VERMONT Life

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A Calendar of Events

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"THAT FREQUENT RECURRENCE TO FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES AND A FIRM ADHERENCE TO JUSTICE, MODERATION, TEMPERANCE, INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY AND KEEP GOVERNMENT FREE."

Vermont Constitution

Editor’s Un uneasy Chair

Mystery Picture—At this writing our Spring issue is still unpublished, and we cannot report the winner of the second Mystery Picture contest, which appeared on page 38. The odd building, made of many doors, is on the property of the Shelburne Harbor Ship & Marine Construction company at Shelburne. This issue’s Mystery Picture appears on page 49.

Samplers—An exhibit of samplers and needlework from the collection of Mrs. Grinnell Martin of Sutton (featured in our last Winter issue) will be held July 1 through September 2 at the Fairbanks Museum in St. Johnsbury.

Mr. Gilman—Our Winter issue article on James Gilman incorrectly stated that the artist came to Vermont in 1880. Owners of purported Vermont Gilmans dated in the '70s can be reassured, since Gilman arrived a decade earlier.

New Road—Visitors this summer may cross the Green Mountains at a new point. Approaching completion is the new McCullough Turnpike, which cuts through the Appalachian Gap from Mad River Glen ski area near Waitsfield (Route 100) westward to a point near Bristol on Route 116.

Photographs—Vermont Life takes part again this year in the 7th Vermont Photographers’ Exhibition at Manchester’s Southern Vermont Art Center June 26th—28th inclusive, and will award special medals in color and black & white categories. Entries must be sent to the Art Center by July 1st, Entry blanks may be obtained by writing Vermont Life, W.H. Jr.

THE COVER
—This nostalgic scene in South Pomfret was an early attempt by DAVID WHITEMOOD of North Bridgton, Maine to record Vermont’s natural beauty, a very successful try we think.
In this time of the visitor, a Vermonter's thoughts turn to those who have crossed the borders before—some as tourists, some on business, some bent on violence and some to hide.

Surprising too, are the people who didn’t come. The man who gave Vermont its name, Dr. Thomas Young, was such. Andrew Jackson started, in 1833, but fell ill in New Hampshire and went home, perhaps relieved for the excuse. Even Benning Wentworth apparently never set foot in his lavishly granted Vermont townships.

Webster came, of course, in 1837 to plead the cause of William Henry Harrison, who himself never visited Vermont. But in 1891 his presidential grandson, Benjamin, arrived at Bennington with great fanfare.

Lafayette slept here (and where didn’t he?), even if Washington failed to. Maybe the General remembered he’d once threatened to send troops to quell rebellious Vermont. Though Vermont sent a handsome memorial on his retirement, perhaps he questioned his welcome.

Some passed through hurriedly—in 1865 U. S. Grant was seen briefly at Island Pond. Earlier, in 1793, the Prince of Wales traversed Vermont in February on his way from Canada to Boston. The Prince, later the Duke of Kent and Albany to urge the citizens to observe neutrality during the Papineau Rebellion in Canada. Lafayette slept here (and where didn’t he?), even if Washington failed to. Maybe the General remembered he’d once threatened to send troops to quell rebellious Vermont. Though Vermont sent a handsome memorial on his retirement, perhaps he questioned his welcome.

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When Vermont still had voting importance, many presidents courted her citizenry. Monroe was an early visitor, in 1817 inspecting the copper mines at Strafford and traveling thence to Windsor, Woodstock, Royalton, Montpelier, Burlington and Vergennes. Lafayette’s coming in 1824 (he said he’d been here before—probably in 1778—when things looked rougher), precipitated the building of a road up Mt. Ascutney. But it was all in vain. Plans were changed and he never climbed the mountain, but journeyed from Windsor on the usual tour.

Some famous men came just on business—John Stark first to fight the French and then to help build the Crown Point Military Road for Gen. Jeffrey Amherst. The Polish patriot, Thaddeus Kosciusko, arrived in 1777 to build fortifications at Mt. Independence, opposite Ticonderoga. Later, in 1838, Gen. Winfield Scott journeyed to St. Albans to urge the citizens to observe neutrality during the Papineau Rebellion in Canada.

Daniel Shay and his rebellious followers sought Vermont sanctuary in 1787 and though not welcomed, they lurked for a time near Sandgate.
Quarry Patterns

Photographed by SONJA BULLATY & ANGELO LOMEO

At the Rock of Ages quarries, Graniteville

VERMONT Life
The talented photographers, Sonja Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo, were commissioned last summer by Vermont Life to record the faces of the Vermonters who work in granite. That picture article will appear soon in another issue. The Lomeos, as many have been, were attracted by the abstract patterns of the quarries, the strong contrasts of intersecting planes, of dark and light. Out of the original assignment developed this separate series of "Quarry Patterns." Regrettably space allows us to show here only a selected few of their many dramatic photographs.
VERMONT
AN APPRECIATION

By Stuart Cloete

Two weeks is a short time to give an impression of the twin states of New Hampshire and Vermont, though some writers can deal with whole countries in less time.

To begin with, perhaps the first thing that struck us was this part of the country’s resemblance to Africa—the Congo where the forest comes right down to the water’s edge, to the Gold Coast where the roads wind through the jungle. For you have jungle here, lacking only the lianas and the great trees that climb into the sky for a hundred feet before branching. Looking across the lakes into the mountains we might be at Kivu—the gorilla country of the Congo highlands.

We stayed and lectured at the Lake Tarleton Club. We visited the Morse Museum nearby, where we saw many of the African animals that we know so well. We have seen Mr. John Teal, Junior’s musk oxen near Camel’s Hump, visited Mr. Stefansson at Dartmouth, met Mr. Maxfield Parrish whose paintings are known all over the world, dined with the well-known author, Burnham Carter, and his wife, visited the Saint Gaudens Memorial, seen granite quarries, marble quarries. We have eaten such Vermont delicacies as honey cured ham and maple syrup. We have taken pictures of the coons that come each night to visit a lady in her kitchen, taking bread and doughnuts from her hand.

Nowhere in the world is there greater scenic beauty—mountain pastures reminiscent of Switzerland, great barns standing like churches in the fields, and white churches whose needle spires prick the clouds.

There is a sad beauty in the abandoned farms standing desolate and the crumbling walls of loose packed stones. Here is a story of heartbreak, of lost love and lost fortunes, of the drift from the country to the towns that is occurring all over the world. Farming, which was once a way of life, is now a business. The cows, no longer friends, are milk machines, and the farm as a family unit is disappearing from our culture.

In Australia half the population lives in towns, in South Africa abandoned cottages and farmhouses derelict and overgrown are a feature of the plateland.

Mr. & Mrs. Cloete with their Siberian-Malermate, “Ungertok”.

But nowhere have I seen finer dairy cattle. The Holstein, Guernsey, Jersey and Ayrshires here must be as good as any in the world. But it is interesting to meet great milk tank trucks on the roads and to see the development of this industry. From cow to tank, from tank to carton in the cities where the milk is sold, to people who, utterly divorced from reality, imagine it comes this way.

Perhaps the greatest beauty of the countryside is in its trees. The rich summer foliage, the blatant glory of the fall, the black tree bones against the winter’s snow. The variety of trees is unbelievable until it is seen, and the mixture of conifers with deciduous species unknown elsewhere.

The summer was almost over. The trees beginning to turn from green to gold. The roadsides were carpeted with tall patches of goldenrod and wild sunflowers. It is interesting to think that we grew them in our garden at home in Africa. That every flower is wild, a weed somewhere else. Delphiniums and monkshood and columbine in Wyoming. Calla lilies, Gerberas, and gladiolas in Africa. Escolchia in California. Violets, hyacinths, poppies and daffodils in Europe.

So in a blaze of gold and yellow, and leaves beginning to turn to scarlet, we said goodbye to Vermont.

But I wonder how many people who live in such beauty appreciate it. I wonder how many who have left it think back on the heritage they have lost, for surely none can leave this countryside without regret.

Stuart Cloete, celebrated author of “The African Giant,” was born in Paris of Scottish-South African parents, was educated in England, lived for a time in the West Indies and for many years in South Africa until moving a year ago to New York with his American wife. He has written seven best-selling novels about South Africa, the first, “Turning Wheels” and “Mamba” published in 1956.
ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON in 1903, when I was a very little girl, I sat with my father and mother on a stone wall in a small village at Sheldon, Vermont. People lined both sides of the road waiting for something to happen. It seemed as though a parade might come by but I knew there would only be a team of horses. However, that team was important because they were our Dan and Betsy Bobbits from the farm. Today people would see how strong and beautiful they were. I loved those horses and was proud of them. The load they were hauling was very important too. It was a monument to mark the birthplace of Chester A. Arthur.

Soon, the horses came into view, white and dappled gray. Their shoulders were wide, their backs straight, and they walked with the confidence of conquerors. To me they were the handsomest pair of horses in all the world. As they moved nearer, I asked my father, “What does it say on the stone?” He read in a strong voice, “On this spot stood the cottage where was born Chester A. Arthur the Twenty-First President of the United States. Erected by the State of Vermont.” It was clear to see that my father was very proud and happy.

Then the monument passed by us and people read the inscription out loud and many cheered. Everyone knew the monument was on its way to Fairfield, a neighboring town, but these Vermonters were paying their respects to a native son.

Suddenly something was wrong. The cheering stopped. All eyes were fixed on the horses as they tried without success to climb a steep grade up the road. They could not turn the wheels another inch. The monument was too much for them. I began to cry. My father leaned down to me and said in a whisper, “Don’t feel badly. It’s no disgrace. The load is heavy. It’s granite.” “What’s granite?” I asked. “It’s stone from our hills. It’s very hard and lasts forever.” His explanation was no comfort. So it was “granite” that had made our beautiful horses seem so weak and helpless before the crowd. If only the harnesses had broken or if the road had been filled with mud or ice, I inwardly lamented. But the harnesses held and the road was dry. My father said that horses would be brought from the quarries at Barre; horses, I thought sadly, that were stronger than ours. We drove in silence back to the farm and the lump in my throat hurt all the way.
One morning a couple of weeks later, my mother told me to put on my best Sunday dress. It was not Sunday and I did not understand. Then Mother said, “We are going to see the exercises.” “Not exercises for the horses?” I wailed. “No, child, we are going to the dedication exercises at President Arthur’s monument.” I tried to convince her that neither President Arthur nor the monument interested me. I gave what I hoped was an ultimatum. “I want to stay at home,” I said with all the emphasis I could muster. “My goodness,” my mother exclaimed, “don’t you want to see Robert Todd Lincoln?” “You mean Abraham Lincoln’s son?” I gasped. “Yes, President Lincoln’s son is going to make a speech at the monument.” Mother declared with much satisfaction.

It seemed a long ride in the old surrey as we bumped over several miles of rough road which led to the former president’s birthplace. As we rode along, my father and mother talked about the Arthur family. Father said that my grandfather, Jonathan Northrop, when a boy often went to visit Mrs. Arthur and sometimes watched her bathe the future president. People in Washington, my father said, used to argue the point as to whether President Arthur, his carriage or his horses had been polished the most, because they all appeared so grand when the President rode about the Capital city.

The site where once had stood the two-room cabin was a beautiful spot, with a lovely pasture covered with little ledges and large maple trees behind the flat place where the monument stood. Many people had arrived before us and were examining the big square stone, shaking hands and visiting. Father and Mother took me through the tall grass to the monument and I put my fingers in the deep lines where the words were cut. I never before saw my father so proud. He told some of the men who were standing near him that he had introduced the resolution providing for the monument and how he had worked to have it passed by the State Legislature. Some were good enough to thank him.

My hand in my father’s, I went over where all the people were standing, now straight and still in front of a platform. It seemed like church except there were no seats. A tall, thin man with dark hair and deep-set eyes was alone on the platform. I pointed my finger and said to Mother, “Is he Mr. Lincoln?” She quickly put my hand to my side and said, “No, he is United States Senator Proctor.” After a while, a short plump man with a kind face began to speak. “Robert Todd Lincoln,” my mother whispered to me. It was all very confusing. He did not look like the pictures of the great Abraham Lincoln.

I stood quietly as long as I could. But the sun was hot. The short man talked on and on. I longed for some of the cold pink water with pieces of lemon in the big pails by the monument. At last I did what many grown folks want to do when speeches are too long—I went to sleep.

Since that memorable day I have often visited the monument and I have always felt grateful that it was as plain as human hands could make it. Chiseled from the heart of our Green Mountains, it had to be plain. Otherwise, it would be out of keeping with the beauty around it, out of keeping with Vermont and the spirit of her people.

VERMONT LIFE
Country Wedding

In the South Woodbury church, there was going to be a June wedding, the first wedding to be held in fifty-four years.

The minister closed his general store a little early that afternoon.
as friends and relations began to descend upon the bride's house.

In the basement of the church the ladies, who had spent days cleaning and dusting, labored over fruit punch, sandwiches.

Photographed & told by Verner Reed
Meanwhile, at the bride's house the family had an early supper.

Her brothers began to get ready. They shaved and washed.

The busy bride, helped by her mother, ironed her wedding gown.
In the church, meanwhile, there was organ music.

Finally, arriving at the church with her mother, sister, brother and the minister, the bride paused before beginning her entrance.
After the ceremony friends paused to sign the guest book.
Finally, the bouquet was thrown, and the bride bade a last farewell to her friends.

It was growing dark when the young couple made their dash through confetti and congratulations from the church.
VERMONT, which serious-faced jokers tell down-country folk “has only three seasons—July, August, and winter,” does, indeed, have a fourth—a very special one. Old Home Day season, that is. With a climate and charm all its own and additional delight for any who can boast a Vermont grandfather.

In the north country, Old Home Days (nothing less than capital letters will do for them) come just as fields are at their greenest and silo corn stands tasseled thick in great wavering blocks near sloping pastures. Cattle on a thousand hills are well in view munching herd’s grass and clover, or crumpled up in mass-minded relaxation (“Going to rain sure, cows all lyin’ down”), or waiting sturdily at a barway to be let into some upper, greener pasture. Goldenrod splashes yellow on wayside banks; Pieweed blooms in purplish pink; the first crimson flares here and there along a single maple tree branch. And, mornings, a vaporous haze steams from the valleys misting approaches to small towns, so thin white church spires rise from nowhere to point Godward.

Since, traditionally, Old Home Days fall on a Sunday, the village church is the center of activity.

A decorating committee rounding up cosmos, double petunias, frosty-white hydrangeas, brilliant golden glow, has also raked up all the useable baskets left from last year’s graduation exercises and even from recent funerals. These, chockablock with flowers, are set at varying angles on the platform of the community church with one reserved for the top of the upright piano at the left of the pulpit. Aisle carpets have had a going over with borrowed vacuum cleaners. Every crevice of the small organ in the choir loft has been dusted and polished and the keys washed with ammonia, for a famous New York organist, summering in town, has been inveigled into playing for the service.

In the white frame edifice’s kitchen, aproned members of the dinner committee whisk about slicing butter; filling
salt shakers and sugar bowls; opening pickle jars. Its wood burning stove pried with chunks of birch and rock maple is crowded to the rim with basins full of handsomely red beet hash; beans in which are sunk large squares of pork; chop suet; a shining over-sized teakettle; casseroles of scalloped potatoes, rich with onion slices; or bubbling chicken stew that oozes through its crumb cover. More hot dishes are on the oven rack, and also sheltered there are homemade rolls in pans backed by strips of adhesive tape with the maker’s name inked thereon (“Or else I’d never get my own pan again”).

Pies sliced in pieces which would make a restaurant owner shudder at the extravagance run the length of a trestle table, as the coffee urn steams at its far end.

Upstairs, the new young bachelor minister sits silently assessing his quadrupled congregation. While outside, those with geographical turn of mind check on automobile license plates. California—New York—Ohio—Rhode Island—Massachusetts—Virginia—and maybe that Canadian car is going to pull up? The last challenging swings of the church bell, with Len Howard at the hempen rope, are not calling, “Come-to-church, come-to-church” today. The bell snaked down from Portland, by ox-cart through the mountain passes in 1857 has a yet more welcoming peal, “Come-back-home, come-back-home!”

And they have come.

Old timers who haven’t attended service in a month of Sundays are all on hand. There, seated well up front with his Boston daughter, is old Tom Prouty who went down-country in 1910. Is Mrs. Wilson who buried her husband two springs ago looking at him speculatively? Tom’s been wifeless for ten years, and the Ball sisters have come across the mountains wearing new hats, probably trimmed by their own hands, as they were milliners for the village half a century ago. Who on earth is that familiar-seeming woman in yellow? Oh, look, there’s the whole Wilson tribe, hasn’t been over the threshold since Abe’s funeral. And the Hodges did get here from Connecticut. Mrs. Potter, widow of the third minister to die right after leaving town, sits well up front, probably comparing the present pulpit-holder with her Robert.

The pastor has a good sermon, well-rounded, in parts a trifle nostalgic, yet it flows over the heads of most unheeded, as they think of reunions to follow. The haste with which aisles are filled after the final Amen is almost unflatteringly precipitate. Still and all, that bill-filled contribution plate should make amends.

There is a small crush at the foot of the two short, broad curving staircases in the entrance hall. Returned townsfolk are looking for their cronies. Others stop to sign a guest book and several huddle before a display of old scenes showing in fading photographs the now-burned sawmill; the one-room district school torn down years ago; the Methodist church before the steeple was removed and it was made into a Masonic Temple.

“Where’s Ed Winters? I don’t see him.”

An old man, standing bewildered among the chatterers, glances seekingly at strange or time-changed faces.

“Didn’t you know? He’s been dead and buried two years.”

“Ed’s dead? Why, I come up mostly to visit with him.”

There is a sudden bleakness in the worn face. How could Ed fail his old schoolmate by dying? What was the need of it? Who’ll laugh now over the time he aimed his apple core so expertly, that he tossed it down the banking splash! into the bowl of soup Selectman Chase was eating at his open kitchen window? Anyone else here ever coast down ‘the long hill’ for a jolting, velocity-gaining frozen mile? Why Ed was two years younger—‘t aint natural he’d go first!

The Ball girls, unable to locate anyone they know well, cling together in a corner, smiling hopefully, saying little.
A woman in city clothes with spotless white pull-on gloves waits at one side. She has, somehow, the look of a second wife. Could be Lonnie Spaulding’s, they say he’s remarried. But no one quite dares to tackle Lonnie on the question and he is laughing with two other fifty-year Masons over by the Sunday School blackboard.

Teen-age waitresses skitter about the vestry, slamming down thick mugs on tables bordered by narrow settees. When the moment to sit down comes, a half dozen settemates must inch the benches forward as one to get close to the table’s edge. Hardly has this been done, before someone taps on a tumbler with a spoon to announce, “Elodie Hutchinson will say grace for us.”

The settee-mates bob up, involuntarily shoving their benches back and stand, while Elodie, oldest woman present, gives a blessing that brings a catch to the throat. Then diners jerk up their seats once again.

Now the main dishes start up the line. The hot rolls come in, smelling as only fresh homemade rolls can. Country cream goes the rounds. New country butter follows. Plates are thick; forks frankly tin (with the exception of those lent and tied with little identifying loops of red or blue thread); napkins are small paper affairs that float away at any sudden motion—but what a meal! What chatter! What unashamed requests for second helpings! What feeling of repulsion, as the pies are plunked down for the fork each one was requested to save!

There is a speaker scheduled for the afternoon and guests from a distance will be asked “to say a few words”. A brace of solos will be sung, also a hymn. Although the lecturer is a professional, and excellent, nobody really yearns to hear him, but politeness wins out. This second program is really an anti-climax. Those who now sit in the church pews are waiting only to resume reminiscence. The dinner committee members are waiting to count ticket proceed. Various children dragoon into attendance are waiting to get out again. But an afternoon session is a tradition to be carried on. One wise Old Home Day committee long ago solved the speaker problem by substituting a lively family fife and drum corps that has been fife and drumming, “Napoleon Over The Mountains” to the table’s edge. Hardly has this been done, before some¬
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lo, these many home-coming years! So no one pays much attention to the discourse, until the minister gives out the closing hymn, “Farewell.”

The visiting organist and the soloist put their all into this, but it is a suddenly unified audience which brings it alive with heartfelt, sometimes quavering, sincerity.

“God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you;
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you, till we meet again—

“Till we meet—till we me-et . . . .”

Some man with a good voice is singing it in parts. Mrs. Cuyler is wiping her eyes. The youthful minister is frowning in an effort not to look touched.

“Till we meet—till we me-et—God be with you, till we meet again!”

For some it is problematical. Will there be another Old Home Day for one who has come a very great distance or another who has a progressive ailment? All must cherish every bit of this day vouchsafed to them. There’s been the good weather to start off with and it was a joy to be able to accept the invitation sent on a government post card. The greens of many hues are lovely in the afternoon’s slanting light. Familiar weathered red barns attached to storey-and-a-half farm houses put towering city buildings to shame. How sweet the early rowan smells lying in thick windrows on just mowed fields! There’s been a chance to ask of those who know the answer, “Do you remember that time when we—?” Oh, the security of coming home!

All this homecoming pleasure is prolonged if the celebration is geared for two days, which is frequently the case.

Thea, on Saturday, scanning the skies for the filmiest nimbus cloud, Committee members are out to see that “Old Glory” is raised on the flagpole in front of the town house. Mothers are taking hurried stitches in costume parade outfits. Numbers of fathers on the married men’s baseball nine are dubious eying old uniforms dug up for the occasion. Will they fit? Bachelors of the opposing team blithely use spit and polish on the town nine’s snappy new belts. Good cooks, cajoled into serving snacks at an open air lunch to be held on the recreation field, hang over kettles of hot fat where over-sized doughnuts swim browning to an irresistible crisp. Or else they are getting down jars of piccalilli for generous use on the inevitable hot dogs. Their husbands have already been dispatched to collect cases of tonic, to pitch the Boy Scout Troop’s tent as a lunch center.

How dare it rain on such a day? It doesn’t! Onlookers gather early by the porch of the Coblighs’ house, where parade judges will stand. But more than half the town, it seems, is to be parading. An assortment of children rigged as monkeys, giraffes, elephants, and train-
ers assembles for a circus float. There's an uproar, when Timmy Edwards, disguised (according to the placard he wears) as "Town Dog Catcher," appears in his dad's shirt, old jacket, and a discarded felt hat, tugged rapidly along by five struggling mongrels tied to lengths of clothesline.

Ballet dancers; old fashioned maidens; hunters complete with boy-size guns; dandiered Tom Sawyers begin lining up. A six-year-old Uncle Sam maintaining his dignity and chin beard of cotton with difficulty is singled out for a forward position in line. The P. T. A. has a float; so, too, the Scouts and Junior Modern Woodmen. The Grange provides a walking delegation. Farm horses turned into saddle horses, and some bona fide riding equines are clustered at one side, while their riders wait to lead the parade down Main Street.

A swarm of young cyclists spins round and round with riders astride bicycles turned into temporary rainbows on wheels by the application of much gay crepe paper.

Look, here comes a winning entry sure enough! Seated in his open express wagon, Willard Parker, seventy-four, and still single, drives his 'Daisy' into view, wearing a hard hat, boiled shirt, and sign on his jacket, "Just Married." Cuddling shyly against him in concealing yet revealing frock sits a husky bride with face completely hidden by thick folds of hamburg lace curtain veil that flows onto the high seat. Brogans of emancipated size rest against the footboard below the bride's full skirt.

"Who's that Will?" several ask. Some try to peek beneath the veil, which the bride promptly clutches in coy fashion round broad shoulders, holding it tight with bronzed muscular hand. Well, we'll find out at prize-giving time.

Besides this opener to a day of festivity, there are events on the playground where the procession will wind up for awards. Like Alice in Wonderland, the Committee believes in prizes-for-all, or if not exactly everybody, as many as possible.

It is something to see the horses lead off; the cars inching along including the shiny fire truck with every boy able to squeeze aboard shouting and waving; the small representative groups marching afoot; the white heads of Women's Relief Corps members in streamer-bright cars; the cyclists doing fancy riding; the several floats that cause spatters of applause; and lone marchers, strutting ever so little, or, if very young, holding mother's hand tight and trying to take long steps.

It's something to see the rush to the lunch tent after the break-up of the procession; the settling down on picnic benches beyond it; the simultaneous effort of a dozen children munching "dogs" and chips to fit into the empty stone watering trough at one corner of the field. To watch especially the delight of old-timers, when it's known that a piano-buggy, one high point of the parade, can be engaged for 10 cents for a short ride around the grounds.

First passenger into it, Mr. Forsythe, 86, climbs nimbly past the big iron-tired wheels.

"Been forty years since I rode in one of these—three quarter piano buggy isn't she?" he states, rather than asks, happily seating himself.

And Grandma Colby looks at Herman inquiringly.

"You think she'd let you drive it" ('she' refers to the young woman in trim slacks at the reins)

"so's we could ride around just like we did when you were courtin' me up, Herm?"

As to the children, already begging for a ride, this will be even more exciting than a jouncing on some mechanical space rocket at the dime store.

That promised tussle between bachelors and benefics follows lunch and runs to a full nine innings. A deal of good-natured coaching is carried on from the bleachers, beside which are lined up several baby carriages. The married men work themselves into quite a frenzy. Bound to be some pretty sore muscles in town tonight.

And after sundown, in homes brightened by fresh-picked garden flowers or the blossoms of the fields, many old friends sit down together to sup in once-familiar surroundings.

Perhaps there's a band concert in the octagon wooden stand on the common, provided it's a real big celebration. Or there may follow merely an unplanned evening of reminiscence on front porches and side lawns, as those back from afar renew old acquaintance.

Whether or not it's a double header, Old Home Day repays everyone's efforts—efforts of the Committee to make it even better than last year's, efforts of former inhabitants to get back again. Nostalgic by its very nature; sometimes momentarily sad—only to become gay the next —; always colorful; Old Home Day in Vermont is one of the most heart-warming of events as summer wends its way across the circling green mountains.

END

VERMONT Life 21
The World Comes To

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, entertaining a student group at her Arlington home with Director Smith, shows them native flowers. Students are from Indonesia, Tanganyika and the Philippines.
EVERY SUMMER FOR SIX YEARS Bennington, Vermont has become the focal point for a group of young graduate students who come from all parts of the world to attend the International Summer School on the campus of Bennington College. Sponsored by the U. S. Department of State and the Institute of International Education, the six-week summer course is designed to prepare a group of from forty to fifty carefully picked students who are to spend a year studying their own specialities in universities throughout the land.

At Bennington they get a course of lectures on American institutions. They visit local historical sites, a playground, a courtroom, local industries. They discuss what they are seeing and reading in informal groups guided by members of the College faculty. They attend concerts, plays, exhibits at nearby cultural centers such as the Southern Vermont Art Center.

But most of all, they learn to live with each other—to form a community in which common interests outweigh the tensions that may exist among their governments. They arrange their own recreations—tennis tournaments, square dance parties. They run a series of talks on the countries they come from.

Throughout the six-week stay they are in close touch with the people of Bennington, who invite them home for meals and take them riding to see such nearby points of interest as the Harriman power dam, or to hike on the Long Trail. During the last five days they move into American homes, sharing the life of the family and learning at first-hand that American life is not as Hollywood and the comics present it.

Then they leave Vermont. But they come back. They keep coming back as long as they are in the United States—and some of them stay several years—visiting the place in America which has become home to them.

By Bradford Smith

Photographed by Hanson Carroll
Sometimes the lecture hour is run as a panel discussion on a subject of general interest. Bradford Smith, director of the Summer School (foreground).

Geologist Virendra Srivastava connects with the ball.

Important is improvement of students' ability to speak, write and show Maria Demeulemeester of Belgium how to form an English.
On fine summer days discussion groups meet outside "the Barn" to talk over morning lectures. Bennington faculty members speak on such subjects as "Political Styles in an American Community," "Parent-child Relations."
Students enjoy a Vermont story told by Dorothy Canfield Fisher in the garden of her home.

James McCabe of Arlington shows his herd of fine beef cattle to a group which is interested in country life. From left they are Kai Soramo (Finland), Liong Heng Thung (Indonesia), Bertha Akim (Tanzanyika) and Rosalina Morales (the Philippines).
The Color of Vermont
Photographed by Dr. Carsten W. Johnson

Springtime on the Stanley White farm near Poulnal Center finds the Jersey herd turned out to lush pasture as the sun is setting.

Many are the photographers, professional and amateur, to whom Vermont's changing countryside provides a constant, fascinating challenge. Few, we feel, have so happily captured many of Vermont's vagrant moods, the feel of the seasons and the character of Vermont, as has Dr. Carsten Johnson.

Dr. Johnson, who has practiced dentistry since 1923, lives in Pleasantville, N. Y. with his wife and two children. He began 35mm. color photography in 1942 with the idea of projecting slides and painting them in oils.

Some 75 paintings have resulted in this way, but Dr. Johnson's photography has developed on its own. Much of the credit for his photographic success he gives to the Country School of Photography, South Woodstock, (Vermont Life, Spring ’54), where he is a frequent student.

Dr. Johnson has specialized in moonlight color photography (see page 31) and in this field won in 1955 a $1500 prize in the P.S.A.-LIFE Photo-Essay contest. He has given a number of lectures on moonlight photography at the Country School of Photography and before various New York camera clubs.

Vermont Life is pleased to present here a view of Vermont as Dr. Johnson sees it, particularly four pictures (pages 28, 29, 30, 31) of a single farm seen through the seasons. In the full series Dr. Johnson used a 4 x 5 Linhof camera.
One of the most photogenic farms in Vermont, and partly because it is an active, operating farm, is that of Floyd and Elmer Jeune, shown on these two and the following two pages. The view above was taken on Anscochrome while the others in this article are done on Ektachrome.

The Jeune brothers' Holstein farm is located off the main road in Reading township near the Woodstock border. Among other things Elmer Jeune raises oxen and once he produced the largest yoke of oxen in the world (pictured on page 46, in the Vermont Life Winter issue 1955-56).
The Jenne farm again is recorded on a typical spring day as sugaring is just starting. Heavy steam pours from the sugar house while the gathering tank stands to its left near the ample woodpile. The Jenne's sugar bush lies largely behind camera.
In one of his outstanding moonlight pictures, Dr. Johnson captures the Jeune farm on a chill, winter night. There are two types of moonlight pictures—the first taken on those days when the full moon rises just as the sun is setting. The other type, which is shown here, requires the moon (preferably shining on snow) at about a 45-degree angle. Since the moonlit scene needs a long exposure, the face of the moon itself would be blurred by its travel if shot together with the full scene. Thus the moon must be photographed separately, usually first, in a double exposure of about 1/100 second. The rest of the scene requires about five minutes’ exposure. Lights in the windows must be dim—candle light or kerosene lamps are ideal.
View of the Pownal Valley shows U.S. Route 7 winding in the distance before it plunges down to Pownal. Behind the Merchant farm rises Bald Mountain on the New York border.

Dawn on the Connecticut is pictured by Dr. Johnson at the Oxbow, just north of the Placey farm in Newbury. In the distance lies New Hampshire's Mt. Moosilauke.

An early spring snowstorm at Manchester drifts across the face of Dorset's Green Peak, muting colors of the newly-bared meadows that still show traces of the melting snow.
Trefoil—A New Vermont

Whole fields of “pretty yellow flowers” testify to expansion of trefoil growing in Vermont and new industry—production of trefoil certified seed.

By Seargent P. Wild

Photographed by John F. Smith Jr.

Trefoil seed harvest calls for specially adapted combine, careful timing and good weather.
Even the most hurried visitor driving through the Champlain valley section of western Vermont, and especially in Addison county, must on almost any summer day become aware of field after field of "pretty yellow flowers."

Chances are good that it's birdsfoot trefoil he's seeing—a legume (kin of the clovers and alfalfa, peas and beans) that's old to botanists and to European farmers but long regarded as a poor relation in this country. Now it's bringing a new industry to Vermont—production of certified seed of a new, Vermont-developed variety appropriately known as Mansfield, after the state's highest mountain in the shadow of which it was first bred and nurtured.

More than that, both the new and some older varieties have so captured the fancy of hundreds of farmers, especially in the western part of the state, that thousands of acres of birdsfoot trefoil are replacing alfalfa and other legumes as the main reliance for hay and pasture—especially pasture.

There are reasons, of course, both for the new industry and for the growing popularity of the crop as a source of cattle feed. It is coincidence that so much of the interest centers in the region near Middlebury, home of the creator of Alexander Botts and his Earthworm tractors; but there is perhaps something akin to Botts' more or less accidental glories—and the difficulties he meets—in the history of birdsfoot trefoil in Vermont.

Even the name can be a source of confusion. The "birdsfoot" comes from a fancied resemblance of the whorl of long, slender seed pods to the claws of a bird—but unless the stem is turned upside down, most of us would be more apt to be reminded of the arms of a backyard clothes-drying rack.

And the "trefoil" is understandable in the general resemblance of the leaves to those of its clover and alfalfa cousins, each having three leaflets at the end—except that birdsfoot trefoil has two more, though smaller, leaflets at the base of each leaf branch, making five in all, rather than the three the name implies. These extra leaflets, incidentally, are an important distinguishing characteristic when the plant is young.

So birdsfoot trefoil has to be upended before it deserves its special name and it isn't as much tre (three)—as cinque (five)—foil! But that doesn't bother the plant or the seed growers or the farmers... or the cows that eat it. It is winning its way on certain special merits, some inherent and some bred into the new variety, and in spite of some seeming disadvantages which for so long kept it in the poor relation class.

To understand how birdsfoot trefoil has overcome some of those disadvantages and even makes a virtue of them in its relatively sudden burst of popularity, a little history may help. The plant has been known, and grown, in Europe for over 300 years. Nobody knows, for certain, how it first reached this country, though its introduction in ballast dumped along the eastern seaboard or in forage accompanying imported animals are at least logical possibilities.

But at least 50 years ago several American state experiment stations introduced trial lots of seed and made some tests. No great interest resulted, quite possibly because at about the same time alfalfa was sweeping toward its period of greatest popularity. At any rate, birdsfoot trefoil failed to arouse enthusiasm and dropped from view except as a sort of curiosity that would sometimes grow where alfalfa wouldn't. It was, in fact, often referred to as "poor man's alfalfa."

But trefoil was, and is, persistent. It kept on growing in
The seedpods which spread like toes from a central stem gave birdsfoot trefoil its odd name.

Many makes and types of harvesting machinery have been tried in the effort to save a maximum amount of seed. Even so, half or more of the seed the plants produce pops back onto the land.

neglected places—the railroad yards near Albany, N.Y., for example; and not so long ago a very old pasture stand was rediscovered in Shoreham, near Lake Champlain, in the vicinity of “Panton Meadows,” a prominent settlement in the days of Ethan Allen.

Records show, too, that there are similar long-established and persisting fields or patches clear across the continent, near Portland, Oregon—introduced there, no doubt, in the same way trefoil came to the east.

A little less than 20 years ago, interest in this stubborn legume that wouldn’t let itself be wiped out began to pick up. For one thing, its very persistence under adverse conditions was a recommendation. Anything that wouldn’t let itself be killed out by neglect or overgrazing surely must have some value—and a legume that would grow on some of Addison county’s heavy clay soils in spots too wet for alfalfa was bound to attract interest.

About 15 years ago Vermont’s Industrial Agricultural Products Commission, established a few years before to spur interest in new ideas along lines its name suggests, thought it saw opportunities in trefoil and bought about 200 pounds of seed for distribution in five-pound lots to farmers in all parts of the state.

Results were negative, in the sense that none of the 40 trials aroused a desire to continue or to try again. But the seed of interest had, nonetheless, been sown. Within a year or two a few farmers, like E.H. Stewart in Shoreham, and some of the Extension Service and Experiment Station folks were interested enough to look a bit further into trefoil’s possibilities.

And the more they looked, the greater became the interest. They tried both of birdsfoot trefoil’s two types—
Time, care and drying & storage bins protected from the weather are required to finish the seed harvest job.

Fanning mill or winnower (below right) separates the chaff from the trefoil.

The big harvesting machines (above) are automatic but still need manpower to operate them. Here bags are being changed to receive the freshly threshed seed.

Harvest time is always hungry time, too.
broadleaf and narrowleaf. The latter has narrow, slender leaves with weak stems and a fibrous root system, while broadleaf lives up to its name in leaf type, has straighter, stronger stems and a more pronounced taproot.

Besides these outward differences—which, naturally, affect their relative value for pasture or for hay and their liking for different locations, wet or dry—the two types differ in the number of their chromosomes, those microscopic bodies which form in a living cell when it is getting ready to divide and which seemingly contain whatever it is that determines the nature of the cell and of the plant or animal of which it is a part.

Narrowleaf trefoil has six chromosomes, broadleaf 12—and the two therefore will not cross or interbreed. But scientists these days have at their command a new bag of tricks. They can, under proper conditions, double or quadruple the number of chromosomes a plant has, without changing its outward characteristics. And often these “polyploid” plants can be crossed with relatives which have the same chromosome number.

Shortly after the close of World War II, Dr. Alexander Gershoy, University of Vermont plant scientist, tried this kind of modern magic with different types of trefoil. He was one of several carrying on similar experiments in this country, seeking a combination of the best features of the trefoil relatives.

About seven years ago he was ready with a very small amount of seed to which he gave the “Mansfield” name—a variety hardy under Vermont conditions, with stems stout enough so the crop can be cut for hay and silage, able to stand heavy pasturing and able, also, to do well on soils too wet for alfalfa.

Mansfield, like another product of research, a Cornell-developed variety christened Viking, cannot stand the extremes of wetness which seem not to bother an old-established broadleaf strain known as Empire—a strain which long has been and still continues popular. But the crossbred varieties do have advantages which have recommended them to dairymen and cattle raisers not only in Vermont and New York, but increasingly in the Midwest, too.

By 1951 the trefoil situation in Vermont was about like this: Stewart, on his Shoreham farm, and some few others, most of whom he had himself helped to interest, had a few years’ experience with both narrowleaf and broadleaf trefoil—experience that included field and pasture trials of different kinds and amounts of seed, of fertilizer and of harvest. Mansfield was still little more than a gleam in the eye of its originator, with Robert Jackman of Vergennes the first to try it under farm conditions. On one smallish field he grew the first certified Mansfield seed available for limited commercial distribution.

But year by year the interest has grown. Mansfield acreage climbed to 25, 61, 68, then 174 and, by last summer, 600 acres on the farms of some 20 growers as far south as Dorset and with an estimated production of certified seed of about 45,000 pounds.

That average of about 75 pounds an acre is considered a good normal yield—despite the fact that a good stand of plants may actually produce from two to three or even
four times as much. The plants ripen seed progressively, from the top downward. And as the pods get fully ripe they split and twist with force enough to throw the seeds as much as 15 feet or even more.

The problem for the seed grower is to start and be able to finish—his harvest at that particular time when a maximum number of pods is ready, yet not quite due to split open. Some will already have done so; others will still be green; but there is a period of two or three days when not too many pods have snapped open, not too many are unripe and a fair share of the rest will keep their seeds through the process of harvesting.

On a hot, still day at about that time anyone standing in a field of trefoil will be conscious of a rustling sound, often almost a steady undertone, as the ripe pods snap and the seeds patter on the foliage. This rustling gives no joy to the heart of the would-be harvester, who knows that every snap means a podful of seeds he'll never see or sell; but the certainty that there will always be seed on the ground, despite clean cutting or heavy pasturing, is doubtless one reason trefoil has been able to persist under often adverse conditions. Thus 45,000 pounds of seed harvested from 600 acres is a fair average yield.

With seed worth $1 to $1.50 a pound it is apparent that this new industry is already a lusty infant; and there are plenty who foresee for it a healthy future growth, too, as interest in trefoil continues to spread and the new variety proves its worth. America still imports close to a million pounds of trefoil seed a year from Europe, almost none of it really known as to source and much of it, certainly, derived—often by devious routes—from southern Europe so that it is not winter hardy in our northern states.

But besides the seed itself, trefoil is responsible for expansion of another business: bees. A minimum of a hive per acre is required to insure pollination; four hives is better, all within a half mile of the field and preferably on the field itself. Seed growers pay apiarists a small fee to put the bees where they can do the most good and already the production of honey from the trefoil seed acres is estimated to exceed $11,000 worth a year.

This may be looked on as an extra dividend of the new industry but it is also a step toward the greater diversification which many Vermont farm leaders have been urging. And while the seed-producing business has been gaining, with its honeyed sideline, thousands and thousands of acres have been seeded to trefoil of new and old varieties by dairymen primarily interested in the long-lasting pasture, the hay or the silage it can provide.

In Addison county alone it's estimated last year saw 40,000 acres of trefoil growing, of all varieties and for all purposes, in addition to the few hundred acres devoted to producing Mansfield seed . . . and there's even more this year. All in one place that would make a field 10 miles long and almost six and a half miles wide.

It's no wonder visitors have been seeing so many "pretty yellow flowers!"
Landlocked Sailor

Living a full country mile off the improved road near Monkton, Vermont, on a 110-acre farm beyond the power lines, Bob Carr, ex-sailor and farmer, has just finished building a superb deepwater sailboat, *Sirius*. This 40-year-old genius of the adz, chisel and saw has done it single-handed and in the tradition and manner of a hundred years ago. The broad-beamed yawl, recently launched at Shelburne Harbor, is just as smart, and perhaps more sturdy and seaworthy than most anything coming down the ways of our commercial boat yards today.

But the fascinating part of this unusual enterprise is that he chose to build the craft in the manner of his forefathers—with only a few simple hand tools. Not a power tool nor modern device was used in the construction of *Sirius* by this earnest young chap who has been six full years building his dream ship. What made him want to build his sailboat the old-fashioned way? What was the inspiration for his work? Well, that is an interesting story.

Men who have a love for the sea usually end up on it, and Bob Carr is no exception. Born in Massachusetts, not far from the water, he withstood the urge to get afloat until he was twenty. Then he joined the Navy and went to sea.

“You know, it was a funny thing,” he told me, “but one day when my ship was in Panama I found myself in the library of the town of Cristobal.” Always searching for books about boats, he happened to pick up Joshua Slocum’s famous volume “Sailing Alone Around the World.” So fascinated was he that he never put the book down until he had followed the venerable sailor through his 46,000 mile cruise into all the far-away places and harbors of the world. Best of all there was a set of sketches of the *Spray* in the back of the book, with dimensions and lines...
The Sirius, finished but unrigged, prepares to leave her hillside home.

On his own forge Bob Carr hammered out all of the Sirius’ fittings. Craft’s stern rises in background.

Working with hand tools alone Bob Carr on his Monkton farm has fashioned in six years’ time an amazing, sea-going replica of Captain Slocum’s famous yawl, “Spray”.

By Gordon P. Manning

Photography by Geoffrey Orton and Ernest Swanbeck

given for the whole craft. There were also a few photographs made soon after the turn of the century when the Spray had returned from her three-year wanderings.

“I guess that was the beginning,” Bob said, “because I bought myself a copy of the book, and studied everything in it until I had almost memorized it.” The book was his constant companion while he finished his four years in the Navy, and it stayed with him during the four years that he spent in the Merchant Marine in World War II. In fact, the book has not been apart from this young man with a dream since he first saw it. And I’ll wager if you look down in the cabin of the Sirius right now, you’ll find the magical, though worn and dog-eared volume. But it is stuff like this that dreams are made of.

Then, one day as his ship was slugging it across the Pacific and time hung heavy, he scaled off the plans of the Spray to a larger size on the back of a convenient chart.

The lines of the 36-foot yawl were so fair, and she seemed so admirable in all ways, that, as he says, “I couldn’t find a single thing to change in the whole boat, if I were going to build her myself.”

This one thought was perhaps the tangible beginning of the dream that has dominated Bob Carr’s life these past fifteen years. “If I were going to build her . . .”

“Why couldn’t I build another sailboat like Slocum’s?” he asked himself one day about two years later. The scene had changed again, and now he was home on the Monkton farm. He rested his chin thoughtfully on the hay rake. “Just why couldn’t I?”

He carefully assessed his abilities, as is his way. He had a pretty fair knowledge of tools, particularly those used around a farm, like the adz, saw, plane and chisel. And true, the Navy experience had served to widen his knowledge of boats, rigging, handling and seamanship. He re-
called that his father, though never having gone to sea, had been a good carpenter, and even built a boat in his day. Most of the wood needed for the boat could come from the family woodlot, he mused, and if he didn’t have to hire any help . . . he could do it. It might take a while. . . .

Carr attaches stop chains to the massive rudder. Bottom slot of rudder well, now planked, is at right. Above Carr’s head is a double bracket which will support the yawl’s short jigger mast.

There is a slotted well in the transom through which the rudder post fits, running clear to the deck. All the braces and knees were adzed out by hand from natural crooks of oak.

So it was that in the summer of 1950 the dream that had been simmering for so long finally broke into a boil. The long hours of studying the plans, of thinking through the obstacles, the money, the time, the problems, all finally exploded into action.

“I took my axe one morning and went into the woods behind the house, and cut down enough poles and light timbers to make a good sized shed right on the east side of the barn. That was where the boat was to be built, for I had now decided that I was going to build another Spray, and I was going to call her Sirius.”

When he finished his shed, he went back into the woods again. This time his job was selecting suitable white oak trees from which to make his keel, stem, braces, knees, and frames. Nearby he found a forty-foot giant of a tree, straight as a string, with a butt measuring over 20 inches across. He felled it, took off the limbs, shortened it to about the 30 feet that he needed, and skidded it back home with his team of horses. Bob took out the family adz, and started putting an edge on it, fully conscious of the tremendous job that lay ahead. When the stick had dried out he stood up astride the big log, and with adz alone proceeded to square it up on four sides, reducing it to its finished size of 7 inches wide and 9 inches deep.

Now it takes only a few seconds to tell about this, but do you know how long it actually takes to chip away at a 20-inch log and reduce it to a four-square timber such as you see coming out of a saw mill? I don’t know, and I don’t believe Bob is fully conscious of the days he spent on this first and most important timber—the backbone of Sirius. But judging by the speed of others, and the bushels of chips that he had for his fire, it isn’t hard to guess that two weeks were consumed by this one job alone. So it went with all the heavy oaken timbers that made up the framework of the boat. They were so fair, so meticulously done, and so sturdy that they could well have come from a professional shipyard. His accuracy was within a sixteenth of an inch at all times. It almost seemed a shame to cover them up later with planks and decking.

Watching this craftsman at work carried you back a hundred years—made you feel that you were seeing an old print in a museum. How could this man, who had spent eight years in the Navy and Merchant Marine, using nothing but the latest and most time-saving mechanical equipment, have the courage to start such an undertaking with only a few hand tools, and no outside assistance? Cutting and shaping the heavy oaken timbers was difficult enough, but how could one person alone have the strength and the ability to handle them and move them into position after each piece was formed? Some of the assemblies, such as the transom, weighed almost half a ton, and had to be put together on the little shop floor.

The answer to these and many other questions becomes clear to those who know Bob Carr, the man. Here is a
most unusual person, to say the least. Here is a man who would rather have lived a hundred years ago than today. Here is a man who knows and appreciates the craftsmanship that built our boats and sailing ships of a hundred years back, when America's clipper ships were the finest and fastest vessels afloat. Here is someone for whom the age of steam destroyed the most fascinating era of sail that our country has ever known. Here is one who really appreciates the fine hand of the craftsman.

Bob Carr is a man with a purpose—somewhat like a modern scientist. His job was building Sirius, and nothing in this wide world was going to stop him. If a problem of construction had him licked today, he wouldn't sleep tonight until he had it solved. He knows the best construction practices in shipbuilding, and he is not above asking advice when he needs it. When the neighbors saw him building a long, square box hooked onto an old oil drum half full of water, they were sure he was crazy. But Bob was only solving one of his myriad problems. He was putting his stiff, heavy planks into this home-made cooker, over a roaring wood fire and forcing the steam into the box for a few hours—and taking out a plank that was as pliable and cooperative as a piece of cardboard.

The talents of this man with a dream are many, and he seems to enjoy them all. He enjoyed cutting out his own pulley blocks for Sirius—and there were plenty to make. He rounded the sheaves of hard maple, cut and formed the outer shells of white ash, shaped a piece of bronze into a bushing; spliced the whole together with manila rope, and had a block the like of which hasn't been made hereabouts.

In the shed at Monkton where she was built lies the Sirius. Main frames are three-inch square white oak spaced one foot.

In caulking the decks Carr first laid cotton in the seams just as Captain Joshua Slocum had done it. Then oakum was driven in and finally the many seams were payed with pitch.
for a hundred years. It was the same way with his iron work that he beat out on the home-made forge. He knew what he needed, and when darkness prevented further work on the boat, he would come into the shed, light up the gasoline lantern, and work on the iron. So, too, with the sails, which he sewed entirely by hand. Did it during the long winter evenings in the kitchen before the fire... yards and yards of white new canvas were transformed into two complete sets of sails for light and heavy weather. When he found spare time he fashioned a most beautiful steering wheel out of hardwood. Looking at the perfectly-formed spokes you would swear that they could only have been turned on a lathe. But here was another example of Bob’s craftsmanship.

I asked Bob Carr what hadn’t he done himself on his sailboat. He had to think a minute before answering. “The side or hull planking was one-and-a-half-inch thick long-leaf yellow pine on the original Spray,” he said, “and I wanted to keep it the same on my boat. So I had to send away for this.” And so it was for a piece of hardware, here and there, which could not be made strong enough by him to serve its purpose. Instead of ripping his oaken logs into three-inch-thick pieces himself for frames and carlins and deck beams, he hauled these to a nearby sawmill, and had them ripped out quickly. And still he did some of this by hand.

One day I dropped in as he was adzing the heavy oak stem piece into shape. This was a tremendous timber measuring seven inches wide and ten deep. It seemed extra heavy to me, and perhaps the stoutest timber for the purpose I had ever seen in a 36-foot boat. I asked him about it, and his answer went back again to Captain Slocum and the Spray, which carried the identical sized stem piece. “One day in the Keeling Island,” her master stated, “she got in too near shore and split a patch of coral right in two, without even a blemish to her oak stem.” That was good enough for Bob Carr. Every part of his craft was going to be just like the Spray. Who knows, maybe Sirius will one day have a brush with that self-same coral reef.

Let’s have a look at this trim sailboat, which even now is tugging at her anchor in the harbor, eager to be off to sea. She is a conventional yawl-rigged boat, with large mainmast forward and jigger mast stepped aft of the transom. Mainsail is gaff rigged, while the jigger carries a standing lug sail. She measures 36 feet over all, not including her bowsprit; and she has a beam of 14 feet, which makes her a very comfortable sailing craft. She floats in four feet two inches of water, and her ballast is inside, all three-and-a-half tons of it.

There is a large cabin aft, entered through the hatch just ahead of the steering wheel. This will be Bob’s living quarters when he goes to sea. A lantern hangs amidships and there are bunks on either side, a head and galley forward, and plenty of space and lockers for storing provisions and supplies. Up forward at present is a cargo hatch in the deck, opening on a large hold, which can be used for commercial cargo if he ever wants to. Right now all of Bob’s tools and supplies are here. A door connects the two compartments below decks. On deck his fine home-made dingy will ride upside down between the cabin house and the hatch when at sea. Bob plans to use the old-fashioned oak water cask for his drinking water supply, as Captain Slocum did before him.

Bob Carr has tried to make the Sirius suitable for one man to handle, like her predecessor the Spray. Capt. Slocum’s boat would sail herself for days on end. The
Many long evenings were spent (far left) sewing the two complete sets of sails.

Moving the finished Sirius overland the twenty-four miles from Monkton to Shelburne Harbor took two days, was one of the trickiest and most expensive parts of the entire project. The shed (at left) had to be jacked up to allow the Sirius to leave her home.

At right: She comes into the open for the first time, sliding ahead on rollers.

Pictures continued on the next pages

sheets lead to convenient points near the helm and there are high rails which make it safer to get around on deck, during bad weather. He steers from a position just aft of the cabin, and through two ports in the cabin end he can see his inside compass in every kind of weather. The yawl rig is particularly handy for one-man sailing, as she handles well under most any or all of her sails, depending upon the weather. Sirius has several anchors, two of which are mounted on deck in convenient positions, where at a moment's notice they can be cut free and dropped overboard, in an emergency. For storms at sea he has made a stout sea anchor of heaviest canvas, which will keep the boat's head into the wind.

There is no motor in Sirius to the utter dismay of most landlubbers who have been aboard her. That such a vessel should put forth into the seas of the world without power is almost unheard of today. However, should you ask Bob about this, he will always give you the same answer, "Captain Slocum wasn't on a timetable, and I don't expect to be either."

When she was completed last October Sirius was hauled overland the twenty-four miles by trailer to the Shelburne Harbor shipyard where she was launched. Bob Carr's mother christened her the traditional way, with a bottle of wine, as Sirius went overboard for the first time. Then Bob took her down to Vergennes for fitting out, as this was nearer home. Bob pointed out that Sirius lay just a stone's throw from the shipyard site where Commodore Macdonough built his famous fleet which overcame the British in the War of 1812. While the now famous boat lay in Otter Creek getting ready for sea, literally thousands of visitors came down to see her, and pay tribute to the outstanding piece of work that this young farmer and sailor has done.

"Tell me, Bob," asked someone who had been following the building process for many months, "the answer to one question that everybody in Vermont wants to know, now that she's afloat. Does she leak?" And Bob could truthfully tell him that she had taken in practically no water whatever. In fact he was thinking of throwing some in her bilges so they wouldn't dry out!

If Captain Slocum were here now, and could see this exact replica of his old Spray, surely his heart would go out to this young man from the hills of Vermont who had built so beautiful a boat, and he would most surely bestow upon him the commendation, "Well done, lad."
Bob Carr's mother christens the *Sirius*.

The *Sirius* was towed to Vergennes, where Macdonough's fleet was built, and here Carr stepped his masts, fitted and rigged the vessel. Note that deadeyes are used instead of the more modern turnbuckles to hold the shrouds.

At Shelburne Harbor the end of six years' work is ready for launching.

Along the route from Monkton, schools let out to watch the *Sirius* roll past.

Bob Carr's mother christens the *Sirius*. 
First test-run of the Sirius on Lake Champlain late last year found her running away from the cameraman, showing her broad beam and home port markings.

Sirius with her jigger sail reefed, heels over nicely as she gets into the first real breeze on Lake Champlain. Every sheet is straining and the owner has cause for pride in his fine craft.
THE QUIET Life
A review of Vermont books, articles, music, drama and the arts.
By Elizabeth Kent Gay

The impulse that leads people to paint is a curious one, its roots hidden deep in the shadows of the cave, its purpose magical. Today we no longer need try to charm our dinner with scrawled pictures. A pocketbook and a market basket will do; at our most primitive a gun or a trap.

Why, then, do we go on painting, so many of us, especially since photography has taken over the job of recording faces and places? The answer must be that the arrangement of shapes and colors within the limitations of the picture’s frame is one of the fundamental expressions of man’s creative spirit.

“I just paint the inside of my head,” says Bessie Drennan, one of Vermont’s few born-and-raised primitive painters. With this clue to a painter’s possible intentions in mind I walked up and down the galleries of the Southern Vermont Art Center last July, looking at the first statewide exhibition of work by Vermont artists which filled the handsome rooms to bursting in honor of the opening of the new music shed.

Among so many paintings—200 in eight galleries—it was difficult not to feel a sort of indigestion, like that produced by a menu listing fifty entrées. There were so many nice, plain, pleasant, competent paintings, which obviously had given their creators satisfaction, yet which could not stand out in such a crowd. Alone in a living room they might prove comfortable companions to one’s daily life, but here at Manchester they hardly had room to breathe.

Barns, silos, winding roads, autumn leaves, covered bridges, white churches—these tidy furnishings of painters’ minds recurred so often that they began to blur. It took an Arthur Healy, a Francis Colburn to add that something extra in vision and technique that makes a painting memorable. If I could have been allowed $1000 as pocket money to spend at this particular show I should have chosen their pictures, and also a Lucy Doane and a Thomas Dibble for something personal, elusive, not easily mastered.

Shows at the Southern Vermont Art Center are not usually so unwieldy. During the rest of the summer a series of interesting one-man shows was hung and the season wound up with an excellent exhibit by the Southern Vermont Artists. Manchester and its surrounding communities are steadily attracting more artists to their hospitable hills and the recent expansion in facilities at the Southern Vermont Art Center keeps pace with the rise in interest and activity in all kinds of artistic expression.

The Cracker Barrel Bazaar at Newbury, now in its 5th year, decorates the first week in August with an invitation exhibition at the Stamm barn which shows how a mellow background of weathered boards, plenty of hanging space and limitation of artists to about sixty make for a show that can be comprehended in a single visit, with each picture given ample elbow room and more of a chance to make its mark.

Just as some people at a party are more striking than others, inviting further acquaintance, so I should like to have taken home Lucy Doane’s Autumn Bonfire, Betty Smith’s two small paintings, Virginia Pacassi’s cat, Paul Sample’s winter landscape. Earlier in the summer the Cracker Barrel Gallery showed paintings and sculpture from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Thomas, including a Renoir, a Bombois and a Henry Moore. There must be other private collectors who would be willing to share their treasures with their neighbors following this generous example.

Other occasions at which paintings are on view include some of the local fairs and celebrations. I think of the Tulip Festival in Hardwick at the end of May, where Hazel Hall Rochester and her committee put on an unassuming and likable show; pictures are included at the annual Thetford Fair in August and at the World’s Fair at Tunbridge in September, all among the angel cakes and pumpkins. These are but a few of many. Stan Marc Wright’s painting classes show their progress in insight and execution from time to time. Stephen Greene’s Brattleboro Book Cellar exhibits paintings now and again. In fact, native Vermonters are turning more and more to painting as a mode of expression, while painters from other parts of the country are moving to Vermont in increasing numbers. The next years should see more annual exhibitions and galleries established, with resulting better acquaintance with what painters think and do.

RECENT BOOKS
Those of us who today ride or drive along the banks of the Connecticut River, admiring its placid ox-bows, its occasional rapids, are not likely to decorate it in imagination with steamers, canal boats, dugouts, water traffic of every sort. Yet for over a hundred years steamboats plied the lower reaches of the Connecticut and one even penetrated, in the earlier years of the 19th century, as far into Vermont as Wells River, while Brattleboro and Bellows Falls were regular ports of call.

The history of steamboating on Lake Champlain has been related for us by Ralph N. Hill in his Siderswheler Saga, and many of us rode on the S.S. Ticonderoga in the last few years of her watery career. Melanchton W. Jacobus, in The Connecticut River Steamboating Story, has added a new dimension to our knowledge of what we might now venture to call Vermont’s eastern seaboard.

While Mr. Jacobus’ book, published by the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford, quite naturally dwells at greater length on the ‘down-river’ traffic, Vermonters will find matter of interest in two chapters in particular. In Chapter II Samuel Morey of Thetford, whose invention of the steamboat anticipated Fulton’s, though the latter made off with most of the glory, is given a proper tribute to his Yankee ingenuity.

During the early years of Connecticut steamboat traffic, detailed in the following chapter, on altitude records, attempts were made to get as far up the river as possible, with narrow boats of shallow draft. The Barnet made it to Bellows Falls, though not to the village for which she was named, and so did the Vermont, while the John Ledyard, jeered at as a ‘sauce-pan,’ not so large “that a rat’s tail might not guide her,” or “the steam of a tea-pot speed her up,” reached Wells River, the first and last vessel to make that town an ocean port.
For a brief season steamers of the Connecticut River Valley Steamboat Company ran between various stages on the river, up as far as White River Junction, but the Company failed, and the rest of the story, so far as Vermont is concerned, is one of local ventures, excursions and the final disappearance of its steamer traffic long before that of the lower reaches of the river.

Meanwhile, though the paddle-wheelers have vanished from Vermont's shores, both east and west, one lone survivor, the S.S. Ticonderoga, rides high on the out-skirts of the Shelburne Museum, shrine and mecca for steamboat enthusiasts everywhere, forever heading through the grass toward Colchester Lighthouse.

Also at the Shelburne Museum may be seen more earth-bound vehicles, elegantly pictured and described in Lillian Baker Carlisle's booklet The Carriages at Shelburne Museum. They too recall vanished days, and for those of us whose knowledge of horse-drawn carriages is limited to the covered wagons, the stage coach, grandfather's buggy and the surrey with the famous fringe on top, these pages are a revelation.

Here are curricles, phaetons, gigs, tandems, victorias, caleches, dog carts and many more from the Web collection, each authentic, nostalgic and historic. In the days when we all travel by personal rocket even so will some wistful collector assemble every dream car of the 20th century, from Model T. to Thunderbird.

It is impossible not to like and admire a writer who courageously titles her book 'Like Vermont—But...'. The temptation to hear ill of oneself is strong in most of us. Mrs. Oma Barnes Lewis is the valiant author who thinks we should hear some hard truths about ourselves. These truths, however, turn out not to be so hard after all. Vermonters, curiously enough, are not saints, though Mrs. Lewis firmly states that 'Vermont is run on pretty much the same principles as Heaven.' She does not expand this, so we are left to wonder whether she means the New Jerusalem of the Swedenborgians, the Calvinist Heaven of the Elect, or possibly some divine combination of Auction, Chicken Pie Supper and Town Meeting.

Vermonters, we are indeed relieved to hear, are not perfect. Unbearable otherwise, they sometimes take things that do not belong to them and call it borrowing. Some don't care to be commanded to do a certain job at a certain time. A Vermonter reserves his independence even at the risk of going without a weekly paycheck. He is inclined to return evil for evil and good for good. He has self-respect, dignity and pride in his work.

Some of these traits puzzle Mrs. Lewis but she has got used to them after sixteen rock-rubbed summers. One thing, however, she still can't abide and that is snakes. She chops them up with any implement handy. Into her Garden of Eden let no serpent enter. Indeed, perhaps this is what she means by Heaven—snakeless Vermont.

Viola C. White, author of Vermont Diary, is an all-year, all-weather kind of Vermonter. Should she meet him on one of her customary walks she would give a snake a calm good-morning but never raise a hand against him. I deplore, as does Walter Pritchard Eaton in his preface to an earlier books of hers, Not Faster than a Walk, her habit of picking trailing arbutus, white trillium and other rare wild flowers, but I admire just about everything else about her as she reveals herself in these perceptive passages from her journals.

Like Thoreau, who will surely come to mind to anyone who reads them both, Miss White has taken a small undramatic corner of the globe for her province: for her it is Middlebury and the countryside within a few miles of this pleasant college town. She is a more genial neighbor than Thoreau, who could not help fixing his eye on eternity whether he hoed beans or measured Walden Pond. Indeed, she rebukes him firmly for holding that courtesy and compliment have no place in friendship.

But like Thoreau and all true lovers of New England she cherishes the storm as well as the bright day; our rapidly changing weather exhilarates her and she sees the subtleties in the drab flat November her outlook as well as in the multitudinous greens of early spring. She shares her reading and her friends with us as well as her adventures on foot in search of happiness in simplicity, heaven in a dandelion and bliss in a robin's call.

Mrs. Appleyard is back again in a new and engaging book by Louise Andrews Kent and her daughter, who conducts this column. The Summer Kitchen is a picture of what a summer is like in a rural Vermont community—the summer people, the picnics, teas, dinners, community suppers and special parties—and of course the delectable-sounding traditional and unusual foods Mrs. Appleyard and her friends prepare for them.

Intriguing recipes and menus abound, mixed with charming and sharply etched descriptions of country living. Here you will find more tongue-tempting ways to prepare string beans, for instance, than ever seemed possible. w.h.


I Love Vermont—But...—Oma Barnes Lewis. Exposition Press, New York, 1956, $3.00


MYSTERY PICTURE

NO. 3

Unusual gravestones often are found in Vermont cemeteries. The first correct answer locating this stone, received, and postmarked after May 27th, will receive one of our special prizes.
The Busch family visits with pianist Rudolf Serkin (center), the School’s artistic director.

Louis Moyse (center) of piano & woodwind faculty with Bernard Goldberg, first flutist of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and Luis Butler, pianist from Uruguay, at chamber music rehearsal.

**School of Music**

Mastery of chamber music, according to the Marlboro School of Music, is essential to a musical education. For eight weeks this summer on the hilltop campus of Marlboro College in southern Vermont, the School is again offering talented young musicians the chance to study chamber music with as distinguished a faculty as graces any music school in the country. Some of its members: pianist Rudolf Serkin of nearby Guilford, a founder and leading spirit; flutist Marcel Moyse, for twenty years professor at the Paris Conservatoire; violinists Alexander Schneider of the Budapest String Quartet, and Blanche Honegger Moyse, a recitalist throughout Europe; Herman Busch, former first cellist of the Vienna Symphony and now of the University of Miami; and Martial Singer, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera. These and other musicians of comparable caliber make up the musical family which gives the summer week-end concerts known as the Marlboro Music Festival. Vermont Life presents photographs of the School and Festival in action.

END
World-famous pianist Rudolf Serkin, whose home is in nearby Guilford, serves the School as its artistic director and also its president—here working with 14-year-old Arthur Fennimore. Students who come to Marlboro already are virtuosos on their respective instruments. They find this remote campus a desirable refuge for music—with some of the world's finest interpreters.

This is the School's purpose, rather than its public concerts, though these offer chamber music equal to the finest in the world.

Other faculty members include Claude Frank, piano, Bjorn Andreassen and Felix Galimir, violin, Lotte Bamberger, viola, Madeline Foley, 'cello, and Harvey Olnick, director of the School.
Alexander Schneider, member of the Budapest String Quartet and member of the Marlboro faculty, leads a chamber rehearsal. Behind, at the piano, is Mr. Serkin. Below left is chamber orchestra in rehearsal. Among supporters of the School are the D. N. Heineman Foundation, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. & Mrs. Henry Z. Persons, The Edgar M. Leventritt Foundation, Mrs. Efrem Zimbalisti, Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Mrs. Ottocaro Weiss, Mrs. Justin K. Thannhauser and the late Maestro Arturo Toscanini.

The photographer, Clement Kalisher, was born in Bavaria, lived in Switzerland, grew up in France and during the War spent three years in a concentration camp after service in the French army. He came to this country in 1942, beginning his photographic career in New York. In 1951 he settled in Stockbridge, Mass. His photography has won wide acclaim in many national magazines and at shows in various United States & European galleries.
TENTATIVE 1957 SCHEDULE

Public concerts will be held at Marlboro at 4 p.m. on June 30th, July 7, 14, 21, 28, August 4 & 11. Special weekend programs will be presented August 17 & 18, 24 & 25. These will include: Saturdays, rehearsal 10 a.m. to noon, evening concert 8:30 p.m.; Sundays, lectures at 2 p.m. and concert at 4:30.

During the final two weekends, Rudolf Serkin will play two Mozart concertos with the Festival Orchestra. Other performances to be heard during the whole series will include: Saturdays, rehearsal 10 a.m. to noon, evening concert 8:30 p.m.; Sundays, lectures at 2 p.m. and concert at 4:30.

A full schedule may be had by writing Marlboro Music School, Marlboro, Vt.

Martial Singher, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera and a faculty member in voice, is pictured performing at a Marlboro afternoon concert with Tam Crone, Dutch pianist, at the keyboard.

Evening performance at the Concert Hall, the Chamber Orchestra with Marcel & Louis Moyse, flutists.
Riding around Vermont today you will find few traces of the gay and popular health resorts that brought this state its first great influx of summer visitors. It is hard to believe, as you drive through Sheldon, Clarendon, Brunswick and Highgate that less than a hundred years ago thousands of people from all over the country flocked to these quiet villages for relief from their ills. Yet in 1868 some twenty-odd little Saratogas were listed in Hemenway's Vermont Historical Gazetteer and the boom era of Green Mountain mineral springs lasted in some cases even into the 1900's.

An era of high hopes and grandiose dreams, it was appropriately ushered in by a vision. Back in 1776, the strange mystic of Clarendon, Asa Smith, dreamed of a village for relief from their ills. Yet in years ago thousands of people from all over the state its first great influx of summer invalids from New Hampshire and Massachusetts and later on from New York were being brought by every sort of conveyance to the house on the river road. In 1866 a library was built on the site of the 4-story Spring Hotel which eventually replaced the old tavern. But for many years this inn, which was destroyed by fire in 1870, was one of the noted hostels of the North Country.

By the 1850's health resorts were burgeoning all over Vermont. The mineral waters of Tunbridge, discovered in 1805 from the abundant tracks of animals, were visited by hundreds daily and Plainfield's waters had also made a name for themselves. There were elegant boarding-houses in such widely separated communities as Vergennes, Brunswick, Williamstown, Hardwick and Alburg Springs.

Among the livelier watering-places was Highgate, concerning which the debonair poet-lawyer John Saxe wrote some very graphic if slightly cynical verses entitled "What Do They Do at the Springs?" As this was a question that intrigued a good many of the year-round residents, they read with appreciative chuckles such lines as: "Hands are commingled with hands, regardless of conjugal rings; and they flirt and they flirt,—and that's what they do at the Springs."

But if the diversions of the more frivolous visitors were sometimes observed with lifted eyebrows, there was no denying that they brought with them new fashions, new mannerisms and ideas that galvanized many a placid village into resurgent life. They also brought a prolific flow of hard cash that revolutionized the prevailing barter-economy. For as the Highgate bard concluded: "They pray and they pay,—and that's what they do at the Springs."

Money had never been plentiful in the Green Mountains and there is small doubt that the impelling force behind the rapid "re-discovery" of many curative waters in the 1860's was that anyone could see that here was a real bonanza.

In the case of the Middletown springs, however, the re-discovery can be claimed as an act of God. Their healing powers were recognized before 1811, but in that year a mountain freshet spread such a thick blanket of sand and gravel over them
that they were completely hidden. Then in June of 1868 the process was reversed. An even heavier spring flood swept away the debris and bared the springs again. In the same year several other springs were found and two companies formed for bottling the water. In the spring of 1870 work was begun on a large hotel. This was finished in 1871—a five-story building containing 137 "large, airy rooms," a dining-room 65 ft. long and 41 ft. wide with a 17 ft. ceiling, and a "lady's parlor" 41 ft. long and 40 ft. wide.

In all, five springs were discovered, no two of which were alike in their chemical properties. As might be expected, however, miracle stories were passed from town to town and grew with each telling and a local historian says bluntly that within the twelve months after their discovery, "These springs... acquired a reputation which they or any other spring waters, are not and cannot be entitled to... they will not raise the dead or cure incurable diseases."

Yet consider the case of C. Bainbridge Smith. In 1865 this wealthy New York attorney was cured of cancer of the tongue by the mineral waters of Sheldon after he had been promised only a few months of life. He was stopping in St. Albans on his way to Canada when Mrs. John Gregory Smith, wife of Vermont's famous Civil War governor, persuaded him to let her bring a bottle of the water from the "old Kimball spring" to his hotel. Before he had drunk half the contents, he began to feel better and after continuing the treatment for six weeks, he was well and able to resume his practice.

The spring which apparently restored Mr. Smith to health had been known for its healing virtues for almost a century. In gratitude for benefits received, the original owner, Moses Kimball, gave the water freely to all comers. But Mr. Smith was a businessman. In 1866, after purchasing the spring for $500, he invited all who wished to drink from it without charge, but this was only for an eight-months testing period. At the end of that time he acquired the farm on which the spring was situated for $24,000, had the water analyzed, and was soon sending it all over the United States and even to Europe. In 1868 the shipments from the "Missisquoi Spring" as he had re-named it, amounted to 14,792 boxes, each holding twenty-four quart bottles of the precious fluid.*

Among the testimonials in the brochure he published in 1866 were healings of cancer, consumption, paralysis, kidney trouble and cataracts with affidavits by men of such high standing as ex-governor Smith, Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the famous reaper, and C. K. Garrison, a noted New York attorney.

In 1867 work was begun on the Missisquoi Springs Hotel, which Smith planned to build around three sides of a square. The cost of building half the front and one wing of this impressive hostelry was $150,000 and each of the hundred rooms was not only supplied with gas lights and hot and cold running water but lavishly decorated with velvet carpeting and "furnishings to correspond with the very finest city hotels of the day." Glittering chandeliers blazed in the hotel parlors, colored waiters served the guests and the hotel's own orchestra played for the frequent formal balls, parties and dinners.

Hot on Smith's heels came other entrepreneurs. More springs were discovered. Three of them: the "Vermont," the "Central," and the "Sheldon" soon had their own hotels, although neither the springs nor the hotels ever gained the reputation of the "Missisquoi." Within the next few years ten hotels and boarding-houses had opened their doors to the increasing flow of summer guests. Two new stores, a grocery and a private hospital were added to the community. At the height of Sheldon's prosperity, 3,000 visitors were registered in a single season.

But all this came to an end in the summer of 1870, when the Missisquoi Hotel burned to the ground in a fire said to have been set by a disgruntled cook. Immediately, the bottling of "Missisquoi" water ceased, and when the inmates of the other hotels learned that they could no longer obtain it, many of them packed their trunks and left.

*For this and later material on Sheldon I am indebted to Mrs. Allene Corliss.
Within a year these hotels had failed, and, strangely enough, they too were later destroyed by fire. Smith returned to New York and the law, and his famous hostelry, which had entertained such celebrities as Lincoln’s Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of Boston, was never re-built. If you visit Sheldon this summer, you will find only one of the lesser hotels still standing—still known as the Portland House. The famous Missisquoi Spring is hidden by underbrush and you will have a hard time locating it unless your guide is one of the village elders.

The collapse of the Sheldon spas was followed by the gradual disappearance of many others. Fire was the frequent cause of their ruin. But the fact that few Southerners cared to return to abolitionist Vermont after the Civil War was another important factor, for many of the hotels depended on a predominantly Southern clientele.

A few resorts survived even into the 1900’s. Among these was the “Sanatoga Spring” at Woodstock—a belated re-discovery (1890) of Sanderson’s mineral spring, known for its healing powers as far back as the early 1800’s. This spring, analyzed by a professor of Woodstock Medical College in 1850, was credited with some remarkable cures in its early days and then forgotten. Its re-discovery and re-naming were followed by the erection of a magnificent hotel involving the outlay of $125,000 and enclosed in a 15-acre terraced park with avenues leading to the spring.

Other latter-day spas, like George Squiers’ Iodine Spring House in South Hero, owed their long life to the golf and tennis, boating and fishing, beautiful drives and fine accommodations offered along with the waters.

In the southern part of the state, the famous Equinox Water and Equinox Ginger Champagne were bottled and shipped all over the country and Manchester boasted proudly of “Equinox, the Leading Spring of the State.”

The widely-advertised watering-place at Brunswick, which contained a fountain to which six springs, each with a different predominating mineral, had been piped, was re-built three times. The last building was erected in 1931 and the colorful brochure which Mr. Richard S. Allen kindly loaned me along with recent photographs of several other mineral spring resorts, gives an impressive description of its facilities.

But of all Vermont’s once famous watering-places, the one which left the most lasting impress on the life of the state was the Wesselhoft Water Cure in Brattleboro. This unique institution flourished from 1845 to around 1871, but its most active years were from 1850-1860, when Brattleboro’s growth in population exceeded that of any previous period.

The lists of its guests, which read like a contemporary “Who’s Who,” included such notables as Julia Ward Howe, the poets Longfellow and Lowell, the Arctic explorer Elisha Kane, William D. Howells, Helen Hunt Jackson, Jared Sparks, the Civil War generals McLellan and Sherman, and ex-president Martin Van Buren.

One of its most enthusiastic visitors was a newspaper woman who prepared a daily column for the New York Ledger under the pseudonym of “Fanny Fern.” Her articles, which were read and enjoyed in the metropolitan area for sixteen years (1856-1872) advertised the charms of...
Vermont in glowing terms, and of one of her drives around Brattleboro we find her writing: "It is strange to me that everyone does not live in Brattleborough. There is not an ugly walk or drive in the whole town."

The founder of Brattleboro's water cure, Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft, was a scholarly German political refugee who came to America in 1840 and received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania the next year. He had conducted successful experiments with hydrotherapeutics for some time before one of his patients, a Mrs. Lovell Farr of Brattleboro, persuaded him to come to that town. He had already investigated other sections of the country and when he had decided on Brattleboro wrote to Horace Greeley: "The water is the purest I could find among several hundred springs from Virginia to the White Mountains . . . it is only here I have found them impregnated with sulphate of lime."

In 1844 two adjoining buildings on Eliot street were purchased for $3,000. This section was then a beautiful place of wooded walks and bubbling springs, vastly different from the congested district it is today. In May of 1845 the “Brattleboro Hydropathic Institution,” as it was then known, was opened with fifteen patients, but in a matter of weeks the number had increased to one hundred and fifty. Part of the capital was furnished by a wealthy Bostonian, but the mattresses for the beds were made by the staff and there was a rugged simplicity about the furnishings in great contrast to most of the other spas.

The treatments were rugged also. At 4 A.M. the patient was waked and wrapped in thick woolen blankets. Although he could drink as much cold water as he wanted, he stewed in his own juices until his coverings were soaked, when he was immediately plunged into a cold bath near his bed. Here he was left, with the windows open, until a thick scum formed on the water. This “wholesome exchange of matter” from the opened pores was supposed to purify the whole system. Amazingly, the doctor reported that in no case had "this sudden change of temperature proved to be injurious." Following the bath, the patient dressed and was sent out to walk and drink the pure spring water, after which he was rewarded with a Spartan breakfast of bread and butter, mush and milk.

By the spring of 1846 there were 392 guests at the Water Cure and its patronage continued to grow until many of the guests had to find quarters in the local boarding-houses. The weekly charge for board and room, baths and treatments was $10, but a patient was never turned away for lack of money.

After Dr. Wesselhoeft’s death in 1852, his wife and son Conrad carried on until changes in personnel and a gradual falling-off in the popularity of the treatments forced them to give up the undertaking. In 1852 a former member of the Wesselhoeft staff opened the “Lawrence Water Cure,” which flourished for three years, then passed into other hands, and finally declined. But in 1868 thirteen boarding-houses were advertised in the local paper and on summer afternoons the waiting carriages of the wealthy New Yorkers extended from the Water Cure buildings on Eliot street to Main street.

By 1890 the old Wesselhoeft establishment had been converted into a tenement house and the rambling walks were hidden by factory walls. But the influence of the genial founder and his associates still made itself felt in the social and artistic life of the town. Among his friends were several gifted German musicians, the most prominent being the organist, Christian Schuster, whose pupil, Alonzo P. Hines, played the piano and organ for local functions for 52 years. Another offshoot of this musical resurgence was the Burnett and Higgins Band, organized in 1860, which for 25 years furnished music for dances in Vernon, Whitingham, Dover, Wilmington, Readsboro, and eight other surround...
GOING ON IN VERMONT THIS SUMMER

Daily
Bennington Battle Monument July 8
Burlington Historical Museum July 8-Aug. 16
Barre Granite Quarry tours July 8-Aug. 17
Stowe Maple Museum July 9-Aug. 17
Plymouth Mansfield toll road July 10
Charlotte Wilder House open July 10
Fair Haven Essex, N. Y. ferry July 11
Granton State parks open July 11-13
May 30
May 31

S. Woodstock
Cheyenne (weekends)
L. Bomoseen Sail races, Sun. 2 pm
Proctor Marble exhibit
S. Woodstock GMHA Pleasure ride

Proctorsville Fletcher F. Craft School Aug. 2
Burlington UVM Summer sessions Aug. 2
Woodstock Lane concert series Aug. 2-4
Burlington Players, Tues-Sat. evenings Aug. 3
Morgan Sugar on Snow party Aug. 3-11
Middletown Garden Pilgrimage Aug. 4
New Haven Handcrafters' Bazaar Aug. 4
Newport Band concerts, Friday 8:00 Aug. 4
Middlebury Peasant Market Aug. 4
Newfane Horse show Aug. 4
Burlington Dog show Aug. 4
W. Woodstock Turkey supper Aug. 6
Peacham Auction & dinner, 12:00 Aug. 6
Weston Concert, 4 pm Aug. 6-9
Burlington Soap Box derby Aug. 7

Greenboro Shakespeare play Aug. 10
S. Woodstock Concert, Susanne Bloch Horse show Aug. 10
S. Woodstock Hospital fair Aug. 10-11
Townshend Art exhibit Aug. 10-11
Londonderry Mettinghouse pilgrimage Aug. 12
Rockingham SVA concert, 3:30 Aug. 12
Manchester Old Home Day Aug. 12
Gallup Mills Old Home Day Aug. 12
W. Woodstock Old Home Day Aug. 12
Irasburg Old Home Sunday Aug. 12
Wesfield Gilpin Mts. dedication Aug. 12
Thetford Hill Fair (pm) Aug. 12
Brandon Square Dance Festival Aug. 12
Woodstock Antique Sale & Fair Aug. 12
Morgan Bazaar, Dance (evening) Aug. 12
S. Woodstock Concert Aug. 12

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“One thing I like about Vermont views is that they grow so. The fields were fixed for pasture not for prettiness.”

Jonathan Daniels, 1940