In too many small schools "art instruction" consists of the dismal coloring of printed outlines. But there are encouraging signs of change. In the schools of Jericho and Underhill Ctr., sculptor-artist-craftsman Roy Kennedy is kindling exciting creative fires for dozens of boys and girls, and by using the simplest of tools.

This is a sideline for Kennedy, but one he finds especially meaningful. The farm boys snickered at first and scoffed at the idea they could draw from life. But now this new unfolding of ideas they watch raptly, finding a marvel in what their own eyes and hands achieve.

Kennedy, who lives with his wife, daughter and son in a converted Underhill Ctr. schoolhouse, is a Paris and New York trained artist of many facets. While his brazed copper sculptures are winning international acclaim he also is making a name among his neighbors for his intricate cabinet work and fireplace designs.

Underhill school children sculpt medallions of Abraham Lincoln from plaster castings. Above Kennedy shows on blackboard portions of plaque to be carved away. Below girl incises her cast using tools Kennedy forged from sharpened nails. Later the children will gild the medals.
Drawing from a live model takes concentration. While boy at a Underhill Ctr. school poses, at right, as fisherman, his classmate, below, makes preliminary rough sketches and girl at right does pen and ink study.

Using no tools but pencil and ruler a Jericho boy achieves, in a mechanical drawing session, intricate parabolic curves.
The Editor’s Uneasy Chair

Our questioning note here last Spring, on classified advertising provoked such a flood of letters that we were unable to thank all those readers who wrote their thoughtful and tremendously helpful suggestions.

There were some who confused “display” with “classified” advertising, and others who mistakenly thought a need for more income was the main reason behind the consideration.

The returns so far have been from subscribers in 13 states and foreign countries and have run about four to one in favor of the magazine carrying a limited amount of classified advertising. Readers who were in favor were unanimous that it should be used in one place, perhaps on a tearout sheet, at the back of the magazine. They emphasized, too, that its value to them and to the magazine depended entirely upon our rigid control and selection of the items listed.

It has been decided to go no further with the matter at this time, but the editors wish to express very warm thanks to the host of readers who wrote us in such reasoned and helpful terms.

The Cost of Camping was given in a recent survey here as $6 per day per person, and many “taint so” cries have been heard. “Vermont camping never cost us even half that much,” many wrote. We agree the $6 is unnecessarily high. That many said they spent that much indicates the lure, irresistible to some, of Vermont foods, handicrafts, fine meals, souvenirs and other offerings or entertainment found outside the pristine economy of Vermont’s camp grounds.

Though advertising is still in abeyance, so encouraging were our readers’ responses that Vermont Life makes bold to pose another longstanding question.

There is ample evidence that the magazine has done its main work all too well. By this we mean there are untold numbers of families scattered across this country who are just about decided they would like to emigrate to Vermont and, with their families, be a part of Vermont life.

We feel there may be a serious hiatus here, however. No agency exists in Vermont really competent to help those who want to come to find suitable employment.

We have voiced this idea abroad in the confines of Vermont, without noticeable effect. Real evidence of such a need and interest in numbers is the armament we need to get something started.

This is a call, then, for those who really want to move to Vermont but who would want and need real personal help in locating suitable work, with adequate income. Please let us know. Names will be kept in confidence.

Address Changes: The postoffice will not return to us or forward magazines. If you cannot send us your new address at least six weeks before we publish, then, please arrange with your postmaster to forward your copy.

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Autumn Events in Vermont

**SPECIAL**

- Sept. 17: Jericho-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30.
- Oct. 1: Pomfret Center-Turkey Supper.
- Sept. 29: Williamstown-Chicken Pie Supper.
- June 26-Nov. 15: Montpelier-Campaigns.
- Aug. 27: Bristol-Smorgasbord, 5:30.
- Aug. 31: Barnet Ctr.-Turkey Dinner, 5:30.
- Sept. 27: East Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30.
- Sept. 28: Bristol-Chicken Pie Supper.
- Oct. 10: Randolph-Morgan Horse Show.
- Sept. 10-11: Stowe-Sportsmen's Festival.
- Sept. 15-17: Tunbridge-World's Fair.
- Sept. 17: Wilmington-Farmer's Exposition.
- Sept. 19: Middlebury-College opens.
- Sept. 20: Pomfret-Historical Society Program.
- Oct. 1: Northfield-Norwich-Coast Guard football.
- Oct. 1-2: Stowe-Fall Foliage Festival.
- Woodstock-Foliage Rides.
- Oct. 6-8: Bennington-Antique Show, Sale.
- Oct. 6-9: Danville-Fall Foliage Festival.
- Water Dowser's Convention. Bennington-Fall Foliage Festival.
- Oct. 7-9: Stowe-Folk Music Festival.
- Oct. 8-9: Reading-Flower Show. Woodstock-Foliage Rides.
- Oct. 15: Northfield-Norwich-St. Lawrence, football.
- Nov. 5: Burlington-U.V.M.-Middlebury, football.

**CONTINUING EVENTS**

- June 1-Dec. 31: Bear Season, (Bennington, Orange, Washington, Windham Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 31.)
- Until Sept. 12: Barton, Island Pond, Barnard-State Parks.
- Until Sept. 15: Websterville-Wells-Lemmon Granite Tours.
- Putney-Santa's Village. Stowe-Chair Lifts.
- Until Oct. 15: Barre-Shelby Maple Museum.
- Manchester-Bromley Mt. Chair Lift. Until Snow: Stowe-Toll Road.
- Until Oct. 31: Barre-Rock of Ages Granite Tours.

**SUPPERS AND BAZAARS**

- Aug. 31: Barnet Ctr.-Turkey Dinner, Bazaar, 5:00.
- Sept. 1: East Corinth-Chicken Pie Supper.
- Sept. 8: Danville-Chicken Pie Supper, 6:00.
- Sept. 15: Fletcher-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30.
- Sept. 17: Jericho-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30.
- Sept. 21: East Barnet-Chicken Pie Supper, 5:00.
- Sept. 27: St. Albans-Turkey Dinner, 5:30.
- Oct. 1: Pomfret Center-Turkey Supper, 5:50.
- Putney-Chicken Pie Supper, 6:00.
- Oct. 8: Greensboro Bend-Chicken Pie Supper. Woodstock-Ctr.-Harvest Supper, 5:00. S. Pomfret-Turkey Supper, 5:30.
- Oct. 11: Springfield-Fall Banquet.
- Oct. 12: West Newbury-Turkey Supper, 5:00.
- Oct. 15: North Pownal-Turkey Supper, 6:00. Windsor-Turkey Supper.
- Brownsville-Chicken Pie Supper, 5.
- Nov. 2: Barre-Bazaar, Buffet. Underhill-Bazaar, Supper, 2:00, 5:00.
- Nov. 9: Barre-Church Fair.
- Nov. 10: Springfield-Church Bazaar.
- Nov. 17: Barre-Church Bazaar.
- Nov. 18: Springfield-Church Bazaar.
- Nov. 18-19: Burlington-Handcrafter's Christmas Bazaar.
- Nov. 19: Plymouth-Venison Supper.
- Nov. 26: Sherburne-Venison Supper.
The Very First Day of School

These could be pictures of every child anywhere for whom the Wednesday after Labor Day is the first day of school. Armed with treasures, it's a day to challenge. Or, for those like the Boy on the next few pages, it's a wrench to leave parents standing alone; then comes a waiting-to-see, then friends and work to flavor the job of growing up. For ones lost, like the Girl, it's a time so strange that not till day's end can she find enough warmth for tomorrow. For the big kids in East Dummerston's two-grade schoolroom, it's security in the routine of study and play and rest and a story. And for Mrs. Olive Evans it's her twentieth consecutive first day of school as a teacher—and a greater adventure than ever.

is an adventure

A STORY IN PICTURES
By SONJA BULLATY and ANGELO LOMEO
or thoughts of good-by

... but there's somebody nice behind
and somebody fun in front.
Or it's a world without comfort
while the others work
and play and have lunch
and show off a little bit.
Then there's a story
and time
to rest
and the promise of tomorrow.
RETURNING FROM A DRIVE NEAR NORWICH, a summer visitor recently was heard to ask, "where is the little town of Pianos?" She had noticed directional signs bearing the single word: "Pianos."

The confusion was caused by Frederick H. Johnson, Jr., who manages to conduct a prosperous retail piano and organ business from a 150-year-old hilltop farmhouse located on a country back road.

The peaceful setting is in complete harmony with Johnson's method of conducting business, which is based on such low pressure selling you could almost call it non-existent. He employs no salesmen—just a small daily advertisement in the classified section of the local paper. Ethelyn, his wife, may leave the dishes to show pianos, or finish her housework while the customers browse around. Some find it rather odd that the first William De Blaise harpsichord imported from England should be offered in a remote studio buried among the hills of Vermont. Fred also had the first Positive Baroque Chamber pipe organ sent here from Western Germany.

Johnson is a tall, lithe, handsome and sandy-haired man in his late forties, with a dry sense of humor and a Yankee accent thicker than a dirt road in spring.

His curious business location was chosen when Johnson brought his bride from Massachusetts to Norwich in 1937. Fred tuned pianos to support his family, but most pleasant Sunday afternoons were spent in wandering. On one of these jaunts, they found and fell in love with a charming old farmhouse. Overlooked was the fact that it was rundown, minus heat and running water. Their friends were appalled when the Johnsons, with their six-months-old son, moved in.

Through the ensuing years Fred raised cattle, hired an assistant, and gradually worked into the new and used piano business. He began the renting of lights and
One of Johnson's more difficult jobs is tuning, repairing and installing organs. At the right, he works on some of the 2000 pipes in Rollins Chapel in Hanover. The pipes are so delicate here that the heat from one's body can change the pitch. Below, Johnson and his truck-and-trailer combination prepare to leave for an assignment. Far right, Johnson explains his favorite instrument, the harpsichord, and, below, he loads his truck for a country fair.

public address systems to country fairs and other large gatherings throughout New England. Through the years inside plumbing, heat and three more sons appeared on the scene. The boys and hired man now take care of the farm chores and haying.

With the end of World War II, the Johnsons decided
to open a piano shop in the village. This necessitated placing their house on the market.

But the real estate agent had barely left with the first prospect, when the entire family gathered together, their faces studies in various degrees of dejection. All were in accord—it was impossible for them to leave the hill country. Fred's customers would have to come to Brigham Hill.

The old weathered gray barn next to the house holds a pipe organ as well as hay for the cattle, and visitors are often startled by the resonant tones of the organ flowing from the barn; or by the strains of a Viennese waltz set free over the hillside by a loudspeaker which he is testing. Fred has rebuilt at least ten pipe organs, an arduous and exacting craft. He naturally is a Yankee trader and will swap pianos for anything he may need: from hay and grazing rights for his cattle, musical instruments for his boys, to old pianos and conventional organs which he rebuilds.

When installing loudspeaking systems for country fairs Johnson lives in a trailer. Here in the evening he may be found reading Emerson's Essays, or perhaps playing cards with a Chinese contortionist and an animal trainer. Intellectual pursuits are not always dominant.

During spring mud season Fred drives down the steep hill in a jeep to pick up prospective customers. A tractor with a snowplow attachment he uses during the winter, should the town plow be late, and a customer request an immediate delivery. A doctor could do no better.
ALL over Vermont there are small fields of scraggly, dying fruit trees, remnants of the time when each farm had its own orchard of ten to twenty trees and most commercial orchards numbered only a few hundred. Not many people care to bother with these trees now, since they are commercially unprofitable, and it’s much easier to buy apples in the supermarket.

We found just such a run-down orchard of about sixty fruit trees next to our house in South Burlington when we moved here ten years ago. At first we had no idea of doing anything about the trees, not knowing a pear from an apple anyway, but the dead branches were unsightly, and the year the tent caterpillars stripped the leaves off it was much worse. So with the advice of pamphlets, books, and local experts we began to prune, fertilize, and spray.

Pruning is a winter job. We found some trees almost half dead, but never cut one down. One old crabapple must have been a giant in its day, but is now as lopsided as a tree in a Japanese print. It still regularly produces four to five bushels of hard, bright orange fruit.

The spraying with a hand sprayer eliminated caterpillars, scab, and assorted bugs, but took far too much time. Luckily, we got a small, fifteen gallon, second-hand power sprayer, which my husband gradually improved on until it looked like no farm machine ever before invented. He mounted the pump behind our third-hand tractor, along with a fifty-five gallon barrel, and took power for the device by a series of pulleys from the tractor motor. Now two of us can spray the orchard in one and a half hours.

After a few years we were especially glad that we had chopped down no trees. Besides plums and pears, we found eighteen different varieties of apples, including Snow, Gravenstein, August Sweet, and Strawberry. Old orchards were like this because modern markets had not standardized people’s tastes. The Yellow Transparents ripen in early August, while others like Ben Davis are not mellow until January and keep till April without special storage. It makes a nice long eating season. We prolong it by freezing bright red applesauce (a Strawberry-Williams combination) and pies (Spies are best). Tart crabapple jelly we keep all year round.

Since the fifty bushels we need for eating, cooking, cider, and gifts leaves some 350 bushels to dispose of in a big year, we have to sell the rest. Older people come by asking for apples they had when they were young. That’s one of the reasons we took up cleft grafting, a
simple process by which a shoot of new growth of the desired variety is joined to the branch of a mature tree and in three to four years produces fruit. In this way, we have added Blue Pearmain, Red Astrachan, St. Lawrence, and Wealthy. We will have to wait three times as long for the new trees we've planted to bear fruit.

Some people wonder why we spend so much time and energy on this little orchard. It certainly isn't going to make us rich—financially speaking. But some people like to climb mountains; we like to climb apple trees. Our boy Alan learned to drive the tractor when he was nine because we needed help. Our daughter Eleanor made her first graft when she was six. We remember the time we tended the glowing smudge pots before the cold, green dawn and felt the frost crunch under our feet. On warm, foggy days when we spray for scab, thrushes sing in the nearby woods. In the fall our orchard brightens with gay Macs and darker Jonathans, yellow and red Snows almost out of ladder reach; heavy purplish, striped Cortlands on slender branches. The Ben Davis is incredibly laden, like a weeping willow of bright red.

By late November and the first snows, we pick Spies with numbed fingers. Then we can rest and look at the bare branches of our trees once so miraculously green and red. They are resting, too, until spring reddens their limbs again and every twig tip is in fuzzy grey bud.

Carolyn Long, who was city bred, lives with her husband, an English professor with a liking for machines, on their South Burlington farm, together with their children, who help with the orchard work.
Peelers

**TIME** was when the bare hint of a need, anywhere in American life, was enough to send Yankee tinkerers by the hundreds off to their workshops, to appear shortly at the U.S. Patent Office with a bewildering assortment of gadgets and breath-taking inventions. This was a century ago and more.

So, it's not surprising that many new devices arrived, simultaneously and full-blown, from scattered and independent hands. While Davenport was perfecting his electric motor in Forestdale, for instance, Wareham Chase, all unbeknownst, was doing the same in Calais.

It was like this all over New England when, apparently, dozens of congenital tinkerers somehow had the identical, unlikely brainstorm: why not make a machine that would help the womenfolks, a gadget which would pare (and perhaps core and slice) the preeminent native fruit?

It made sense. The 19th Century American kitchen used bushels on bushels of apples. Most of them, that didn't end up in the cider barrel, had to be peeled, sliced and dried for winter use.

A pioneer in the field was Ebenezar King, a Woodstock carpenter, who added several twists of his own and, about 1820, came up with a wooden peeler (shown in the table center, opposite). From the start most peelers spun an apple on a fork against a fixed knife.

Today the apple parer (or peeler) enjoys a peculiar status. It is a real antique collector's item, yet also a machine of current manufacture and practical use.

Vermont boasts no peeler makers today, but in neighboring Antrim, N. H. the Goodell company makes and markets (40,000 a year) an excellent machine which will pare, core and slice an apple, all in five seconds. It is the direct descendent of the parer tinkered up 90 years ago by David Goodell, to help out his overworked mother.

Collectors of antique peelers feel twelve machines is a good nucleus. They may be found in antique or junk shops from $1.50 and up—from the most primitive, with hand-held blades, to the exotic models complete with reduction gears, which can pare four apples at once. A word of warning: some old parers won't handle a modern, hybrid apple—too big and mushy.

Among the best parer collections is a large assemblage at the Goodell plant in Antrim, and the excellent Robinson collection at the Shelburne Museum. The fine amateur grouping opposite, filmed in color by Hanson Carroll, was assembled by H. Brooks Walker, and may be viewed May through October at his Old School House studio museum on Rte. 5 in Fairlee.
Peelers shown here are, reading clockwise and starting in front of chair at right: 4-gear wood & metal "Automatic"; 4-gear with ejector Harbster Bros. of 1868; No-gear "Little Star", 1881; 3-gear 1867 model (pushes apple to and fro); 8-gear rotating blade by Sayre, Newark, N.J.; 5-gear 1861 Hersey model; Goodell 1885 with blade tracks on worm gear; 6-gear Reading Hardware, 1868 (far left); 7-gear 1869 Reading model; 4-gear 1872 model. In table center is wooden King model made in Woodstock.
The year’s last, loveliest smile...

Endless are Autumn’s moods, varied as the hues of the spangled leaves themselves. From just-turning green to swept-bare limbs, it is a season to create memories never forgotten:

The pungent sweetness of frost-browned bracken standing in glades of crimson maples; the spice of horsemint, rising from a shallow streambed where cows come to drink, the nearby banks hedged by orange sumac, their branches twined with ivy, purpled by the frost.

Not always is Autumn a brilliance under blue skies. The misty rains have their days. The leaves then against the dark sky form a pastel pattern. Against the tree bolls, blackened by rain, the leaves shed an inner light of their own.

In the hush of a haze-filled morning valley, hoarfrost still lingers on the shaded bottomland, the turf’s thin frozen crust stiff and bumpy underfoot. The elm tree holds its golden treasure of small leaves, waiting until the first, errant gust in a rattling shower strips it clean. On a hillside the rich groves of spruce and balsam stand greener than life against the coppery, silver-trunked beech. The thin breath of blue wood smoke from a friendly chimney drifts, as the golden sunlight fades, over the lengthening shadows on chilly hills. This is a time for fireside and remembrance.

The Browning Birches, here pictured by Newell Green, made famous the Mt. Ascutney foothills lying between Browningville and Felchville.

VERMONT Life
ONLY YESTERDAY

A Remembrance of Vermont

By WALTER HARD, Sr.

In looking back to the beginning of Vermont’s story it is easy to understand how the early inhabitants established a reputation for reticence. They were able to endure much silence. Those early pioneers were too busy clearing and tilling the land on which to raise food to stop to talk. But nature would not allow them to remain a stolid race of soil grubbers. She had planted the mountains with trees which in autumn spread a pageant of color demanding attention and expression. Thus the adjective was introduced to Vermont. In the course of time came the urge to reproduce those colors. The artist with palette and brush soon was sharing the glory which he beheld. Today thousands are recording these scenes on color film.

Now autumn has brought to light something which it is suitable to record in this backward-looking department of Vermont Life. Obviously the securing of food and shelter has been in the care of a fundamental instinct of animals and man. But in the case of man we find its use has gradually been receding. A glance out of any country window, as autumn comes on, shows the animal world making preparation for food and shelter as winter approaches. But man’s response to that prompting instinct has experienced change.

Getting ready for cold weather made Fall Chores of no small consequence a while back. The householder had to harvest his crops and store them safe from frost. Ground-born vegetables and apples filled cellar bins and barrels. Shelves received their final array of glass jars as the last pickling and preserving was done. Even grunting livestock was soon to be cut up and prepared along with beef that was to be corned or salted. Dried things hung from rafters in the attic or woodshed chamber. The sweet smell of pickling filled the house. Though not wholly necessary today, there generally is enough of thatchip-munking instinct left in most women to demand the setting on of the kettle to preserve some of the fruits of labor.

In my youth the first cool nights of autumn whispered to the age old instinct to prepare special warmth and shelter. The day of stove placing had arrived. Chunk stoves and coal stoves were brought out from storage and every member of the family set to with brush and polish. Even the toddler generally acquired some of the blackest polish on those days. One of the Commandments was strained to breaking and grandma’s deafness was considered a blessing. Especially so when the longest run of stovepipe was joined together. It led across the living room and then up through the ceiling to enter the chimney in father’s and mother’s bedroom. Thereby it heated to some extent the cold areas along the way. But what richness of comfort after the awful chill of cheerless evenings and early morning flights through freezing halls to the warmth of the crackling wood fire in the kitchen!

And there was the banking of the exposed foundation of the house. Constructed in the manner of present day forms for concrete it might be filled with leaves or straw or sawdust. Some, sad to say, resorted to plain dirt. A sure sign of shiftlessness. Storm windows had to be dragged out from hiding and washed. They must be put on with the constant danger that father might fall off the ladder and break his leg—or the almost certain alternative that he would break the window. And that fearful storm house—the concoction of a professional puzzlemaker—had to be installed, to shelter the front door.

Consider all these things and add the long series of arduous toil required to reduce a maple or a beech or, if need be, a birch to stove-length firewood. And this included numerous sawings and splittings and pilings ending in proper autumn storage. All of this, the evolutionary result of that primitive instinct still enabling the untamed birds and beasties to get along quite happily if left to their own devices. Parenthetically I recall attempting to bestow some creature comforts, according to man’s creed, on some choice Buff Cochin chickens given me by an uncle who raised show birds. Father had built a chickenhouse clapboarded outside and ceiled within. On very cold nights a large lamp was installed to keep the poor things warm. Windows, of course, were shut tight. Naturally we were soon out of the chicken business due to an epidemic of chicken penumonia.

Later I did better with some Leghorns raised from day-old chicks with the help of two broody hens. All summer they grew in the open air in the woods back of the house. Hopefully those wild birds were eventually housed, but in shelter that was meant only for unusual cold and storm. During one severe below-zero spell someone left the chickenhouse door open. When I went out at night, lantern in hand, in the hope of finding that perhaps a pullet had produced a prize, I found every last bird utterly and completely gone. I’d been robbed! I went outside and was about to give up when a slight murmur...
overhead caused me to raise my lantern. There, scattered in clusters in the trees were those idiotic birds, comfortably settling down for the night. Instinct vs. man’s idea of comfort.

Now arrives another query anent those members of the animal kingdom operating wholly by instinct. Around our house in winter you may note numerous feeding devices for the birds ostensibly offering food as an act of mercy. To be honest it is just another transfer of the silly idea that killed my Buff Cochins. We, having tenderized ourselves to demand 70 degrees indoors, decide the poor birds must be suffering on winter nights when the cold is severe and the ground is covered with snow. So we get them into the habit of having meals served regularly instead of holding to the natural system of letting them rustle for themselves.

We must pause here to recall one of our oldest friends—one most knowing about birds. She was firmly opposed to this feeding of wild things, lest they lose their independence and an instinctive struggle to survive by means of their own resources, seemed reprehensible to her. Many, she said, would eventually find themselves uncared for because of the transitoriness of their man-furnished supply of food. Unable to cope with the situation they would die. Her ideas may have had some basis but it would seem to require several hundreds of years of “spoiling” before the habits of cons of years would become entirely eradicated. Her second heaviest blast of accusation, against catering so unwisely to the feathered ones who haunted our feeding stations, was directed toward our enjoyment of having them around to watch. Enticing them to eventual downfall we were guilty of willful selfishness and destruction!

We must hasten back to our main theme: mainly man’s relinquishing of his dependence upon instinct to obtain food and shelter. Briefly I will enumerate some of the changes emphasized in autumn. Take the matter of food: if one carries winter storage to its ultimate possibilities the Deep Freeze is the answer. An unending variety of fish, flesh and fowl may be had at a moment’s notice as well as summer fruits and vegetables, and even pre-cooked breads and cakes, pastry and other desserts. When it comes to shelter from the cold, observe the modern house. Built-in storm windows with alternating screens provide a minimum of breakage—human and otherwise. Insulated foundation, sidewalls and roof complete the picture. (Who ever heard of “banking”!) And when it comes to warmth, even before the householder has felt an intimation of what is coming, the outdoor thermostat joggles the heating equipment into action. From then on a normal dweller has nothing more to do than move a finger all winter long. And for the fresh air fiend, at night, let him open his window wide. No more piling on of blankets and quilts and “puffs”. Just switch on the electric blanket.

And what are we to do with all the time we save? Spend it in the delicious air, drinking in the sunshine, storing it up for winter health? (We forgot to mention the Sun Lamp reposing in the closet upstairs.) Alas! How about all the freedom from toil which such a harvesting of everything from food to firewood should provide. No. The demand for action has simply changed; and it isn’t chiefly active in autumn either. Those monthly bills—bearing names which are in themselves suggestive of food, like “Current”, or more vulgarly referred to as “Juice”—must be paid. We find we still are toiling for food and shelter; and that we have given up considerable independence and self reliance.

Comes a day when the last bright leaves have carpeted the ground and the trees stand out in their naked strength. The mountain to the west begins to roar as the wind rises with the going down of the sun. Suddenly darkness drops down. The homing instinct leads us to our lighted windows. Inside there is age-old comfort and warmth. Snow sifts against the windowpanes, fire leaps on the hearth.

Here is peace in “the tumultuous privacy of storm.”

VERMONT Life 35
Northern New England’s largest office building, to be dedicated on October 11th, has a five-story main building, 360 by 145 feet. A two-story wing, housing lounge, cafeteria and dining rooms, is 150 feet long. Altogether there are 300,000 square feet of floor space, all of it air-conditioned. Nearly an acre of glass and the same amount of gray Barre granite face the building. The lobby employs marbles from Danby, Tennessee and France, and contains a 50-foot mural by Paul Sample. Part of the previous office building is seen at far left, with Vermont’s State House to its right.
GREAT national concerns are almost foreign to Vermont. But boldly pointing the exception is a
giant glass and granite structure just completed
near the Capitol. The new home office of the National
Life Insurance company looks out from a commanding hill
over the whole Winooski valley. Here with work space
for more than 1000 employees is a home-grown insurance
company, which now is 24th in size among 1400 in the
nation.

In keeping with Vermont’s bootstrap tradition the Na­
tional Life had its modest beginnings, in 1850, right here­
in the shadow of the Capitol. Dr. Julius Dewey, father of
the famous admiral, set up the first home office in what
today is a hardware store on Montpelier’s State street.
As it grew the company, which now has more than a
quarter million American policy holders, took over, step
by step, modestly larger quarters, and all of them in Mont­
pelier. The last three home offices, in the tradition of
“wear it out”, now are owned and used by the State of
Vermont.

This, the National Life, is the only great insurance
company in the world with country beginnings, which has
attained such size (three-quarters of a billion dollars in
assets) while still remaining a rural enterprise.

Vermont is proud of National Life. It shows what coun­
try boys can do.

First Home: now a Montpelier appliance
store, it was used for a few months in
1849.

Second Home: since razed, where quar­
ters were shared for a decade with anoth­
er insurance firm.

Third Home: was the Edward Dewey
House (now gone) which was used as
temporary quarters.

Fourth Home: shared with Vermont Mu­
tual Fire Insurance Company, now
houses the state Tax department.

Fifth Home: the first built for the com­
pany, in 1891, now houses the state
Agriculture department.

Sixth Home: built by the company in
1922, now to be occupied by various
state departments.
Bad Country Holiday
TENNIE GASKILL TOUSSAINT

UNDER BLUE SKIES and bright leaves some 2000 visitors last fall wound their way to the remote northeastern Vermont communities of Granby and Victory. They were lured by a unique community party called Holiday in the Hills. It was more people than these forest-girt towns probably had ever seen before.

The Holiday wasn’t just for fun. Proceeds from the celebration were for a special fund—to bring electricity to these, the only two towns in Vermont without power (or telephones either). So far $2000 has been raised.

This year’s Holiday will be held September 24 and 25, the gathering point again an attractive lumber camp cookhouse on sightly Sandy Hill near Granby. The building, which was constructed by volunteers for less than $100 in cash, is notable, too, for its shake roof, rarely seen these days.

Last year 750 visitors dined here on beef stew, chicken pie, beans (fresh from the nearby bean-hole), brown bread, pickles, rolls and an infinite variety of deserts, even to boiled cider pie. This year a comparable assortment of foods is planned, and again the evening scene will be lighted by kerosene lanterns.

There’ll be other things to do besides feasting, just as last fall. These will include an exhibit of local handicrafts, a snow roller on display, demonstrations in blacksmithing and lumbering (old and new methods), fishing at nearby Cow Mt. Pond, a Saturday night hoe-down, and on Sunday a service at the Granby-Victory church. First the men and then the women of the area will put on lumberjack suppers.

If you come early, likely every man in sight will be peeling potatoes and the ladies will be baking. Last year, among the smaller items, they made 500 doughnuts, 1,100 biscuits and 700 sandwiches. Considering that it’s done by communities which together number only 90 people the Holiday in the Hills is hard work.

But there’s satisfaction of watching the power line fund grow and in helping so many visitors have a good time. Those to whom the Holiday in Granby and Victory was a new experience will attest that fun there was in plenty.

Far Left: John Erwin, a Holiday chairman, with his family arrives with their contributions of foods. Left: Mrs. Maud Laud, dinner committee chairman, is Granby town clerk. Below: One of the Holiday’s long-suffering potato peelers.
Photographed by Angelo Lomeo & Sonja Bullaty

Left: A glance down one of the long tables finds one sitting of visitors at the lumberjack dinner about ready to sample the homemade pies. Above & right: Young and old savor the varied home cooking. Below: Mrs. Lund, with Irwin, who is Essex county sheriff, total up the day’s receipts, which will help to bring electricity to these two towns.
Gary Starbuck, North Pomfret, is a man "for the birds;" he has raised them wild and hunted them (not his own) since his childhood. This year he raised 600 wild pheasants. He never knows how many until the end of the season in December because they are so wild that he only sees a few at a time. There are two pens. One houses the birds that can fly which are used for training dogs, to stock land and for dog hunting trials. The other is occupied by birds which have their wings clipped. These are sold for food, as pets and as models for photographers who are assigned to get close-ups of pheasants in a fall background.
A day's feed consists of 75 pounds of grain and 4 gallons of scratch feed.

Gary is seen here delivering pheasants to a field trial, where he sets them out for the dogs.
At left Jill watches Gary inspecting the leg of a pheasant that seemed to be limping. These birds will fight each other until death—and often do. Below he checks a “pole trap” put there to catch the great horned owl that often swoops down on the birds and then alights on the nearest perch and is caught. At bottom Jill receives her reward for a day of faithful hunting with her master by rounding up the ducks in the pond. Gary has approximately 100 Mallards.
ORGAN PIPES

are handmade— with "tender, loving care"—

by a small handful of specialized craftsmen

by ROBERT SNOWMAN Photographs by Clemens Kalischer

THE FIRST-TIME VISITOR to the famous Rolls Royce works where those astonishingly luxurious cars are produced invariably receives a rude shock. Expecting a modern last-word plant reflecting the exalted status of "The Best Car in the World," he sees instead an almost primitive factory crammed with crude testing jigs and an air of disorganization. How explain the secret, then, of the Rolls' aloof position above the automotive scramble of lesser makes? Alas! there is no secret beyond the constant exercise of care, skill and patience.

This happy circumstance is echoed in a small, dusty second-floor factory in Brattleboro, where Bob and Larry Anderson turn out organ pipes on an unhurried, skill-comes-first basis.

The sons of Robert V. Anderson, who built organ pipes for fifty-two years, the brothers sell all of their output to organ manufacturers in other parts of the country.

Mr. Anderson, who died in 1957, was considered one of the most skilled men in the trade, his sons say proudly. Then they add quietly that they will back their pipes against those of any competitor anywhere.

An organ pipe is a surprisingly complicated piece of

Except for storage space and the casting room, this view represents the entire home of Anderson Organ Pipe.
A molten mixture of tin and lead is poured into a trough at the head of a long table—on which lies a long sheet of "body" metal. This trough, which has a thin slot along the bottom, slides on tracks down the length of the table—depositing a thin layer of "spotted metal" as a protective coating on the base metal.

Both body and foot must be checked for width—which must correspond exactly before rolling. The stack of flat sheets, ready to be rolled into bodies, has already been marked for where the lips will be cut.
work, although it uses exactly the same principle as those little willow whistles boys have been whittling since there were boys to whittle.

The pipe is made up of a body, a tin-and-lead or zinc cylinder of exact circumference-to-length ratio, and a foot, shaped like a metal ice cream cone and soldered to the body. So far this is easy, and everyone has seen the huge pipes behind the choir in almost every church.

Where the foot and body are joined there is a small rectangular hole, called the mouth, and inside this there is a little tongue, called a languid, which performs the same function as the reed in a clarinet. Air blown into the toe, the pointed end of the pipe at the end of the foot, produces the sound and passes out the mouth.

On either side of the mouth are two lips which allow for tuning the finished pipe. Running vertically to the mouth are two projections, called ears, which control the flow of air out of the mouth. Complex enough?

Well, there's more. At the end of the body away from the foot is cut another rectangle and into that inserted a metal strip to be adjusted for further tuning of the finished pipe.

Now consider that the finished pipe can have a body length ranging from one inch (for the highest notes) to thirty-two feet; that the sheet metal in each pipe body is tapered to tolerances of one-thousandth of an inch (Mr. Anderson, Sr. found that tapered pipes gave a better tone); that the pipe metal must be cast and rounded by hand, and soldered with a delicacy and exactitude that would send a radio-maker fleeing in dismay; and you might well decide to return to whittling your willow whistle, mumbling to yourself.

The brothers Anderson agree, sadly. There are few youths these days who are willing to apprentice themselves for the length of time necessary to learn all the operations of the trade and to apply the patience needed to acquire the skill.

Larry's son, Andy, works in the shop summers when he's not in school, but he's the only youngster. The firm is so small the Andersons couldn't start a company softball team if they wanted to.

How about competition? There is some, of course, and an increasing amount of it comes from Europe, where organ pipes have been made for centuries. Pipes coming from Europe now, say the Andersons, show evidences of production-line construction, something the brothers abhor like the plague.

They are willing to do a lot more work to get a little better product, and this attitude leads them to import tin to mix with lead for casting into sheets for the small pipes. Pipes with bodies more than four feet long are made of zinc. It's stronger. They use a hand caster older than their combined ages for the casting process and they run off enough sheets to last six or eight weeks.
The sheets, called spotted metal, are cut to size, tapered with hand-made tools and covered with gum arabic and whiting in the areas to be soldered. The soldering itself is extremely delicate work, since the heat necessary to melt the solder is also great enough to melt the metal. Then the foot (rolled into shape around a wooden cone), the languid and the ears are assembled—and there is the pipe, ready to be tuned.

The Andersons also do some repair, lavishing the same craftsmanship and care on pipes that come to them as on their own.

They have to. As Larry or Bob might say, with a boyish Anderson grin: if it weren't as fine a pipe as can be made, it wouldn't be allowed out the door.

In the foreground, at the end of each pipe can be seen the small rectangles of soldered metal—which are bent back to adjust the finished pipes to exact pitch and tone.
WHERE OLD GUNS ARE CONCERNED there are two schools. One likes to collect and restore the gun's appearance and the other cares most about firing them.

Bob Bourdon of Stowe combines both groups' interests. He likes to take an old gun and put it in A-1 condition, both in looks and practical firing accuracy, for hunting and target shooting.

Like other collectors Bob, who has many other hobbies (see Vermont Life, Winter 1954-55, page 42), secured most of his guns through dealers, at auctions and by trades. Restoration is less a matter of technical know-how and elaborate tools than working with care and ingenuity. Broken parts sometimes may be replaced from rough
Loading: Step 1: measure out the correct (determined by experimental firing) amount of powder, from the traditional powder horn. Step 2: select a patch from the box inlaid in the stock. Step 3: with the patch on the muzzle and the ball on top of it, the combination is started into the barrel. Step 4: primer powder is measured into the pan, the steel hammer strikes the flint, a spark ignites the primer—firing the charge through a small hole in the barrel.
Sighting-in is done at a range of 50 yards, using a bench rest to assure a steady aim. Here a friend of Bob's, Ted McKay, fires a round. Then the two check out results of a series of rounds. Here is a group fired by Bob, after earlier careful adjustments to size of charge and thickness of patch. It shows the kind of accuracy that can be obtained with the old muzzle loaders.

castings, but Bob has shaped parts out of odd bits of old steel. Damaged stocks often require careful wood inlays.

All this takes time, but to make an old gun shoot accurately takes even more hours of patient work. If Bob specializes at all, it is in the hand re-cutting or “freshing out” of rifle bores. To do this he first pours a lead casting of the barrel’s bore, around a steel rod. Removing the lead plug he sets into it a handmade cutter, or “saw,” which exactly fits the spiraled grooves in the barrel. By drawing this saw through the barrel a thin shaving of steel is drawn out. This goes on 800 to 1000 times, new plugs and saw adjustments being required periodically as the barrel’s bore increases in diameter.

Finally the barrel is done, the grooves now deeper and the “lands,” the raised areas, sharper. The spiraled lands and grooves give the bullet its spin and accuracy.

But now the mould used to form the gun’s bullets is too small, and it also must be ground out or “lapped” by hand until it will cast a lead ball which, when wrapped in a cloth patch, will fit the barrel snugly but not too tightly.

Loading is simple enough. A measured charge of black powder is poured into the barrel, a round cloth patch is laid over the muzzle and a ball placed atop it. Then a hickory loading rod is used to shove the ball and patch back against the powder charge.

For a flintlock, a little primer (fine black powder) is
Deer hunting . . . load up, exchange plans, separate.

poured in the “pan.” In later guns, percussion caps did away with the flint and primer.

The important thing about charging a muzzle loader is to do it the same way every time. For one thing this results in speed—in older times often the difference between life and death. Uniformity also means consistent accuracy.

Variables still remain. The load of powder may be increased or decreased a little; the patch thickness may be varied slightly; and Bob may even fresh out the barrel a bit more.

As the experiments go on, the test shots fired at a target begin to group themselves tighter. Finally, when five balls fired at 50 yards come inside a one-inch circle, Bob is satisfied. True, in muzzle-loading meets gunners have done this with ten shots, and at 220 yards, but these were special target rifles. It proves, though, that the accuracy of muzzle-loaders is no myth.

The real challenge is to hunt with these rifles. Differing from the modern rifle, they use open iron sights exclusively, instead of telescopic aids. Another point is the old adage to “keep your powder dry,” for a wet or even damp charge will not go off.

But the key distinction puts muzzle-loader hunting with the bow-and-arrow—the hunter has but one shot. True, with practice one can re-load and fire again within a minute, but that’s usually too late, as any deer hunter will tell you.

Returning from several hours of deer hunting, the pair emerges from the deep woods.

To empty the rifle—an off-hand shot.
The Organization which laid the cornerstone for constructive work and interest in the problems of alcoholism this Fall celebrates its 25th anniversary, an event of particular local interest and pride.

For it was two Vermonters, men originating in East Dorset and St. Johnsbury, who, meeting in Akron, Ohio in 1935, founded Alcoholics Anonymous, which has become the most effective treatment yet found for alcoholism. Observances in Vermont will be celebrated the week of October 16th.

As the cracker-barrel season again approaches, we are reminded of the 130-year-old Vermont food specialty and a recent discussion by R. W. M. in The Rutland Herald of “Common Cracker Qualities.” These memory-evoking crackers, incidentally, still are made by the Cross Baking Company, Montpelier.

“The distinctive thing about the common cracker is that it lacks distinction. It has no real flavor and to most people who haven’t an acquired taste for it, it would seem like a sort of insipid mixture of flour and water. It might be best defined as a highly inflated oyster cracker without salt.

“The Newport Express waxes ecstatic about the common cracker broken up and consumed with French style pea soup. It is typical of the delusions of the cracker lover that he should attribute the culinary virtues of the soup to the cracker.

“The real test is the consumption of the cracker, crumbled up in small pieces in cold milk—untouched by any foreign flavor or piquancy—just flat. Some people have tried adding salt to give it a little zing but that’s adulteration. There are other tricks like toasting them and loading them up with butter. But these are only devices for concealing the fact that the common cracker has no flavor.

“In short, the common cracker isn’t crispy, crunchy and packed with goodness and vitamins. You don’t eat it because of its flavor or energy value. You eat it in spite of its lack of virtue because you like it and because you got into the habit when you were a boy.”

Yankee Ingenuity made headlines last Spring when word got around that Gerard Caron of Westford, Vermont was milking his maple trees.

Caron had connected his 1500 tapped maples with plastic tubing—no novelty in itself. His technological break-through was the hitching of two unused milking machines to the sap lines, thereby nudging the trees into a greater flow of sap. He rigged outside thermostats to start up the milkers as soon as the Springtime morning air got above freezing. The milker sucks out sap which has frozen overnight in the tubes and is blocking the normal flow.

Traditionalists were dealt a blow this year when Brattleboro announced it is getting so big it will drop the old town meeting. Henceforth “the direct voice of democracy” will speak more efficiently in Brattleboro, we are assured. Wasteful oratory will be filtered out through proportionately elected proxies. The crashes which residents assume are sonic booms might be the disgusted mutterings of Ethan Allen. His vivid threats (*) to neighboring Guilford still seem to echo in the rounded hills.

(*)... and unless the inhabitants of Guilford peacefully submit to the authority of Vermont, I swear that I will lay it as desolate as Sodom and Gomorrah, by God.”

Mystery Picture 15
The first correct location of this Vermont lake view by Geoffrey Orton, postmarked after midnight, August 22nd, will receive one of our special prizes. Please send postal cards.

Our Summer issue Mystery Picture, a view of Haystack Mountain near Pawlet, was first identified by Floyd Bulter of Poulney.
From seed-crossing experiments, which at one time produced $50 tubers, emerged the unique Green Mountain . . .

The Only Potato Fit to Eat...

If the standard Vermonter is introspective, and he usually isn’t, he might be bothered by possessing two such opposite characteristics as mistrust of change and a delight in invention. Yet the value of combining these traits can be proved, and the result literally handed to him on a plate: the proof is oblong in shape, its color is cream-buff lightly netted with brown, its flesh is white. Its name is Green Mountain, and three generations of consumers have regarded it as the best-eating, best-keeping potato there is.

Green Mountain is the product of the native attitude that if a thing doesn’t suit you, make a new one—an attitude that brought a Vermont man the first American patent ever issued and prompted his fellow citizens to invent the steamboat, gas engine and electric motor. It is still in high favor because of the equally inherent feeling that if something suits you, keep it.

Before he turned to breeding potatoes, this prototype Vermonter had bred the Morgan horse and a world-famous variety of Merino sheep. He was also trying his hand with vegetables, cosseting favorite strains by selecting, as in the case of the heirloom bean handed down in the Boyce family of Waitsfield since 1808, the best pods from the best plants to use as seed the next Spring. It was this asexual method of propagation, called selection, whereby growers chose good tubers to plant the eight million bushels of potatoes raised in the state.

Then the 1843-47 epidemic of blight swept across Europe and America, causing the great famine in Ireland. Locally the situation was less serious, but still there were drastic reductions in the supplies of potatoes for Vermont’s tables, whiskey distilleries and starch factories. Everywhere plants were weakened by what we now recognize as virus or fungus diseases. A century ago, however, the trouble was diagnosed as a “running out” of the varieties then grown: the potatoes were tired, people said; tired of being made to produce from weak seed tubers cut into little pieces. Something had to be done to bring new vigor to parent stock.

The first step toward a remedy was taken in New York State, where a dedicated experimenter produced an entirely new potato. The Rev. Chauncey Richmond of Utica imported some healthy fresh stock from Panama and propagated it sexually by planting true seed instead of using cut tubers. From the new plants and their descendants he developed a robust seedling which he named Garnet Chili and introduced in 1857.

Albert Bresee of Hubbardton, Vermont, took over from there.

As a sheep-raiser he knew the importance of breeding for stamina and form. He chose Garnet Chili for his base,
Albert Bresee's potato created a new foundation stock.

Cyrus Pringle, the "Prince of Collectors," sorts out some of his 150,000 plant specimens at the University of Vermont.

B. K. Bliss' catalog page—that sent prices soaring.

These youngsters adorned the cover of an early seed catalog for children. In the center is C. Warner Hopkins, who today runs the family greenhouse in Brattleboro.

**EARLY ROSE POTATO.**

Introduced by D. S. Heffron, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., who thus describes it:

This is a seedling of the Gar­
net Chili, that was originated in
Vermont in 1861 by Alfred Bre­
see, Esq., an intelligent ama­
teur cultivator. It has a stout,
crested stalk, of medium Light;
large leaves; flowers freely;
bears no fruit. The tuber is
quite smooth, nearly cylin­
drical, varying to flabell at the
center, tapering gradually to­
wards each end. Eyes shallow,
but sharp and strongly marked.
Skin thin, tough, of dull bluish
color. Flesh white. solid and
brittle; rarely hollow; boils
quickly; is very mealy
and of the best table quality.
It is as healthy and productive
as the Early Goodrich, matures
about ten days earlier, and is its
superior for the table. The cut
is a good outline of this beauti­
ful and excellent sort. I con­
sider it the most promising
very early Potato with which I
am acquainted, and I have tried
nearly all the early sorts of the
country. If it does well still
another year, of which I have
no doubt, I hope to have it in
quantity to offer it to the public.
The originator, and two of his
neighbors, thus speak of the
Early Rose, in a note to me of
recent date—

RUTLAND CO., VT., Sept. 19, '67.
The subscribers have grown
the Early Rose, Early Goodrich,
and many other leading early
varieties. The Early Rose is
healthy, and with us ripens ten
days earlier than the Early
Goodrich; it yields more, cooks
quicker and dryer, and is of
better shape than that widely
celebrated variety. We con­
sider it decidedly the best very
early Potato we are acquainted
with.

ALFRED BRESEE,
CHESTER ROACH,
F. K. FORBES.

Dr. J. P. Gray, Supt. of the N.
Y. State Lunatic Asylum, fur­
imishes the following:

Last Spring I received from D. S. Heffron a quantity of his new Vermont Seedling Potato

called the Early Rose. It was planted the last of May, in alternating rows with the Early Good­
rich, in the same kind of soil and treated exactly alike. It came up rank, grew more rapidly
than the Early Goodrich, and flowered full two weeks before that variety. It began to ripen
its large, thrifty growing leaves twelve days in advance of the other, and was fully ripe
and fit for digging at least ten days before the Early Goodrich. We carefully measured four rows
of each kind across the piece, and found the yield quite equal to the Early Goodrich; in
health it was also its equal, while it excelled the other in table quality. I consider it the best
very early sort with which I am acquainted.

JOHN P. GRAY.

NEW AND SELECT VARIETIES
OF
VEGETABLE SEEDS, &c.

B. K. BLISS' CATALOGUE OF SEEDS.
cuddled out undesirable seedlings, and after several years developed one new plant he thought was especially good. In 1867 his potato appeared in B. K. Bliss & Sons' seed catalog as Early Rose, and touched off a mania of speculation that almost equaled the traffic in rare tulip bulbs that swept 17th-century Holland. Dazzled by reports of such fantastically high yields as 60, 72, even 78 pounds of potatoes grown from single seed tubers, one buyer paid $1,800 for a half-bushel of Early Rose—around $36 a tuber. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who took horticulture as seriously as he took sin, told of another Bresee tuber that went for $1,000 at the height of the boom.

The mania subsided after 1869, but not before Early Rose was established as "the first really promising commercial variety produced in America," in the words of a leading modern authority named William Stuart. "It may also be regarded as the foundation stock from which emanated many of our present-day varieties," he added.

Certainly it was the inspiration for Cyrus G. Pringle of East Charlotte, later to be known around the world as "the prince of collectors." Pringle deserves a story by himself, for he was a skilled botanist and the first of the new breeders to hybridize his plants by artificial pollination. His work was so successful that he got his young cousin, Frederick Horsford, to originate the Telephome Pea and Little Giant Corn; it inspired Dr. T. H. Hoskins of Newport to develop Early Dean Corn, and it encouraged the Rev. Richard Nott to breed the three kinds of peas that bear his name in today's catalogs.

Among the potato breeders who came under Pringle's influence were C. W. Brownell of Essex, Albert Rand of Shelburne and Bristol, and Orson H. Alexander, also of Charlotte, who introduced eight new potatoes and named one of them Green Mountain.

It appeared in seed books in 1885, competing with around thirty established varieties, and within five years it had helped slow American interest in potato breeding almost to a standstill. Part of this inertia during the '90s has been laid to a severe slump in all farm products. Another reason advanced for the loss of incentive could be summed up simply as that, with the appearance of Green Mountain and its kindred types, why bother?

For, after twenty years of tinkering, a handful of breeders along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain had finally got a potato that suited them: a late potato, maturing in September and therefore generally felt to be better than an early one harvested for the Summer market; a winter potato, able to spend eight months down cellar without getting spongy or shriveling; a fine-flavored potato, dry and mealy and therefore not soggy when baked or boiled.

However it didn't suit everybody then and it doesn't suit everybody now. Despite its flavor and texture and storing qualities it never, for instance, entirely superseded Early Rose—even in Vermont and even after the Rose stopped being grown commercially. After the turn of the century Carl S. Hopkins of Brattleboro was plugging Early Rose in his "Children's Catalogue" of seeds, where he also urged his readers to try Golden Bantam, a yellow sweet corn developed locally a full generation before its famous namesake hit the market. Olive and Clyde Jones of East Dover gave up planting Early Rose from their own seed only last year, but they still admire the Gilfeathers' turnip, originated by John Gilfeather of nearby Wardsboro who handed the seed down to his own and a few other families in surrounding towns.

As for commercial producers, as a whole they lean toward the more recent of Green Mountain's competitors whose much greater immunity to diseases means bigger crops to sell to supermarkets, where customers don't buy potatoes by name. Nevertheless plenty of growers still plant Green Mountains, knowing their crop will be bespoken by true potato fanciers before it's out of the ground. Such a producer is J. Allen Dodds, a retired grower of Waitsfield, who says he considers them the finest bakers and home-use potatoes there are. To Douglas N. Grant of Lyndonville the modern varieties taste like straw in comparison. And Charles B. Holton of Westminster wraps it up:

"The Green Mountain is the only winter potato fit to eat."

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A contemporary jingle told of Bresee's work, going on to describe the impact of the mania on an average speculator:

**THE EARLY ROSE**

There was a man I once did know,
And he was wondrous wise,
He raised potatoes very fine,
And dug out all their eyes;
And these he sold for piles of gold,
For so the story goes,
He gave a blessing on them all,
And called them "Early Rose."

* * *

At length their feeble, faltering steps
Showed labor all in vain.
The Doctors shook their heads,
And said: "'Potato on the brain,'
The patient must be quiet kept,'"
For so the story goes,
"And ne'er allow his mind to dwell
Again on Early Rose."