will be walking towards the church carefully carrying something wrapped in a napkin. Then comes another with a heavily laden basket. They disappear into the basement door. Under these circumstances it is safe to assume that this is the night for a church supper. It is being put on by The Ladies’ Aid, The Women’s Group, The Auxiliary, or—in our church as it used to be—by The Ladies Benevolent Society. If you are wise you will later take that appetite which the crisp air has cultivated to that spot for a real treat.

This may well be the first gathering of the women for their new autumn and winter campaign. The Summer Sale, held in July, always the climax of a year’s work will have been safely over. This event has been the reason for innumerable all-day sewing meetings with pot-luck lunches. Days when hot lunches at school and well-filled dinner boxes for working husbands, or the warming oven for those who came home, answered the family problem of midday food. At those meetings various things have been made. Some useful, like aprons, dish towels and holders. Some mostly ornamental, like embroidered guest towels, satin quilted handkerchief cases, and delicate doilies edged with crocheted lace or colored tatting. There may have been a quilt which the ladies intended to raffle off quietly. (“So silly of that Miss Ironwood! Always making it a matter of principle! A new-comer anyhow!”) When the day of The Sale came other attractions had been added: tables loaded with tempting food ranging from substantial baked beans to fragile angel cake, fit for a bride’s consumption. Only a space away another table stood where humble vegetables brushed elbows with gorgeous bouquets of cut flowers; and Mrs. Smiley would have brought a few of her potted plants with wonderful variegated foliage. The fish pond or the grab bag had offered the usual lure of chance for children. At one side older girls were pouring lemonade and dishing out ice cream under the supervision of a capable housewife. People sat about relaxed and satisfied with the Sale’s success. Over, at last, was the event towards which all their creations, for months, had moved; all obviously showing genius for organization and no little administrative ability.

After some weeks of leisure the same talents are again in action. Increasing numbers of people will be streaming into the church basement. On long tables, already set, food is being placed. Autumn centerpieces of leaves and bittersweet decorate each table. Dishes of golden squash and mounded mashed potatoes are punctuated with colorful salads and jellies. Suddenly the buzz of conversation is arrested by the minister who raps on a tumbler with a knife. The rows of people already surrounding the tables bow their heads for grace. There is a scraping of chairs and conversation is resumed. As the throng is seated, waiters and waitresses appear from the modernly equipped kitchen carrying plates of steaming chicken pie.

One shortly learns that they are the boys and girls of the Young People’s Fellowship assisted by certain young husbands and wives of the Young Couples Group. Any attempt at sustained conversation shortly becomes hopeless. There is an incessant procession of delectable things to be passed—salads, hot rolls and jellies. (“I really must recommend this special spiced currant of Aunt Ellen Tuttle’s to you.” “Or, “You will just have to make room for this jellied salad. It’s too good to miss.”) So, ignoring all else, you fall to with singleness of purpose. A hot coffee pot warming your ear warns you that seconds already are being served, and the buzz of conversation is arrested by the minister who raps on a tumbler with a knife. The rows of people already surrounding the tables bow their heads for grace. There is a scraping of chairs and conversation is resumed. As the throng is seated, waiters and waitresses appear from the modernly equipped kitchen carrying plates of steaming chicken pie.

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emerged. There were several others in the background. She was holding aloft the cake which Miss White had brought as her share of the evening's supper provision. She held it out to Miss White who drew back from the strawlike confection. "We found we didn't need your cake, Miss White," she said, smiling sweetly as she thrust it into Abby's unwilling hand, "It so happened we had plenty of cake without yours. One more than we had expected came in. We knew that you and Abby would be glad to enjoy this one yourselves. It will save Abby the trouble of making another for you."

It often happened, when I was supposed to be asleep across the hall, I frequently overheard such matters being discussed by my father and mother. My mother was English. Friendly and warmhearted though she was, she was nevertheless reserved. She never developed the habit of dropping in casually upon neighbors at odd hours of the day. Life for her always retained a gentle formality. When she
came as a bride to her husband's Vermont village she occupied all her time with her family and with such good works as she believed God had prepared for her to walk in. She never gossiped—except with her husband. It was in his presence alone that sometimes, after a particularly trying experience at the Ladies Benevolent Society, she would give vent to her feelings in words of disgust and annoyance. It was following such an occasion that my father coined a new name for the Society—The Ladies BEDEVILMENT Society. I found to my keen disappointment that it was not to be spread abroad.

Usually, as I recall, something untoward was apt to happen on Church Supper night. Some parents paid no heed to their offspring, or at least had little success in restraining them once they were up from the tables and free to turn the surrounding territory into a hippodrome. Waiting on table became a hazardous occupation. One special sport was shocking to my parents. It was carried on in the fearsome darkness of the main church auditorium above stairs. There the sound of racing feet overhead would eventually draw the attention of some elder, even one with no parental authority. Someone would hurry into the upper darkness. Presently giggling girls would precede grinning boys into the lighted supper room followed by the stern face of disapproval and authority. Needless to say I was never one of the group. Even had I wanted to be, my father's knee pressed firmly against mine, below table, would have told me where he wished me to stay. It was later that recreation facilities were found to be religious adjuncts to church activity.

But as you come out of the church tonight, leaving its lighted rooms behind you, the same stars will look down on the village green that have watched it for generations. Inside the church, women still will be working—the women, the Marthas, who still are an unfailing source of help in sustaining it. If you don't believe it just ask the parson.

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**Autumn Events in Vermont**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warren-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 3</td>
<td>E. Corinth</td>
<td>(5:30) Ryegate Corner-Chicken Pie supper &amp; concert.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jericho-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 5</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(5:30) Swiss Day luncheon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berlin-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 6</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon &amp; night) Jericho Ctr-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 7</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(5:30) Turkey dinner.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Albans-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 8</td>
<td>St. Albans</td>
<td>(5:30) Church supper, sale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 9</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(6-8) Hartland-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 10</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(6-8) Greensboro Bend-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 11</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Brownsville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 13</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Groton-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 15</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Danville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 17</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 18</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 20</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Vermontville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 21</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Westmore-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 22</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 23</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 24</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Peacham-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 25</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Vermontville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 27</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 28</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 29</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Peacham-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Sep. 30</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Vermontville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 3</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 5</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Vermontville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 6</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 8</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Peacham-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 9</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Vermontville-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 12</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 16</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 17</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
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<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 22</td>
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<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) South Hero-Chicken Pie.</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper</td>
<td>Oct. 31</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>(noon) Stowe-Chicken Pie.</td>
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**CONTINUING EVENTS**

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<tr>
<td>Stowe-Chair Lifts run. Waitsfield-Chair Lift runs (weekends &amp; holidays).</td>
<td>Nov. 12</td>
<td>Stowe</td>
<td>Mountain Top Resort.</td>
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Mus. Warren—Aerial Telecar runs.
Oct. 25: Putney—Santa's Land.
Oct. 31: Granvilleville—Quarry tours (8:30–
Brownville—Old Stone House museum.
Nov. 1: Manchester—Skyline Drive. Isle La Motte—Ste. Anne Shrine. Stowe—
SPECIAL EVENTS
Aug. 31-Sep. 5: Essex Jct.—Champlain Valley Fair.
Sep. 5: So. Londonderry—Food Sale, Market (2).
Sep. 5-7: Canaan & Guildhall—Canoe trip.
Sep. 7-12: Rutland—Rutland Fair.
Sep. 18-20: No. Troy—Missisquoi Valley Exposition.
Sep. 27: Grafton—Color Photog. school.
Sep. 30: Morrisville—Rug exhibit.
Oct. 1-3: Bennington—Foliage Fest.
Oct. 2-10: Danville, Barnet, Peacham, Ryegate, Groton, Passumpsic—Fall Festival events.
Oct. 2-4: Stowe—Music & Foliage Festival.
Oct. 3 & 4: So. Woodstock—Foliage Rides.
Oct. 4: Bristol—Horse show.
Oct. 4-10: Burlington—Lumbering exhib. Auditorium.
Oct. 7: Montgomery—Coon Hunt.
Oct. 9: Johnson—Parade, War Dance.
Woodstock—historical address.
Oct. 17: Manchester—Rummage sale.
Oct. 28: Morrisville—Hist. meeting.
Dec. 4-5: Rutland—Craft Bazaar, Armory.
Dec. 5: Woodstock—Christmas Bazaar.
Dec. 11: Brandon—Winter Flower show (2).

For 156 years now the Townshend Congregational Church has leased to the town the pretty common pictured here by Arthur Griffin. In return the town pledges to maintain the church, which was built in 1790. The level, grassed common at first, by old reports, was so rocky "an ox-cart could not be drawn across it without being capsized."