THE EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR

The Mystery Picture editor reports receiving varied criticisms for (in last Winter's issue) terming the Ford Poultry Farm's massive henry a "hostelry". He stubbornly maintains that by definition a hostelry—a "lodging-house" in Webster—is just that, for the hens. Further, at least one human has sought lodging there, by mistake: an Extension Service lady who stopped by one blustery night.

People write us from time to time of the things they don't like about Vermont—such matters as parking tickets, rusting metal roofs, and the rural predilection, so well stated in Phyllis McGinley's poem, for hanging laundry on the front verandas. Another excoriates Mahlon Jamieson of Warren for hanging an ox-yoke on his sugarhouse.

(see page 6 our past Winter issue) upside down.

By far the most complaints, though, concern the construction of the Interstate Highway in Vermont. Dozens and dozens of readers are seriously concerned as to what it will do to the character of Vermont.

And so Vermont Life had hoped to publish this issue a factual, unbiased discussion of the Highway, which ultimately will pass through 341 miles of Vermont countryside. The heat of partisanship, both pro and con, which so far has prevented us from presenting a full and fair account, we expect soon to overcome.

Our parent, the Vermont Department of Development, has a fine new sound and color 16mm film on The Miraculous Maple Tree, for free use by professional, civic and service clubs. Write the VDD Film Library, Montpelier, for bookings at least a month ahead of desired showing. END

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Treasures and fun are staple items for collectors in Vermont’s roadside shops and auctions

FLORENCE THOMPSON HOWE

If you like antiques and enjoy hunting for them, Vermont’s highways and sleepy side roads can offer you a wide variety of treasures for cherishing. Are you looking for a cherry chest of drawers, an old pine cupboard, handwrought andirons and fire tools, a handwoven coverlet, Hitchcock chairs, Victorian furniture, parlor bric-a-brac, primitive chairs and tables, handmade sap buckets, wooden churns, early glass? Vermont has it. You may find it in an antique shop, or in a second-hand place, or a roadside barn or at summer auction, and because the state is small, well laced with roads and dotted with villages and towns, you will not have long miles to drive between beckoning stops. Seasoned antiquers say that the picturesque hill towns of Vermont with their wayside shops and country auctions form the last frontier in regional Americana.

Although a true antique antedates 1832, Americana has come to include items later in the century but you will find the earlier things in Vermont still in good supply. Descendants of the families who came to Vermont a hundred and fifty years ago clung to and used their hard-won belongings. Over the years, in spite of fires, itinerant collectors, antique dealers and their “pickers,” many of the old treasures are still to be brought out of the houses of these descendants to be offered to dealers or sold at auction when estates are settled. The plastic-minded younger generation who inherited has grown tired of the sight of these old familiaris. Because the early settlers came by oxcart or the larger covered wagon, they usually brought only food and tools, planning to make what they needed when they got here. Thus you will find here the chairs, tables, beds, chopping bowls and utensils made by the man of the house in the evening or on snowy winter days. He made at his forge the iron house hardware, fireplace equipment, trivets and iron hearth toasters. He even made clocks with wooden works. Vermonters were famous for their finely carved woodwork, boxes, birds, animals large and small. These hand-carved items are hard to find, but they are worth the hunt.

Much of the early wooden ware is pleasing to the contemporary eye. Perhaps the lone Vermonter, working in his isolation, had a natural feeling for balance, line and scale, but in many cases the results were good because the most expedient thing was also the simplest. Huge Ver
Household tools or “parlor pieces” were equally well made

Mont chopping bowls, round or oblong, sometimes 20 inches across, are coveted for serving tossed salads these days. These bowls were hand-shaped of maple and require little work to restore them to use. Usually they are sanded inside and out with the finest sandpaper, then rubbed with 0000 steel wool on the outside. The inside is left as is and the outside may be waxed to a high patina that will glow in the candlelight of a buffet table. These bowls in the rough, if perfect, can cost as high as $20, the oblong ones bringing the highest price. Finished bowls cost about $3 more. In the rough bowls with reparable chips or cracks cost $3 to $7, depending upon the shape, the depth and the damage.

Our early hand made maple sap buckets and the later machine-made ones are picked up for wastebaskets, magazine holders or kindling. They run from $3 for the early ones to $10 to $1 for the later ones. They refinish beautifully with not too much time and labor involved. Buckets are usually found in the barn type of antique shop, for they take space and are in the way in a store. In fact, the barns that beckon with their open doors and clutter of chairs and lamps hanging from the rafters, are good places to stop for furniture of all kinds in the rough. They have the space and they can stack pieces on top of each other without fear of damage. If you want pine three- and four-drawer chests to finish yourself, there are still plenty waiting for you. The panel-end pine dressers sell for $15 to $25 apiece, and the plank-end (one solid board) dressers are higher, around $35 up, for they are older. Chests that have been finished cost about $20 more. If you are in doubt about the age of any item with drawers, pull the drawers out and examine the corners for the old-fashioned dovetailing; and take a sniff of the inside of the drawers—one thing that cannot be faked, even with old wood, is the lingering aroma of old linen, clothing and sachets clinging to old pieces.

Do you want a blanket chest? A low one, with a “till” or a high one that opens from the top and has a drawer at the bottom? Vermont has them in the rough and finished, plenty of them for $15 up. Do you want a pine lift-top commode for conversion to a cabinet for bar supplies or for a hi-fi? They sell for $15 up, in the rough. We have them in walnut too, with marble tops and carved fruit drawer pulls. They make excellent bars, for they are impervious to spills.

Probably every man who carved a home in the rugged hills of Vermont became, by virtue of necessity, something of a cabinetmaker. With a greater or lesser degree of skill and taste, he made the low seated slat-back side chairs with rush or split ash seats, the baby’s high chair with whittled or turned hickory frame, the Windsors, the drop-leaf tables, maple candle-stands and the pine blanket chests. The taste of many of them reflected remembered furniture and accessories in the areas from which they came, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York. They executed orders from prosperous Vermonters, too, who wanted cherry and mahogany pieces characteristic of the 18th century urban designers. Examples of their work appear in homes and museums and antique shops. One such piece is the beautiful four-drawer serpentine-front cherry chest made in Montpelier in 1804 for the Walton family. The Sheldon Museum also has some examples of fine furniture made in Vermont.

As prosperity increased, homes of the older Vermont families acquired highboys, lowboys, Sheraton card and dining tables, swell-front Hepplewhite cases of drawers with original brasses, Chippendale mirrors and Terry clocks. Some of these pieces bear the signature or label of the maker. Signed or documented pieces are rare, and therefore bring higher prices in the market. Some of our antique shops stock these fine pieces, almost exclusively, and with them the imported old crystal, glass and china accessories to complement them. What should one expect to pay? Perhaps the answer lies in a little paperbound book, *How To Know American Antiques* by Alice Winchester, editor of the magazine *Antiques* and a leading authority. She says, “There is no set scale of prices for antiques. The exquisite artistry of some, the historical
A corner full of "finds": left to right, a brass warming pan, a Brandon stove, weather vane, two in-the-rough Governor Winthrop desks, pressed glass whiskey bottles, Norton jugs, a coop-back Windsor chair—and perhaps some valuable out-of-print books.
MUSEUMS

Antiques collectors find valuable pointers among the fine specialties which are among Vermont museums' general collections:

Bennington Museum—Outstanding American glass and Bennington wares, Revolutionary and Civil war relics, costumes and accessories, paintings, dolls, toys, furniture, and household items.

Fleming Museum (Burlington)—American furniture from 17th century, women's dresses & accessories from early to late 19th century, large collection Rogers Groups, iron utensils, kitchen and fireware, tools and instruments, among preeminent Oriental, natural history and Indian artifact collections.


Shelburne Museum (Shelburne)—Several completely furnished period houses, store; sculptured folk art, prints and paintings, trade signs, china, glass, pewter, decoys, dolls, toys, horse-drawn vehicles, tools, quilts, rugs, hat boxes, are among the collections of this great rags, hat boxes, are among the splendid collections.

Vermont Historical Museum (Montpelier)—Special collections in china and pottery including Parian & Bennington ware; coins, glass, some early furniture, quilts and counterpanes, costumes, military uniforms, firearms.

Windham County Historical Museum (Newfane)—Small but varied groups of regional items: furniture, paintings, silhouettes, ironware, glass salts.

Restored and period-furnished houses providing material of interest include: The Kent Tavern, Calais; Farrar-Mansur House, Weston; Gen. Strong Mansion, Addison; DAR House, Newbury; Dana House, Woodstock; Constitution House, Windsor; Noyes House, Morrisville; Rolkey (Robinson House), Ferrisburg; Old Stone House, Brownington.

The ever popular Currier & Ives and Kellogg prints are still to be found in Vermont. You can buy them at auction or in shops for a couple of dollars apiece up, depending upon the subject matter and the size—the large folio prints run high, of course. Currier & Ives marshmallow-faced girls, their bland faces quaintly tinted with water-color, and the florals are not as choice as Mississippi riverboat scenes, railroad, horse and disaster prints. Some of the hunting and fishing prints are expensive, too. Quite often at summer auctions or in a secondhand store one finds an original Currier & Ives in an old frame, covered by an early 1900 calendar scene that someone preferred. The thrill of uncovering even a marshmallow-faced lass or a floral is worth the trouble of looking through the stacks of frames and pictures. A great many people who buy the old pictures like to keep the old glass, but great care should be taken with it, for it grows brittle and warped with age and shatters easily. It can seldom be cut safely, and that is true of old mirrors that you might like to buy and have cut down for a special frame. The depth of a piece of glass in a mirror can be quickly gauged by placing a dime on it and looking at its reflection.

In hunting antiques it is well for the novice to limit his field, then fortify himself with knowledge of types and periods and their distinguishing characteristics. The antiques business is now so well developed that books and magazines are published listing a wide variety of items and quoting the current prices on these things. A list of some of these publications is given at the end of this article.

The best way to become knowledgeable is to visit the museums, antique shows, collections, auctions and antique shops. If possible, handle the articles, study points of construction, examine touch marks, potter's marks and signatures—and ask questions. Dealers enjoy talking about the things they have for sale, and they have of necessity amassed a fund of information on the items in which they specialize.

By far the safest bet for the tyro is to buy through a reliable dealer. How do you know? By reputation largely. A dealer, like any other merchant, must have repeat business. His merchandise is of interest to a special, small group. He must build his clientele; and, strangely enough,
a large percentage of a dealer’s business is done with other dealers! They come to rely upon each other and on their verification of an article’s antiquity and perfection. The dealer studies all the available publications, as well as museum collections, in order to buy intelligently. If he makes a mistake and finds he had misrepresented what he sells you, he will usually make it right. A word of warning, though—antique shops, unlike city department stores, do not let you bring things back several days, weeks or months later because you’ve changed your mind! The Vermont Antique Dealers’ Association checks its membership to screen out any unethical dealers. A VADA Membership List is available without charge by writing to Vermont Life Magazine.

A few more words about dealers. Give the once-over-lightly to a shop that has no price marks on the merchandise and no inventory and cost-code mark. A reliable dealer takes a decent mark-up on the stock he buys and prices it accordingly, come one come all. Dealers do not mind having you come in “just to look around,” but they do mind and are angered by remarks in this vein, “My grandmother had a bigger, better or shinier one and threw it out,” or, “Can you imagine, Gertie, this is marked $20 and I paid only $1.50 for mine,” or “I wouldn’t give this kind of junk houseroom.” The dealer has been a sitting duck for these remarks for years. He is the host in his shop and can appreciate such remarks no more there than he could in his home. If you cannot say something kind, just thank him and leave. Dealers especially like the kind of person who comes in asking for something special, even though he may not have it or ever carry it. He will usually send you to a dealer who might have what you want. And if you have acquired a fund of information on whatever you are collecting, the dealer will enjoy listening (if he is not busy with other customers) for that is one way that he learns.

Many dealers advertise a “general line”; others specialize in collectors’ items: pattern glass, primitive paintings, paperweights, primitive furniture in the rough such as dry sinks (which run $15 to about $35), hutch cupboards, trestle tables, harvest tables, etc. Harvest tables in the rough, depending on condition and whether the legs are tapered square or lathe-turned, run from $60 up. Finished they are from $150.

Fortunately for those who are budget-minded, the fun of collecting does not begin or end with antique furniture. Such a vast number of people are interested in collecting dolls, toys, Valentines, buttons, firearms, boxes, trade cards, daguerreotypes and such, that national organizations of these collectors now exist for the promotion of their common interests. Assembling a collection does not necessarily mean that one must spend large sums of money. A few years ago a man in the honey business toured Vermont hunting for the old, hand-made bee-boxes used
in the early days for tracking a bee to its store of wild honey, for locating a swarm that had left home for other parts. The boxes were ingenious, some beautifully crafted, some quite primitive, but they made a fascinating col-

tin, pierced in decorative pattern, for candles. These are often erroneously called Paul Revere lanterns, but they were much later, after 1825. The wrong name does not lessen their charm. Our tinsmiths made good solid trays,

E. H. ROYCE

It takes plenty of time to explore most roadside shops, but a one-item collector can ask a quick question and hurry on to the next.

collection and each item had cost him 50c to a dollar. One young couple, searching for an idea for their twenty-foot expanse of bare white wall in their New York apartment, discovered the early hand-wrought iron steelyards (simple weighing devices) and decided to arrange them in groupings of design. They bought sixteen of them, no two alike, of course, paying 50c to $1.50 a set. They made a handsome pattern on the wall and a most unusual collection. The insular nature of the State, plus the resourceful character of its people, made Vermont a place for developing to the utmost the thing at hand—that is why the shops are full, even today, of things for the beginning collector and the old pro.

Vermonters' inventive ingenuity produced lanterns of candleholders, candlesticks, candle molds, pudding molds, cookie cutters, apple corers and maple sugar molds. All of these are low in price, well within the budget of the antiquer on holiday.

Lamps are here, too, lamps of all kinds, Betty, sperm, camphene and kerosene. The latter are still in use in some areas remote from power lines—and there is probably not a house in Vermont that does not have several, in case of power failure. One can find the misnamed Gone With the Wind lamps, astral lamps, pattern-glass lamps, student lamps, lamps with part-marble, part-iron and part-glass bases, lamps with brass bases, hanging lamps for hall, kitchen and dining room. We have carriage lamps, skaters' lamps, bulls-eye lanterns and out-
door reflector lanterns. They are not expensive, especially if you walk into a store stocked with modern light fixtures (none of which may seem just right for your house or room) and compare prices. You will find that the antique lighting fixtures, which so often give just that right touch to your decorating, cost much less than a similar modern item.

You will find some silver holloware in Vermont, but it is not in abundance. Your best chance is picking it up at auction. Dealers do not like to stock it because it has to be kept sparkling to sell—and every time it is picked up and handled, it invites discoloration. A great deal of the silver you do find will be middle to late Victorian plates, often in beautiful condition, and at a fraction of the cost of modern holloware.

Silhouettes, too, can be found here. They were the forerunner of the daguerreotype and the only likeness many could afford—the alternative being an oil portrait. Such inexpensive portraits were cut from white paper, the hole then backed by black cloth or black paper. This type is known as "hollow cut." Some were painted, a few signed. These are more valuable in a collection of silhouettes. The daguerreotypes that followed the silhouettes are enjoyed by collectors, some because of the pictures, and some because of the fine condition of the cases and shiny brass interior fittings. The collector often uses them for pictures of her own family and friends. The cases of embossed or pressed leather sell for about 75c to $1.50 and the cases of hard gutta-percha sell for $3 to $4.

Vermont is a mecca for the antique doll collector. Springfield, Vermont, was the birthplace of the much sought-after wooden dolls of the 1870s and 80s. The famous Ellis wooden dolls were made in the year 1873 of rock maple with metal hands and feet. Ellis was the first to make an articulated wooden doll with mortise-and-tenon joints. They are very scarce today and sell upwards of $65. Ellis made toys as well as dolls and the locale is known as the birthplace of the toy industry in this country.

Toys of yesteryear are still to be found in the antique shops and in the museums of Vermont.

Primitive portraits are much in demand but hard to find. They were done in oil on canvas or on a wood panel. Many of these family pictures were done by itinerant coach or carriage painters. Sometimes these men carried canvases of headless women in a dressy get-up, and then painted in the head of the subject when an order was placed. This made for rather grotesque effects sometimes. However, the best of them are quaint and interesting, and pictures of two or three young children are often charming. There is no guide to the price you should expect to pay for a primitive oil, for so many factors are involved. If the portrait enchants you, you know just the spot for it and the price is something you can afford, then buy

Modern décor uses primitives too, and sharpens competition

An old carriage lamp, above, is a money-saver, and the silver spoons below are bargains at auctions.
Objects loved in olden times are even more precious today

Keepsake silhouettes were often called "Valentine profiles."

It! Dealers in primitive furniture usually know where to send you for primitive oils—and once in a while one will turn up at auction.

Hand-woven coverlets of wool and linen sell for $25 up, depending on condition—they were prey to moths and mice—and a fine one is a treasure to lend atmosphere to the early American bedroom. Vermont coverlets are usually blue, a rich dark blue and white. Piecework quilts can be found, the fine stitches strong after years and years of use. (The piecework comforter should not be confused with the piecework quilt when it comes up at auction. The quilt, with its tiny stitches picking out geometric patterns that firm the quilt from front to back are choice. The piecework comforter is tied at intervals with cord or yarn, does not lie as smoothly on a bed and is of much less value.) Hooked rugs were made here. These should be examined carefully on the back, to be sure the base has not been split with age and usage. The hooked rug with an animal as the focal point of the design brings a higher price than floral patterns. Once in a while you run across a sampler worked on fine linen by a young girl learning plain and fancy stitches in the 1700s. Usually the girl's age and the year are worked into the sampler. The later samplers, often done in cross-stitch, with trees, animals, birds or flowers and possibly a pious sentiment, were not as finely worked, but they are interesting and colorful on a wall, and they are fairly rare because the custom of making samplers started to die out about 1830.

Braided rugs were made here, but are seldom in very good condition, because they were given such hard wear in the kitchens. They are still being made and it is a refreshing sight in summertime to come upon a fence near a Vermont farmhouse colorfully hung with 25 or so of these rugs offered for sale at reasonable prices. They are usually made of new wool, smoothly put together to give years of wear and an authentic touch to the family room, bedroom or kitchen. Many young homemakers today enjoy living with these handmade coverlets, rugs and quilts. They give them a feeling of continuity and permanence, open doors into the lives of our forebears and, incidently, provide a sound investment, because they increase in value with the years. Today young antiquers are beginning to realize that a piece of brand new furniture becomes a piece of second-hand furniture the day it is put to use, and its value decreases considerably, while a carefully selected antique increases in value as time goes by.

If pottery or glass are your special musts, drop in to see the fine exhibit at the Bennington Museum. The museum has the authoritative pamphlet on Bennington ware for 60c. The novice and the expert will find it helpful in identifying and verifying Bennington and Parian ware in the shops. You can see the large and varied collection of these and other wares in the museum and fortify yourself for the tour of shops or summer auctions. Bennington stoneware and Parian were widely copied and were very popular. The Norton's stoneware jars and jugs are much sought after, and are still not too hard to find, fortunately. They are gray with a blue flower or flowers, freely done on one side before firing. They can be bought for $1.50 up, depending on size, condition, age and shape. (The age can be checked by the novice easily with the pamphlet, because the firm name changed every few years, as different members of the family joined or left it.) The jugs with a stag or a bird (the Norton bird is a whimsical bird, indeed) bring $7.50 on up to $15.00, and really rare ones bring more. Bennington porcelains are often a rich chocolate brown with a tortoise-shell-like glaze and they are much coveted and expensive. The Parian pieces, delicate and graceful in design, are a hard

Ellis dolls like this one are rare and therefore high priced.

HANSON CARROLL
paste unglazed porcelain, usually all white, and these too are not for the casual shopper. Actually the Bennington potteries made ten kinds of ware, but those noted are the special ones usually sought by collectors in the shops.

Lest you think we have only the Bennington items, it should be mentioned that pieces of all kinds of earthenware and china can be found here. Ironstone, Canton, rose medallion, Majolica, Flow Blue, Strawberry soft paste, luster, bisque—whatever you collect you are sure to find something to add to your collection and the prices generally are considerably lower than those in the urban antique shows, the city shops and metropolitan areas.

Do you collect pattern glass? Or Sandwich glass? There is a great deal of these in Vermont shops and turning up at auction. Sandwich glass comes in many patterns, is frequently rough on the edges, heavy, not icy clear, and is a good investment besides being fun to look for. It was made from 1827 to 1888 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, and most dealers in Vermont who carry any glass at all have some to show you and chat about. Once you become acquainted with real Sandwich you will find it a safe thing to buy, for it has never been successfully reproduced. Pattern glass, alas, is now freely copied and the beginning collector has to trust his dealer implicitly or learn a great, great deal in a hurry. If you want to collect pattern glass, perhaps your first step is to buy the authoritative books on pattern glass and the book that lists the patterns that have been copied. Try to pick a pattern you like that has never been reproduced, and then you can circulate the countryside and buy with a free mind. (Colored glass, so enchanting in a shop window, is tricky to buy, for it has been cleverly reproduced from the old molds, as has milk glass. Some dealers buy only milk glass with worn out old hand-painting on it—then they are...
Auction tips:
- examine items,
- follow the dealers

Bonnet box lids were either hand painted or covered with wallpaper scraps.

Sure they have the real thing and can soak the paint off, a good idea for the novice collector of milk glass. Most dealers use the price book published on pattern glass when marking their merchandise, for while sometimes they make a buy and can mark it up, often the person selling off his pantry to a dealer, or the summer person at auction, also has the book (as should you), and so a very slim profit can be made in stocking this merchandise nowadays.

But supposing we select a pattern as an example—you have bought the books on glass, you have bought the price book, you have decided to collect Buckle With Star pattern glass, one of the less expensive ones, and you decide to start with goblets. The price book says they should run $3 apiece. You approach your first dealer and ask for a Buckle With Star goblet. “No,” she says, “I don’t have a goblet on hand right now, but I do have the butter dish in that pattern. It is $6 and here is a spoon holder, too, for $2.75.” What should you do? Leave the shop and hunt for your first goblet? Years later, hunting for the butter dish and spoon holder to fill out your set, you will scrounge yourself for having passed these by. So, if that is to be your pattern, and you know in your heart that that’s it, you pick them both up right then and there, skip lunch and have hamburger instead of Rock Cornish hen that night for dinner—and the next night too—and look, the two pieces are paid for! If you can do that, you’ve got the antique bug. Vermont’s shops from the southern border to the northern, from east to west, are a glass collector’s paradise, and the auctions draw collectors from many nearby states.

Do you want late 19th century hand-painted china? Of course it’s not antique, but it’s getting there. There are shops that stock it, along with turn-of-the-century cut glass. It is over half a century old and already attracting collectors.

Is satin glass for you (if it is, you have to know it well, you really do), or peach blow, amberine, the inexpensive but pretty mercury glass? Our shops have these and you will be likely to find specimens priced more reasonably here than in the big city shops. Incidentally, the dealers here cannot be moved by shocked faces of customers who

Bennington Museum is a fine source of research into Parian ware, left, but chopping bowls, churns and butter presses are fairly easy to find.
protest that prices up here in the country are a lot higher than in the city. The dealers do get around, a lot more than their customers, and they visit the city shops when they go to the cities for the antique shows. They are usually just amused when a customer takes that gambit!

If you like auctions, buy the local paper when you come into an area, or if they have none, go to the general store—you will usually find auction and church supper notices posted there. The big auctions are most frequently on Saturdays, and the ads for them are inserted usually in the Thursday paper. The auction located, take your own folding chairs, but don’t bother with lunches. The local Ladies Aid or a lodge or a “careter” (a couple with a traveling lunch wagon) will be on hand to sell good homemade sandwiches, hot dogs, coffee and soft drinks all day. Get there early enough to find a good spot in the shade for your chairs and then examine the furniture and other things that have been put on the lawn for display. Auctioneers are licensed and are generally honest; they are usually meticulous about preventing your raising your own bid in the heat of bidding. Don’t bemoan your fate if you see a lot of dealers there. Remember, they have to buy wholesale, so if you watch them closely, when they stop bidding you can hop in and pick up what you want for a very small mark-up over the wholesale price—and you know when the dealers stop bidding that a fair current price has been reached—and wholesale, at that. If you can’t stay for the whole day (auctions usually run from ten to six) ask the auctioneer or one of his helpers to put an item up. They will do it, provided it is not some rare thing, like a pencil-post four poster bed or early desk with original brass pulls. Naturally they will want to have the maximum crowd present before opening the bidding on such an article. They know that it would not be fair to the owner or to the people who are driving miles to the auction just to bid on that one special item. Usually the auctioneer will put the item up just after luncheon, if it is a rare piece.

Listen carefully to the auctioneer. He will say, “This piece is perfect,” or, “This piece has a no-count bruise and chip,” or “This piece has a nice big crack,” and so you know what you are bidding on if you listen. If the piece was represented as perfect and you find it is not, the auctioneer will take it back, provided it is returned to him immediately on your receiving it. The Vermont auctioneer puts on a good show. He frequently uses quaint early phrases that bring smiles to out-of-staters and natives alike. So there you sit, relaxed under a clear blue sky, alert for the bargain to be brought from the great grab-bag in the house, but nostalgically aware of the quiet rural beauty of the Vermont mountain scene. Watching the emptying of an old farmhouse of its treasure and trash is a must for the holiday antiquer.

Good hunting!  

END

LEARN BEFORE YOU BUY
Here is a list of some good references to learn about antiques found in Vermont, and their probable prices:

How to Know American Antiques, Alice Winchester
Furniture Treasury, Vols. 1 & 2, Wallace Nutting
 Primer of American Antiques, Carl W. Drepperd
Buying at Auction, O. C. Lightner
Hand Woven Coverlets, Eliza C. Hall
Bennington Pottery & Porcelain, Richard C. Barrett
American Glass, George & Helen McKearin
Art & Pattern Glass, Patrick T. Darr
Price Guide to Pattern Glass, Ruth Webb Lee
Cut & Engraved Glass, Daniel
Victorian Glass Handbook, Ruth Webb Lee
Handbook of Early American Pressed Glass Patterns, Ruth Webb Lee
Dolls of Yesterday, Eleanor St. George
American Pioneer Art & Artists, Carl W. Drepperd
Concise Encyclopedia of American Antiques, Helen Comstock
Prime Antiques & Their Current Prices, Thos. Ormsbee
Early American Pattern Glass, Alice H. Metz
Antiques & Their Current Prices, Edwin G. Warman
Magazine: Antiques, Spinning Wheel, Antique Trader, Hobbies

Special photographic arrangements and settings for this article were made with the cooperation of leading antiques dealers including Winifred Harding, Thos. McCondach & Son and Marvin Hatch.

HANSOON CARROLL

Pressed glass comes in many patterns, and a handbook on periods and prices is a must for beginning collectors.
DOWSERS' CONVENTION

Science may scoff, but confirmed water-witches pursue age-old methods in search of water. Harvey Dodd, with photographic assists by Joyce Wilson, reports on the National meeting in Danville.

Half the fun of dowsing is comparing other methods.
ONE of the most unusual competitions in the
world is held each autumn in Danville. Here
American Dowsers' Society members convene
to test their methods and show the world a forked stick
in the hands of a born witcher is the equal of geologists'
data for finding water.

A dowser or water witch claims he can find the right
place to drill a well. Most use a freshly-cut forked stick
as a divining rod, but others use pendulums, spring-
loaded pointers, strips of whalebone, or just plain thumbs.

Water comes up from deep within the earth and forms
domes just below the surface, the dowsers believe, and
veins of water spread outward from the domes. They say
that when they come to a spot where water is just below
the surface, their divining rods pull downward by them-
selves. The closer the water and the greater the flow,
the harder the pull.

Geologists scoff at the idea of domes, and say there is
no value in dowsing. "But geology only got started about
a century ago," a dowser will say. "Dowsing goes back
thousands of years. The geologists don’t know every-
thing yet."

Last fall the dowsers held their third annual convention.
After lunch everyone gathered at a field near Danville,
and the competition began.

Several dozen real or would-be dowsers walked in a
straight line from one part of the field to another. When
they felt a strong tug, one of the officials made a note
of the location. At the point where they felt water was
most likely to be found a stake was placed, and the
dowser was asked to name the depth at which the water
would be found, and the number of gallons a minute in
flow.

At the end of the contest officials picked the point
agreed upon by most of the dowsers. The consensus was
twelve feet at five gallons a minute.

A backhoe tractor then was used to check on their
accuracy. Members gathered around, watching anxiously
as the hole grew deeper. The backhoe could dig no deeper
than eleven feet, so a volunteer with shovel dug away for
Three other techniques...
several minutes, while others inspected samples of the hard-packed subsoil. It was dry. There wasn't any water. "We didn't dig deep enough," one said. "It's probably just a foot or two lower down."

The failure was especially disappointing because the dowsers had predicted accurately the depth and flow the year before.

All the dowsers who tried their luck in the contest were men, but women sometimes have the gift, too. You might even have it yourself.

Take a strong, springy forked branch, witch-hazel if you can get it, and grasp the ends with your palms upward, so that it points up. Now walk slowly and concentrate intently. You may feel a sudden and mysterious tug. But, then again, you may not.  

END
Fifty-two hours a week for six weeks the pilot coaxed his Waco through treacherous winter skies adding a stirring footnote to aviation history.

Richard Sanders Allen

Illustrations by Hamilton Greene

When Fogg Flew the Mail

Buffeted by swirling winds, the little green biplane struggled northward between the mountains beyond Northfield Gulf. Wires whined as a cold November blast rocked the silver wings, but the engine roar was reassuring to the pilot bundled in the open cockpit. He peered ahead and grinned as the railroad tracks came into view again below.

"Good old iron compass!" he thought.

A plume of smoke rose from a Central Vermont locomotive which idled behind a string of gravel cars, and little figures that were workmen labored to set the ruptured roadbed to rights. The girders of a shattered Dog River bridge lay strewn for half a mile downstream. Vermont's main railroad line was prostrate. And in the dark days after the Great Flood of 1927—the worst natural disaster in the state's history—the little plane was its sole replacement in carrying the United States mails.

Rain of near cloudburst proportions had fallen for three full days and it was still raining on the morning of Friday, November 4, 1927, when officials of the Post Office...
Department’s Railway Mail Service realized that their distribution system for Vermont had been almost totally destroyed overnight. Clerks and postmasters shoveled muck out of their offices—those who still had offices—and wondered how to move the mail. The state’s railroad system counted miles of broken bridges and missing rights-of-way: it would obviously remain out of commission for weeks. And once medicine, food, clothing and shelter had been provided for the flood’s victims, communications and the mail were the next top problems.

From Burlington, outgoing mail could be ferried across Lake Champlain to the railroad at Port Kent, N. Y. But what came in was piling up. The nearest undisrupted end of track from Boston was at Concord, N. H. When Governor Al Smith offered New York National Guard planes to fly the mail in and out of the state, it seemed a likely temporary solution, easing Burlington’s bottleneck and that at Montpelier too.

The question was “Where to land?” There was no such thing as an airport in Vermont. Burlington aviator John J. Burns suggested the parade ground southwest of Fort Ethan Allen, and soon a dozen hastily-summoned National Guard pilots were bringing their wide-winged “Jenny” and DeHaviland two-seaters to rest on the frozen sod of the military base.

The only available field that could be used near flood-ravaged Montpelier was on the Towne farm off upper Main Street, a narrow hillside where takeoffs and landings could be safely made only under light wind conditions. Over in Barre the streets had been deep in swirling water, and bridges were crumpled and gone. Anticipating delivery of medicines and yeast by plane, Granite City citizens formed an airfield committee and with the aid of
quarrymen and the 172nd Infantry, Vermont National Guard, laid out runways on Wilson flat, high on Millstone Hill. The “Barre Aviation Field” was set to receive its first aircraft the Sunday following the flood.

Though the makeshift airports were ready, the York State Guard flyers proved unable to keep any kind of mail schedule. They had courage but their meager training consisted of weekend hops in good weather, in and out of established airports, and the increasingly cold weather soon raised hob with the water cooled engines of their World War I planes. It seemed like a good time for officials to use a recently-passed law empowering the post office department to contract for the transport of first class mail by air. They had to act fast, for letters were clogging the terminals.

Down in Concord, New Hampshire, was a flier in the right place at the right time: Robert S. Fogg, a native New Englander, had been a World War I flying instructor, barnstormer, and one of the original planners of the Concord Airport. Tall, wiry, dark-haired Bob Fogg had already racked up one historical first in air mail history. Piloting a Curtiss Navy MF flying boat off Lake Winnipesaukee in 1925, he had inaugurated the original Rural Delivery air service in America.

During the excitement following Lindbergh’s flight to Paris earlier in 1927, dare devil aviators overnight became legendary heroes. In Concord, Bob Fogg was the most prominent New Hampshire boy with wings. Public-spirited backers staked him to a brand-new airplane, aimed at putting their city and state on the flying map. The ship was a Waco biplane, one of the first two of its type to be fitted with the air cooled, 225 HP Wright radial engine known as the Whirlwind. A trim green and silver-painted craft only 22 1/2 feet long, the Waco was entered to compete in the “On-to-Spokane” Air Derby of 1927. As a matter of fact, Fogg and his plane didn’t get beyond Pennsylvania in the race—an engine oil leak forced him down—but the flying service and school he started subsequently were first steps in paying off his wry-faced backers. So with all this experience, Bob Fogg was a natural choice to receive the first Emergency Air Mail Star Route contract. His work began just six days after the flood.

By airline from Concord to Burlington is a distance of about 150 miles, counting a slight deviation for the stop at either Barre or Montpelier. The first few days Bob Fogg set his plane down on Towne field back of the State House when the wind was right, and used Wilson flat above Barre when it wasn’t. Between the unsafe Towne field and the long roundabout back road haul that was necessary to gain access to Wilson flat, arrangements at the state capital were far from satisfactory. Each time in, the unhappy pilot, pushing his luck, begged the postal officials that met him to find a safer landing place, preferably on the flat-topped hills across the Winooski River.

“But Fogg”, they countered, “we can’t get over there. And besides you seem to make it all right here.” It took a tragedy to bring things to a head. After a week of precarious uphill landings and downwind takeoffs, Fogg one day looked down at the shattered yellow wreckage of an Army plane strewn across snow-covered Towne field. Sent to Montpelier by Secretary Herbert Hoover, Red Cross Aide Reuben Sleight had been killed, and his pilot, Lt. Franklin Wolfe, badly injured. With the field a blur of white the unfortunate pilot had simply flown into the hillside.

Faced with this situation, Postmaster Charles F. McKenna of Montpelier went with Fogg on a Burlington trip, and together they scouted the terrain on the heights of Berlin. A long flat known as the St. John field seemed
to answer their purpose, and since the Winooski bridges were at last passable, they decided to use it.

With a wary eye on the farmer’s bull, Fred Somers of Montpelier and Mr. St. John marked the field with a red table cloth. As a wind direction indicator, they tied a cotton rag to a sapling. With these aids, and a pair of skis substituting for wheels on the Waco, Bob Fogg made the first landing on what is now part of the Barre-Montpelier Airport on November 21, 1927.

Each trip saw the front cockpit filled higher with mail pouches. During the second week of operations, Fogg received a telegram from the Post Office Department, asking him to “put on two airplanes and make two flights daily, plus one Sunday trip.” Since Fogg’s was a one-man, one-plane flying service, this meant that he would have to do both trips, flying alone 600 miles a day, under sub-freezing temperature conditions.

Over the weeks, America’s first Star Route Air Mail settled into a routine pattern despite the vagaries of weather and the lack of ground facilities and aids to navigation. Each morning at five Fogg crawled out of bed to bundle into flying togs over the furnace register of his home. Always troubled by poor circulation in his feet, he experimented with various combinations of socks and shoes before finally adopting old-style felt farmer’s boots with his sheepskin flying boots pulled over them. A sheep-lined leather flying suit, plus helmet, goggles and mittens completed his attire for the rigors of the open cockpit.

The airman’s stock answer to “Weren’t you cold?” became “Yes, the first half hour is tough, but by then I’m so numb I don’t notice it!”

As daylight began to show through the frosty windows, Fogg would place a call to William A. Shaw at the U. S. Weather Station at Northfield, Vermont, for temperature and wind-velocity readings. Shaw could also give the flyer a pretty good idea of area visibility by a visual check of the mountains to be seen from his station. “Ceilings” were judged by comparison with known mountain heights and cloud positions. Later on in the day Fogg could get a better weather picture from the Burlington Weather Bureau supervised by Frank E. Hartwell.

Out at the airport each morning, Fogg’s skilled mechanic Caleb Marston would have the Waco warmed up and running in the drafty hangar. (He’d get the engine oil flowing with an electric heater under a big canvas cover.) Wishing to show that aviation was dependable and here to stay, Bob Fogg always made a point of taking off each morning on the dot of seven, disregarding rain, snow and sleet in true postal tradition. Concord learned to set its clocks by the rackety bark of the Whirlwind’s exhaust overhead. Sometimes the pilot had to turn back if fully blocked by fog, but 85% of his trips were completed.

Plane radios were not yet available, and once in the air, Fogg flew his ship by compass, a good memory for landmarks as seen from above, and a capacity for dead reckoning and quick computation. Often, threading through the overcast, he was forced to fly close to the ground by a low ceiling, skimming above the Winooski or the White River along the line of the broken railroad. When driving rain or mist socked in one valley, Fogg would chandelle up and over to reverse course and try another one, ranging from the Ottauquechee up to Danville in search of safe passage through the mountain passes.

The dependable Wright engine was never stopped on these trips. It ticked over smoothly, idling while Fogg exchanged mails with the armed messenger from Burlington at Fort Ethan Allen, and one from Montpelier and Barre at the St. John field.

Sometimes, on a return trip, the aviator would “go upstairs” high over the clouds. There he’d take a compass heading, figure his air speed, and deduce that in a certain number of minutes he’d be over the broad meadows of the Merrimack Valley where it would be safe to let down through the overcast and see the ground before it hit him. Bob Fogg didn’t have today’s advantages of Instrument Flight and Ground Control Approach systems. At the end of the calculated time he’d nose the Waco down through
the cloud bank and hope to break through where some feature of the winter landscape would be recognizable.

Usually back in Concord by noon, there was just time to get partially thawed out, refuel, and grab a bit of Mrs. Fogg's hot broth before starting the second trip. Day after day Fogg shuttled back and forth on his one-man air mail route, until the farmers in their snowy barnyards and the road repairmen came to recognize the stubby plane as their link with the rest of the country.

The flyer had his share of near-misses. At Fort Ethan Allen the ever-present wind off Lake Champlain could readily flp a puny man-made thing like an airplane if the pilot miscalculated. Once the soldiers from the barracks had to hold the ship from blowing away while Fogg revved the engine and got the tail up. At a nod of his head they let go, turning to cup their ears against the icy slipstream. Tracks in the snow showed the plane was airborne in less than a hundred feet.

One afternoon during a cold, powdery snowstorm, Fogg took off for Concord from the St. John field. No sooner was the plane in the air than four out of the nine engine cylinders conked out. The pilot kept going, staggering over the treetops for a mile or so as he lost airspeed and altitude. Pike's field at Berlin Corner was the first available open space. The ship touched down, throwing snow in a blinding, billowing cascade. Wallowing on through a gully, plane and pilot came to rest right side up and miraculously intact.

With some mowing machine wrenches borrowed from Mr. Pike, Fogg set to work on the motor, removed the carburetor, and found the butterfly valves of the intake system choked with ice. The consequent enforced overnight stay thawed out both aviator and carburetor, and the Waco flew them away early next morning. To avoid repetition of the trouble, mechanic Marston reversed the air scoop for the carburetor, which was right behind the whirling propeller. Instead of the vacuum Fogg expected, this simple change worked fine, and was eventually recommended by the engine's manufacturer for all Whirlwinds operating in zero temperatures.

Bob Fogg's closest call took place on one of the Sunday return trips. A blanket of dense fog lay thick over all northern New England, and the airman took his ship up to 8,000 feet before breaking out into sunshine. Using his "set-the-compass-and-estimate-the-time" procedure, he flew merrily southeast to what should have been the vicinity of Concord. Then, pushing the stick gingerly forward, he started down, goggles misting as he peered over the edge of the cockpit. Down, down and still soupy rain and zero visibility. 500 . . . 400 . . . read the altimeter, and lower, while Fogg, body cold but hands sweating, tried to catch a glimpse of mother earth.

Abruptly, a hill loomed alongside his wingtip, and over on the other side a rocky crag. In the rain and murk, Fogg looked for a landmark. Directly below was a house. Almost unbelieving at his luck, he recognized it as "Scraggiewood", his own family's summer place in Loudon, just eight miles out of Concord. Gauging the valley that he knew by heart from boyhood, the shaken flyer wheeled the plane around. Cruising just over the treetops, he kept the dull gleam of the Soucook River under his wing down the valley to the safety of his home field.

All through November and most of December Fogg flew his scheduled round trips, averaging 52 hours a week of flying time. (By way of comparison, the government today limits airborne personnel to 85 flying hours a month, or roughly one third of Fogg's week in, week out schedule.) Finally, on the day before Christmas, with the trains running again, the word came to terminate the contract: the tired pilot could sleep late for the first time in many weeks. All told, he had carried 15,900 pounds of air mail.

Fogg's pay? In addition to the knowledge of a job well done, just the going charter rate of 50 cents a mile. But this one contract came close to making the dependable little Waco all his own, And the publicity it brought him became the basis for even more lucrative flying assignments.

The Vermont House and Senate cited Bob Fogg for his unprecedented service in the face of hazardous conditions. He had proved that flying in the teeth of New England winters could be safe and practicable, and his pioneer route is today a well-traveled commercial airway.

The sturdy Waco biplane that flew the mail went on to hauling thousands of passengers on their first hops, both on wheels throughout New England, and on floats off Lake Winnipesaukee. It was finally destroyed in a hanger fire at Concord. Bob Fogg himself had a further famed and distinguished career of charter and test flying, and aviation management throughout the United States. During the three years prior to World War II he was a specialist with the Civil Aeronautics Administration, and personal pilot to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Today he is Vermont and New Hampshire representative of the Cummins-Chicago Corp., manufacturers of specialized banking and industrial machines. By car he regularly covers much of the territory where he once skillfully piloted his little mail plane. Looking up along some of the mountain-ringed valleys he sometimes offers a silent prayer of thanks for the Providence which steered him safely through the Green Mountains back in '27.

In Burlington and Montpelier attics today there are doubtless letters sent by relatives to Vermonters at the time of the Great Flood. The envelopes have no distinctive markings—just regular mail with a red 2-cent stamp in the corner. But if you find a postmark dated between November 10 and December 24, 1927, you can be pretty sure that Bob Fogg flew the letter to Vermont as part of America's Emergency Star Route Air Mail.

END
The Fall

“No pen can describe the turning of the leaves—the insurrection of the tree people against the waning year.

A little maple began it, flaming blood red . . . Next morning there was an answering signal from the swamp where the sumacs grow. Three days later the hill-sides were afire, and the roads paved with crimson and gold.”

Rudyard Kipling
Leaves from
A Winter Notebook

Leaf Patterns—
ROBERT HOLLAND
Shakespeare’s words on this season . . .

The year growing ancient
Nor yet on summer’s death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter.

are illustrated in this thirteen-page portfolio by seven photographers, on Nature’s great drama in New England.

Below, Guilford—John Vondell
Opposite, Weathersfield Center view—Newell Greene
Weathersfield Birches—
ROBERT HOLLAND

Morning mist at Woodstock
—CARLOS ELMER
West Windsor—ROBERT HOLLAND

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Overleaf, Cavendish Village—ROBERT HOLLAND

Cambridge Sugarhouse—ROBERT HAGERMAN
Birches near Brattleboro—HILDA HAMPFLER
Woodland Harvest

Drawings by EDWARD J. BRUNDAGE

NATURE'S yield in the autumn season, when it comes to nuts, finds its way for the most part to Vermont's denizens of the woods and fields. The humans, perversely, chose the scarce and hard-to-crack butternut, and so doing, compete only with the squirrel. Humans like them in maple sugar, while the squirrel takes them plain, eaten from his winter storehouse, or from the human's if he can pilfer from it.

The beechnut, which is common over most of Vermont, in good years furnishes much of the autumn and early winter mast for the black bear. His claw marks leave tell-tale black scars on the silver-gray bark.

The deer, the ruffed grouse and even the blue jay wax plump on the beechnuts. The jay is partial, also, to the acorns, as are the wild ducks. Chipmunks and raccoons have more catholic tastes when it comes to nuts, often eating from the shagbark hickory's fruits and the hazel nuts.

Mr. Brundage, who lives in Shushan, N.Y., almost a stone's throw from Vermont, since a boy has been immersed in natural history lore. Several years in world-ranging zoological collecting of reptiles, mammals, birds and insects for museums, led after the war to additional study in forestry and botany. This has turned his interests in recent years to drawing in these fields. Mr. Brundage now does technical drawings of agricultural plants and insect pests for commercial uses. In his spare time his interests have returned in painting to birds.
Ralph Nading Hill tells of the daring plant in Monkton that’s made a hidden valley the headquarters of a you-name-it-we’ve-got-it product to use in everything from medicine to cement.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN F. SMITH, JR. AND RAY MANLEY, FOR STEARNS-ROGER.
Pure-white and plenty

IT MIGHT BE manufactured into the best China ware. The quality is immense, sufficient to supply the world with this ware for centuries."

These words do not appear in a Madison Avenue advertising prospectus but in Zadock Thompson’s staid and respected History of Vermont. They refer to deep beds of fine porcelain earth discovered in Monkton by Stephen Barnum in 1792.

The chemist on duty at the modern plant of the Vermont Kaolin Corporation, the Green Mountains’ most daring new industrial venture, can be even more extravagant in his claims for the vast beds of blue-white “China clay” beneath his feet in the corrugated hills of Monkton. It is of such exceptional character and quality that his problem and that of the engineers is not so much how, but for what of many possible markets to prepare it. It certainly can be used to make china as good as Sevres or Wedgewood. Indeed, a roughly similar outcropping in Bennington produced the ware of that name familiar to collectors. It is also suitable for plastic stove-lining, furnace and boiler-covering cement, as a paint and linoleum filler, for rubber tires and heels, for roofing materials, as a filler for latex, and, if carefully refined, as a filler and coater for paper, and for pharmaceutical purposes.

There is a delightful legend that the Indians, after purging themselves at sulphur springs, then ate the clay for its soothing and curative powers. Still used for the same reason, this type of earth appears in such preparations as Kaopectate. It is a matter of history that during and after the War of 1812 the Kaolin from Monkton was employed as a whitener of army belts, as fulling for cotton cloth, for pipe clay, for refractory purposes and even as a filler for candy.

Upon the opening of canals north and south it was hauled to Vergennes by teams, loaded onto barges and floated to Lake Champlain via the Otter Creek and thence to Montreal, and to New York and the West by way of the Erie.

The modern history of Monkton porcelain earth began in 1955 when Dunbar W. Bostwick of Shelburne, chairman of the board and treasurer of the new company, acquired the property where the plant now stands. The offices and apartment of Willis P. Mould, executive vice-president, were installed in the farmhouse of Leon Bushey who, with his father, for years tended their orchards and dairy and sold clay as a sideline. Today this tiny valley, a trough in wild and forested hills, is the site of a mill as modern as the day after tomorrow. With its
Doors roll up like window blinds to let trucks dump kaolin in the heated storage section. Later it goes to the cyclone separator where particles smaller than red blood corpuscles are separated.

It is the first installation in New England designed to classify Kaolin by air. In assembling the ponderous machinery and putting it into operation there have been burdensome problems, but they have been conquered one by one. Bostwick and his engineers are gaining much satisfaction in proving wrong the dire prophecy of Southern producers that the Green Mountain venture would fail.

For years producers in Georgia and South Carolina have had the Eastern market to themselves (although their sedimented clay, formed by being washed down from the hills, lacks the purity of the Monkton product and requires chemicals to bleach it). So far removed are they from customers in the Northeast that their market in this area is extremely vulnerable because of high transportation costs and because users do not like to keep large inventories of the bulky product on hand.

This in brief is the economics behind the Monkton venture. Bostwick calculates that the advantage of a better natural product and a location in the heart of an area containing many paper and pulp mills and a variety of other industries using Kaolin in different grades, has made the risk of a large amount of capital worth taking. However it has been a calculated risk, for he has had the help of the Colorado School of Mines and has assembled the most modern specialized machinery. To reduce errors and maladjustments to a minimum the building of the large plant followed in principle the details of a small pilot model located in a separate building.

Since in early trial runs the machinery in the large plant failed to act with the precision of the small model, ingenuity and resourcefulness on numerous occasions had to take over where applied science left off. That is why the atmosphere in the office and the plant has been as exciting as on the Saratoga track where Bostwick has long raced his trotters. Thus far he has found no difficulty too formidable for the combined assault of President Richard Thurber of Charlotte, of Vice-President Mould, General Manager George Guillotte, Superintendent Lawrence E. English and the thirty-odd employees in the mill.

One of the most vexing problems, as previously mentioned, has been finding out exactly what they were going to produce. Until the machinery was actually in operation they could not determine how efficiently the plant would turn out various grades of Kaolin. Only then could they tell what percentage of the total product should be produced in what grade and for what market.

In designing the mill there was no assurance that the three “Whizzer” air separators could produce a grade of Kaolin sufficiently fine and clean for use as a paper coating. It remained to complete the mill to that point and operate it to determine the actual capability of these
machines. On starting them up it was found that they
could not eliminate a trace of gritty material from the
finished product. This half-expected shortcoming was
corrected by the installation of two exotic machines
called Alpines, which take the product of the Whizzers
and remove all particles larger than the red corpuscles in
your blood, to produce an ultra-fine powder for use in
pharmaceuticals and as a paper coater.

There is no trial-and-error look about the completed
machinery, which can produce 100 tons of refined Kaolin
in 24 hours and do it automatically and with a minimum
of fuss. From the nearby pits trucks bring the ore to a
heated storage building. Here a drag-line pulls the material
to a hopper which drops it down onto a pan feeder,
which conveys it to a crusher, which loads it on a belt
that feeds it to an oil-fired rotary dryer. In this behemoth,
45 feet long with an 8-foot diameter, two tons of water
are evaporated every hour. The dried ore is conveyed to
the pebble mill and screens and is pumped by air to a
500-ton surge bin. From here it is drawn off to the air-
classification section of the mill for separation into the
several marketable products. China clay from Monkton
can quickly reach the market in trucks or in railroad
hopper cars by way of the company’s modern storage
facilities on the Rutland at New Haven.

It is yet too early to measure the impact of the new
industry upon the surrounding region or northern New
England. It may well stem the movement southward of
paper and pulp mills which use so much Kaolin and here­
tofore have had to ship it in from a great distance. And
it may encourage the establishment of local satellite in­
dustries which rely heavily upon this basic material.

In a book titled The Literary and Philosophical Repor­
tory: Embracing Discoveries and Improvements in the
Physical Sciences: the Liberal and Fine Arts: Essays Moral
and Religious: Occasional Notices and Reviews of New
Publications and Articles of Miscellaneous Intelligence is
included an article about Monkton Porcelain Earth.
Announcing the establishment of a new enterprise called
the Monkton Argil Company, the author, J. Muzzy, wrote:

Many other considerations might be adduced which
serve to inspire the company with confidence in the
final success of the enterprise, but which it is un­
necessary to notice here. I will only observe that the
proprietors cannot but express the great pleasure which
they feel in receiving the good wishes and approbation
of the publick, nor dissemble their gratitude for in­
dividual patronage, and I will add that if these are
harbingers of success in any new or difficult under­
taking, few ever had better prospects.

These words were written in 1812 but express exactly
the sentiments of the modern pioneers of the Vermont
Kaolin Company.
The Animal that Walks Like a Man

RONALD ROOD

Breakfast Scene by the American Museum of Natural History

There's a Black Bear for every 1 1/2 square miles of Green Mountain National Forest, according to estimates. This is about as close together as they are crowded in any national forest of the United States. Yet many an old-timer has lived all his life in Vermont and has yet to see his first bear. The ears and nose of the big, thick-furred creature seldom allow it to be caught unawares. And in spite of its bulk, it can make its way through the woods with barely a sound.

It can "freeze" like a rabbit when necessary. The first black bear I ever saw in the wild ran across the road in front of our car. We slammed on the brakes and jumped out with the camera, hoping to get a picture. But from the sounds of crashing brush, we knew we'd never see it again. We stood talking for a few moments, examining the tracks in the dust. Then we got back into the car.

When my friend touched the starter, the bushes at our right seemed to explode. A second bear, not twenty feet from us, had been quietly taking it all in until the sound of the motor startled it. Now it, too, bounded away leaving the tracks in the dust. Then we got back into the car.

One afternoon I met a hiker at Battell Shelter on the Long Trail to Mt. Abraham. He told me a story which shows the bear's natural curiosity, timid though it may be. After making camp along the trail the night before, the hiker had begun to hear stealthy sounds beyond the gleam of his fire. He shouted and tossed a stick in the direction of the sound. "Mice," he tried to tell himself.

All night he lay listening to the "mice." When dawn finally came, he went out to have a look. He found that a bear had apparently circled his camp several times. "I've always wanted to see a bear," he told me, "but I was glad I didn't see that one—not in the middle of the night, at least."

Although bears will run from humans unless attacked, wounded or in defense of cubs, their curiosity got on the nerves of campers in the Adirondacks a few years ago. So conservationists figured this was a good time to catch, study and re-locate them. They made a trap consisting have to pin a set of diapers on a tot no larger than her fist.

Even at 5 weeks, when their eyes begin to open and their naked bodies have acquired a coat of gray hair, the little cubs average only 3 pounds apiece. And when they're ready for their first outing at two months, they still weigh only five pounds.

The concern of a mother bear for her babies is legendary. Even a grumpy male, who may outweigh her by half again, is careful not to separate the family. She flies at him like a spitfire. But if she keeps at it, he feels called on to assert his authority, and may soundly thrash her before he leaves the scene. Even then, she turns first to her babies before licking her own wounds.

No adult males are allowed in the family group, Goldilocks to the contrary. The cubs may stay with their mother for as long as a year and a half, sharing sleeping quarters for the first winter. By then, they may weigh 50 pounds or more. It's lucky that she has babies only every other year, as brand-new little fellows would come out second best if they were born in the den with a couple of big sprawling brothers or sisters.

When the she-bear finally relents of her matriarchy and answers the call to romance in late June or July, she turns her back on her half-grown offspring of the year before. Pairing off with a male, she travels with him for a few days or weeks.

The deserted cubs soon part company. They become wanderers for the rest of their lives, starting on new families of their own at 3 1/2 years. Their first-born come about 7 months later, when they are about 4 years old.

Almost any wooded area, sufficiently wild and sufficiently big, will suit them. In fact, the black bear has been seen, at one time or another, in practically every state of the union, including Alaska, with Mexico and all the Canadian provinces thrown in. Thus it is one of North America's widest-ranging creatures.

One afternoon I met a hiker at Battell Shelter on the Long Trail to Mt. Abraham. He told me a story which shows the bear's natural curiosity, timid though it may be. After making camp along the trail the night before, the hiker had begun to hear stealthy sounds beyond the gleam of his fire. He shouted and tossed a stick in the direction of the sound. "Mice," he tried to tell himself.

All night he lay listening to the "mice." When dawn finally came, he went out to have a look. He found that a bear had apparently circled his camp several times. "I've always wanted to see a bear," he told me, "but I was glad I didn't see that one—not in the middle of the night, at least."

Although bears will run from humans unless attacked, wounded or in defense of cubs, their curiosity got on the nerves of campers in the Adirondacks a few years ago. So conservationists figured this was a good time to catch, study and re-locate them. They made a trap consisting

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of a section of culvert, closed at one end and baited with a slab of bacon. When the bear entered and pulled at the bacon, it tripped a lever and a trap door fell down over the opening. Feeling the door slam on its hind quarters, the bear would jump farther into the culvert, there to remain until its captors arrived.

Etherized, tagged and weighed, they were released several miles from the camps they had disturbed. But they had a definite liking for the general locality. They had to be taken as far as 20 miles away to make sure they wouldn't return. One undaunted male found his way back to the same trap from a distance of 43 miles.

Nobody knows for sure how large the black bear can grow. One New York specimen weighed 605 pounds. Vermont specimens of 500 pounds are sometimes taken among the 250 killed each year from September 1 to the end of November. But it's hard to get an exact figure, as they are usually killed and field-dressed miles from the nearest scales.

One black bear in a zoo lasted 24 years, but it's doubtful that they live that long in the wild. Although they have no effective natural enemies, they face constant pressure from man and dogs. A craving for honey, plus an occasional lamb, colt, pig or calf may put a quick end to Bruin's career before he reaches full maturity at 8 or 10 years.

Searching through the files of the American Museum of Natural History for information, I asked one of the mammalogists for his impression of its food habits.

"A black bear," he told me, "will eat anything you will eat—and more besides. It has the digestion of a cement mixer. It's about 75 per cent vegetarian, and will take skunk cabbage, bitter cherries and even poison ivy leaves along with more tasty bits like nuts, acorns and fruit. But it likes insects, too. Sometimes it tears a hornet's nest to pieces for the grubs. Those hornets will attack anything that comes near for several days afterwards.

"Bears are flesh-eaters, too," he continued. "They rarely bother domestic animals but go after mice, squirrels and chipmunks. They'll dig away a ton of dirt just to get at a mouse nest."

The big, ambling creature is well-known for its sweet tooth. Poking around in the dump behind a woodland cabin, it discovers a jelly jar. Sitting down like a boy with a candy bar, it scours it out with its long tongue.

Musgawu, as some Indians called it, was also known as the "animal that walks like a man." This was because of its flat-footed gait and its habit of standing erect to investigate a suspicious sound. Near-sighted, it samples the air with nose and ears before turning to flee.

It's fond of playing pranks, too. A beekeeper friend of mine lost several hives to a honey-loving bear three years ago. But his loss was small compared to that of a telephone company in New Hampshire. Bears tore or damaged about 50 poles—apparently in the impression that the humming of the wires was the sound of bees inside.

A summer camper found two rolls of roofing paper unrolled completely by a bear who must have been disappointed when the game—and the roofing—came to an end. Another camper watched a bear thrash the life out of a witch-hazel bush and walk away as if it had vanquished a mortal enemy.

Bruin may sit for half an hour, contemplating a stream of red ants crossing the trail. But when he wants to, he can be amazingly agile. He can skinny up a tree—and frequently does—or run as fast as any creature in the woods at an estimated 35 or 40 miles per hour. Loving to swim, he's been seen paddling across Lake Champlain. His voice ranges from a whimper through a succession of woofs, grunts and snorts. When wounded, he may utter a startling human cry. Angered, he can voice a full-throated roar.

A roaming bear stops here and there to scratch a tree as high as it can reach; a signpost, perhaps, for others of its kind. By fall, it has garnered layers of fat against the winter ahead. Finding a cozy den, it curls up before the snow is deep. But its sleep is light. The sound of your voice or the touch of your hand may rouse it. More than one startled person has discovered this when he poked with a stick.

Such light slumber has led many scientists to feel that true hibernation—where the heartbeat slows almost to a stop and breathing approaches zero—is something for bats and woodchucks and not for the black bear.

When spring comes north again, the bears cease living on capital and start living on income. They poke around for acorns, beechnuts, Jack-in-the-pulpit roots, and early insects. The constant demands of the cubs sometimes wear their mother's patience thin. Tiring of their complaints, she chases them up into a tree to baby-sit while she has a nap.

A forester told me recently of a mother with two cubs which he had watched through binoculars. "She left the cubs up on an old stump," he recalled, "and lay down beside it to sleep. But in a few minutes, one of them crept down. She chased him up again.

"Would he take 'no' for an answer? Of course not. He sneaked down on the back side so she wouldn't see him. But she caught him just the same and whacked him so hard he howled. Then sheuffed him all the way back to the top.

"All this time his goody-goody brother was sitting up there, smug as a cat. I could almost see a smile on his face.

"Well, when little Junior got there the last time, he sidled up to his brother. Then he looked down at his mother. She was sound asleep. So, with a roundhouse left, he knocked his brother flat."

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VERMONTERS have always been horse-minded—as witness the act of the 1961 legislature making the Morgan the official state animal, recounted on Page 54—but how many people remember the heydays at the end of the nineteenth century when the breeding barn at Shelburne Farms housed the largest Hackney stud in the United States?

Only one of four great barns on the four-thousand-acre estate of the late Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb along the shore of Lake Champlain, the airy, multigabled structure known formally as the Ring Barn is 418 feet long and 107 feet wide. At the time of its construction it contained the largest riding ring of its kind in the world; with its 375 x 85 feet it may still be the largest one privately owned today.

To make Vermont the American headquarters for this high-stepping English breed Dr. Webb imported outstanding stallions and mares from Britain and France. Soon Shelburne Farms was producing the finest Hackney bloodlines in this country and the leading winners at every important show.

Along the walls of the great ring, on either side, are thirty-two box stalls measuring 12 x 16 feet. Twenty-one such stalls also run along one end; and at the other are ten even larger ones, 20 x 20. Each stall is sealed in matched pine, with a sliding door and barred window toward the ring. Above the box stalls, giving the effect of two stories, is the storage space for hay and straw.

Until World War I and the advent of the automobile the half-timbered walls vibrated with the throb of trotters and the soft thunder of jumpers taking hurdles in the center of the ring, while shafts of light from many windows caught the glint of tack and the sheen of glossy coats. So careful was the training that a band often played to accustom the animals to the martial music of metropolitan shows.

Today purebred Hereford cattle are the major breeding venture at Shelburne Farms. Only the tack room of the ring barn, with its framed first premiums and trophies of the Shelburne Hunt, are tangible reminders that the Webbs’ Hackneys were the royalty of America’s horse shows.
DAVID S. WEBSTER

Photographs by CLEMENS KALISCHER
The arched gateway entrance is high enough to permit passage of all types of carriages, including the towering road coach. Built before the days of easy and safe artificial lighting, the barn is made remarkably bright by windows in the great cupola and the many dormers. Silos at one end were installed later for the modern cattle-breeding program. Yet even these are dwarfed by the structure and do not interfere with the wooden “stone walls” still used to exercise jumpers among the family’s pleasure horses.
TRAIL RIDES (at top the 100-mile event seen near Barnard), are GMHA's oldest and still leading activity, are run from late May into October. But exciting shows, rallies and training clinics hold sway all season in the big ring. Opposite, awards are presented after the 100-mile trail ride.
Old is the horse of thirty-five, but in this equine lifetime his fellows have been restored to a place that seemed well lost in Vermont. While the car was making its lasting mark, the horse has found a new place, too, in pleasure riding. It goes back very largely to 1926, when the Green Mountain Horse Association set out to revive an almost forgotten sport, one most suited to the Vermont countryside.

Many of the thousand miles of marked bridle trails which GMHA first established now have fallen victim to hard surfaced roads. Riding is booming, none-the-less, all over Vermont. The emphasis has moved to riding centers, such as South Woodstock, where GMHA has headquarters, as well as complete riding and stabling facilities. Scores of miles of country lanes lie near here, too, as in most parts of the state.

Hoofbeats ring through

South Woodstock’s great riding center

GMHA’s varied field sports are pictured here and on the following pages

by Aubrey Janion
Rugged 300-mile endurance rides,

big events in earlier years, soon gave way to the popular 100-mile competitive trail ride, held late each summer. More than 1,500 riders from all over the country have ridden this event in its first twenty-five years.

Now there is also a fifty-mile pleasure ride and for juniors a fifty-mile competitive ride. These riders usually do twenty miles each day, have cook-out lunches.

The Upper Valley Pony Club was started here five years ago to give young riders training in the care of horses, stable management and in riding. Now eighty-five boys and girls are active participants in the training, in the club rallies and rides.

The horses, examined, checked and numbered for the start of the 100-mile trail ride, later appear to talk it over in private. Meanwhile, Pony Club events demand rider beautification, while contestants are taking the jumps in the three-day horse show.
There is something going on all season for the avid horseman. For three weeks during July a horsemanship clinic and combined training center is run by expert teachers, the first such clinic in the country, and includes advance instruction in dressage, cross-country riding and stadium jumping, patterned on Olympic standards. Three-day trials end the school period.

A three-day horse show has one day just for Morgans. Trail rides are held Memorial Day and in the foliage season, two and three-day rides in mid-summer, as well as sheriff's posse assemblies, all-Morgan and club rides.
With passage of H106 by the 1961 General Assembly, “the state animal shall be the Morgan horse.” Whether or not one subscribes completely to the old Green Mountain saying that “the Morgan Horse is one thing—every other kind of horse is something else,” it is an established fact that Morgans are America’s first breed of horse, that they are the only breed known to have been named for an individual animal, and that their versatility under saddle, in harness and as work horses makes them unique all over the world.

Hallmarks of the Morgan—passed down for more than 150 years from the great-hearted little bay stud who spent most of his life around Randolph—are: relatively small size (ideal maximum is only 15.1 hands); well-muscled, short-coupled body; cresty neck and lofty carriage of the finely chiseled head, and flowing mane and tail. These characteristics are traceable directly to Justin Morgan, who was so prepotent a sire that he is regarded as a biological sport. The famed stallion was never pictured from life—he died in 1821 at nearly thirty years of age; this portrait by Jeanne Mellin, author and illustrator of The Morgan Horse (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro), has been drawn to scale from all recorded descriptions.
THE
YANKEE
EXODUS

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Photograph by
Robert Bourdon

The old house has fared no better than the fields. Its faded red paint is mellow in a September sun. Wasps wind in and out of their paper home under the ridgepole. The dustily opaque panes of the windows would shock any New England housewife; yet they serve to obscure sight of rooms that are more shocking than dusty panes. Here was the parlor, its hand-carved molding still hugging tightly the walls; but one wall is now reeling outward, revealing both lath and plaster. The fireplace is half filled with crumbling bricks and the remains of a fire that was kindled when James Madison was President and went out during Wilson’s last administration.

Here by tallow dip, by candle, then by lamp, but never by Mazda, four generations read the Watchman, or the Springfield Republican, or the Boston Globe, and studied textbooks and the Old Farmer’s Almanac that warned of winds and snows and assorted storms but was fatuous in admonishing a Vermont hill farmer to see that his woodshed was filled to the rafters. Here were weddings which often took the pair of them to Buffalo, or Beloit, or Topeka, or even to Oregon, a land well beyond the moon. And funeral services for bodies that still lay along Antietam Creek, at San Juan, and in the woods of the Argonne. On occasion this parlor must have shook to the awful doom promised by itinerant Adventist preachers, or shivered to the seductive calls of the earnest young men from the State of Deseret, which had been founded by a fellow Vermonter born in Whitingham . . .

They all came to call on their fellow Vermonters—the Dorrellites, the Perfectionists, the Christians (from near-by Lyndon); and so, too, the Antimasons, the antinicotinie forces, the Temperance shouters, the hydrotherapists, the anticalomel men, the hosts of assorted Sabbatarians, the sellers of lightning rods. So, also, the Abolitionists, the Friends of Liberia, the vegetarians, the Grahamites, the Thomsonians, the homeopathists.

And when times became dreadfully hard, and Yankees in their desperation started to make gadgets and such for sale to other Yankees—because they had no other market—this house resounded to the heralds of tin calf weaners and Seth Thomas’s clocks, of mouth-organ and patent water-witches, of soapstone stoves and Thayer’s Slippery Elm Lozenges. Once, at least, came a persuasive man who sold mulberry bushes, complete with worms, on which, he vowed, any hill farmer
could make a fortune from silk.

At other times, to this same house, came aggressive men in spanking democrat wagons, who sold, or tried to sell, impressive-looking certificates representing stock in the Vermont Turnpike Company, the Passumpic & Lake Memphremagog Canal Association, and the Upper Coos Railway Company.

There were, of course, births in this or that bedroom, and the Bible was thumbed to name the results who, bearded or otherwise when grown, sounded like all the prophets and heroes of the Old Testament, together with their wives and concubines and sons and daughters; and when biblical names gave out, or wore thin from use, the heroes of the American republic came in: Jethro lies in Ohio soil, near Oberlin; Solomon drove his stakes in Northfield, Minnesota. Sally Ann got only as far as Cat-taraugus in western New York. It was Rufus they covered up on Antietam Creek. Amos simply went away and was never heard of again. Abijah went to Colorado to work for Mr. Tabor, who came from near-by Orleans County, Vermont. Ethan took no forts but took, instead, the fever and died somewhere in a surveying crew of the Santa Fe railroad, which was being extended by Mr. Strong of Brown-ington, Vermont.

Jerusha went to work tending spindles in Mr. Lawrence's brand-new heaven in Massachusetts called Lowell, where her morals and the morals of uncounted other Yan­kee maidens were tended as carefully as the spindles.

Sharon was the real traveler. She worked her way through the new normal school at Lexington, near Boston, then in one great leap landed in Beloit, to teach the young­sters of that rising town a much broader A than was com­monly heard in Wisconsin. From Beloit she went on to Burlington, Iowa; and still again, when the steamcars crossed the plains, into California, where she closed her life drilling multiplication tables—and Temperance—into the heads of children of Southern Pacific employees, a rail­road project that had been carried out by three Yankees and one foreigner from Troy, New York.

Oh, it was pitiful to contemplate the way they left New England in such vast numbers, but it was true that they often prospered in the sight of their Lord, for were they not his chosen people?

Behind the kitchen door, here, there once sat upon the floor, as a doorstep, a great pink and white conch shell which was used daily to announce that the sun, or at least the Seth Thomas clock, had reached meridian and it was time for dinner. My great-grandmother and my great­aunts, so I am told, would pick up this same shell, step to the granite slab at the door, and wind a trumpet that was heard in the far corner of the field, that was heard in the Back Forty, that was heard on a quiet day across five farms, two brook valleys, and half-way up Monadnock Mountain—a great, long gusty, booming, and mellow note, deep and vibrant as the lowest note of an organ. It was a note to stop an ax in mid-air, to arrest the stroke of a scythe in the wheat.

There is no telling when the note of the conch shell was last heard on this hill. Were it blown today, its solemn tone would be heard, at most, by four persons, five cows, a horse, a dog, and perhaps, in season, by a hunter or two following the old beech ridge, looking for bear.

Is there such a thing as an accumulated memory, a sort of inheritance, by which a people, removed for generations from their source, can recognize instinctively, and by no other process, a sight or a sound that was important to their forebears? If there is, I should be tempted to ask some radio network man to come, on a hot day in August, to this hill farm and set up his paraphernalia on the granite door­step. Then, I should persuade a middle-age relative of mine, who is said to look like great-grandmother, to pick up the great pink and white conch and wind a long note fair into the microphone.

How would that note echo in Greybull, Wyoming; in Beloit, Wisconsin; in Bemidji, Walla Walla, Modesto, and Denver? Would listeners here and there, men and women who had never been on this hill and perhaps never in New England, would they instantly conjure up the breathless heat of August on a Yankee hill farm—so near the sun—and hear the cicadas at their last farewell to sum­mer, with an obligato of tinkling bells of sheep in pasture? Could they hear the slow, steady swish of scythes, one following the other to the end of the swath, and the creak of the hayrack moving from tumble to tumble? Would something deep in their blood remember something they had never seen, or perhaps never heard of, and bring before their Western eyes a small calicoed woman, ringleted, sharp-eyes, sharp-featured, her bosom rising, then falling slowly as the conch shell in her hand gave out its melan­choly warning that a Yankee God had brought noontime again? Would the lingering echo of the note exert in far places a pull, an uneasy tug, that could be explained in no rational manner?

It might. It would matter little, anyway, except perhaps as an experiment toward assessing the influence of heredity. It would matter little because this hill—like many another hill in the six Yankee commonwealths—has long since passed meridian. The conch shell sounded, for many of these hills, as long ago as 1830, and as recently as 1940 for others. But it has sounded for them all, and they are no longer of importance, unless as summer homes for city folks, or for the purpose for which Nature intended them, the growing of forests. Blow, Jerusha . . . Blow, Sharon . . . Blow, Sally Ann. They may hear an echo of your shell in far places.

A onetime Vermonter, Mr. Holbrook now lives (and writes) in Portland, Oregon. The above is from his Yankee Exodus, Macmillan, N.Y.
Bowmaker Alden Jackman entered his first archery tournament eleven years ago with a bow he had made for himself. Although he hasn't become a champion archer, his bow was so good that archer friends wanted bows like it. Now his bow-making hobby, pursued in his West Brattleboro shop, finds hundreds of his finely worked products in the critical hands of skilled tournament and hunting bowmen the country over. However, Jackman bows are not on view only at sports events: you find them also in arts-and-crafts exhibits along with silver jewelry and ceramic objects.

Mr. Jackman favors a moderate “recurve” bow (the ends turned up) to give the arrow more speed or “cast” than does a straight bow of the same pull. But too much recurve will accentuate shooting errors, just as will a short bow with a long pull.

Jackman bows average a 55-pound pull (30 heavier than the Vermont game law’s 25-pound minimum), but he has made them from a 15-pound child’s bow to a giant 130-pounder—possibly the strongest bow ever made. It takes an auto jack to string this one, made for a New Hampshire archer. Its power can be gauged by the fact that a 110-pound bow is considered adequate for hunting elephants.

Two laminated strips of rock maple make up all but the heaviest of Jackman’s bows. One strip, micrometer measured, tapers one-thousandth of a inch per running inch; the other tapers at the rate of two-thousandths of an inch. These layers are bonded together in a special press, shown here, with a special waterproof glue. Hand-grip risers and arrow notches, whose design Jackman originated, are made from black walnut, rosewood, mahogany and hornbeam. The bows are given five coats of lacquer after hand finishing, and then for greater durability a fiberglass facing and backing are added. Bowstrings are dacron of test strength up to 800 pounds.

Building a bow to a specified drawing pull is a matter of exacting skill, experience and reference to carefully kept records on the bows already made. The bow’s length and width and the thickness of its laminations all are factors to consider in building to exact pull.

Alden Jackman manages to make about thirty-five bows a year in his spare time.

_Cecile Briggs_
The Right Apples

LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

Photograph by Joyce Wilson

If you take the right precautions, Mrs. Appleyard says, you can have perfect applesauce all the year round. This happy state of affairs used to be achieved by keeping barrels of Gravensteins, Greenings, Baldwin and russets in a cool dark cellar. They ripened at different times and by the time you finished with the russets it was time to think of strawberry shortcake.

Fortunately for those not thus equipped there are other methods. You may can applesauce in glass jars or package it and sharp freeze it, keeping it frozen until you need it. This is the method she uses and she has found that it is the most popular with the russets it was time to think of strawberry shortcake.

If the applesauce is to be frozen, Mrs. Appleyard usually omits the seasoning and she makes it in small quantities. She puts it in cellophane bags protected by square pasteboard containers. She says it is important to cool the pan of sauce thoroughly (adding ice cubes to the water in the outer pan), to package it quickly, and to have your freezer well below zero. She says the freezer compartments in refrigerators do not always produce this temperature. If yours does not, better do a large batch, cool it well and take it to the locker plant for sharp freezing.

When you eat it next winter you will remember the first buds on the apple trees, the little red knobs among jade green leaves, the trees piled with snowy blossoms flushed with pink, and the sound of bees making apple blossom honey, the first hard, sour green globes, the branches bending under the weight of topaz and ruby fruit, while a charm of goldfinches flies by, the bare tree with apples the pickers never reached, against the hunter’s moon.

It’s all in the package, Mrs. Appleyard says, and isn’t it lucky, she adds, that some people like apples that are large, handsome, thick-skinned and flavored like sawdust?

She thinks Vermonters are rather like Vermont apples. They wear well. They have a basic solid goodness lightened by a sharp tang—and there aren’t enough of them to go around.

This is how Mrs. Appleyard makes the applesauce she puts in her freezer:

CANDIED APPLE SAUCE
12 Vermont apples 1 cup of sugar
1 clove 1/4 t. cinnamon
1/2 t. nutmeg 2 cups of water
Thin yellow peel of half a lemon, cut fine

Mrs. Appleyard often makes this sauce with just sugar and water. What she is trying to suggest is that with good apples you should go easy on the seasoning.

Wash the apples carefully to remove any possible residue of spray. Peel them. Put the peel—much of the flavor of the apple is in it—on to boil in the water while you quarter the apples, remove seeds and pits and slice the apples about a quarter inch thick. Now strain the liquid off the skins, measure it and add enough to make two cups. Add the sugar and stir until it dissolves all the seasonings. Drop in the apple slices and cook them until they are transparent. Remove them with a skimmer to a pan big enough to hold all the sauce, set in a larger one containing cold water. Keep doing this until all the apples are cooked. If necessary, add more syrup made with half a cup of sugar to a cup of water. If at the end you have too much syrup, as you may if your fruit is very juicy, cook it down to a cupful and pour it over the fruit. When it is cool, the fruit will be almost jelined.

If you can’t resist the temptation to eat it right away—and why should you?—serve it with ice cream, soured cream or (best) thick Vermont cream. Good cheddar cheese made from whole Vermont milk goes well with it too.

If you can, simply pack it in sterilized jars with new rubber rings. Put the jars on a rack in a tightly covered kettle, add hot water, steam them long enough to seal them tightly. This amount of apples will make only about three pints, so double it to make the process worthwhile.

Once a visitor from Texas asked if he might pick an apple and eat it right from the tree. Mrs. Appleyard kept him company in this project one cool August evening, and she thinks his rapture was not illfounded. So if you plan to put applesauce in your freezer, you are fortunate if you have a neighbor whose trees are hanging heavy with fruit, or if you know a local market where local fruit is sold.
THE trials of Vermont Life's versatile photographers and the tricks they've developed to overcome them, would make a full and unorthodox cameraman's handbook. As might be expected, cows enter the picture prominently. In fact, as this candid sequence of Rutland's Warren Dexter shows, cows are plain exasperating. If they're nicely arranged in the far foreground, depend upon it, the mere flash of a tripod and they will lumber up in un-Vermontish curiosity, and the whole picture is irrevocably spoiled.

Cows aside, (if they can be kept there), the fine landscape confronting the cameraman often lacks a nice, overhanging bough, a natural frame. The solution is quite simple: carry along your own spreading sapling, move it about until things look just right in the ground glass.

Color variety is important, too, and many are the solutions for aiding nature's palette. One, who here is nameless, has introduced on his photographic trips a canoe of dual purpose. It is painted a different color on each side.

The model in improbably brilliant red garment, walking self-consciously and to no purpose down a leaf-strewn road, now is pretty much a creature for calendar art. But a full range of seasonal props is concomitant to success. In the fall a few decoy ducks, a bulky load of pumpkins and a corn shock or two load the photographer's station wagon. Some even take along their own old fences to aid appearances. Stuffed deer, semi-tame game birds and captive fish to bend the angler's rod form a special chapter on sports photography.

Country boys merrily roll hoops (which really are nailed to the road). But our favorite account concerns a city slicker who located just the spot where our Vermont friend had filmed a striking view. But the imitator's version didn't catch the road's distant curve, which really made the picture. Our friend didn't soothe the other when he suggested a Vermont photographer might go so far as to rebuild a road to suit his sense of composition.

Hills there are here in plenty—but not always in the precise spot to secure camera perspective. What our friend didn't report: the well-equipped Vermont scenic specialist wouldn't be caught dead without a tall step-ladder.

The first correct location of this Vermont suspension bridge (visible from a main state highway), postmarked after midnight August 21st, will receive one of our special awards. Please use postal cards. Residents of the township involved are disqualified.

Our summer Mystery Picture by John Vondell, a hayfield view from Lincoln Bridge in West Woodstock, was first identified by Mrs. Harold Benson, Agawam, Mass.
AUTUMN EVENTS IN VERMONT

CONTINUING EVENTS


SUPPERS AND BAZAARS


Oct. 27: Reading—Turkey Supp., Old-Time Ball, Reserv.


Nov. 15: Underhill—Church Baz.


Nov. 17: Springfield—Univs. Church Baz.


Dec. 7: Springfield—Meth. Church Baz.

SPECIAL

Oct. 1—Dec. 31: Bear Season.


Oct. 5—7: Bennington—Antique Sh., Sale.

Oct. 5—15: Bennington—Foliage Fest.

Oct. 7: Shoreham—St. Genevieve’s Apple Frolie, 8.

Oct. 7—8: Woodstock—Foliage Fest.


Right: Sheep. Center: Fall scenery. Left: Foliage.


Nov. 4: Northfield—Norwich-Middlebury Footb.


Nov. 16—18: Burlington—Handcrafter’s Christmas Baz., Armory.

Nov. 18—19: Plainfield—Goddard Vocal Workshop, Conc.