The Fabulous Machine Tool Industry
The Editor's Uneasy Chair

As in the Summer issue, readers will find here at page 59 a postpaid, tear-out order form which, with a minimum of geometric computation, may be folded into an envelope. Please, Subscribers, also use this envelope form to enclose your renewal notice card and check. The only danger we foresee is that if you aren't careful you might place your check in the open part of the fold.

Fair—Hartland Fair, which we welcomed back last issue with a special note, and announced would be held in late September, had a late change of heart, moved the dates up a month to August 22, 23, 24. We hope that nobody's plans are seriously inconvenienced.

Copper—No sooner had our last Spring issue gone to press, beyond recall, than the sad word came that the Vermont copper mining, the subject of one of our main articles, was folding up for good, the ore depleted. In spite of a business slowdown no such fears come to us at this writing (May) regarding our lead article this issue on the Springfield machine tool industry. The 22 pages of the Valley of Precision article, incidentally, is the greatest number Vermont Life has ever devoted to one subject.

Doings—The roster of Autumn events contained inside the back cover of this issue was perforce compiled way back during sugaring. For an updated and much more complete compilation, write us for the Development Commission's special bulletin, also available until October 7th at the Brattleboro, Bennington, Rutland and Burlington information booths.

Color Prints—Increasingly we are receiving requests for color prints of our double spreads, suitable for framing. If the demand is sufficient we will plan such prints as a regular feature. Enlargements wouldn't be possible but prints would be on heavy stock, carrying no printing and with white border provided. Price would be something under a dollar each. So that we may gauge the interest, please send your ideas on a postcard addressed to Peter Sykas, Vermont Life, Montpelier.

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ANIMAL KINGDOM

e group of animal stories has recently been brought to the Postboy’s attention. Reason for this preoccupation, perhaps is that, as with the “people-versus-cows” discussion, Vermonters “prefer ’em.”

Procyonidae

Last May in Center Rutland, perhaps taken by the lethargy of springtime, a large raccoon elected to spend a day high in a tree near the postoffice, sleeping peacefully and oblivious of his gaping, fellow plantigrades below.

Feline

From the bottom of Vermont comes a last animal item, reported to us by Charles Morrow Wilson of Putney. It seems that a few years ago in the Wardsboro home of Leon Stocker, Mrs. Stocker had finally raised a serious objection to the appearance in her parlor of several unsightly cat holes.

For the uninitiated, the Vermont cat hole, sometimes appearing with doors, is an ancient architectural feature, provided for easy access by the cats and freedom from the tyranny of constant door opening and closing by their owners.

Mr. Stocker, to resume the tale, finally contrived a new parlor baseboard with the cat hole doors so cleverly concealed that when painted nobody could see them. Neither could theStockers’ cats. They knew the doors were there, but had to feel their way along the baseboard, patting it with their heads until a door opened. That constant pat-pat-pat sound almost drove Mrs. Stocker to distraction, according to reports.

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Valley of Precision

THE MACHINE TOOL INDUSTRY

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Photographs by SONJA BULLATY & ANGELO LOMEC
A MACHINE TOOL is a powered implement for shaping materials, usually metals. It is the one inanimate object which is capable of reproducing itself. By work equation the machine tool is to the hand tool what the hand tool was to the bare hand.

For the United States and the world at large the machine tool has become indispensable to mass production, to the basic American economy of standard (interchangeable) parts and abundance by way of the assembly line.

This year’s machine tool is one of the first production steps toward that “stunningly new” automobile we will be sorely tempted to buy two or three years from now. On the same principle, it is a prime prerequisite of industrial progress and survival, since the machine tool not only shapes but is the industrial future. It is the sine qua non of aircraft, electronics and a thousand other manufacturable wonders of next year and the years after. The machine tool is also the cradle of that still ill-defined and somewhat blurry wonder thing called automation.

This is more or less common knowledge. But many other no less significant truths about machine tools are all too little known. One is that the machine tool though born in 17th Century France was raised in Vermont, specifically in Windsor, and that one of the machine tool capitals of the world stays in Vermont, specifically in Springfield.

The most truly remarkable thing about the Vermont born and kept machine tool industry, is that it really isn’t an industry at all. Rather it is an art, carried on in industrial backgrounds or studios, but most definitely an art, creative, stubborn, enormously personal and otherwise peculiarly Vermonish.

Appropriately Springfield, the machine tool capital and fountainhead, is one of the most completely Vermonesque of all our towns. Senator Ralph E. Flanders, career machine tool worker and inventor of Springfield, describes his home town as an island of heavy industry completely surrounded by cows. It is also a town surrounded and fortified by Green Mountains and magnificent stories, including revealing anecdotes. One typifies machine tool making, Vermont style.

It happened on a March day in 1934. The Great Depression was still deep and dark. The machine tool shops of Springfield (Jones & Lamson Machine Company, the oldest; Fellows Gear Shaper company; Bryant Chucking Grinder company; and the Lovejoy Tool company, the maker of small tools) were toiling away. Though a dollar still looked as big as the moon all the Springfield shops were working and hoping.

At Fellows’ plant an exceptionally decisive order was in the works; an oversize multiple gear shaper designed for “cutting” the exacting transmission gears for the Caterpillar tractor. It had to be a big tool; the longer the designers worked the bigger it grew. The client was waiting prayerfully, watching closely and exhorting with emphasis.

The life of a great company and the long (since 1866) inventive record of a world-renowned developer of machine tools were swinging together.

The Fellows men built the complex, oversize tool on time. But after its triumphant completion Edward W. (Ted) Miller, Fellows’ veteran general manager, faced the shattering possibility that the very special machine tool had grown too big to move with available equipment.

Miller spent the night praying for a way. Next morning on rising customarily early he saw a sleet storm in the process of settling over the Springfield countryside. Miller and his men lost no time in rousting out and tire-chaining all available trucks and tractors. They latched on the oversize machine tool, skidded it like a whopper maple log, cleared the factory bridge by barely an inch, got the precious monster to the railroad yard, where they were able to power-jack it aboard a car.

Caterpillar got its all-necessary machine tool on time. Within minutes after the super gearshaper was loaded, the sun came out and promptly melted the ice. The typical anecdote was completed.

Ted Miller, with at least 95 patents to his credit, is at present Vermont’s most prolific inventor. He was not obliged to invent the story of the ice storm; it is a matter of record. But Vermont’s world-influencing art of machine tool making demands unending inventions. It was born in 1835 following Vermonter John Cooper’s invention of the rotative water pump. It grew with Pellmell profusion of inventions, ranging from fiddles and guns to jointed dolls and ball-point pens. Jones & Lamson stabilized the artistic enterprise with a world-influencing and inventive succession of power lathes for working metal. Machine tool making survives and progresses with and because of an unending sequence of memorable and restoring inventions. James Hartness, who was Cleveland trained, upbuilder of Jones & Lamson and former governor of Vermont, was among the inventive giants of the artistic trade. He won his first patent at 20, his hundredth at 59. Edwin Russell Fellows quit the parent firm in 1896 and moved up a Springfield hill to found his own shop with and by virtue of a “revolutionary” invention for shaping gears by what amounts to a mechanized sculptor’s technique. It employed a single gear, hardened and ground with side clearance, to shape by precision, sculpting a like gear.

In a shop barely big enough to house a family-size dairy herd, Ed Fellows founded and built a unique, internationally influencing machine tool “studio,” perpetuated by unending inventions and the peculiar, almost mystical mechanical talents of Vermonters, who apparently learn to differentiate between right and lefthand threadings while peering through the slats of their cradles. Fellows, according to Ralph Flanders, invented an “original method of cutting the teeth of gears——. The success of the automobile depends upon it.”

VERMONT Life 3
Similarly William Leroy Bryant, who succeeded Fellows as Jones & Lamson’s chief tool designer, began inventing internal grinding machinery. In 1909 he left the parent firm and directly down the road from it founded the Bryant Chucking Grinder company, which keeps on inventing in Springfield. Senator Flanders became president of the Bryant Company in 1934 soon after the death of William L. Bryant. He held that position concurrently with the presidency of Jones & Lamson until 1946, when he resigned to become Vermont’s junior U.S. Senator. He is perhaps the only legislator with better than 50 patents bearing his name.

William J. Bryant, the founder’s son who succeeded Flanders as president of the firm, is the originator of the now classic maxim: “If Hitler had made an effort to get proper information regarding Russian machine tool purchases during the late 1930’s, he would never have made the error of underestimating Russian strength.”

In November of last year Bryant merged with the Ex-Cell-O corporation of Detroit, manufacturers of a broad line of machine tools, cutting tools and gauges, aircraft component and dairy packaging and processing equipment. The new relationship is expected to stabilize Bryant’s production and also bring to Springfield the manufacture of new products.

Fred P. Lovejoy, also of the illustrious Jones & Lamson tutelage, quit the parent firm in 1917 to found Springfield’s related, small tool plant. His “toe-hold” invention was a unique method of locking inserted cutter blades into a cutter housing. This offered a cost saving, since only the blades needed replacement. His and his firm’s story is still another chronicle of additional inventions plus the derring-do to change them into valid producers of industrial goods.

The more one studies Springfield, Vermont and its comparatively quiet shops, the more certain he becomes that the global story of Vermont machine tools is actually a human story, a five-generation saga of individuals and individualists with great creative intelligence, inventiveness, quiet gumption and gargantuan stubbornness, plus the will to reach the world if not in person then surely by invention.

The saga of the machine tool is rooted in the evident proposition that Vermont has had inventors as long as it has had people. The first U.S. patent, bearing the very personal and oversize signature of President George Washington, was granted to Vermonter Samuel Hopkins for the making of pearl ash, for soap. The year was 1790.

Thirty-seven years later a Vermonter named John Cooper won U.S. Patent No. 1109 for his invention of a “Rotative Water Engine.” Cooper, who was a native of Guildhall and a mechanic, took his invention to Windsor “on the Connecticut meadows,” a river port with an iron mine, and therefore, a very early manufacturing town.

So John Cooper, mechanic turned inventor, headed for Windsor. He didn’t quite get there. Three miles west of the village he stopped at the workshop of one Azabel Hubbard, who operated a general machine shop. Cooper took working space and there set about to change his patent to reality.

The first turret lathe. This man was one who worked on it.
But Cooper had also invented a peculiar philosophy for the development of an invention. He proposed to manufacture the forms or "molds" for its standardized metal parts. This was a radical reversal of precedences. In those times manufacturers kept their molds as precious and sold machine parts in eccentric sizes as a means for protecting the proprietorship. The concept of inventing a machine, then inventing, producing and selling the tools for making the specific parts of the firstnamed machine, was not only novel but was decidedly shocking. Cooper kept on his stubborn inventive way. In 1828 he obtained patents for "machines for devising machines ro make water pumps."

Vermonters Cooper and Hubbard were ingenious men. In 1835 they joined with Windsor neighbors to found the National Hydraulic company, which began to manufacture a hand-operated gear pump, on a mass production basis and with interchangeable parts. In 1859 the Messrs. Jones and Lamson joined in person this unorthodox manufacturing venture.

Russell Jones had kept a cotton textile mill at Colrain, Mass. In 1824 Silas Lamson had left his hill farm to set up a handle "works" at Shelburne Falls. Silas' six sons were helpers and partners.

All went well with both the Lamsons and neighbor Russell Jones until the Great Flood of 1859 almost instantly put both firms out of business. Gamey the washed-out neighbors moved "upriver" to Windsor, Vermont.

There they found the National Hydraulic company changed to the gunmaking firm of Robbins & Lawrence. The refurbished firm had developed several distinguished machine tools for grooving bullets, rifling gun barrels and casting standard parts. The first extensive output of firearms began in 1851 when the British government placed an order for $25,000 worth of Robbins & Lawrence muskets (at approximately $100 apiece) plus a complement of machine tools for making firearms. British soldiers used the Vermont-made muskets in the Crimean War.

The first lever-action rifle, the brilliant 50-calibre Ball Repeating Carbine, was produced in the same shop. So was the Winchester muzzle-loader and the then famed New Haven rifle. In the late 1850's Christian Sharpe brought his soon-to-be renowned Sharpe rifle to the same shop, which, in 1861 became the E. G. Lamson company. Four of Silas Lamson's "boys" had acquired control. The ingenious Azabel Hubbard became shop foreman. The plant won far-spread if fatal renown as home of the "Sharpe shooter," perhaps the deadliest Civil War firearm.

Vermont's gun trade quickly faded with the close of the War. The Lamson brothers and their men turned to making forestry tools such as saws, cant hooks, stationary steam engines and sawmill boilers.

Russell Jones in 1876 rejoined his old neighbors in establishment of the Jones and Lamson Machine company. The corporation set a durable pattern for the Vermont machine tool industry as a whole; a pattern stressing peacetime manufactures, local capital and local inventions. Like its risk capital the labor and inventive talent has remained uniquely local.

During 1888 the firm found itself moved downriver and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
A NEW MACHINE TOOL
is the translation of abstract thought
into intricately machined metal parts.

Executives and engineers iron out details.

Draftsmen convert formulae to graphic plans.

Shop chief sets up fabrication with his foremen.

Mechanic checks with his foreman the parts he’ll make.
uphill to the peculiarly remote village of Springfield—six miles from the nearest railroad junction.

But then as now Springfield was, even as its chamber of commerce states on its letterhead, "A beautiful town in the hills of the Black River valley . . . combining the Vermont life with major industry." Its earlier industries had been in marked contrast with those of neighborly Windsor. The usual sequence of grist mills, blacksmithies and sawmills had found a temporary climax in the development of one of the most charming industries ever to grace New England.

Joel Ellis had begun manufacturing baskets, and presently, with the help of his sons and village neighbors he expanded the basket works to include a long and highly original list of what he termed "children's happiness makers." During the 1850's the outputs were wagon-freighted to the Connecticut River for loading on southbound barges, and presently on Boston & Maine rail cars. In time crated shipments of hoops and other toys from "Santa Claus's Finest Work Shop" were being exported by sailing ships to the Pacific West and by steam-sailers to Europe.

"Remote Springfield" early proved itself anything but remote in its ability to produce original goods and ideas. During 1887 a group of enterprising hillsiders invited the machine works to move to Springfield, and to that end bought a control in its ownership. So Jones & Lamson moved.

Early in 1889 the firm acquired a superintendent who was a peculiar and wondrous mixture of mechanic, aviation enthusiast (two decades before Kitty Hawk), mechanical engineer, astronomer, politician and, above all else, artistic inventor. Promptly James Hartness became the inventive helmsman for Jones & Lamson, for Springfield and the machine tool industry, as it was presently to materialize.

Hartness arrived at the shop with drawings and a patent application for a flat turret lathe, which was presently to bear his name and put his firm on the road to success. The first fifteen of the lathes were hard to sell. Once sold they dominated the firm's output for a dozen years, put Springfield on the map as a machine tool capital, and caused the original shop site to be renamed the Valley of Precision.

The Hartness lathe was based on a new turning principle in metal bar work. In production it soon proved the equivalent of three or four of the then-prevalent engine lathes. Jim Hartness shifted quickly to inventive improvements. Many of these shocked and infuriated the mechanical world, only to win enthusiastic acceptance within a few months or years.

In 1896, when the Springfield Electric Railroad was built along the meandering river to link the new machine tool capital with a mainline railroad and the world at large, Hartness had won wide recognition as one of the great men of his industry. Most professionals regard him with the greatest of all the machine tool inventors. In this group are Edwin Fellows of Springfield, James Gleason of Cincinnati and Charles Norton of Worcester.

But the place of Jim Hartness was greater even than the sum of his inventions or the brilliant growth record of his firm. He recognized machine tool making as an art. In addition to making himself one of its most competent artists, he became the preceptor of many other artists whose varied and recurrent talents have caused Springfield, Vermont to thrive and endure as the machine tool capital.

Windsor, birthplace of the machine tool industry, still holds an active place in the international marathon of powered machines. Two able Vermonters have taken twenty-year turns at keeping the cradle of machine tools a productive stronghold.

The first was Frank Lyman Cone, farm born and raised in Weathersfield, midway between Vermont's two machine tool centers. He came to work in a railroad shop at Windsor, quit that job to become a carpenter and handyman for the Windsor Machine Company, the successor to the original Jones & Lamson. At the turn of the century the struggling firm had grown strong and prosperous with a versatile powered lathe called the single spindle automatic.

In 1916 Handyman Frank Cone, then 48, gambled his life's savings to found his own machine tool company,
having already designed his own version of a single spindle metal lathe. During 1917 while serving as president, secretary-treasurer, designer, office and sales manager of his own firm, Frank Cone found time to design and place in manufacture a four-spindle machine tool capable of unprecedented work with large diameter metal tubing and bars.

With that and subsequent inventions he put to work the fine old Yankee adage: "Find out what the customers need and produce it." He began by selecting twelve large manufacturers in the fields of auto making, ball bearings and electrical supplies, and very personally identifying, designing, manufacturing and installing (also guaranteeing) machine tools which the big plants required. Meanwhile Cone continued to employ fellow Vermonters as mechanics and to think out his own "patterns."

During 1933 as a defense against what seemed an overpowering depression, Cone designed and began producing his "Eight-Spindle Automatic," which was then quite probably the world's most productive machine tool. As the "super machine" began finding American markets, Frank Cone and his associates became Vermont's first machine tool firm to establish manufacture abroad.

Following Frank Cone's death in 1936, his son-in-law, Henry P. Chaplin, by then a devoted Vermonter, succeeded as president. Henry Chaplin continues as impressively Vermontish head of a distinctively Vermont plant, which sells its products almost everywhere except in Vermont. Yet Vermont accents, stubbornness in perfecting work, and perpetuation of neighborliness continue to prevail. The great majority of Cone workers, normally about 1200, are native or longtime Vermonters. Many continue to live on farms.

The standby products currently include 61 models of the super-automatic lathes, which in terms of versatility and unit productivity remain distinguished leaders in automatic fabrication of metal parts; multiple-spindle chucks; and a new and fully automatic copying lathe, one of the fastest at work anywhere in the world. Indexing mechanisms, crosslides, stock reels and super-accurate work spindles are among the continuing outputs of the little-publicized Cone industries.

Cone is sometimes described as the shop for old men with new ideas. The latter pour forth with amazing continuances. With youngsters in their twenties, the present work roster at Cone includes many past 65, in most organizations the compulsory retirement age. Cone spurns compulsory retirement, continues to employ oldsters in their 80's. But the firm's ideas remain almost astonishingly young. Its products are as new as tomorrow.

In a machine tool shop of Springfield inventive workmen are perfecting full automation of precision grinding machines. In the same shop which the Hartness flat turret lathe made possible, an electronically-controlled super turret lathe is now at work, linked to photo-electric devices which make possible the automatic regulation of size control. Electronically-controlled drill press positioning tables provide information, from blueprint to machine, in the form of a punched tape.

In another sector of the same shop other workmen assemble five-machine batteries which perform all turning operations on a rear axle pinion for next year's cars. Each battery of machines picks up a blank forging at one end and delivers a completely turned stem pinion at the other every 24 seconds. In another Springfield shop eighteen correlated units with astute electronic controls shape and complete precision gears. At another plant a great new congregation of electro-mechanical rotating devices, including "memory drums" and "disc files" for computers, are appearing.

All these are listable as "normal crop" in the machine tool shops of Springfield. But neither automation, atom nor electric eye can alter the reality that machine tool making is as personal and human as Vermont itself. Men like James Hartness, who for a longlived generation served as the great helmsman of machine tool making, demonstrate the essential human ways of the machine tool art.

One senses here also a keen and at times very serious appreciation of the industrial and farflung importance of Springfield's machine tool creations. Gear-making and related machine tools are among the many decisive products which these shops continue to supply to great industries of the United States and a dozen other nations. Though products and inventions continue to multiply, gears remain Springfield’s foremost paid contribution to the auto industry, which remains the number-one customer. Ford and Cadillac were among the first to open

The first Bryant internal grinder—1909.

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trade lines to Springfield. After half a century both remain important customers.

Meanwhile many other automakers have joined in supplying orders for as much as 80 per cent of Vermont's entire output of machine tools. The automotive percentage is currently around 40; for brief intervals it has declined to as little as 20. The dollar value remains strong even though aircraft, electronics and a score of other great industries turn to the shops of Springfield for machine tools and other mechanical merchandises. As the years pass, Vermont's island of heavy industry causes more and more different things to run.

As already suggested, Windsor, Vermont gained historic significance more than a century ago when its pioneer machine tool shop supplied the British with rifles and tools for making them. Springfield began gaining stature as an international town during World War I. In the 1920's its shops returned to products for peace. But during the querulous and garrulous 1930's Springfield's European trade picked up again, and its machine tools began taking crucial roles in the worldshaking deeds of Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia. During the late 1930's the U.S.S.R. placed orders and received machine tools which had a great deal to do with the outcome of World War II. Springfield's machine tools are today making contributions to India as another industrial power. Meanwhile, as machine tools keep opening the way for onetime primitive nations in both hemispheres, the shops of Springfield keep opening the way for tools of the future. When Hitler's first Panzer divisions rolled into Poland, the Springfield machine tool plants were employing about 750 men. Four years later the rosters were above 4,300, outputs were increased more than proportionately, and even the most expert forecasts of production limits were being exceeded. The same little-publicized plants which previously had built their own markets and exported their machine tools to Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan, Britain and Australia, turned unanimously to "tooling" for U.S. victory. The turning was evident more than a year before Pearl Harbor. In 1942 Springfield's shops began shaping the power tools which permitted auto assembly lines to change to tank assembly lines; washing machine factories to shell factories, and so on; also supplementing machine tool outputs with other strategic goods. This changed Springfield into one of the world's busiest villages. Yet the machine tool workers remained preponderantly local. A great many of them continued living in country homes throughout the area, tending gardens and family-sized farms on the side.

The global war saw Vermont's island of heavy industry deluged with memorable firsts. All of the town's machine tool shops were honored with both Army and Navy E's for excellence in war efforts. Singly or together the busy machine tool shops developed parts for the first radar interceptor sets, produced sixteen of the subassemblies for the historic B-29 bomber, developed hydraulic pumps vital
to aviation, contributed basically to the mass production of scores of other war machines, such as bombsites and aerial cameras. The Korean tragedy marked still another era of deft adaptation to the needs of war, which have endured as the inevitable needs of defense.

The climaxing test of war was successful transition to peace. The machine tool shops of Springfield and Windsor again passed the test. Eighteen years after Roosevelt’s first proclamation of national emergency, Springfield’s shops were employing more men than at any period of World War II, while Cone of Windsor threw at least as strongly. In some recent years these shops, in a town of 10,000 have done a $70 million business. Used to cyclical business conditions and prepared for them, the current recession causes no panic. Machine tool workers, as they have before in periods of short work weeks, have turned to part-time jobs and farming. They are waiting until demands for new products bring new orders, as they have and will again.

As the phases of automation continue gaining shape, scope and variety it would be very easy for a reporter to describe our machine tool shops as robot's playgrounds. But it would be superficial reporting. For the men who know machine tools best tend to scoff the robot legend as such. They join in the experienced conviction that even as the precision and technical competence of machine tools increase, their dependence on manual and mental skills, and the individual artistry of inventors, designers and builders, continues to grow.

Not even the most brilliant and super-modern machine tools can create intellectually. However well they fabricate, they cannot literally invent. People have to do that; individual artists who must conceive and construct creatively, first by themselves, then in coordination with the work and skills of other gifted craftsmen. A machine tool designer told me this: "Automation' is a clumsy word. It somehow carries the idea of independence from people when actually it involves greater dependence on people. Our customers are mostly art followers—mechanical arts, if you want to call them that. They see these comparatively little shops here in Springfield as idea shops and art studios. What's more they see correctly."

Like carloadings and steel output, machine tools are trusted business barometers—the farthest predicting of all. Because of nationalism in trade policies, the machine tool barometer is presently somewhat vague in the United Kingdom, France and other parts of Western Europe.

We no longer sell machine tools to Soviet Russia or to any of the satellites, including Red China. Currently Vermont machine tool makers do not export to any Asian mainland nation except India. They export to Japan, which appears to gain steadily as the leading industrial power of the Far East. Australia remains an occasional but good customer. As gauged by machine tool orders South America is gaining faster industrially than any other entire continent.

Canada helps brighten the northern horizon. West Germany, particularly in areas where U.S. investments are strong, keeps gaining in machine tool imports. Italy is the fastest gaining of Europe's industrial nations, and doing well by Springfield also are Belgium, Switzerland and the Netherlands.

But U.S. industries stay the really decisive customers. From pen makers to devisers of intercontinental rockets they are requiring and buying more and better machine tools. Even more impressively, U.S. industries are planning and purchasing primarily for peaceful motives.

The machine tool shops here in Springfield are exceptionally friendly and confiding. They are a reporter's heaven and at the same time his nightmare. All the shops supply revealing copy, but it pours and piles before one like a barrelful of diamonds.

There are at least two consolations. The first is that there isn't room enough in one magazine article or, indeed, one book to list even telephone directory style the names of all the men, women, works and inventions which demand and deserve listing. The positive consolation is that the machine tool shops of Springfield keep on leading with inventive talent, new ideas and a peculiar yet wondrous art which cannot die so long as our nation lives. The same holds for the superbly Vermontish town of Springfield, where yesterday continues to touch hands with tomorrow.
In the twenty-one years that I have operated a resort in Vermont, 99 and 44/100 percent of the guesties have at one time or another said, "I love to visit the country. But how can you live here the year around? There's nothing to do."

If we’re just sitting around together in the lounge when somebody says this, I tell him the story of the retirement of Oscar Matthews. When I am through, my listener usually goes away thoughtfully and whatever his inner thoughts may be, never mentions the subject again in my hearing.

This Oscar Matthews was a high-powered executive from New York. When he reached the age of sixty-five, he and Mrs. Matthews retired to a farm north of Burlington, Vermont.

"The only misgivings we have," he told the real estate agent who sold him the river farm from which you could look out upon miles of forest and mountains, "is about keeping busy. Everybody knows there's nothing to do in the country, and that will be a problem. We'll enjoy inactivity for a while after the pace I've kept up all these years. But if the inactivity and monotony get too bad, we'll sell out and return to the city."

The first morning after he moved in—right after January 1, the date of his retirement—a Mr. Stebbins came to see Mr. Matthews. Mr. Stebbins was a rural mail carrier. After beating around the bush a good deal he said, "You being new here, you'll want a chance to get acquainted with the folks in this area. Let them know you. Better let me put down your name as my substitute on the rural mail route. You wouldn't be called on to drive around the route more than ten or fifteen times a year. And everybody knows the mail carrier. You'd get paid for getting acquainted with everybody, so to speak."
Well, Mr. Matthews didn't say "yes" right off, but he did agree in the end. It would give him something to do. A delegation called on him right away, too, to see if he'd take over the job of secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. They badly needed a man of his calibre. They were pretty flattering and he agreed because you had to do your share in community affairs. The Rotary Club asked him to join, and the people at church were very friendly. They had a few good-sized jobs for him as time went on. He welcomed them because it gave him something to occupy his time. They made him a deacon.

He got mixed up with a bowling league when one of the team members was operated on for appendicitis. He enjoyed that immensely, and it took two evenings a week. By this time they'd begun to be invited out socially a good deal. The skiing was terrific at Underhill and Stowe, and one of the neighbors took him fishing through the ice on Lake Champlain a few times. There were plays and concerts and athletic contests down at the University of Vermont. A lot of snow fell, and he spent many a morning shoveling the stuff. He read a lot and watched television.

So with all that, the remainder of the winter went along well, and he wasn't bored. Though he knew, of course, that the real test would come when leisure's newness began to wear off, when indoor activity gave way to outdoor activity, and the days grew longer.

Spring came all of a sudden. It seemed as if one day there was ice and snow, and the next day the way-back roads were a sea of mud.

And right then Mr. Stebbins was taken sick, and Mr. Matthews had to carry the mail on the rural route. He was all right on the main roads, but he got stuck every day on the back roads. He'd never driven in mud before. Sometimes instead of getting back shortly after noon, he wouldn't return home till after six at night. He had to give up all thought of skiing and fishing. If he went anywhere in the evening he was pretty likely to fall asleep. He met the neighbors all right—most of them hauled him out of the mud.

He got so well acquainted with one of them, a Mr. Lake, that they got to talking about Mr. Matthews' idle acres.

Mr. Lake said, "It's a shame to let that land of yours stand idle and go down hill. You better get some pure-bred cattle, just a few, and have some income from it. That is, if you like animals. Give you something to do."

VERMONT Life 25
Mr. Matthews thought this over, and it seemed like a fine idea to him for occupying his leisure time. Anyhow, he’d need fertilizer for the big garden he planned. And he did like animals. It just happened that Mr. Lake had some pure-bred Jerseys that he’d let him have, and he delivered them a few days later.

For a while Mr. Matthews spent his evenings in the barn making the repairs that would be necessary before the cattle could be taken care of. This was on top of the day’s mail deliveries. After the cattle arrived, Mr. Matthews spent considerable time getting the hang of the milking machine, and in just admiring his cattle. He had had no idea you could get to feel so personal about farm animals so quickly. He had to get up by six in the morning to get the morning milking done ahead of going to the Post Office. This was an unheard-of hour for Mr. Matthews.

After he’d been carrying the mail about ten days one of the Post Office workers said, “How is the mud?”

Mr. Matthews said, “It’s drying up. I got through fairly early today.”

The man nodded. He said, “Then Mr. Stebbins will be getting well any day now.”

“You mean—”

“You were a God-send to him. He is sick every year for the back-roads mud season. And all the local substitute possibilities had got wise to him. He was at his wits end when you moved in. He’s extremely healthy the rest of the year.”

Mr. Stebbins returned two days later. He said he was on the road to recovery. “But I’ve had a bad siege. A bad one.” He shook his head lugubriously.

Unfortunately the end of Mr. Matthews’ postal duties did not spell rest for him. He attacked the garden. There was a lot more work with the cows than he’d dreamed there could be. The lawn began to grow green and long. He got a lot of books and government pamphlets on the care of Jerseys. He poured over these in the evenings after it was too dark to work outdoors.

He had been looking forward to the trout season, but too much work had piled up around the place. He gave up the idea of fishing May 1, which was opening day. The golf course opened that day, too, and he took out a membership. He liked golf. When he got caught up on the work around the place, he’d play a lot of golf. It would occupy his leisure time.

In June haying started—he had to have hay for the winter needs of his cows—and the weeds in both his flower garden and his vegetable garden grew much faster than the items he had planted. By that time he had a considerable amount of money tied up in a tractor and hay-making equipment for his cows, which it had seemed a good idea to buy.

After he had read all the books and pamphlets, he was asked to speak at a farmers’ meeting. He relayed to them the amazing things he had learned about the raising of cows. They sat there and listened to him very dead-pan and polite while he expounded lore which most of them had learned from their fathers before they were ten years old. It was all a brand new area of human endeavor to Mr. Matthews and he was very enthusiastic. In their quiet way the farmers got a great deal of enjoyment from these speeches. Mr. Matthews found himself in some demand as a speaker.

In July the garden began to bear copiously. And since it seemed criminal to throw good food away when so many were starving throughout the world, Mrs. Matthews, assisted by Mr. Matthews, was forced into canning and freezing the product of Mr. Matthews’ labors. The church suddenly became more demanding. The Chamber of Commerce work doubled. The Rotary Club and the drives for charity funds grew more and more insistent.

Also the Matthews started having company. Their friends from New York, some of whom they hadn’t really known very well, became very interested in them and arrived and were rather easily persuaded to make extended stays in such a delightful spot. Mrs. Matthews found it very difficult to get away from the kitchen at all. The grocery bills—except vegetables—became rather astonishing. Mr. Matthews still hadn’t played golf even once or gone fishing.

When Mrs. Matthews suggested that they give up the cows, and let the garden grow up into lawn, and resign
from the Chamber and the Rotary Club, Mr. Matthews horrified, tried to explain to her why you couldn't do that sort of thing. She then suggested that he hire someone to do the work. And he explained to her how silly that would be when he was retired and had all that leisure time to fill. After that it seemed to him she became a little distant, and sometimes even a little short with him.

One night after dark Mr. Matthews found that one of the cows had cut herself rather badly with one hoof. He called in the veterinarian and together they tried to do a sewing job. The cow, however, wouldn't cooperate one hundred percent. And so Mr. Matthews got Mrs. Matthews to come out to the barn to hold the cow's head.

The job was somewhat gory, and the environment was not the best, so that after some time Mrs. Matthews said suddenly, "George, I'm going to faint."

Mr. Matthews said, "Please, Grace, we're almost through. Just hold Nellie's head a little longer. When we're through you can faint all you want to."

There were a few moments of silence, and then a heavy cow and a few chickens, just to supply my own needs. And a small garden. But nobody would get me to plant too big a garden or work too hard for charity drives, or on church or municipal matters to kill time, even though everybody knows that there's nothing to do in the country."

"Nothing," I assure him cheerfully.

And as I say, he leaves then, looking annoyed and dissatisfied, and never brings up the subject in my hearing again.

VERMONT Life 27
Turkey is the beginning of my Vermont story, for in Thetford lived a Vermonter born in Turkey, Dr. Charles Farnsworth, who with his wife started in a small way a summer camp for girls. It was a beautiful farm with a lake and surrounding country in which to tramp and climb and ride horseback. Dr. Farnsworth and his wife were people of deep culture, and there came to the camp rare people—musicians, actors and writers.

I had started photography with my brother in Buffalo, had become one of the early women pictorialists, and was on my way—this before the light meter was invented.

A friend from Buffalo, who was a director at the Thetford camp, asked me if I would like to come and tell the story of the camp pictorially. So I went to Camp Hanoum (the Turkish word for “lady”) and there began my Vermont story.

We all took riding trips through the country, slept in barns and under trees in the rain, and shared so many experiences that it brought us all very close.

One member of our party was a blond Russian girl who spoke little English. Her father was a Russian general sent to this country to buy munitions. He and his wife had sent their daughter to Hanoum to learn of America.

After the Russian revolution broke out they left their daughter with us, when they were called back to Russia. After many dramatic escapes they returned to this country, and because of friends they had made in Thetford they bought a little house there.

Meanwhile, their daughter had become my friend and partner. We rented the wing of a little house next to her parents and started a summer studio. Here Vermont really began for me. How important that little summer studio became! Because of the Near East connections in Thetford I travelled there, and because of Russian connections and that many of their great artists fled to America, I made their pictures. I am thinking of Ilya Tolstoy and Alexandra, children of Leo; Moscow Art Theater group; Knipper-Chekova, the wife of Chekov; Rachmaninoff.

But that little studio in Thetford radiated to all of Vermont. In Woodstock there was John Cotton Dana who worked out with me the proportions for my exhibition.
prints and taught me how to cut mats. Through friends in Woodstock I photographed all the Rockefeller boys. I made Otis Skinner’s portrait in his garden. Over in Springfield there were ex-Governor Harnness, the Ralph Flanders and the Horace Browns.

In and around Thetford I think my best landscapes were made. Here my Vermont neighbors enriched my life by their friendliness—Christine Vaughan, the postmistress, and the wise, kind Mr. Speed of Union Village.

My Vermont photographs were shown in London, Rome, Paris and Constantinople, and were received well. It seems to me that all this stemmed from Vermont—that there is a magic of roots growing deep in this state which touches the whole world.

For seventeen years I was in Thetford. Then one day I came to visit Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who took me to see her favorite people. One was Sally Cleghorn.

Soon afterward one day, Sally and I were walking along a street in Manchester and saw the most charming little house with picket fence and a sign “for rent.” I knew by instinct it should be my studio. I rented it, and the Vermont people have rooted me in this valley since 1937.

In a little cemetery on Thetford Hill, where white birches stand, General and Madame Khrabroff are buried, a Russian cross at each grave. The General had sent to St. Petersburg for some of the earth from their old garden. When he was buried, there was the earth of Russia in his pocket to mingle with the earth of Vermont. To me Vermont stands for such a mingling of the many good people and things of this world.

CLARA SIPPRELL

JOHN F. SMITH, JR.

Clara Sipprell started her photographic career in the studio of her brother Frank, in Buffalo, N.Y. It was he who helped her to master the technical fundamentals, but soon she began to develop her own style and technique. In time she moved to New York where she was exposed to the influences of Clarence White, Alfred Steigliitz and Gertrude Kassebier, who were among the leading pioneers of modern photography. Miss Sipprell cheerfully admits to being an “early pictorialist” and her present work still retains the quality and approach of these “photosecessionists.”

A Sipprell portrait lacks the hardness and shock effect typical of much contemporary portraiture. She has resisted the influences of the magazine and newspaper photographers, preferring the gentleness and poetic quality of the soft-focus image.

Clara Sipprell shuns the darkroom acrobatics and manipulations of today’s miniature camera photographers, preferring to work with the 8 x 10 negative and an ancient but imposing view camera only a few sizes smaller than an atomic cannon.

Her prints are made by contact and utilize the whole negative. Retouching and enlarging are not permitted. Equally important is her insistence on using only daylight as a light source for her work, a drawback only in that it is not always available where she wants it. Her present studio, which she built with Phyllis Fenner, a children’s book authority, overcomes this lack by having a huge south window which fills the studio-livingroom with great floods of light.

The striking thing about a Sipprell portrait is not the technique but the mood. The ability to capture the essence of a person’s character is the outstanding aspect of her work. Employing simple equipment and always daylight, she seeks a natural expression or pose which will record her reaction to the subject’s personality. She won’t attempt to make a sitting until she has probed his personality through conversation and observation. Finally the moment comes and she finds that essence, which she will then seek to record.
THE BLACKSMITH

JAY CONNAWAY
For 55 years now, Mrs. Ann Dilloway Miller has been known on which side her bread was buttered. And so do the people who drive up to her blue-shuttered white house on Malletts Bay to buy some of her famous homemade bread, honey rolls and filled cookies.

A long time ago, as they stepped inside the three-room house, intoxicated by the heady, toasty, nutty smell of the big, brown-crusted loaves rising in the Blodgett oven, many would say, "Oh Ann, no wonder people rave about your bread."

That set Mrs. Miller's clear blue eyes to twinkling at her chin to bouncing and soon she hit upon "Ravann" her trade name.

The spry, alert little lady who has cooked in every state of the union, baked her first loaf of bread when she was six. "I had to stand on a stool," she recalled.

Next year, she'll be 80. But retirement is furthest from her mind. On the contrary, she plans to celebrate by enlarging her quarters to include an outside showcase, mixing room and shelf space.

And, if things go well, she'll have a new product—tinned garlic bread.

Mrs. Miller does all her own mixing, baking and selling. "Hire help," she harrumphed, "and they stay awhile then steal your recipes and start their own business."

It wasn't until two years ago that Mrs. Miller bought...
Of Heaven

ANN DELLA CHIESA

mixing machine. Until then, her freckled hands did all the kneading, punching and slashing of the white fluffy mass of dough into shape.

And it wasn't until last year that she had scales appropriate to weighing the 250 loaves of bread, twenty dozen rolls, assorted cookies and brown breads she bakes on a good day.

Although the Howe scales were made in Rutland, she had to go to New York City to get them. They were one of the prizes she won on the "Strike It Rich" program. "Before that show," she chuckled, "only the out-of-towners who came to Vermont in the summers knew me. After that, the Vermonters turned up."

Mrs. Miller has been in Vermont since Columbus Day, 1932. After she married and her children started coming, she hired out by the day to bake bread and pastries, her children going along with her.

Later, she got the yen to travel—she still heads south every winter—and at each stop would hire a hall. "I joined the Pythian Sisters, the Rebekahs, anything, so that when I get to a new city I could use their halls for baking."

"Once I went to Miami Beach with $8.75 and came back with $590," she said proudly.

But during the summertime, she stays put in Vermont, rising at two a.m. to prepare the bread mixture, and not closing the white picket gate which means "sold out" until five in the afternoon.

"I've never known what it is not to earn a dollar," she said. When she first moved out to the marshy territory a few minutes' drive from Lake Champlain, everyone thought she was foolish.

"But I showed them," she said, "I went out, picked some pussy willows in the ravine, set them in a tub and hung up a sign. Pretty soon a lady came by, said she wanted to send some to California to be used in a movie."

But Mrs. Miller's pussy willow days are over. Bread is truly her staff of life now.

And sometimes, she steals a loaf for herself, slices off a piece, spreads it with yellow butter and sits a minute to eat it.

The recipe will always be her own secret, but here's how she makes her famous Plain Cookies:

2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups shortening
2 beaten eggs
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sour cream or buttermilk
6 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons cream of tartar

Mix ingredients and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. For filled cookies, put one tablespoon fruit mix on top of cookie, in center. Then, thin out some of the mix and spread over top with a spoon.

END
The making of a seal for a nation or a state, at the time of the American Revolution, was a matter of great importance, since a seal seemed to the people of the time a most important badge of sovereignty. As soon as the formalities of signing the Declaration of Independence were completed, John Hancock announced that a seal was required for the new nation. Finally, in 1782, the design now familiar was adopted.

Almost exactly a year later than the Declaration of Independence, the Vermont convention at Windsor adopted Vermont's Constitution, in which a separate section provided that all commissions issued by the State should be sealed with the State Seal.

Although the records do not show that any committee worked on the Vermont seal, it is safe to assume that it was discussed by members of the Council. Ira Allen, a member of the Council, remained in Windsor after the close of the October, 1778 session of the second Vermont General Assembly, and entered in his expense account a charge of ten shillings for two days spent at Windsor drawing a seal, and an equal amount paid to Reuben Dean, local craftsman and silversmith, for making it. The date was October 26th. It also appears that Governor Thomas Chittenden remained after the session; and it is likely that he participated in the seal making.

At an adjourned legislative session in Bennington, Feb. 20, 1779, a resolution adopted the seal which Ira Allen had drawn and Reuben Dean had cut, with recommendation that it be cut deeper. The Vermonters who made the seal were doubtless aware of the slow progress of the seal of the United States. Although they may have had suggestions from such persons as Dr. Thomas Young of Philadelphia, a friend of the young state who proposed the State's name, the design seems to have been an entirely local product, worked out sampler fashion. It is wholly unlike any other state seal. It is not heraldic. It is not a picture. Rather, it is a pleasing pattern of symbols which are more or less obvious, and must have seemed significant to those who produced it.

Abby Maria Hemenway's *Gazetteer of Vermont* states that Henry Stevens, founder of the Vermont Historical Society, visited Arlington and found there an aged survivor of Gov. Chittenden's bodyguard, by name of Deming. Deming said that a British officer had carved a horn cup belonging to the governor with a scene from the west window of the house used by Chittenden, showing a wheat field in the foreground, and a large pine tree on a knoll in the background; and that he understood that Ira Allen had
seen this, and made use of its pattern for the seal. The British officer was said to have been there sparking the governor’s hired girl. This story, together with local tradition, is probably enough to connect the central pine of the seal with the tree which stands even now and must have been large then, visible from the region of the house.

A look at the seal will show that the large pine tree has no “leader.” It has fourteen distinct branches, thought to represent the United States with Vermont as the fourteenth member which it then hoped to be, and eventually became. The Arlington tree also has no leader. The thought was that no one state should dominate the whole. The pine tree had long been a New England symbol. Pine tree shillings were minted in Boston in the 1650’s. The pine tree flag was in use as early as 1700, as a New England flag, and was even used by ships of the American Navy for a time. Pines fit for masts were reserved in the New Hampshire charters for the Royal Navy. The charters issued by Vermont made similar reservations for use of the State.

Across the center of the seal is a row of wooded hills, plainly depicting the Green Mountains. At top and bottom are wave patterns which might indicate sea and sky, or perhaps, if read mapwise, the waters which constitute all Vermont’s eastern boundary, and much of its western line, in the Connecticut river, and Lake Champlain with the Poulney River, respectively.

The cow was a better prophecy of Vermont’s dairy farming than even a dreamer like Ira Allen could visualize. The spearhead device across from the cow probably is the tip of a spontoon, a sort of slender staff with a fancy head shaped like an old halberd, used by lesser military officers for giving directions, and as a symbol of authority. Perhaps it was placed on its side as an expression that peace was hoped for.

The motto, Freedom & Unity, was highly appropriate, since Vermont was engaged in two desperate struggles for freedom from Britain and New York; was tremendously in need of unity at home and with the United States.

The remaining feature, the four sheaves of wheat, may have been borrowed from the Pennsylvania seal, which also has these items, called garbs in heraldry. Vermont was to be a great wheat area, before the West opened.

But General John Stark of New Hampshire, who commanded at the Battle of Bennington, and had long been a friend of Vermont, had some fine china plates with garbs. Though the china wasn’t made until after the seal it is at least possible that his friend Ira Allen thought of the garbs, which may have been a Stark family emblem, when he made the seal. For, his next task, after getting the seal made, was to go to New Hampshire and explain the devious method by which Vermont was escaping from the unfortunate annexation of sixteen New Hampshire towns. A tribute to the friendly New Hampshire hero might have helped when he was trying to assuage the angry leaders of the sister state.

### Mystery Picture

**NUMBER 8**

The stone building, not the farmer, is the mystery here. Residents of the town and the county of location are disqualified from competing. One of our special awards will go to the first correct identification sent to *Vermont Life* and postmarked after August 25th. See picture above for the answer to our Summer mystery picture contest, won by Horace Abrams of Schoharie, N. Y.
ONLY
YESTERDAY
A Remembrance of Vermont
By WALTER HARD, Sr.

ONE of the most foresighted things the Founding Fathers did was to sign the Declaration of Independence when they did. When you stop to consider what could have been made of a Fourth of July celebration of the kind we held only a few years back, say in the middle of the winter, then you realize how wise they were. That kind of a declaration demanded hot weather for its proper celebration and plenty of noise and that's the kind we remember. Incidentally it must be a kind provision of Providence which makes us remember them all as hot and sunny, with the rainy ones completely forgotten.

THE GRAND AND GLORIOUS

I was especially fortunate in having a father who ran a Drug Store and incidentally, sold firecrackers and such, at the proper time of year. This family connection with the celebration might seem to have offered no end to the firecrackers and caps and fancy pistols I might have had. Not so. I remember I had to save my pennies just as my neighbor boy and girl friends did. Very properly, as I see it now, and I hope I did at least somewhat then, I had the same amount of celebration all my pals did.

There were those strings of Chinese crackers in thin red paper, with the fuses all intertwined but loosely enough so single crackers could usually be removed without pulling the fuse out. Even if that did happen, it was possible to break the small one-inch in half making it V shaped and then apply the punk to the powder thus exposed. It made a very satisfactory poosh sound and a considerable flash. “Sissor” was the name, although I do not vouch for the spelling. Also, if one was feeling very extravagant, he could touch the end of the bunch with his punk and set the whole line going. If there had been such in my day I'm sure my youthful mind would have made the resulting series of explosions sound just like a machine gun.

I had a canvas bag with a strap over my shoulder to carry my ammunition around in. A few bunches of crackers usually all carefully separated so they'd last longer probably, a very few two inchers and maybe a couple of longer ones held back as long as possible. A cap pistol at my belt, and an extra piece of punk and a very few matches. Such would be the contents of my ammunition carrier. Probably earlier I stayed in my own yard and my mother lit the punk and let me light the fuse while the cracker rested on the ground. Also I'm sure I was equipped with torpedoes, later considered only proper for girls to use. Also I had gone through the exquisite tremors of holding a cracker in my hand and lighting the fuse and then, glory be, waiting until it was almost burned to the powder before tossing it up in the air.

Usually by mid-morning, what with staying awake some of the previous night and the early rising, all induced by the excitement of the event, having also shot off much of my store, I began to feel a waning of enthusiasm and soon discovered not only my ammunition was depleted but all evidence of breakfast was completely gone. I seem to recall that the latter need having been well met, I sometimes stopped to lie in the hammock or perhaps in the tent for a minute and awoke to find the day was fast departing and my celebrating material still offered more opportunity. However the shooting off of the remainders, usually with an equally tired group of neighbor friends, lacked the zest of the earlier hours.

Then it would be borne in on our minds that this day had two parts. After supper, when darkness came on, there would be fireworks on the Village Green and for once we could sit up without asking. With renewed zeal we made way with our last noisemakers suffering no parting pangs which, except for the great coming event, would undoubtedly have assailed us all.

Now I'll skip a few years if I may, and go behind the scenes here and there, sometimes in fact acting as scene shifter or again returning to the seat in the audience.

In due time I learned that there was more to this great day than I had dreamed of. The proprietor of the big summer hotel in front of which the evening fireworks were shot off, felt that his tired urban guests, having come to the country to escape the noises of their busy daily lives, were paying for and so were entitled to a full night's rest. So shortly before the Fourth word would go out that there was not to be any beginning of the celebration of the day, until say eight o'clock. No shooting of crackers or cannon —of which there was at least one in town—and especially no ringing of bells. Most especially no ringing of the Court House bell situated directly across the Green from the sleeping guests. Usually rumors grew until all the sheriffs and deputies and special officers from the surrounding region were supposed to be on hand fully armed ready to
In the afternoon there might be a base ball game offering a few chances to set off a four incher with pleasing results in close proximity to some absorbed spectator, but usually the supplies of crackers and considerable of the early morning zest had become depleted. Happily, you recalled, this was simply an interlude.

On the Green opposite the big hotel, with the wide highway running between, a platform had been set up and when evening began to fill the valley with shadows, gradually the hotel porches and the lawn in front and some of the road were filled with hotel guests, and cottagers, and towns people. Meantime a few firecrackers went off now and then, just enough to scare a horse drawing a buggy in which some youth with his best girl for a moment occupied the limelight.

☆ ☆ ☆

When for the tenth time numerous small boys had asked "MOther, WHY don't they begin?" suddenly spines were riven by the swoooosh of the first skyrocket, which soared aloft against the background of the Green Mountains, and then up into the dark sky. By the time numerous hearts had again begun to function in their accustomed places, from away up came the muffled sound of small rockets releasing stars of many colors which floated down in graceful arcs and then faded into the darkness.

From then on thrills of sight and sound followed in quick succession. Pinwheels of flaming lights whirled, balls of fire shot up into the night and exploded with ear-splitting violence. Ladylike flowerpots blossomed for a moment and then caught the madness and burst into deafening explosions and always there was the tingling swoooosh of the skyrockets and their canopy of stars floating down.

There was a pause and smoke from flaming red torches hid the platform. Suddenly the air was filled with sights that dazzled and sounds that deafened as everything that had gone before reappeared as a chorus in a grand finale.

As the last skyrockets let down their showers of color a hush settled over the scene—Then sudden darkness. With a huge sigh the Great Day ended.

END

VERMONT Life 37
Autumn's Blaze

Across the countless hills and valleys of Vermont, the waning green world, in a final burst of life, takes on the varied hues of fire, seeming in this boastful blaze of color also to propitiate the relentless white cold that will surely come. The time is late September and early October. (Photographers’ names appear inside front cover.)

Birch Grove, Weathersfield
Near Quechee
Autumn Mist, Quechee
Demning Pond, East Dorset

Near Belmont
Along the Winooski, Marshfield
MY LIFE WITH The Porcupines

MIRIAM CHAPIN
Illustrated by George Daly

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a Vermont back country farm and starts to live on it has to wait long for his first lesson in natural history. If he arrives in spring and leaves his car parked anywhere near the woods, he will receive his lesson the first morning,
when he observes hunks bitten from his tires, and the remnants displaying marks of wide teeth. He may find that his horn won't blow, his lights won't go on. Chewed up wiring can cost quite a lot to replace; porcupines are the greatest stimulant to the purchase of fabricated garages ever known—something that can be put up in a hurry. Maybe the manufacturers subsidize them. I wouldn't know, but I would believe anything about porcupines. Or maybe the newcomer's pure-bred poodle, all clipped and prancing, will come whining to his door with a sort of strange fringe, an unexpected gray mustache around his muzzle. If he knows the woods, he knows there is just one thing to do, and that speed is of the essence. He sits down on the doorstep, yells for Tommy to bring the pliers, and holds the dog's head tight between his knees while he extracts the quills without regard for the anguished moans of poor Fido. Fido will learn, but his boss had better make a good job of his rude surgery, for a quill left in will fester, or even travel through flesh to eye or brain.

Like Fido, I had to learn. When I spent my first night in the old farmhouse I had bought, unoccupied for two years, I went to bed weary on a peaceful summer evening. It could not have been more than an hour or two later that I woke with a sawmill in full blast directly under my left ear. I sat up with a jump, scared at first and then realizing that the noise was not under the bed, but outside, under the window. I peered out, and there sat three large—at the left, at the center, and at the right. They shuffled about, they undulated like giant inch-worms, they pranced, will come whining to his door with a sort of strange fringe, an unexpected gray mustache around his muzzle. If he knows the woods, he knows there is just one thing to do, and that speed is of the essence. He sits down on the doorstep, yells for Tommy to bring the pliers, and holds the dog's head tight between his knees while he extracts the quills without regard for the anguished moans of poor Fido. Fido will learn, but his boss had better make a good job of his rude surgery, for a quill left in will fester, or even travel through flesh to eye or brain.

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All that summer and indeed every summer since, my acquaintance with the porcupines progressed. I shot at them with an airgun, which annoyed but did not seriously discourage them. I induced a neighbor to kill two that insisted on roosting in the cellar, and put wire netting over the windows. There were always one or two who loved the framework of my cellar windows, which seemed to have a specially attractive flavor, or the handle of any shovel or hammer left in the woodshed, where the human hand had given to it a taste of salty sweat. And if you want a startling encounter, just open a woodshed door at black midnight and turn a flashlight on a big porcupine practically at your feet. He won't be disconcerted, but you will be.

Acting on learned advice, I put coarse salt on a log at the edge of the woods, and after that I could go out almost any night to find half a dozen feasting there. Some were little ones—it seems that babies are born in spring, with their quills all flattened down like the down of baby chicks when they hatch, and like chicks they shake themselves dry and fluffy. They are not however exactly cuddlesome creatures, even when young. Nobody that I know of sends one for an Easter present. Their greatest usefulness might be as a demonstration of the way to survive in a competitive world! Apparently salt is to them as cookie jar is to Junior. So long as I furnished salt, fewer came to chew on my car.

The Legislature of Vermont, I understand, is of two minds about porcupines. When they are plentiful, busily devouring cabins and chewing off spruce buds, it is inclined to regard them as a nuisance, and pay a bounty for tokens of their decease. When they are, for unknown reasons, scarcer, it thinks they should be protected to maintain the balance of wild life. Or it wants to leave the decision to the foresters. In Canada it is argued that they must be preserved in spite of the trouble they make, because they have saved the life of more than one lost hunter, by being so easy to kill. Just a whack on the nose with a club will do the job. And then, rolled in clay and baked in the coals of a camp-fire, skin and quills coming off with the hard coating, they make good eating for a hungry man.

That I have never tried. It was a brilliant moonlight night, however, that I had my most thrilling adventure with the inhabitants of the woods about me. This time there was no sawmill under my bed. Instead I heard strange wailings and shriekings, hummings and singing, and a sort of sobbing cry. Bewildered, thinking some child must be in trouble somewhere, I got out of bed and went to the door. In the field behind the house, clear in cool white light of the August moon, the porcupines were dancing. There were half a dozen of the prehistoric beasts, big ones and middlesized ones, and they were certainly dancing. No, I wasn't dreaming, nor had I had a drop to drink. I watched them. They shuffled about, they undulated like giant inch-worms, they ran and jumped, they sashayed up to one another and retreated in a weird quadrille. All the time they sang loudly and mournfully, though I'm sure the occasion was a joyous one, a time of mating and celebration. The biggest one would prance up to a smaller one, I suppose his lady love, and adjure her in lyric rones to grant him her favor, and she would answer as if she were in deepest grief and amble away. I felt like Toomai of the Elephants, in the Jungle Books of my childhood, the little son of the elephant driver who rode one night on the back of the great Kala Nag to see the elephants dance in the far jungle, and grew up to be the only human being who ever lived to tell of that strange celebration. I watched for more than an hour, until the first light of sunrise began to dim the moon, and one by one the queer spectres trailed up the hill into the woods. After that, how could I bear to harm them? I feel I have been initiated into the tribe.
The immediate usefulness of the Almanac is in the accurate data on the movements of sun, moon, tides and planets, and in the uncannily accurate weather forecasts by ‘Abe Weatherwise.’ The heart and core of the Sampler, however, as of all the Almanacs since 1793, is the rural lore contained in the Farmer’s Calendars. Here are the distilled comments of the Old Farmer on household management, gardening, social responsibility, trees, health, reading and taxes, to mention just a few of the many subjects included.

Perhaps the most striking impression the Sampler gives is how close we are still to the ways of our forefathers. Certain outward modes of behavior seem curious, but the ways of nature and the turn of the seasons are never out of fashion. Mr. Sagendorph, who is the present editor of the Almanac and of the magazine Yankee, has put together a perfect book to keep on a guest-room bedtable or on your own, to give to that exiled New Englander in Florida or California and make him homesick, to read and re-read with recurrent pleasure.

Dr. D. C. Jarvis of Barre is a man close kin in spirit to the Old Farmer. A specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, he has been experimenting for years with the ancient instinctive remedies of his Vermont neighbors, both two-and four-footed, and has written a fascinating book on his findings, called Folk Medicine. Dr. Jarvis’ favorite remedies for what ails you are honey and vinegar. Before the sceptics laugh let them read what he has to say.

Observing cows, and long-lived vigorous Vermont farmers who live close to the soil, Dr. Jarvis concluded that the naturally healthy diet keeps the system acid. It also supplies minerals, such as potassium, that tend to be lacking in our Vermont soil. Honey and vinegar are good for dizzy spells, fatigue, arthritis, colds, and ulcers, among other ailments. Parsley helps the eyesight. Corn oil will remove warts. Kelp cures heart trouble. The leaves of more than fifty shrubs, trees and weeds are tasty and healthful, if you follow the natural inclinations of Vermont children and calves. Here perhaps is a certain confusion. People are not cows.

All the same, this is a book that will be much discussed and handed about, for we all wish to be healthy and to live to a sturdy old age. I prophesy that a number of people will take a swig from the vinegar bottle just to see what happens. I confess that I did myself as soon as I finished reading Dr. Jarvis’ book. It’s too soon to tell what it may cure me of. Dr. Jarvis, vigorous and vital in his seventies, is a splendid example of the long-lived Vermonter. He and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding last winter. For years he directed the Barre Junior Symphony Orchestra; now he emerges as an excellent writer. Whatever his secret it is one well worth trying.

Dr. Jarvis would, I feel sure, agree wholeheartedly with the philosophy expressed in the title of Dorothy Thompson’s latest book, The Courage to be Happy. Out of twenty years of monthly essays in the Ladies Home Journal has come a collection of comments on everyday life and its problems that will make you wish to know Miss Thompson better. She would make a good neighbor, that’s clear. She writes warmly on living with a genius, on growing old, on what one learns as a child of snobbery and pose, on reading, on small towns. Such a book is truly personal, a friend to savor. Many of her essays are about New England, and many must have been written at her summer home in Barnard, with that village in mind.

The New England character—stiff, quirky, conscientious—has been talked of and written of so much that it might seem impossible to say much that is new about it. In The Puritan Dilemma, by Edmund S. Morgan, Professor of Law at Yale, a fresh and lucid view is presented of the problem that has beset men of conscience from 17th century New England to the present. What duty does the man of religious principle owe society? If society goes against his beliefs does he withdraw? Or does he remain and try to transform it from within? These questions concern us today as closely as they did John Winthrop, whose story Professor Morgan tells us in his excellent little book. It is good to be reminded what the Puritans stood for, as well as what they were against.

For the past ten years Frederic Van de Water has been at work on a series of books on the early history of Vermont. First came Reluctant Rebel, then Catch a Falling Star and Wings of the Morning; now Day of Battle completes the sequence with an account of the trying days between the
fall of Fort Ticonderoga and the Battle of Bennington. These events have been much re-told and from many points of view. Here they are mainly seen with the eyes of a young lieutenant, not quite a gentleman, in the Vermont forces. His love for the ward of a wealthy 'Yorker' supplies the necessary plot. Spies, renegades, dispossessed farmers, Chittenden and other leaders of Vermont's early government also figure.

What comes through most strongly is the amateurishness of the struggle, the fragile threads on which hung a man's decision to fight or run, the fate of a battle or a campaign, the future of a continent. What we owe the ragged few who took arms in defence of their principles and their homes can never be retold too often. In a graceful foreword the author says: "if Vermonters find some merit in a quadruple tribute to their indomitable state; if outsiders gain from the four books a slightly clearer understanding of Vermont and its stalwartly maintained way of life, the author will have made a token return for the serenity, the contentment, the friendship he has found here during twenty-four years of residence."

A posthumous volume from the pen of Kenneth Roberts, The Battle of Cowpens, is another illustration of how a small event can be a turning point in history. Subtitled 'the story of 900 men who shook an empire,' this little book is the story of how Daniel Morgan's backwoods sharpshooters defeated Balastre Tarleton's British veterans in the wilds of South Carolina and turned the psychological tide towards victory for the raw American republic at Yorktown.

Even in such short space Roberts' vigorous style and insistence on historical accuracy shine forth. Among writers of historical fiction he held a giant-sized place, one that will not easily be filled. Whether he wrote on food or water-divining or brought the past to life, he was equally strong-minded, robust and persuasive.

Shirley Jackson seems to have two literary personalities, as different as night and day. In her daytime role she is the chronicler of life among the demons and savages she calls her children: here she is mother, P.T.A. member, Bennington faculty wife. In her darker manifestation she is the author of The Lottery, HANGMAN and The Bird's Nest, cool observer of the deformed and deranged in people and society.

It is from Miss Jackson's nighttime self that The Sundial comes. A tyrant-ridden, run-out family named Halloran inhabit a huge house and walled estate. Here they await the end of the world, believing that they alone have been chosen to survive the catastrophe. All of them are beset by more private delusions as well, and are ill-equipped to found a new world. What the story is trying to say is not clear and probably is not meant to be. The day of the cataclysm arrives, just as has been darkly foretold, in a mirror. But the tale closes without a bang, without even the whimper we might instead have expected.

There are many comical scenes and odd occurrences in The Sundial, in which Miss Jackson's fancy runs rich and deep. There is psychological insight aplenty. Yet it all adds up to something teasingly incomplete and disappointing. With her talent for character and scene Miss Jackson can do better, and surely will, for she is a genuinely gifted writer.

The Unbelonging is an honest, deeply-felt first novel by Alice M. Robinson, Director of Nursing Education at the Vermont State Hospital in Waterbury. After more than ten years work with psychiatric patients she is as hopeful about the world as Shirley Jackson is gloomy, and believes above all in the power of selfless compassionate love to heal the wounds that loneliness makes in the mentally ill.

The story of Laurie Hammond is presented as typical of many mental patients. The reasons for her illness are set forth without evasion, and the lack of understanding displayed by her earlier doctors and nurses is often terrifying. That she, and others like her, can be healed, is clearly due to the warmth and dedication of nurses like Miss Robinson herself, and of doctors like Bill Adams of the novel. It is a sign of hope for the Lauries of our mental hospitals that even a few of them exist.

Miss Robinson has more to learn as a writer than as a nurse. The interest and power of her subject carry her through her story and tend to cover up her deficiencies as a novelist. Strictly speaking, this is more like a thoughtful, sympathetic case-history than a novel. It is no less valuable for that.

This collection of books is as well-rounded and various as the Almanac itself, with something for every taste and season.

Items Listed

The Old Farmer's Almanac Sampler—edited by Robb Sagendorph.

Ives Washburn, Inc., New York, 1957, $5.00

Folk Medicine—D. C. Jarvis, M.D.

Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1958, $2.95

The Courage to be Happy—Dorothy Thompson.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, 1957, $3.50

The Puritan Dilemma—Edmund S. Morgan.

Little, Brown, Boston, 1958, $3.50

Day of Battle—Frederic Van de Water.

Ives Washburn, Inc., New York, 1958, $4.50

The Battle of Cowpens—Kenneth Roberts.

Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1958, $3.50

The Sundial—Shirley Jackson.

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York, 1958, $3.75

The Unbelonging—Alice M. Robinson.

The Macmillan Company, New York, 1958, $3.95

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I HAVE always been intrigued by the names of certain New England towns. Finding out where these names came from in the first place has been one of my most rewarding hobbies.

Take, for instance, the town of Barton, Vermont, organized on the 28th of March 1798. Few people today realize it was never intended to be called Barton, but behind this lies the amazing story of a brilliant military hero, jailed and forgotten.

It all started shortly after the Revolutionary War drew to a close, when a group of Yankee patriots who had been fighting in Massachusetts and Rhode Island petitioned the independent Republic of Vermont for "a sizeable tract of wild land" which they proposed to clear and establish as a new town, to be known as "Providence." The petition was granted on October 20, 1781. Then, sometime later, it was discovered the town had been named not for the Rhode Island capital—but "Barton."

For a long time no one knew who had tampered with papers and changed the names. Years later it was reported by Abner Allyn of Charleston (perhaps with malicious intent, since he descended from our hero's final nemesis) that one of the original petitioners had whipped out his hunting knife, scratched out the word "Providence" and written in his own name. The town, at any rate, has been "Barton" ever since.

This enterprising chap was William Barton from Rhode Island, where a few years earlier he had, almost single-handedly, captured the British commander, Richard Prescott, at Newport.

Two of Barton's associates in the new town, equally audacious and better known, were Ira Allen, brother of Ethan, and John Paul Jones, neither of whom took part in the actual settlement. It was not until 1795 that the first settlers reached Barton, bringing all their goods on horseback, a prodigious task. The first route to be hacked through this wilderness ran from the Hazen Military Road at Greensboro through Glover and on to Barton. It was hardly more than a trail. Felled trees served as corduroy fill and primitive bridges were placed over rushing streams. Soon a few mills were put up along the Barton River and a scattering of rough shelters were built.

Barton's cabin was rough indeed, having neither chimney, wood floor nor windows. He cleared three or four acres and cut ten more, in 1795 raising 40 bushels of wheat. In the summer of 1796 he constructed the first sawmill in town. Barton helped erect a big log house which was used both as school and church. He was one of a three-man committee which laid out the town's lots.

Unlike most of the first settlers, William Barton never did send for his family. His wife and children remained in Rhode Island, and thus one assumes his interest in the new town was purely speculative. When the first town meeting was held in 1798 he took no part, did not vote. Selling of timber and lots seemed his main interests.

This was the activity which brought Barton to trouble. It began in 1797 when a lot he had sold to Solomon Wadham of Brookfield turned out to be owned by another. A tangled record remains to indicate notes given by Barton, a $225 judgment secured by Wadham and a complicated skein of legal maneuverings which may have led in part to Barton's downfall 14 years later.

Other suits followed. The Vermonters knew almost nothing of Barton's brilliant war escapades and seemed to care less. He was soon in long and bitter litigation with Jonathan Allyn, Barton's first town representative, over land titles and damages.

While this case dragged on, more were entered against Barton by William Griswold and others, and small judgments awarded to them. Then at Irasburg, Allyn brought against Barton a suit for $3000 and costs. Three referees appointed by the court to investigate were William Palmer of Danville, judge, congressman and later governor; Azarias Williams of Concord, substantial merchant, jurist and land-owner; and James Whitelaw of Ryegate, surveyor-general of Vermont.

This group recommended that Allyn should recover damages of $50.13 and costs of $51.10, and the court so ordered. But Barton, though probably well able to pay, refused to do so.

And so William Barton was remanded to jail. In a tort (or civil wrong) close jail execution was legal, then as now. But there was no jail in the vicinity, so Barton was

Alton Hall Blackington, author of Yankee Yarns and More Yankee Yarns, is also known to a wide public for his radio and television programs on New England folkways.
Jailed in Vermont for a minor debt he might have paid

Was bailed out fourteen years later by the Marquis of Lafayette

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taken in custody to Danville, where the log-built Caledonia County jail recently had been erected facing the Green. It was 1811 and Barton was 63 years old. Here he remained confined to the "jail yard" until released through the generosity of the famed Frenchman, Lafayette, in 1825.

BARTON'S CAREER
1748—born in Warren, R. I.
1777—at 29 captured Gen. Prescott
1781—at 33 a grantee to the town of "Barton"
1795—at 47 a pioneer settler in Vermont
1811—at 63 jailed at Danville
1825—at 77 released and returned to Rhode Island
1831—at 83 died at Providence

***

I was engaged in writing a series of "Yankee Yarns" when I first heard of William Barton. He seemed such a likely and independent Yankee that I thought he would be good copy for a broadcast. To my surprise I found most librarians had never heard of him, and for records of his trials, tribulations and achievements there were almost none.

Barton was born in Warren, Rhode Island in 1748 and after a grammar school education was apprenticed by his father to a hat maker. Bill Barton was a smart boy. He studied long and worked hard, and by the time he was 21 and free to go about his own business he had a hat shop of his own, had married Rhoda Carver of Middleboro, Massachusetts. They had two children and a good home.

Then one night as he was reading his copy of the Providence Gazette Barton saw a brief account of the battle on Bunker Hill. Feeling that the Yankees needed every fighting man they could get, he closed his shop, hurried to Boston and there was enlisted with General Artemus Ward's army in Cambridge. Soon he was defending the new fortifications at Dorchester Heights.

Barton proved to be an exceptionally daring soldier, led several successful raids into enemy lines and kept morale high among the men. At Dorchester Heights he had his first glimpse of the great Washington, whom he idolized. When word was brought in December that the Bartons had a new baby son he named him George Washington Barton.

The British now were extending their activities to the shores of Rhode Island, and to forestall them the Americans built a small fort at Tiverton. The next problem was to find the right man to command it.

Israel Putnam suggested this native Rhode Islander, a man of spunk. So Barton was promoted and dispatched to Rhode Island. Sadness and shock came upon him when he saw what the British invaders had done to the lovely towns of Bristol, Portsmouth and Newport. When the Redcoats had complained of the cold their commander at Newport, General Prescott, had pointed to the fine shade trees lining the streets. He sent his Hessians to rip up wooden sidewalks and grave markers for fire-wood.

All but two of Newport's fine churches were reduced to barracks or were used as stables. Prescott had his own headquarters in the John Bannister house, but suddenly decided to move into the country. He seized the fine farm of John Overing, a dignified Quaker who submitted in silence as Prescott moved into his home.

A few Britishers (who also had reason to hate Prescott) escaped from camp and were brought before Barton. He questioned them in detail about the Overing house and finally decided that, with luck, he could stage a raid and capture the General. Making no mention of his daring plan to other Yankee officers, he did speak quietly to his men. Every man in his command volunteered.

Choosing forty who were experienced with boats and could be trusted to keep mum, Barton made his plans. Five
whale boats were procured and provisioned. Eight men were assigned to each boat, Barton in the first one. On July 4, 1777 they shoved off in a raging gale that was whipping across Mount Hope Bay.

It was difficult rowing in the darkness and raging seas. They were drenched to the skin, weary and hungry, but after 26 hours on the storm-tossed waters the five boats made Hog Island, where the men rested. Ahead in the darkness they could see British camp fires. Then Barton revealed to his men the full plan.

Landing a mile below the Overing house, which was guarded by only a few Britishers, Barton left part of his force to guard the boats and keep them in readiness for a quick departure. The others he led along a narrow path which stretched from the sea to the farmhouse on the hill. As expected, they were challenged by a sentry, but as the soldier lowered his musket he was caught in a cloak, gagged and bound. The house was surrounded, and Barton leaped up the front staircase. Bursting open a locked door, he found General Prescott sitting drunkenly on his bed, stark naked, vainly trying to pull on a pair of pants.

Dragged as he was down the stairs, they rushed him past a cut-over pasture, through underbrush to the waiting whaleboats. Quickly they shoved off, while bonfires were being lighted on shore and alarm bells rang. A few bullets whizzed harmlessly over their heads.

Barton placed his distinguished prisoner in the bow of the whale boat, where he could watch him. Finally he gave the shivering Prescott his own coat, and when they reached land, the General was rushed to the army barracks, was permitted a warm bath and a good breakfast. Later he was taken by carriage to Providence and on to Washington's headquarters in New York.

For this daring exploit, William Barton was promoted and given a vote of thanks by the Rhode Island Assembly. Congress gratefully awarded him a suitably inscribed, jewelled sword.

Shortly afterward, in May of 1779, when the British attacked the village of Warren, Barton rode ahead of his troops to save the meetinghouse from being burned. But in the fighting he received a serious thigh wound and never fought in battle again.

Barton lay for weeks near death in his Warren home. Here he was recuperating when the French fleet under Count Rochambeau arrived. Barton was pleased to receive a visit from both the Admiral and the gallant Marquis de Lafayette, who became his lifelong friend.

Soon afterward Barton was elected to the Rhode Island legislature, was appointed a customs officer, made a colonel in the United States army and a general in the Rhode Island militia.

He settled down in Warren, but not for long. He knew many army men who had seen the beauties of unsettled Vermont and who talked endlessly of the timberlands and fertile fields. Along with Daniel Owen, Ira Allen and John Paul Jones, Barton soon appealed for a tract of Vermont's wild land, intending to call the new town "Providence."

William Barton's long years of confinement at Danville are passed off by some as a glorified vacation, an easy life, plenty of hunting and fishing, a comfortable room and visitors eager to hear the old man recount his wartime exploits.

A very different view of Barton's confinement emerges elsewhere, however. Though not locked inside the jail, he...
was confined to the “jail yard,” which was marked by chains wrapped around trees one mile out of town on each of the five roads leading from Danville. Most of the prisoners, and perhaps Barton among them, worked out their keep or fines for neighborhood farmers and reportedly the “pickings were exceedingly slim.” Anyone furnishing liquor to prisoners was remanded to jail yard himself.

Barton’s various suits went on for some years even while he was a prisoner at Danville, and until 1814. The sums involved were small and Barton lost most though not all the cases. This same year, while jailed, Barton petitioned Congress, not for his release (though he said he was “confined within the liberties of the prison at Danville”), but for back pay and compensation for wounds received in the Revolution. The sum asked was £ 75-15-5. His petition concluded that age, infirmity and his present situation prevented his “defending his country against her ancient and invertebrate enemy in the present contest” (the War of 1812). Repeatedly over the years he vainly petitioned the VT Legislature for release.

Even the manner in which Barron accepted his final release is in doubt. During Lafayette’s visit to Vermont in 1825 he is said to have asked in Montpelier about his old friend, William Barton. Told by General Isaac Fletcher of Lyndon of Barton’s sad plight, the Marquis expressed sorrow and concern. Later, as his ship, Brandywine, left for France, Lafayette sent a personal draft to General Fletcher to defray Barton’s debt.

Some reports said Barton bitterly contested this payment for his release—because he wanted vindication, not settlement. Others conjectured he was too pleased with his situation in Danville to want to leave. Still another version had it that Barton was wild with joy: “With what emotions of surprise and gratitude this intelligence was received . . . can be better imagined than described,” wrote the Danville North Star some years after the memorable release. Other reports said that Barton rode the stage back to his family in Providence “tears in his eyes” and “singing Revolutionary songs all the way.”

But to the historian, intrigued by the many hidden aspects of William Barton’s strange tale, much still remains for conjecture. What lay behind this tragic and quixotic career? Remaining to be explained are these points:

1. Why did this famous hero desert his home and hearth for a howling wilderness and there remain for 30 years separated from his apparently loving wife and children?
2. What manner of man was Barton to his Vermont neighbors that he either wanted or was granted no offices or honors in the town he founded?
3. Why was this hero so little regarded by Vermonters and high-placed Americans generally that they permitted him to remain in jail for fourteen years?
4. Was it sloth or overweening pride which impelled Barton to default a paltry judgment in favor of jail?
Icrc is one construction which has been placed upon this amazing career:

When Barton departed from Rhode Island at 47 it was as a man not only bent on winning quick fortune but as one perhaps already seriously estranged from his family, already, perhaps, harboring the makings of megalomania.

In the rough frontier of northern Vermont perhaps his arrogant attitude and ruthless business methods led to loss of both friends and public respect. Jailed for refusing to pay a judgment, he had reached the limit of his horizon. Pride and stubbornness allowed neither retreat nor admission of wrong. Exoneration remained his only avenue of escape.

Those fourteen years in the Danville jail-yard were not the easy retirement of an amiable, lazy old man who rather fancied being a character. It was a hard life. But harder for William Barton than the poverty and humiliation was the knowledge that there could be no deliverance except that of his dreams—the deliverance of public exoneration befitting a maligned national hero.

But did Lafayette sweep into Danville with gorgeous military retinue and bear Colonel Barton away in triumph? No, the Marquis sent a check, discreetly and through channels to the proper authorities, to defray an ignominious debt. Bill Barton fought his release, this technical deliverance. But an old man now, he knew there never would come the golden public acclaim which would free both him and his pride.

Quietly, defeated at last, he slipped back to his now alien home in Rhode Island, to his now-strange wife and family, to die there, decently. But in Vermont, in a sense, death had come to him, the rejected hero, twenty years before. And did not this long life really end at 29, that gloriously exciting night at Newport in 1777?

Soon after Barton's death, Catherine Williams' popular and adulatory "Biography of Revolutionary Heroes" was published in New York.

Giving the full hero’s treatment to William Barton’s career, the authoress concludes in teary prose with her visit to the recently widowed Rhoda Barton in her quiet Providence home, of their gazing in hushed reverence together at the Colonel’s portrait. Nowhere in her detailed biography, however, does Mrs. Williams even hint of William Barton’s 30-year Vermont interlude.

Rhoda Carver Barton was 80 when her husband died, and in the decade following, until her own demise in 1841, there is evidence that she, at least, enjoyed a modest pension, provided in its own good time by a grateful government.

Note: The editors express appreciation to Mrs. Tennie Gaskill Toussaint of Danville and to Noel C. Stevenson, Esq. of Worcester for their valued historical research on the career of Colonel Barton, incorporated into this article.

Though his fame rests largely on years as Congressman from Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens’ renown as a foe of slavery stemmed directly from Vermont.

Stevens was born in 1792 at Danville, one of four sons of a poor shoemaker who left his wife to rear them. Mrs. Stevens moved the family to Peacham to provide them education at the Academy. Born with a club foot and always sickly, Thad Stevens later attended the University of Vermont and graduated from Dartmouth. He studied law in Peacham with John Mattocks, later congressman and governor. Moving to Pennsylvania, he was a struggling attorney until his name was made nationally known during the Anti-Masonic convention of 1831.

Stevens served in Congress from 1848 almost continuously until his death in 1868. Always outspoken, eloquent and a superb parliamentarian, he helped to establish public schools in Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia.

Anti-slavery was Stevens’ great cause, and in the 37th Congress he introduced the emancipation bill. Following the Civil War he led in framing reconstruction acts for the South, in impeachments against President Johnson.

When he died, it was found Stevens already had chosen a small public cemetery in Pennsylvania, because others were limited by their charters as to race. “Born equal, men continue so before the law,” he stated. His last bequest provided the sexton back in Vermont should “plant roses and cheerful spring flowers” at his mother’s grave each spring.
Making Cider

In Hartland the making of cider is a big business for Herbert Ogden, who can make it mellow or tart, sweet or hard. The making of good cider, Ogden explains, is a complicated process. The proper aging requires many ideal conditions—even the phases of the moon are said to be important—but it is the use of hard sour, knurly and puckery wild apples that gives cider true character.

In the fall people from the surrounding area come to Ogden's cider and grist mill with apples to be ground and pressed. Some pay outright for the service, while others trade apples for cider. Many simply like to come and watch the process and sample Ogden's three types of cider, which is offered for sale by the half-gallon to the barrelful.

Although the actual pressing of the cider is seasonal, the aging of the product is a year-around job requiring skill and, above all, patience. Good cider wines usually are aged for at least four years.

Ogden is experimenting constantly with different aging processes. He proudly admits that his best customer lived to be 90 years old.

[Mr. Ogden is the author and printer of a brochure about cider making (toc), which is reprinted in extract below].

Top left: Russ Perry brings apples to Ogden's mill to be pressed.
Right: Tending barrelled cider in cellar while it "turns."

Center left: Ogden's heavy cider press produces 100 ton pressure.

Right: Free samples of "wild" cider. Some is aged 10 years.

NOW I don't claim to be any expert on making apple wine. All I can pass along are items I have picked up from other mill operators and men who have experimented some—as I have myself. There are at least five requirements for good apple wine—also known as "hard cider":

1. Good, hard, sound apples,
2. Ground and pressed in the cool of the fall,
3. In a mill kept clean and scrubbed,
4. Then put into a sweet, charred oak cask,
5. Worked off and aged in a cool, proper cellar.

SOUND APPLES. Wild apples are best—strictly wild, not just some run-out orchard. They must be hard and sound. Don't worry about worms; they sort of add "body."

TIME FOR PROCESSING. Have your cider made in cold weather—over a full moon is best. Don't pick your apples way ahead of time. Bring them right in.

CLEAN MILL. Good apples, right season, fine cask—dirty mill equipment can put them all to nought.

GOOD CASK. Good cider can be made, all right, in almost any container. Prime cider, however, calls for a charred oak cask.

A COOL CELLAR. It must have a dirt floor to ensure a degree of dampness, as near earth temperature as possible. Good cider and furnaces don't mix.

WORKED OFF AND AGED. Let the cider "work off" in the cask—bung hole open—until it stops "boiling over." This gets rid of a lot of pomace and general corruption. Keep filling it up with cider as it boils.

Then contrive to let a small tube into the barrel through a hole. Make a tight fit. Loop the tube over into a jar of water. Bung the barrel. You now have a valve, letting the gas out but no fresh air in; it's the fresh, raw air that lets cider go on working right into vinegar.

Now let it work until it stops bubbling in the jar; then wait another week—probably one or two months in all. Then remove the tube, open the cask, fill it up plumb full and bung it up tight again. Then let it set.

END
Cattle Auction

WILLIAM G. SMITH

WHATEVER truth there is to the legend that the average Vermonter is quiet, you'll never find a silent Vermont cattle auctioneer.

Typical of this verbose breed is Willis Hicks of Cady's Falls, a short, solid man with the voice of a bullhorn and with a keen insight into human nature. Hicks runs, in this village near Morrisville, a commission auction sale called "The House of the Square Deal." He handles cattle throughout Vermont, neighboring states and eastern Canada, selling on a commission basis.

Unlike many auctioneers, Hicks, who is self-taught in the trade, has a line of chatter that is constant and machine-gun-like, but which is at all times intelligible. Farmers like
At a farm auction in Fairfield, pictured here, Hicks, helped by “Crick” McCracken of St. Albans, flailing the air with their inevitable canes and gesticulating like derishes, sold off 100 cows with hair-raising efficiency in just short of two hours. Praising, cajoling and browbeating, they held the crowd of fifty farmers under their hypnotic spell until the last cow was taken and trucked off. Troubled with a crowd too full of rubbernecks that insisted in closing up his circle, Hicks has been known to turn loose into the ring a seemingly unfettered, wild-eyed bull. When the dust settled, those that remained were farmers really interested in the cows, and the auction concluded rapidly and smoothly.

**AUTUMN EVENTS**

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<th>CONTINUING EVENTS</th>
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<td><strong>Oct. 7-Jan. 15:</strong> Montpelier—legislative display, VHS Museum.</td>
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<td><strong>Oct. 13:</strong> Montpelier—Vermontiana display, VHS Museum.</td>
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<td><strong>Sept. 1-6:</strong> Rutland—Rutland Fair.</td>
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<td><strong>Sept. 6:</strong> So. Woodstock—Jr. Horse show.</td>
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<td><strong>Sept. 7:</strong> White River Jct.—Horse show.</td>
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<td><strong>Sept. 18:</strong> Fletcher—Chicken Pie supper, starts at 5.</td>
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<td><strong>Sept. 23:</strong> Wolcott—Chicken Pie supper, starts at 5:30.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Sept. 25:</strong> So. Ryegate—Chicken Pie supper, starts at 5:30. Williamstown—Chicken Pie supper, 5, 6, 7. Williston—Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30, 6:15, 7.</td>
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<td><strong>Sept. 26-28:</strong> Hartland—(see Editor’s Uneasy Chair)</td>
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<td><strong>Oct. 2:</strong> Tunbridge—Chicken Pie supper, 5, 6, 7, 8. Waterbury Center—Chicken Pie supper (5, 6, 7) &amp; Bazaar.</td>
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**PRINTED IN U.S.A.**

PRESS, BURLINGTON, VT.
Vermont:

Organized the first Boy Scout troop in America . . . Has 51 “dry” towns

Produces 72 million clothespins a year . . Has 4 licensed fortune tellers

Had its own money coined for 4 years . . . Taps 1,710,000 maple trees

Supplied the men who: invented the steam calliope

discovered laughing gas . . . .

baptised the first Chinaman into Christianity

first crossed the continent by automobile . . .

. . . . . Supplied the nation’s first professional basketball team

. . . Financed public works until 1826 through lotteries

. . . . . . . Supports 13,723 miles of public roads

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Has supplied chief justices to 19 other states

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Paid $12,237 in hedgehog bounties in 1953 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .