Vivid scenery, wide choice make Vermont's
Skiers will tell you there's no road anywhere to match Vermont Route 100—none that so admirably combines mountain scenery with the sport which draws thousands up or down the highway from every Eastern state and Canada as well. For Route 100 is the skiers' highroad, a ribbon of macadam linking sixteen major ski lift centers. From the border of Massachusetts to the border of Quebec, it is a 220-mile tour beside the great, frosty bulk of the Green Mountains.

Snow lies deep in the winter meadows and banks the village sidewalks. As if it had been planned that way from the start, the pastoral valleys and the tiny settlements give way at intervals to the white squiggle of ski runs dropping down from the peaks and to the straight, white lines of 67 ski lifts rising up to the rime frost and the dazzling sparkle of trees on the summits. Nowhere in the United States is there so much skiing within so compact a radius; nowhere such variety in setting and terrain.

Hal Burton

Some Route 100 Ski Firsts:
- Biggest ski crowds in U.S.—Mt. Snow
- Short Ski Center—Hogback
- Fastest Chairlift—Stratton
- Longest Poma Lift in U.S.—Okemo
- Highest Lift in East—Killington
- Site of First U.S. Ski Tow—Woodstock
- First T-Bar in East—Pico Peak
- Longest Gondola Lift—Sugarbush
- First Mt. Ski Center in U.S.—Mansfield
- First U.S. Chair Lift—Mansfield
- Leading College Ski Area—Middlebury
Skiing Special
SKI 100 1 Hanson Carroll, with Hal Burton
HOW TO KEEP WARM 12 William E. Osgood. Old timers’ tips
CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING 14 Bullaty-Lomeo. A photographic story

Scenic Section
WINTER MOODS 24 Five pages of color views

People
OLD-TIME FOX HUNTER 42 Harold F. Blaisdell, on Ed Peters
COUNTRY SEER 45 Julie Soule, on Lucia Lafortuna

The Past
STRANGE WEDDING OF
THE WIDOW WARD 38 Noel C. Stevenson and Murray Hoyt

Nature
WHITE-TAIL 34 Ronald Rood, on the Vermont deer

Departments
V-L REPORTS 48 on recent books
MYSTERY PICTURE 51 Number 24
FOOD 52 on Baked Beans
GREEN MOUNTAIN POST-BOY 51 Notes on the passing scene

Covers: Front—Cavendish, Robert Holland; Inside and opposite—Killington, Hanson Carroll; Back—Cavendish, Robert Holland


F. Ray Keyser, Governor
Per Copy—50c; Per yr.—$2, ($3.50 for 2 yrs.; $5 for 3 yrs.) Foreign—40c additional per yr.

Published November 20, 1962

© Copyright 1962 by Vermont Life Magazine. Second class postage paid at Montpelier, Vermont and additional mailing offices.
All photography by
HANSON CARROLL
(Unless otherwise credited)
Top of the Gondola
SUGARBUSH

PICO PEAK

Baby Poma Lift
MT. TOM
Woodstock

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
Snow Bowl and Ski Jump
Novice Slope—MAD RIVER GLEN

SMUGGLER'S NOTCH manager
Willis Barrows
MT. MANSFIELD—Running from the Octagon House

MAESTROS:

JAY PEAK
Walter Foegeger
How to keep **WARM** in the **WINTER**

**WILLIAM E. OSGOOD**

**T**HE EASIEST WAY to keep warm in the Vermont winter is to stay inside next to the stove. Most Vermonters have jobs inside where the thermometer maintains a temperate seventy degrees or so. Even the dairy farmer seldom has cause to complain of the cold since the stable of his barn is usually well above freezing and is kept that way by the body heat of his cattle. Still, there are large numbers of people who go out into the winter cold for business or pleasure. This is written for these people and also for the insiders who would like to go out and sample the piquant beauty of winter weather.

Architects, engineers and others of that ilk have spent scads of time and money designing houses and heating systems to keep humans from suffering from extremes of heat or cold. This is fine, and we wouldn't want it any other way. Yet the attention directed to this aspect of comfort has caused us to neglect the equally important consideration of ways to be snug and warm while away from our dream house in the winter months.

Clothing is, in a sense, a house that we carry with us. To keep us properly warm in the sub-zero weather our clothing should be carefully designed to take advantage of the natural heat produced by our bodies. The primitive Eskimo probably designed the most efficient cold weather clothing yet known to man. During the years 1906-1918 the Arctic traveller and anthropologist Vilhjalmur Stefansson lived part of the time with Eskimos along the shores of the Arctic Sea in the Canadian North. He found that the Eskimos endured, in fact enjoyed, minus forty weather for days on end. The total weight of their clothing for outdoor wear in this kind of weather was *seven* pounds, a figure approached by one pair of heavy ski boots here. The remarkable account of the Eskimo's unique style of clothing and way of life is reported by Stefansson in a chapter entitled, paradoxically enough, "The Tropical Life of the Polar Eskimos," in his book *Cancer: Disease of Civilization?* (Hill & Wang, 1960).

Eskimo clothing and Eskimo living conditions are not particularly adapted to Vermont conditions, but many of the lessons that they learned from hard experience are worth studying; especially their principle of going light and staying warm.

The human body is the heating plant with which we are concerned and clothes are a means of conserving enough heat to keep us warm under varying weather conditions. Clothes, besides covering our pristine state, serve other functions such as to make us appear beautiful when we are ugly; rich when we are poor; intelligent when we are stupid and so forth, but that is another story.

When the human body is exposed to cold, the ears, hands and feet begin almost immediately to get chilly. This is partly because the body thermostat which controls the flow of blood always makes sure that the vital organs are kept warm, even at the expense of the extremities. There are many other complex physiological reactions to
cold weather, but the one reaction governing flow of blood to the hands, feet and head (ears) is of primary importance, because that determines how to set the foundation of the clothing house.

The foundation garments for winter wear are long underwear or 'long johns.' Ideally, they should be of pure wool, but since most people cannot stand the feel of wool next to their skin, and since wool is a difficult fabric to wash in automatic machines, the clothing manufacturers have combined wool with other fibers to make a fairly satisfactory substitute. The upper and lower sections of two-piece underwear should overlap, thus doubling the coverage over the mid-section thereby insuring warmth to vital organs. A warm stomach means warm hands. So-called "thermal" underwear contains many small pockets of still air. Since dry, motionless air is one of the best insulators known to man, this thermal device uses, in part, one of the Eskimo secrets of keeping warm.

Let me describe now the other garments that I have found adequate for active, outdoor wear in sub-zero weather. The advantage of this full outfit is that all of these articles of clothing are readily available almost anywhere.

Get a pair of woolen trousers patterned on the style issued by the Army for the winter uniform, and a woolen shirt also of the same style. Add a light woolen sweater to be worn when it is unusually cold. A good substitute for a sweater would be a hunter's armless vest fabricated of sheepskin or the lighter and equally warm synthetic fabrics. Over the feet will go a pair of light woolen socks and then a heavier pair. Sheepskin boots with felt innersoles, or the old-fashioned felt boots make the best footgear. Either of these must be used with rubber overshoes. Slip into a pair of cotton denim coveralls and then a pair of leather shell mittens. Clap a bright-colored toque on the head; one that has plenty of material for covering the ears and you are ready to brave the wintry blasts. The total weight of this outfit is fourteen pounds; certainly a far cry from the seven pound Eskimo caribou skin suit, but quite an improvement over the mighty sheepskin coats of yesteryear which weighed eight pounds alone.

Ski clothes start from the same foundation as the outfit described above. From that point they vary to serve the particular activity of the skier. In place of the woolen trousers are the stretch pants. A parka replaces the coveralls. Most parkas that I have seen on the ski slopes are poorly designed. The ideal is the pull-over type with a full-sized hood that can be closed to cover all of the face except the eyes (it gets pretty windy sitting in a chair lift some of these cold days.) The length of the parka should be down to mid-thigh with a draw string around the waist that can be used to tuck up the extra length when it is not needed. Ski boots are designed primarily to make a close fit between the skier and his skis so that he may be more adept at making casual-appearing turns. Ski boots are useless to keep the feet warm because they are drawn so tight as to almost cut off the circulation of blood to the feet. This is of small account however since the skier is only moments from the tropic warmth of a lodge or other convivial establishment. As a matter of fact, many ski costumes have been designed for the brass rail set and the wearers of these clothes seldom venture far from the inner sanctum, except to make a brief appearance on the practice slope about two o'clock in the afternoon of a January thaw.

A final and most important consideration is the matter of a person's attitude towards the cold months. The sparkling, luminous glow of a deep sub-zero moonlit night is indeed an awesome spectacle. These are times for solemn wonder, though; not for fear. Fear itself provokes the sensation of coldness and no amount of clothing however well designed can thwart the shaking and shivering of a frightened person. Little by little one overcomes the persistent concept of winter as a time to withdraw from the out-of-doors and one learns to appreciate the full beauty of this most remarkable season. Get your clothes together now and prepare to unravel the subtle mysteries of the wintertime.

Winter 1962 • 13
It may well be the oldest form of skiing—but it's the latest thing here in Vermont, the cradle of U.S. skiing. And among skiers who don't mind going uphill under their own power, and who hate crowds and really love the deep country in Winter, it's considered great sport.

The equipment differs from that used by the downhill skier: skis are narrower, lighter, without edges; boots are flexible and attached to the ski by the toe alone. Thus his gear allows the cross-country man to weight one ski, and push off it into the long stride which characterizes the sport. Another difference: this ground-covering lope is called running by the buffs, whereas "running" to the lift-and-tow fan means a good straight schuss downhill.

In Norway and Finland, cross-country touring was born of necessity centuries ago. Even today thousands of Scandinavian families, from children to grandparents, enjoy a winter weekend skiing across the countryside on their own or going from one overnight hut to the next in a manner (and spirit) reminiscent of the Long Trail hiker. In Canada, and in Stowe and Burlington, this sport is appealing to a growing number of rugged individualists.

But the Vermont capital of touring cross-lots is undoubtedly Putney, where John Caldwell, cross-country and jumping veteran of the '52 Olympics and math teacher and coach at Putney School, has recruited many Windham County residents who shun the stretch-pants circuit and ski their terrain, uphill and down, as they find it.

In pictures on these and following pages, cameramen Sonja Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo have caught the Caldwells (John, pretty wife Hester and children—Timothy, Sverre, Peter and Jennifer) enjoying with neighboring friends a relaxing day at their favorite sport. s.a.

COUNTRY

Skiing with a Difference
CROSS-COUNTRY
"A storm is sweeping across the hills. From a soft blue the sky grew swiftly gray, and I looked out in time to see Long Hill loosing itself in whiteness. In the valley gray veils began whirling against the woods; and there the storm seemed to stay. But it
must have been racing toward us, for in another instant great flakes came against our big elms, at first indefinitely, then making a fierce rush up the hill. Recruits joined them, the valley thickened, and now I can see only the line of trees by the first wall—thin, ghostly in the driving snow. It pours down in blinding floods between my window and the orchard.

"I love this blotting out by the storm. One feels so sheltered, so wrapped around. One might be at sea. The wind roars; there are rattlings and shiverings—the rattling of rigging, the shivering of ship’s timbers in a gale?

"From here I see no lights. By day, three little snow-covered barn roofs, each smaller than the other, show against a hemlock hill. Staring out the window I can not help wondering whimsically whether one would lose one’s way, as in Western blizzards, and sink down, lost, ten feet from the door.

* * *

"The storm was howling outside, the wind tearing round the old building, shaking it and making my lantern flicker in the draft. . . . I don’t like windy nights in that old barn. . . . As we gained the warm cozy kitchen, however, I drew its bolts with haste and pleasure, and we settled ourselves for a meal, thinking happily of those others also supping, in their stalls. . . .

* * *

"I had thought it was snowing hard. But there, in a clear dark-blue streak under the illuminated, dusty tail of the storm, the moon had come up over the knoll, which stood up sharp and black. The lane glittered, a path of twisting silver—and swoop came a great gust, a mop of angry cloud blotted over, and the lane was black again."

Anne Bosworth Greene, *The Lone Winter*, 1923
Winter Moods

not always are those of bitter cold and blizzard storms.

Pictured here (the order form pages to be removed) and on the next five pages, are photographic impressions of other winter aspects.

Here and on page 29:
Stowe Village—Arthur Griffin

Following double spread:
Cavendish Upland Farm—Robert Holland

On page 32:
Sunrise at the West River, East Jamaica—John H. Harris

Facing black & white:
East Randolph Orchard—Thomas Mann
If you've ever startled a white-tailed deer, you know how it got its name. That nine-inch tail, snow-white on the underside, flips up like a flag. Then it wags back and forth with each bound of the retreating animal.

If it happens to be nearly dark, the flag may be the only thing you see. I once surprised six of the creatures near Middlebury. Not a sound did I hear nor shiny black nose. Probably a fly had landed and caused it to twitch.

Vermont's most common large wild animal gets its start in a thicket in late May or June. The tiny fawns, weighing as little as three and one half or as much as seven pounds, arrive with their eyes fully open. A first-time mother usually has just a single baby, but twins are common thereafter. Occasionally there are triplets.

Alan Devoe, in Our Animal Neighbors tells of a fawn he and his wife once found. They came across it around a bend in a path. Almost without thinking, Mary Devoe offered it her finger to suck. Also without thinking, the little creature took the finger.

At the same moment sudden realization seemed to come into its eyes. They widened with a new insight. The suckling stopped. In an instant the fawn collapsed. There it lay stretched out, from nose to tail the very soul of helplessness. Having made one mistake it plainly didn't expect to live to make another.

Naturalists say the fawn has no scent. A bear or dog may pass harmlessly within...
to action. Getting up on wobbly legs, they begin to sample twigs and leaves. They seldom wander far, and melt into the forest floor at any strange noise.

Then one day, the spotted fawn asserts himself. Before, he would allow himself to be pushed down to the ground by his mother's nose as she prepared to leave. Now that he's a month old, he'll have none of it. Trotting along after her, he goes with her on her feeding rounds. Then he may discover something he's suspected all along. There's another fawn just like him under a spruce a little way off.

He spends the rest of that summer with his mother. Often he remains with her the vegetation where she feeds. So a fawn can find his mother with eyes, ears and nose.

A fawn at my boyhood scout camp was the official mascot one summer. Late in the season some of us went back to put away the floats and canoes. Rufus was still there, but he was rapidly growing up. Now, some six months old, he weighed perhaps fifty pounds. His trusting ways had taken on a new aloofness. Little nubbins on his head showed where the antlers would be, although they wouldn't actually begin to grow until the following year.

The biggest change, however, was in his coat. Sometime between the closing of camp and this October afternoon, he had traded his dappled baby-clothes for a new salt-and-pepper overcoat. Its grayishness, I learned later, was due largely to air cells within the hair itself. These would serve as winter insulation and as floats for swimming.

Deer are great swimmers. They can easily cross four or five miles of water, which would thus include much of Lake Champlain. They are also fond of water plants. A woodland scene hard to forget is a buck and a doe I once saw at the edge of a lake. They were submerged almost to the shoulders, feeding on underwater vegetation like their huge cousin, the moose. In fact, the Indians used to call them "stream deer" because of their fondness for water.

Often white-tail takes to the water for a different reason. When flies are thick, it finds a marsh, pond-edge or trout pool. Sinking until only its head shows, it relieves itself of their torment in the cool water. The size of a stream in which it can find rest is astonishing. It may lie down in one so small that its body blocks...
it completely. Then the water rises, finally to flow over its living dam, effectively keeping the flies at a distance.

Only the very rare (and probably abnormal) female deer has any sign of antlers. However, the sharp, polished hoofs are dangerous weapons. Stabbing on the upstroke, slashing on the down-stroke, they are unbelievably quick, faster than the eye can see, and packed with power that could easily disembowel a dog.

Do the oldest bucks have the largest antlers? This question is good for a half-hour at any hunting lodge or camp. However, it’s hard to resolve to a yes or no. The deer in his second year may be a spike-horn, prong-horn or six-pointer depending on the quality of the range. As nutrition plays a vital part, poor antler growth may indicate a buck on poor feed or in advanced years.

The buck drops his antlers in winter. His next pair is usually larger but this increase does not take place forever. After approximately three and a half to five years of age, antler size may level off or actually decrease. Beyond this, “racks” may be abnormal, unbalanced, or of poor form.

If you look at the thickness of the antler just above the swollen base, you can make an educated guess as to the quality of the animal’s range during the past growing season. Generally, thickness is proportional to range quality. This only serves to emphasize the astonishingly close relationship between the deer and all phases of its surroundings—soils, minerals and available food.

The largest set of white-tailed deer antlers on record, according to the Boone & Crockett Club’s 1958–59 competitions, came from Minnesota. The main beam was 31 3/8 inches long, with eight points on each side. Another head on record, however, would give a nightmare to even the most seasoned hunter. It has 23 points on one side, 26 on the other. It was collected, naturally, in Texas.

The antlers of the deer family are among the fastest-growing bones known. Moose, caribou, deer and elk all form new ones each spring. Covered with soft skin, well-supplied with blood, they remain “in the velvet” from spring until autumn. Then their owner polishes them by rubbing against bushes and trees. At the same time, his swelling neck and aggressive mood indicate that mating is fast approaching. A male deer in fighting trim may brook no interference. Every fall there are stories of bucks which have fought to the death with antlers fatally locked. I have seen a photograph of a fine eight-pointer, dead of starvation, locked by the horns to a smaller deer whose neck had been broken. The ground was torn up for an acre.

Tame deer, normally well-mannered, may suddenly turn on their human friends. Occasionally even a wild buck may attack a human being during the rutting season.

A friend told me of watching the courtship of a buck and doe through field glasses. “It was early November,” he recalled. “The doe seemed to be running for her life, with the buck some fifty feet behind.

“She cleared a ravine in a single leap. However, as she did, she knocked off a big clod of earth. The buck couldn’t make this widened jump. He landed in the bottom of the gully. Then what do you think that doe did? She waited while he struggled up out of his embarrassment. After that, she began to run for her life all over again.”

People who tramp the woods are often unaware of the number of deer that may be around them. Although the white flag is the traditional mark of the startled deer, many may just lie low until danger is past. Others just sneak away, tail tucked down out of sight.

Summer menus are no problem for the white-tail. I’ve often seen them at dusk along the edges of fields, grazing on weeds and clover. In all, more than 600 foods have been listed, with maple, birch, apple and cherry high in preference, among the woody foods. The deer bites off the twigs with a twisting motion, thus producing a peculiarly frayed end. Mushrooms, wintergreen, lichens, ferns and even last year’s antlers also provide good nibbling. However, it’s a lucky deer that finds a set of antlers to chew on. Mice, rabbits and porcupines like calcium, too, and speedily reduce them to lacework.

Winter feeding, however, is starkly different. In the depth of soft snow the slender-legged deer is in real trouble. Able to travel ten miles with ease on a summer night—although its normal range is a mile or less—it is greatly restricted in winter. It gravitates to the swamps, white cedar thicket and slopes with a favorable exposure, there to mill around with others of its kind.

Soon the snow is packed into trails and “yards” in the areas affording adequate shelter. As browse and twigs get used up, the deer begin to stand on their hind legs to reach higher food. Soon a “browse line” develops, with every available twig broken off up to the highest level reached by the tallest deer.

In a severe winter, youngsters and does may lose out in this deadly competition. My forestry professor once told us of coming across such a deer yard in late winter.

“I could catch any one of a dozen deer,” he said, “even on snowshoes. Some of the doe couldn’t have weighed more than fifty pounds. The stomach of one dead doe was jammed with spruce needles and dirt from a sod-bank. She had starved with her stomach full.”

The whole problem of maintaining deer in Vermont is a hefty one. There is about one white-tail for every three people—some 125,000 deer, estimated. This makes about as high a ratio as you’ll find anywhere in their range, which is from southern Canadian provinces clear to Central America, excluding our arid southwest. However, from all the heat and light generated over Odocoileus virginianus, a few facts have emerged:

1. In many cases, deer are far more plentiful today than in pioneer times. Somewhat over 100 years ago they were extinct in southern New England and even in southern Vermont. Valued for their hides, meat and antlers, they could not keep pace with the pressure put on them.

2. The original unbroken forests didn’t favor large deer populations, as forest-floor cover and food were sparse. The deer concentrated largely along woods edges and openings, their numbers kept within the limits of the carrying capacity of the land. Now, with the large-scale abandonment and increase in cut-over land, whole areas have suddenly become wood edges and openings.

3. Much of this land, ideal in summer, is unavailable to winter deer, due to lack of shelter and unfavorable exposure. So the deer concentrate in the smaller protected yard areas.

4. The wolf, cougar (or panther), coyote and even the occasional lucky bobcat are no longer effective natural means of controlling deer.

So man has lifted the lid on the whole problem of maintaining deer.
hunter puts up his gun at the end of the season and wishes for more. So do the hikers and vacationists. The lumberman complains that his young trees are severely cut back by deer, except where saplings have grown up through brush piles and slash. Showing a preference for maple, ash and other timber trees, the deer leave behind beech, hop hornbeam and other less valuable species. This will seriously affect Vermont’s forests and wood-using industries in the future.

Somewhere in the middle of it all, trying for a neat balance is Vermont’s fish and game department. It has to deal with too many deer in one instance, too few in another.

In the fall of 1961, shortly after the regular hunting period, it rode herd on a quick “antler-less deer season” in certain counties. This was an effort to muffle the population explosion among the deer.

“How does such a season work out?” I asked a department spokesman.

“It’s had good results,” he said. “It has done a lot of good where it’s been tried in Pennsylvania and the midwest. Helps to keep the animals down to the proper number for their surroundings.”

“Basically, our recommendations are two-fold: timber practices and herd management,” said George W. Davis, Vermont’s fish and game commissioner. “It’s not fair to manage one and disregard the other. All uses of the land are important. They are interdependent. There’s no other way around it.”

The soft-eyed, large-eared, tawny-red (in summer) or gray (in winter) animal with the white bib and nose-band, is always a thrill to see. Its 25-mile speed and great leaps, sometimes exceeding 20 feet on the straight-away and eight feet into the air, make it a spectacular creature. In many parts of the state, “deer jams” occur. Cars line the road at dusk to watch the graceful creatures in the meadows.

The deer supplied man with his moccasins, jackets, blankets and knife-handles. On the frontier it has even provided fawnskin underwear, greased hide windows and tallow candles. Its skin has been used for money, and helped open our country to explorers.

As America’s most popular big-game animal, it supplies hunters with more than half a million trophies each year—some ten thousand of them from Vermont.

With such an illustrious history, it's a small wonder that the white-tail has been suggested as our state animal. In the hearts of many who know it well, it commands the same honored position as on Vermont’s state flag—top-most of all.
Obediah Martin, a lawyer, tells us that on February 22, 1789, in Newfane, Vermont, the widow Hannah Ward, the most beautiful woman in the whole town, married Major Moses Joy. A large gathering watched every instant of the ceremony with rapt attention. Every eye was fixed on the wedding couple; those present seemed especially interested in the gorgeously attractive bride.

Perhaps this was because she had, for the ceremony, laid aside all her clothing.

But we are getting ahead of the story.

Obediah became involved in the matter because he was a friend of Major Joy and wanted to save the good Major from financial ruin and a long jail term. And because the elements of law involved were very interesting to him as a lawyer. His own involvement was what caused him to keep such a complete record of the chronology of events.

Lawyer Martin found Major Joy in his outer office one morning, and they retired to the privacy of the inner room. After they were seated, the good Major licked his lips repeatedly, turned his hat around and around in his hands, and then said, "Obediah, I've got trouble."

Obediah, who must have had an intimate knowledge of Newfane goings-on, said, "Widow Hannah Ward?"

The Major looked startled and taken-aback. He said, "How did you know?" Obediah only made a superior little lawyers-know-everything gesture with his hand, and smiled an inscrutable smile.

Major Joy said, "I didn't think anybody had the slightest idea I was even courting her." Then he added, "Obediah, what's this law about a new husband becoming liable for a dead husband's debts?"

"Executor de son tort?"

"Exe—exec—You don't say! Is that the one where I could become liable for William Ward's debts if I married Hannah Ward?"

"That's the one, Moses. It—"

Moses' hands opened and closed. He almost hitched himself off the front of the chair. His face became softer, his eyes sparkled.

He said with tremendous earnestness, "Obediah, I love that woman. More than anything else I ever wanted, I want to marry Hannah Ward. I can't sleep good at night any more. I can't work good daytimes. I can't—"

"A very natural biological phenom—"

"—stand it to be away from her or wait to get back to her again. I can't—" A look of dismay spread across his face. The animation left it and was replaced with nervous self-consciousness. He muttered, "I guess you'll think I'm silly to—"

"Not silly. A reasonable—"

"But I just can't pay William Ward's debts. Why that handsome no-good owed everybody and everybody's little brother. He owed folks clear to Boston. Yes, by George, clear to Albany. How does this exec thing—this law work?"

"Well, literally it means, executor of his own wrong.' You see, in common law the husband owns all of his wife's personal possessions, and of course that includes her clothing."

"He can't own that now. He's dead."

"But there has never been a distribution of any part of the estate to her. Her possessions, therefore, are still owned by the estate. The estate is insolvent. As you say, creditors from here to there and back, are roosting in trees like vultures waiting to swoop down on anything valuable under any pretext. Oh, they aren't going to attach a couple of second-hand dresses and some—they glanced apprehensively at Moses Joy and then finished delicately, "—some other things. But if anything was much more valuable than used clothing, they'd swoop."

"But how can they swoop on me?"

"Under executor de son tort, anybody who meddles with the goods of a deceased person becomes liable for that person's debts."

"All of them? All that mess of—"

"All of them. If you married Widow Ward while she was wearing clothes furnished by her late husband, you would be trying to take over, or be 'meddling with', part of his estate. And you would under this law become liable for all his debts."

At first all was gloom. Then suddenly a look of vast relief spread across Major Joy's face.

He said, "Well, we can get around that easy enough. I'll buy her a whole new outfit to be married in. I'll get a dressmaker in Bennington. No, by George, I'll buy the best in all Boston so that—"
“No good. If you married her in clothes furnished by you, which she put on while she was still so-to-speak a part of William Ward, the clothes would be considered a gift by you to the estate, not to her. You’d still be ‘meddling’ when you got them back by marriage, and you’d be liable. It’s common knowledge that you’re well-off.

Do you honestly believe a single creditor would be fair-minded enough to forego such a heaven-sent opportunity?”

“No-o-o-o. One or two, maybe. But when you put it that way, not many. And there wouldn’t be enough money, well-to-do or not, to cover all that crafty promoter’s defaulting schemes.”

“Well, if there wasn’t, once they obtained a judgment, they could have you thrown into prison under Vermont’s debtor’s law. You could be there for years, ruined and locked up. Moses, hard as it may seem to you, you’ve got to give up the idea of marrying this woman.”

“But life wouldn’t be worth living without her. I won’t live without her.”

“What sort of life would it be with you married, in a debtor’s prison, and Widow Ward outside? Certainly that’s not as good as your life right now. No, Moses, you can’t fight this; there’s no way out; it’s too big—”

His voice trailed to a stop because he had the distinct feeling that Major Moses Joy wasn’t listening to him any longer. The Major’s eyes held a squinting, calculating, far away look.

Then suddenly Major Joy galvanized into action. He jumped to his feet and stretched out his hand to Lawyer Martin.

“Thank you very much,” he said, “for warning me. I’ll take your advice and make sure I don’t pay his debts or land in jail. Thank you.”

“Good. I know it’s hard to put aside the thought of marrying anyone so lovely, so—”

“Oh, I haven’t put that idea aside even for a moment. I’m just not going to pay those debts or go to prison.”

“But—but—”

He was still sputtering when the door closed behind the Major.

In the days which followed, Lawyer Obediah Martin heard much on all sides about the plans for Major Joy’s wedding. When the exact date was finally settled, he stopped the Major.

He said, “Moses, somehow I haven’t gotten across to you how real your danger is if you should go through with this. You seem to feel that nothing can happen to you. It can, and it will. Everybody who understands the true situation is deathly afraid of that law. The courts without exception uphold it. It is a fearsome thing; it can bankrupt the rich and cause the poor to be imprisoned.”

“It’s a bad law, Obediah.”

“Granted. The way it’s now interpreted, it’s so bad that I have a feeling the interpretation of our courts may actually be based on a misunderstanding of the principles involved. Vermont is very new. Many magistrates have no real education in the law. I’m positive that someday executor de son tort will be interpreted very, very differently. But right now it hangs over you, and these plans of yours, like a sword.”

Winter 1962 • 39
They talked a while longer. The best Obediah could get from Major Moses Joy was a vague mumbling that he had a “sort of plan.” And finally they parted, Lawyer Martin shaking his head sadly.

On the morning of the wedding, a sudden blinding thought came to Lawyer Martin. It was, in his mind, like the white light of an explosion. It was such an unthinkable idea that at first he put it from him. But the more he remembered little phrases, small words, in the conversations between himself and the Major, the more horrified he became.

Again he sought out Moses Joy.

“If,” he said, “you have some crazy idea of forcing that poor woman to—Of course you couldn’t be thinking of—She wouldn’t be a party to—”

“It would handle the situation, wouldn’t it?”

“Why—why, yes, but—but it’s unthinkable. The disgrace. What would women everywhere say if—”

“Better be sure to come to the wedding. Others—plenty of others—plan to be there; no reason you should miss it. It’ll likely be worth seeing.”

And the Major hurried away.

Obediah Martin went to the wedding, which was held at the Field Mansion on Newfane Hill. He arrived rather early so as not to miss anything. He assured himself piously that he didn’t want to miss anything because the thing he missed might be something with which he could somehow help his old friend.

There was much bustling around. Fine ladies and gentlemen, dressed in their best, moved about, greeted one another. It seemed to Lawyer Martin that the women were acting unusually innocent and demure, and the men were more swashbuckling than usual. Over-all he could feel an anticipation, an extreme excitement he had never noticed before during such an event. It was in every move that was made, every word that was spoken.

Major Joy came in and Obediah heard him whisper to the mansion’s owner, “—are you sure the room is warm enough? Under the circumstances we must have it much warmer than usual.”

Why, the Major must actually be going through with it. Lawyer Martin’s heart seemed to drop, then skyrocket into his throat where it remained for an agonizing period. Everyone waited. The room became quiet.

Moses Joy came in and took his place against the far wall. Reverend Hezekial Taylor—known to all as the jolliest parson in the Republic of Vermont—came in and took his place beside the Major. Every eye was on the door; the tension seemed to Obediah almost unbearable.

Then there was a rustling in the hallway and the Widow Ward came forward into the room with her attendants. She was very beautiful, a little pale. A demure little half smile played around the corners of her mouth.

Well, as least she was still clothed. But what clothing!

It was in almost fantastic contrast to the beautiful silks worn by her attendants. Obediah could hear a little gasp as people got their first glimpse of it.

The clothes were shabby and old. Terribly shabby. They weren’t, and never had been, wedding clothes. The threadbare old dress and the jacket, in their very best days, couldn’t have been labeled a “gown.” And certainly there was no train, no veil.

She stopped near the Major, the demure half-smile on her lips more pronounced now. Very slowly she unfastened the small jacket.

She unfastened the buttons one at a time. She slowly removed the garment. She held it out in front of her between her thumb and first finger. For several moments she stood there, and there was no sound but the breathing of the guests. Then she dropped it in a heap on the floor.

Lawyer Martin thought, “She’s going to do it. I—I didn’t believe she would. O dear! This is terrible!”

For a moment longer she stood there. Then she moved forward, followed by one of her attendants. She went to the door of a closet in the far wall.

She opened the closet and stood for a second in the doorway for a last look at those assembled. Then she and the attendant moved across the closet threshold and closed the door behind them.

For the first time Obediah Martin really looked at that closet door. It was like any other door in the room except that there was a heart-shaped hole, which looked newly cut, in its exact center.

There was a rustling inside, and what might even have been a subdued giggle or two.

Then the door opened again, this time only enough to allow the attendant to come out into the main room. She carried with her a pile of clothing; the shabby dress the Widow Ward had worn, and on top of that, stockings and other items which caused a little feminine gasp to rise from the guests. It was easy to see that everything she had worn—was on that pile. There was much dainty turning away of feminine heads.

The attendant placed the pile of clothing atop the jacket on the floor, then stepped over against the closet door.

Then through the heart-shaped hole in the door a graceful hand was extended. Next an incredibly white, rounded, lovely, and very feminine arm came into view. The Major reached for the hand with the fervor of a youth, held it in his. He looked up then and faced Reverend Taylor.

Reverend Taylor cleared his throat and began, “Dearly Beloved, we—.” Thus was the naked widow, standing in the darkened closet, married to Moses Joy.

When the ceremony was over another attendant appeared carrying a pile of lovely silk. She went to the closet door, passed inside.
In a short time the elegantly attired Widow Ward, now Mrs. Moses Joy, came out, her smile radiant. She was kissed hard by the eager Major, then standing hand in hand with him, received the congratulations of her friends.

Obediah Martin was one of the most effusive of the congratulators, and there was definite relief in his whole bearing. But it was peculiar that he found himself unable completely to suppress a sense of disappointment, of letdown. Certainly he had no idea from what that feeling could have stemmed.

And so Obediah’s friends, Major and Mrs. Joy, just as fictional stories ended in those days, lived happily (and financially secure) ever after.
BACK IN THE 1920’s, George Jewell, the blacksmith, was the best horseshoe pitcher in the village of Bradford. Harry Colby, the barber, could lick all comers at checkers and chess. Ed Peters was undisputed king of the fox hunters.

Ed’s father introduced him to the game at an early age. Eventually, Ed came to know every fox crossing for miles around. Often, or so it seemed, he could tell which crossing a fox would use before the fox himself knew.

“A durn fox’ll go out of his way to run to Ed,” was the way folks often put it.

In those days, many a man worked for fifteen dollars a week, and was glad to get it. By contrast, a prime fox pelt would bring as much as twenty-five dollars. In spite of these golden prices, Ed and his few hunting associates had very little competition. The slow torture of a fox stand in zero weather soon discouraged most who sampled it. Fox hunting, as some like to say, has always soon separated the men from the boys.

The era of the twenty-five dollar fox pelt is now a thing of the past. Milady’s taste in furs has changed, and the red fox neckpiece and muff, once so fashionable, have disappeared from the scene. So, almost has the old time fox hunter.

Ed Peters is one of the rare exceptions. More than seventy years old, he is still going
strong, although, with foxes not worth the
skinning, he has turned his hunting efforts
mainly to bobcats. Nevertheless, he likes the
music of a hot fox chase as well as ever and he
has lost none of his genius at being in exactly the
right place at the right time.

There is more to fox hunting, however, than
being in the right place. There is, for example,
the very important matter of hounds.

A foxhound must be able to take a fox track
made the previous night, and follow it to where
the fox has bedded down for the day. Since he
must often do this amid deep snow, and in
bitter weather, this task alone calls for the suc­
cessful blending of many talents, not to mention
an extraordinary amount of persistence. A dog
adept at cold trailing becomes known as a
“good starter” and is prized accordingly.

Once the fox has been “started,” the dog
must drive him steadily until the fox is shot, or
takes refuge in a den. Unless wounded, foxes
take to earth only infrequently. The fact that
they will run ahead of hounds for hour after
hour seems to bear out the contention of many
hunters that foxes enjoy the chase. Occasionally
a fox will “den up”, and a young hound may
make a vain effort to dig him out. Experience
soon teaches the futility of this project, with
the result that older hounds, after following a
trail to a den, either return to the hunter or
hunt for another cold trail.

During the chase, the hound must tongue
steadily in ringing, far-carrying tones. From the
progress of his baying the hunter tries to deduce
the probable course of the fox, and lays his
plans accordingly. Since the chase may go on
for hours, and frequently for all day, a fox­
hound must augment his talents with incredible
stamina.

Such hounds are produced only by careful
breeding. In limited numbers, Ed Peters has
bred his own strain of foxhounds for years.
Little Pete is the current representative of this
strain. Like his ancestors, he is small, compact
and tough as a spruce knot.

The dog, regardless of his ability, cannot
influence the course of the fleeing fox. Thus the
hunter must depend upon his own judgment in
picking a “stand” — a vantage point overlooking
a spot through which he hopes the fox will pass.
The driven fox may circle or "play" almost haphazardly in one general area for some time. Eventually he tires of this, and shifts to another region. In doing this he usually follows a route favored by all the foxes in the vicinity. Such a route is known as a "crossing" and the fox hunter makes it his business to know the crossings in his hunting territory. This knowledge helps greatly in picking a likely stand.

Once he takes his stand on a crossing, the chips are down. He has bet his acquired know-how against the fox's native shrewdness, a wager in which, if anything, odds lie in favor of the fox.

Thus the hunter knows full well that he may shiver through one freezing hour after another and never catch so much as a glimpse of the wily fox. On the other hand, the chase can, at any time, suddenly turn in his direction.

Listening to the sound of the chase grow louder, as the unsuspecting fox draws steadily closer, the hunter's excitement mounts accordingly at the ever growing promise of strategical success. It is from these moments, rather than from the actual shooting of the fox, that the hunter draws his love of fox hunting. So deeply moving are these anticipatory thrills that old timers have been known to pocket their false teeth the moment the chase turned in their direction. They did not do so out of concern for their dentures; they simply wished to be rid of all minor annoyances, the better to enjoy the emotion laden moments of expectancy.

Fox hunters can take such delight in outwitting a fox only, of course, because the fox resists with the sly intelligence for which he is justly famed. To kill the scent of his trail, he will deliberately take to ledges, travelled roads and will scamper along stone walls. If railroad tracks are nearby, he will trot along the steel rail for long distances, never setting foot to the ground. For these, and many other ruses, fox hunters invariably accord him a high order of respect.

This is not true of grouse and rabbit hunters, who tend to class the fox as a villain. They are ever quick to blame the fox whenever their favorite game is in short supply.

Tests and experiments conducted by conservationists indicate that Reynard is seldom as black as painted. Remarkably omniverous, his actual effect on small game populations is probably negligible.

The red fox has matched wits with mankind for survival for centuries. Nevertheless, his worst enemy is a lethal variety of mange which quickly reduces the fox population when it becomes overbalanced.

But in spite of both man and disease, Reynard seems no closer to extinction today than a century ago. The old time fox hunter, on the other hand, is on the way out. When Ed Peters finally unbuckles his snowshoes for the last time, there will be none waiting to take his place. But the fox hunter and his long eared hounds will be long remembered as institutions of a colorful past.
REPORTS:
On Recent Books

By SAMUEL R. OGDEN

BOOKS have always been a part of my life, and like the gambler who cannot stay away from the race track, money which I can ill afford to spend, goes for books. With what pleasure then I come to this job, where the books are sent to me to do with as I please! In the present instance twenty-one books have spilled into my lap.

These twenty-one books fall into three general classes; there are six juvenile books, five “How to Do It” books and ten books which cannot be classified, of which one is a novel, and one a book of poetry. Of all of them, this slight book of poetry, In the Clearing by Robert Frost, is the most important and I shall concentrate on it, even though so much has already been said in praise that there is little left for me to add.

I do not know where the forty odd poems of In the Clearing were written, but certainly Vermont was in his mind, and while Robert Frost belongs to the whole wide world it is still possible to regard him as a Vermonter. In fact in the present volume in a quatrain entitled “On Being Chosen Poet of Vermont” he says, “Breathes there a bard who isn’t moved When he finds his verse is understood And not entirely disapproved By his country and his neighborhood?”

It was as a Vermonter that we talked about him the other evening; four old friends sitting before a cheerful open fire of Vermont birch and maple. One of us knew the poet well. He had visited with Frost often and to get him started talking I asked him to read a poem he had written about Frost and which I liked very much.*

In the Clearing
Robert Frost
Holt, Rinehart & Winlow
New York. 101 pp. $4

Robert Frost picked up the axe which was lying there and started to split them. Vrest’s offer to help was refused; then he looked up to the hillside behind the house and saw there reclining under an apple tree, a young fellow apparently reading a book. Vrest asked Frost who it was and what he was doing and why did not he, a young man, split the wood? Frost replied “Well he’s a guest here and he is reading, but he is a poet. He can’t split wood.”

Does not this story epitomize both Robert Frost the man and Robert Frost the poet? To his neighbors he admits to being a “bard” and to the manual chores of life he lends his strong back and competent hands, but there is nothing of the effete poet about him. In the lovely last verse in the book he goes into the winter woods alone to chop down a maple tree. He sees “no defeat/In one tree’s overthrow/Or for myself in my retreat/For yet another blow.”

In spite of the twinkle in his eye, and in spite of his immense zest for life, in spite of his associations with politicians and scientists, the lines which he has written for us to read In the Clearing reveal no acceptance of the shoddy values of our days.

Of all the poems the one I liked best was “The Cabin in the Clearing.” Here Frost speaks of us all; we, who know not where we are nor whither we go, waiting for that day to come when we may know who we are. The Mist speaks to the Smoke saying

“Than smoke and mist who better could appraise
The kindred spirit of an inner haze.”

Between the poems in this book and those which I have read and loved in his Complete Poems there seems to be one noticeable difference. In the book under review Frost’s preoccupation with the meaning of life and the political and cultural structure of our society and the advances of science is very pronounced. In the poems written earlier the metaphysical slant is ever present but seldom explicit. The contrast here is pointed by the quotation on the title page of In the Clearing which reads “And wait to watch the water clear, I may.” This line is from the first poem in the volume of Complete Poems which is called “The Pasture.” One will recall this starts, “I’m going out to clean the pasture spring,” and the quiet serenity of this bucolic idyll finds no counterpart in the present volume. Compare this later one with “The Draft Horse,” and you will see what I mean. At any rate, here is a memorable work, and it will take many readings before all of its metaphors are clear to even the most perceptive reader.

*“Interlude with Robert Frost” by Vrest Orton which appeared in the 1961 Spring-Summer issue of The Voice of the Mountains.

SHORTER MENTION; IN GENERAL
The Rivers of Canada
Hugh MacLennan
Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York. 170 pp. $4.95
This is a great book. Seven river systems are described with insight and thoroughness; the Mackenzie, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Red, the Saskatchewan,
the Fraser and the St. John. These fascinating studies together form the portrait of a great country, and this is a picture that we Americans could study carefully to our profit. Here there is an overwhelming impression of infinite space and of measureless time. Here is the loneliness and the cruelty of the wilderness and the indomitable spirit of the men who conquered it.

\textit{Navies in the Mountains}
Harrison Bird
Oxford University Press
New York. 345 pp. $6.50

The story of the continuing attempt of the French with their Algonquin allies to strangle the English colonies along the Atlantic coast, by means of the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, of the Great Lakes and Lake Champlain is jam packed with adventure and excitement; these are the birth struggles of our nation. In this book one finds the complete story, backed by magnificent research, but unfortunately it is not well written. The author’s style lacks clarity and simplicity, and as a result much of a great story is lost in the telling.

\textit{Grace Coolidge and Her Era}
Isabel Ross
Dodd Mead & Co.
New York. 370 pp. Photos. $5

Do you want to know about the double bed in the President’s room? — the President’s love for Vermont cheese which he ate by the slice like pie? — about White House music scales which rivaled those of Jackie Kennedy? — how the squawking of crows annoyed Calvin? — about the Vermont spruce planted near the tennis court on the White House grounds? — how Mrs. Coolidge rooted for the Red Sox? — If you want to know about these and to catch a thousand other intimate and moving and human glimpses of this great Vermont family, hasten to read this book. It is a corker, an invaluable addition to all that has been written about that fascinating Vermonter who some wit described as having been weaned on a pickle.

\textit{Ancient Ballads}
Helen Hartness Flanders
University of Penna. Press
Philadelphia, Pa. 320 pp. $10

The field of musical research is a highly specialized one, and while this book is interesting in its own account, it is probably not for the general reader. Balladry is a fascinating subject, and this volume compiled by one of Vermont’s most distinguished citizens, universally acknowledged as the leader in her field, contains critical analysis by Tristram P. Coffin and music annotations by Bruno Nettl. Covered is Vol. 2 of the Child Ballads, nos. 53 to 93, and included are such familiar ones as Barbara Allen and Lord Lovell.

\textit{Her Garden Was Her Delight}
Buckner Hollingsworth
The Macmillan Co.
New York. 166 pp. $4

Here is a book of wider appeal than merely to those lovers of nature whose interest is in the quiet and feminine world of walled gardens and posy-lined paths. Buckner Hollingsworth who lives in Windsor, thinks that Eliza Lucas Pinckney was a benefactress to the economy of South Carolina in her development of indigo, which I doubt; that Aaron Burr was a “flamboyant scoundrel,” an opinion with which many will disagree; that the Catskills are near Newburgh, and at least one of her twenty heroines, Theodosia Burr Shepherd, was a pretty dismal specimen. Nevertheless she has written an exciting and interesting book. Here is the Bachman of Bachman’s Warbler; Audubon, and the Bartrams, father and son, and a host of others; ranging from Elizabeth, N.J. to Ventura, Cal., and from Georgia to the Dakotas.

\textit{The Whole Creation}
Theodore Morrison
The Viking Press
New York. 403 pp. $9.50

This is the only novel in the lot, and the only one by this author that I have read. Here is the story of town and gown in a New England setting wherein the protagonists are college professors, students, businessmen and scientists and writers. Of what does true creativity consist? I do not know; nor did this book help me in my search.

\textit{Bright Morning}
Florence Arms
Bruce Humphries
Boston. 136 pp. $3.75

I think this book is a literary tour de force, for Florence Arms of Burlington has so completely identified herself with her heroine Agnes Joy, the half-breed Indian girl who was born perhaps in Vermont and later became the consort of a Prince and the daughter-in-law of a monarch, that the reader takes the author and the heroine to be one and the same person; and for my part I find my-
self prone to confuse the heroine with Belle Poitrine of "Bright Morning." At any rate one must acknowledge that Bright Morning is a resplendent example of a literary genre which might be compared to American wooden gothic in architecture.

Green Mountain Boy at Monticello
Daniel Pierce Thompson
Introduction by Howard C. Rice, Jr.
Line Drawings by Gillett G. Griffin
Stephen Greene Press
Brattleboro. 35 pp. $4

Here is a small and beautifully made book which tells of a visit a Vermont writer had with Thomas Jefferson. The introduction is by another Vermonter, Howard C. Rice, Jr., a specialist on Jefferson, now at Princeton University, and the book is published in Vermont. The illustrations by Gillett G. Griffin are delightful! Daniel Pierce Thompson who wrote The Green Mountain Boys in 1839, visited Jefferson in 1822. Subsequently he became Secy. of State of Vermont, and he was the founder of the Vermont Historical Society. Mr. Rice's scholarly essay imparts interesting information concerning this the original Vermont booster, and, one suspects, as far as the book is concerned, gives an example of the tail wagging the dog.

* * *

These five "How To Do It" books are all good ones: Camping Out by Bruno Knobel (Sterling, New York, paper back, 127 pp., $1, notes and sketches.) It is unusual in that it was written by a Swiss and was originally published in Zurich. Even more unusual is the fact that it is a darn good book. One expects camp-craft and woods-lore to be the exclusive province of North Americans.

The Furniture Doctor by George Grotz of Vermont (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., $4.95) is a companion piece to Sold to the Lady in the Green Hat by Emma Bailey (Dodd Mead & Co., New York, $3.95), also a Vermonter. Buy your decrepit wrecks at auctions under the expert guidance of Mrs. Bailey, and then repair and refinish them in the wood-shed workshop under the tutelage of Mr. Grotz, whose competent and intelligible directions are somewhat marred by facetiousness.

The other two have to do with drawing and decoration. Early American Decorative Patterns by Ellen S. Sabine (D. Van Nostrand Co., Princeton, N.J., $7.95) is a gorgeous book packed with fine illustrations. In addition to the useable designs, the author gives detailed instructions of how to apply these designs to all sorts of items, from foot baths to cheese boats. This is a handsome book, and it should be indispensable to professional and amateur alike.

Much smaller is The Joy of Drawing by Gerhard Gollwitzer (Sterling, New York, $2.50), and this excellent little book, whose aim it is to encourage you to draw, not only makes explicit techniques and details, but tells how to make a picture. It is profusely illustrated by works from students in the author's classes. This is a lot for your money.

* * *

The quality of the half dozen juveniles is, in my opinion, somewhat uneven; Saltwater Sam by Kay Avery (Ives Washburn, New York, $3.25) is one of the best. Written by a part-time Vermonter, for kids ten to fourteen years old, it is a story of the Maine coast; of fishing and newspapering; of adult romance and submarine spies. I enjoyed it.

Sheldon N. Ripley's Ethan Allen (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, $1.95) is a sympathetic portrayal of the great Vermonter with emphasis on his youth, and the contents of the book are fine. This is a "Piper Book" and it sets high standards. It has good drawings and maps. My sole objection is to the style in which it is written, and this objection applies to the next book, A Horse Named Justin Morgan by Harold W. Felton (Dodd Mead & Co., New York, $3), as well. It, too, is packed with interest, but both are cursed with the same condescending point of view, a writing down that consists of choppy sentences, repetitions, and limited vocabulary. I refuse to believe that kids who are of the age to be interested in these stories (ten to fourteen) need to be catered to in this manner. The book is crudely illustrated by Leonard Everett Fischer.

The remaining three are for younger kids and are principally picture books. My Garden Grows, written and illustrated by Aldren A. Watson of Putney (Viking Press, New York, $2.50) is fine; as a gardener I recommend it as a proper way to start a kid off in life. Sugaring Time by Solveig Paulson Russell (Abingdon Press, New York, $2), and illustrated by former Vermonter George Daly, is for slightly older kids. I have heard several more plausible explanations of the way the sweet syrup of the north woods was discovered by the Indians, but kids will not balk at this one in this book, and they will find out interesting things about sugaring and maple products. George Daly's pictures are first rate. Moorland Pony, written and illustrated by Hetty Burlingame Beatty (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, $3) is again principally a picture book, and a good one. At the same time the story of the wild pony transported from the moors of Cornwall to the green hills of Vermont is much more than merely an excuse for the pictures, and I like the way the story is told.

Just under the wire, appropriately enough, for it has to do with race horses, there comes to my desk a delightful portfolio of reproductions of drawings of horses by Jeanne Mellin. America's Own Horse Breeds (Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, $3.95), of which there are eight, and this is a greater number than I would have supposed. Included with the twelve 17 x 11 sepia prints is a sheet of text packed with interesting information for the horse lover.
UP HERE IN MARSHFIELD we have a woman who can find lost articles and locate missing persons just by sitting in her living room and thinking about them.

Her name is Luvia Lafirira—Mrs. George—and she's been correct in her pronouncements so much of the time that if you mention, north of Montpelier, that you've heard of such a person your hearer promptly says, "Oh, you mean Luvia." That's how well she's known to young and old alike.

Skeptical? A lot of people have been and are. It's the sort of thing that promotes extreme skepticism. And country Vermonters are by nature conservative and skeptical.

But also they're realists. They have no intention of passing up something which time after time has been extremely helpful to people they know and trust, just because they don't understand it and maybe even don't believe in it. A lot of them don't believe in dowsing, but that doesn't keep them from having a good dowser locate the spot where they should drive their well.

I had never before called on a licensed clairvoyant. (There were only four licensed in Vermont in 1961.) The white farmhouse was red-trimmed and there was a bird village on the lawn. When I got out of the car I was greeted by two huge German shepherd dogs, one barking, the other executing dancer's leaps. Cattle grazed peacefully near the big red barn and the sound of a tractor engine cut through the summer air.

My knock was answered by a tiny, bright-eyed woman who said in answer to my question that she was Luvia Lafirira. So different was this trim Vermont farmwife in the bright print dress from my preconceived mental picture of a fortune teller, that it was difficult for me not to show surprise.

'The inside of the house was as surprising and as delightful as had been its mistress. No dim lights, no crystal ball, no chants, no weird sounds here. The neat turquoise kitchen with its well-scrubbed linoleum was not at all what I had expected to find.

After we were seated I said, "I've lost my new coat. I'm sure I left it in one of the stores in town a few weeks ago."

"Luvia sat there and thought a moment. And then she said, "It seems to me I see it hanging over the back of a kitchen chair."

"Not in one of the stores?"

"I'm sure I see it hanging neatly on the back of a dark chair."

"What kind of room? What are—" I stopped short. "Oh, I know just where it is, then. I'd forgotten I'd worn it there till you said that."

With my business done, I didn't leave at once and we began to talk as neighbors. Luvia brought out coffee and I questioned this charming grandmother about how she had been able to remind me where to look for my coat.

"The ability is a natural gift, so that I have no need for props. I get impressions, which are very much like memory (or dream) pictures and sounds. It's like remembering how a friend whom you haven't seen for a long time, looks or sounds. You don't really see or hear him; you just get an impression."

It is these picture and sound impressions which have enabled Luvia to do what seems on the face of it impossible. With an amazing record of success she has been foretelling the future and finding lost animals, articles and persons for the past forty-three years.

It started clear back in high school. Young Luvia Page
discovered that when schoolmates couldn’t find something, she could get an impression of where it was.

But even though this was a great help to friends and neighbors she was, of course, looked upon with some suspicion. People felt it was “strange” and perhaps was even dangerous.

“But I was fortunate in the friends I had,” Luvia said. “They were kind and understanding. Nowadays, of course, the reaction is very different. People just call it extra-sensory perception—a very good name for it, don’t you think?—and they don’t find anything strange about it. I’m even invited to speak to college classes, and to other school and civic groups.”

Luvia told me about a case that happened thirty-five years ago. She was wakened at four in the morning by worried parents from Walden, Vermont.

“It was a little past sugaring season, I remember. George got up and lit the fire and I talked to these people. Their little boy, two or three years old, had wandered off and couldn’t be found. It was a long hard trip from Walden in those days, but in desperation they had come to me.

“We sat in the kitchen and they told me about the child, about searching for him most of the night. Then I pointed in a westerly direction from my home; I don’t know what direction it was from their home. I said the boy was in that direction and a great deal further away than they thought, or would believe. I said he was sheltered in some way so that he wasn’t cold, but I didn’t know how. I said they would find him by going far enough in that direction, and that he wouldn’t be sick after his ordeal.

“The parents found the boy in the direction I pointed, in an old sugar house about two miles cross-lots from their home. And he never even caught a cold. A few years ago a gentleman came to me about a lost article—a minor problem—and before he left he said, ‘I’m the Walden baby you once found.’ It was the same boy.”

We talked about some of the “rules” of her profession. She said, “A lot of discretion is necessary. I have never broken a confidence. Clairvoyance should be used to help people. Worries are so often needless and temporary. People need hope, at times so desperately, and nearly always I can truthfully give them something to look forward to. However, when their problems are psychological or physical, I direct my clients to seek people with the proper training.”

Hundreds of persons have attested to Luvia’s powers and her discretion. That lost baby case was by no means an isolated one. Mrs. Joyce Christiansen of East Montpelier had told me about the search for her son Kristen. He had been playing in the barnyard; twenty minutes later he was gone. The family and friends searched, then called the state police, then phoned Luvia. Luvia said she could see Kris directly north of their water trough, sitting under something feathery and near lots of water. He was okay, but they were to hurry.

Mr. Wendell Colburn, their neighbor in East Montpelier, followed her directions and found Kris in a spot in the woods with many beaver dams under a bushy little fir tree. There were still patches of snow and it was cold but Kris had taken off his clothes to go swimming. He had found that, “It was too cold.” And he had put a few things back on inside out. Mrs. Christiansen feels they would never have thought of going in that direction, and probably wouldn’t have found the boy in time except for Luvia.
Luvia has hundreds of letters expressing gratitude for help given. Many of them she brought out and showed me. A letter from Elwin Neil, Waitsfield, Vermont, dated August 7, 1950 said, “—we found our heifer on August 5 in the exact location you described to us; many thanks to you.” And from Randolph, Vermont, dated June 8, 1960, “—thank you for the help you gave us in finding Mary. Words can never express our gratitude.” And from Lunenburg in 1959 a letter saying, “I found my glasses upstairs in a red box shaped as you said, lying on some shiny beads.”

And a more detailed letter from Burlington, Vermont, January 13, 1960, “—after our telephone conversation in regard to the money lost. You said you could see it in a black bag, leaning or standing upright and you thought it was around food. I said to myself that garbage was once food—could it be that I dropped it in the garage near the barrels where garbage is. So I went and looked and sure enough, there was the black bag with all the money in it, between two garbage barrels, standing upright, just as you said. The color of one of the barrels was a shiny blue just as you said.”

There were many, many more. Luvia has no idea why she has the ability to help these people. One of the most amazing incidents concerns Elizabeth Kent Gay. In the course of moving from the Boston area to California, then to Calais, Vermont, she lost a chest of silver. She assumed that, since there had been the two moves, the silver had been lost or stolen in transit and would never be found. But she faced Luvia with the problem more as an impossible test than in the hope that she would find the chest.

Luvia said that she could see the chest in a dark, cluttered area against a brick wall. Mrs. Gay journeyed back to the house near Boston and found the chest of silver in the attic against the brick chimney. The details of this incident Mrs. Gay gives in her book “Summer Kitchen.”

Luvia has even been called in on some puzzling mysteries and famous cases. Her part in them has been recorded in newspaper write-ups. One of them was the incident Mrs. Gay gives in her book “Summer Kitchen.”

“Before we were married,” Luvia said, “I asked George how he felt about my gift and he wasn’t against it. I’m sure it took getting used-to, but he likes it now, and he enjoys visiting with the people who come to see me. This is such an unusual line that I have tried extra hard to be extremely ethical. George has always given me his support and throughout our married life he has been very understanding.”

I asked Luvia whether her children were clairvoyant. “Oh yes. All the children have had the gift to a degree at one time or another in their lives. My oldest son leans toward the psychic most of all.”

The kitchen clock showed that it was time to start thinking about dinner. We said good-bye. On the way home I picked up my coat. It had been hung in the back of a neighbor’s closet and forgotten, but I had originally left it on the back of a black kitchen chair.

I told my friend Ondree Griggs where I had been and about the coat.

She said, “We’ve had pretty good luck with Luvia; she’s been especially good about lost things. We lost a dog up around Spruce Mountain once and Luvia said that she saw the dog in a glassed-in porch. We found out later it had been taken and was in a house with a glassed-in porch.”

“Did you ever find that dog you called me about a few summers back?”

“No, though Luvia was sure she’d come home. That was unusual, though; Luvia’s been right except that particular time and the time she said one of our family would marry a redhead; he married a brunette.”

Later I mentioned these cases and some other failures to Luvia. She said, “Well, a lot of it has to do with how you look, how you follow directions. And then again, sometimes I’m mistaken.”

This seemed like a fair statement. Luvia, sprightly, energetic, finds time in addition to her business and her housework, to help around the farm, to play the piano, to sing and to read. She loves to read.

I found Luvia a thoroughly likable person. She is trustworthy and highly intelligent. And she is completely unspoiled by her gift. She is, in addition, a nice person, in the very best sense of the word.

I personally believe wholeheartedly in her “magic” though I don’t pretend to know any why’s or wherefores.

Up here we’re mostly agreed that Luvia has something extra. We don’t understand it.

But we’re mighty glad she has it and that we have her.
The Nags—Vermonters, having approved of paramutuel betting by public referendum, the past autumn were eyeing their first chance to support the horses on home ground. The new Taconic track at Pownal, representing a private investment of some $5 million, at mid-summer was scheduled to open for a spring race meeting.

Map—Editor Samuel Ogden draws attention to the handsome Centennial Geologic Map of Vermont—"a beautiful piece of work . . . a must for every Vermonter who pretends to know his state and for professionals all over the world." The 42 x 58 inch color map may be had from the State Librarian, Montpelier at $4.

Editors—At Poultney earlier this year Green Mountain College opened a new hostelry with the unusual signboard: Two Editors Inn. The connection is that here New York Times co-founder Matt Jones was born. And in the same community New York Herald founder Horace Greeley learned the newspaper trade.

Author—The name of Hal Burton, writer of our lead article on skiing, is one to conjure with in Vermont. Even now, more than a year later, his controversial article on the state in the Saturday Evening Post is good for a lively debate anywhere. Burton, a New York state resident across Lake Champlain, has long been associated with skiing in the East and before the War was a director of the Mt. Mansfield Ski club.

John Brown’s Body—at this late date has launched a minor historical controversy stemming from Ralph N. Hill’s Summer issue account of the body being transported from Vergennes to Barber’s Point, N. Y. Did anti-slave leader Wendell Phillips turn back at Vergennes and return to Boston (as thinks Russell Kent of Pennington, N. J.)? Or did he cross the lake with Mrs. Brown, J. Miller McKee and the body, and give the funeral oration at North Elba (per Clarence S. Gee of Lockport, N. Y.)?

At any rate, Burlington pastor Joshua Young, who was later sacked for his partisanship, missed the boat and crossed December 7th, a day later, but in time to take part in the North Elba services. A footnote from Mr. Kent: John Brown’s body was taken by sleigh from Vergennes to Adam’s Landing in Panton, the driver Chris Yattaw, whose grandson, Bill carries the mail on the same route today.

Para-Ski—A novel wedding of two airy sports was tested at Mad River Glen last winter. It combined a parachute jump and a race on skis. Members of the famous Parachute Club of America at Orange, Mass. staged the competition last March 11th, dropping from 2500 feet above General Stark Mountain to hit a marker, where their skis were cached in the Catamount Bowl. It was a bright day but the wind strong and erratic aloft. From plane to landing took 1 min. 50 seconds. Here the skiers, dropped one at a time, shed their chutes, grabbed their skis and raced on to the bottom of the mountain. Best time from the three teams of two jump-skiers each, was 6:05:3 posted by Nathan G. Pond, member of an Air Force team. The Para-Ski race will be held again at Mad River Glen this winter on a weekend early in March.

Mystery Picture 24

This vintage Vermont ski area, pictured circa 1936, is now much changed but still in operation. The first correct location of the scene, postmarked after midnight of November 19th, will receive a special prize.

Our Autumn Mystery Picture, taken at Island Pond, was first identified by Arthur Bibbins, Darien, Ct. and F. B. Peach, Island Pond.
MR. APPELYARD catches interests in different subjects the way other people catch colds—suddenly and by contact. She got acquainted with Pythagoras because a relative of hers by marriage, one of her daughters in fact, was studying the works of that philosopher. Mrs. Appleyard dipped into them too and could soon tell you that Pythagoras was mathematical, musical, mythical. He invented triangular numbers, figured out musical intervals and may very well—since he had a golden thigh—have been the god Apollo in disguise all the time.

Being good at forgetting almost as quickly as she learns, Mrs. Appleyard would rather not be cross-examined on this subject. She does however remember one thing clearly—Pythagoras used to say firmly to his disciples, “Eat No Beans.”

Obviously he would never have been happy in Vermont.

His reason for this prejudice was that Greek beans had a small figure of a man on them. Eating them was, he said, cannibalistic. Mrs. Appleyard likes to think that the soldier beans, often used by Vermont cooks, may be direct descendants of Pythagoras’ beans. Perhaps that is a Greek soldier you see on them. Probably a hoplite. Luckily yellow-eyes, which she prefers, do not present those dangers: no cannibal she.

Now the cooking of beans is a somewhat controversial topic in New England. People have discussed it ever since they used to travel with ox carts with chunks of beans, frozen string and all, hanging from the sides of the carts. Frozen brown bread came along too. When you stopped for dinner, you made a fire, melted a little snow in an iron kettle, added the beans, laid the brown bread over the top, covered the kettle and pretty soon were able to enjoy your wife’s cooking though you were already in Vermont and she was still in Massachusetts. There was already the question whether you liked beans small, slippery and pallid or well browned and rather like a roasted chestnut in consistency and whether you flavored them lightly with maple syrup or liked them swimming in molasses. Later people started deluging them with tomato ketchup thus arousing the disapproval of the old school, who called tomatoes “love apples” and considered them poisonous.

Mrs. Appleyard likes them the consistency of chestnuts, only lightly sweetened, with a tang of mustard and onion but with no flavor predominating over the subtle one of the beans. She thinks a bean pot is convenient to cook them in but she says she has eaten delicious beans cooked in a granite-ware pan, in an enamelled iron caserole, in the aluminum kettle of a fireless cooker, and in a dish of Bennington tortoise-shell. What is necessary is long, slow cooking. No doubt a brick oven produced wonderful beans but only if you made a fire in it of the right kind of wood, first “winging out” any ashes with a turkey’s wing, shovelled and swept out the fire at exactly the right moment and were adept at balancing a bean pot on a baker’s peel.

If you have a brick oven handy, don’t hesitate to ask Mrs. Appleyard to let you practise with her peel, which is a long handled iron shovel. To use it, all you need is determination, the strength of wrist necessary to hit a baseball for a home run, and the balance of any good tightrope walker. A hand as steady as that of a thrower of darts is helpful too, and of course you won’t mind getting your cheeks scorched. On the whole, perhaps, a gas or electric oven with thermostatic control is more restful.

Vermont Baked Beans

4 c. yellow-eye beans 1 t. mustard
4 T. maple syrup 2 small onions
1 lb. salt pork

Soak the beans overnight. In the morning drain them, cover them with cold water and heat them slowly. Keep the water below the boiling point and cook the beans until the skin cracks when you take some out on a spoon and blow on them. This should happen in about 40 minutes.

Drain the beans. Cut a thin slice off the pork and put it in the bottom of the bean pot. Put the onions in whole. They will vanish during the cooking and their flavor will be only a memory. Mix the mustard and maple syrup—or brown sugar if you have no syrup on hand—with a cup of boiling water. Put some beans on top of the onions. Make several gashes about an inch deep in the rind of the salt pork. Put it into the bean pot. Surround it with the rest of the beans, letting the rind show on top. Then pour over the water with the seasonings dissolved in it and add enough more water to cover the beans. Put the lid on the bean pot and set it into a slow oven—300 degrees F.—for eight hours. Add a little water occasionally. After seven hours uncover the beans so the rind of the pork will get brown and crisp.

Mrs. Appleyard usually serves some of her own apple mint chutney with the beans and also some Boston brown bread. She likes her brown bread made without raisins. She also confides that she likes it sliced, (you do it with a string: this is one of the things New Englanders save string for) buttered and run briefly under the broiler.

Whenever she sits down to this combination she feels sorry for Pythagoras. How sad to spend your life in the company of triangular numbers and eat no beans!
Roaring snows, down-sweeping from the uplands,
Bury the still valleys, drift them deep.
Low along the mountains, lake-blue shadows,
Sea-blue shadows, in the snow-drifts sleep.
High above them
Blinding crystal is the sunlit steep.

Last stanza of "Vermont," Sarah N. Cleghorn, from Portraits and Protests, Henry Holt & Co., 1917