Low water fishing for trout in the upper White River near Rochester—Harvey Dodd
THAT FREQUENT RECURRENCE TO FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES AND A FIRM ADHERENCE TO JUSTICE, MODERATION, TEMPERANCE, INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY AND KEEP GOVERNMENT FREE. [VERMONT CONSTITUTION]

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Nothing Sacred—There has been a good deal of talk hereabouts on that overnight cliché, the “image,” on the image which Vermont and even agriculture should try to project. In the process, the sacrosanct Vermont Cow seems to have been singled out for something less than the respect usually accorded a large if not preponderant population bloc.

VERMONT LIFE, as befits a Puritan ancestry, has eschewed the graving of images. On the other hand we would be pleased to hear what kind of fodder its readers favor. We suggest clipping and mailing to us the following, underlining favorites and striking out items which pall:


Note in Advance (of Summer issue boating feature):—The White Water Slalom Championships for canoe and kayak will be held at East Jamaica on the West River May 19 & 20.

Historic Markers—The writer confesses a certain perturbation concerning two junked cars prominent in an otherwise pristine scene (Winter, pages 36-37). He was outvoiced by fellow editors, however, who pointed out that this is truth—beauty tempered by man’s denial of it. Such, in part, is Vermont’s bitter-sweet appeal.

No Thanks—We are receiving a growing number of unsolicited photographs which we cannot use. Please send no 35mm slides, no color prints.

No poems, either, please, and no nostalgic remembrances of visits to Grandpa on the farm. Donald Hall in his “String Too Short to be Saved,” has written fine and quite sufficient words in this vein, even though his setting is the wrong side of the Connecticut.

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Fish the Many Waters

Lamoille River, near Morrisville—Winston Pote
I'M FOR VERMONT . . .
Hook, Line, and Sinker!

HAROLD F. BLAISDELL

Photographs by Hanson Carroll

WHEN A VERMONTER goes fishing, he seldom needs to "go" much of anywhere. In Vermont, good fishing is always as handy as a cookie jar on a broadshelf.

Name almost any village. There will be a nearby stream, and across the stream, a bridge. Under the bridge lies a deep pool, and in this pool lives a huge trout. Stories of how this lunker has broken lines and splintered rods are local stock in trade. Fishing? It's a Vermont institution.

The scene of my youth, the village of Bradford, was selected for me by my parents with, I'm sure, utter disregard for the quality of the fishing in that area. Yet there was nearby Brushwood Brook, where a youngster could snake out speckled trout with an alder pole, and the Waits River, which held rainbow trout, ran directly through town. Scarcely farther away flowed the broad Connecticut River, and it was the Connecticut, deep, dark and ever mysterious, which, for me, held the greatest fascination.

My father owned a Morgan mare, and on Saturday afternoons we would hitch her to the buggy and drive off to fish the river. When fishing was good, and it usually was, we'd leave with a string of fish that would drag ground when toted by a proud youngster.

This bit of nostalgia would hardly bear mention if the fishing had since gone to pot. But Connecticut River fishing, in the Newbury, Bradford, Fairlee section, is now even better than it was in those days.

The dam at Wilder was re-built a number of years ago, and this raised the level of the river as far upstream as Newbury. Fish found the newly flooded areas to their liking, flourished accordingly, and have continued to do so since.

Smallmouth bass grow to weights of 4 and 5 pounds, and walleyes, of which there is now a large population, grow even bigger. Yellow perch are everywhere abundant, and the shorelines teem with rock bass fully as broad as a luncheon plate. Bullheads, some of which weigh as much as 2 pounds, provide lively evening fishing.

The net result is some of the finest fishing for warm water species to be found in New England, a potential, oddly enough, which lies virtually untapped. The boating
fisherman will find it an unobstructed waterway which winds for miles among surroundings of unsurpassed scenic splendor. And he and his family will catch fish!

The Vermont Fish and Game Service lists nearly 250 ponds and lakes of over 20 acres in area, and the majority of these afford fair to excellent fishing for bass, pickerel, perch and bullheads. But I'm going to skip to the one other body of water which deserves to share top billing as a warm water fishery.

This is Lake Champlain, an "inland sea" where exists a conglomeration of fish species such as is found in no other eastern waters: Smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, calico bass, rock bass, bluegills and "punkin'seeds"; pickerel, northern pike and even a few muskellunge; walleyes, saugers and yellow perch; smelt, bullheads and eels; moon-eves, mullet and whitefish. Once in a while a lucky fisherman snags a stray landlocked salmon, and an annual run of rainbow trout in the Winooski River is proof that these fish live somewhere in the lake. So far, nobody has found their hiding place, but it can happen.

Enough? One might think so, but mixed in with the foregoing are these offbeat characters: bowfins, catfish, gars, ling, sheepsheads, carp, and although one seldom sucks in a fisherman's bait, giant sturgeon.

The scene opens with our fisherman catching several small yellow perch, whereupon he innocently assumes this trend will continue. This is the cue for a 10-lb. bowfin to cruise by and snap up the bait in its malevolent jaws. The bowfin is one of the most brutish fish that swims in fresh water, and the fisherman is pitifully unprepared for what happens next. His rod is nearly wrenched from his hands, causing his hair, if any, to stand suddenly on end. Seconds later the bowfin lets loose a savage surge of power which snaps the line and leaves the fisherman in a state of shock. The epilog shows our hero, years hence, boring his grandchildren half to death with repeated tales of the unidentified monster he once hooked and lost while fishing in Lake Champlain.

Finally, both the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain have this virtue: You don't have to be an expert to catch fish in either, although the expert will find both worthy of his skill. A worm or a minnow will attract many willing customers when presented with no more artistry than that required to lower it within a few inches of the bottom. Kids and womenfolk take particular note.

Warm water fishing has been given first mention in order that it not be overshadowed completely by what is the main theme in Vermont's fishing story—trout.

Mention the word "trout" to a fisherman, and the most delightful pictures flash through his mind: A batch of colorful brook trout in a creel, resting like so many rare jewels on a bed of ferns; the hair-raising swirl of a big brown trout as he rises to a tiny dry fly; the screech of a reel as a hooked rainbow races downriver. And, if you happen to speak the word on a May morning, he's likely to close shop for the day and go fishing.

Where he goes, and what species of trout he fishes for, will depend upon his personal leanings. If he's a worm dunker, he'll probably head for a mountain stream or a pasture brook, where, if he creeps up on each shaded pool with care and respect, he should creel a near limit catch of brilliantly spotted brook trout. If he's a fly fisherman or a spinning enthusiast, he may seek bigger fish in bigger waters—and he may come home toting a rainbow or brown trout too big to fit handily in a creel. If he's in the mood to take things easy, he can drive to one of the trout ponds created by the Vermont Fish and Game Service, prop his rod in a forked stick and sit back comfortably to wait for bites.

Or he may well be one of a growing number of fishermen who own boats and prefer lake fishing, and, if so, he
will find that the Fish and Game Service has been heedful of this trend. A number of lakes, otherwise suitable for trout, have been cleaned of trash fish and stocked with trout, usually rainbows or browns. The fishing in lakes already famous for their landlocked salmon and lake trout has been “beefed up” by the addition of these two species. Brook trout are stocked regularly in those lakes and ponds capable of supporting them. Access areas, complete with gravel launching ramps, are now maintained on the majority of lakes by the Service.

Just which variety of trout fishing is the most popular would be hard to determine. Each has special charms of its own, and each has its full quota of devotees.

The state is laced with a network of small streams, and it is these, rather than the major streams, that the brook trout favors. Vermont brookies do not usually grow big—a 10-incher is a dandy—but brook fishing claims a large number of enthusiasts. It requires no special tackle or casting skill. But “worming” a brook does call for patience, stealth and a certain something that anglers refer to as “fish sense”. It’s a challenge worthy of serious effort, let there be no mistake about that, but its down-to-earth qualities undoubtedly account for its widespread appeal.

Major streams like the Battenkill, the White River, the Lamoille and many others, offer a brand of trout fishing which is in sharp contrast to brook fishing. Here the fisherman wades boldly until he spots the rise of a good fish; then he stalks cautiously to within casting distance. The line swishes out and back in steady rhythm as the fisherman carefully measures the range, then the fly drops softly to the water above the feeding fish. As it comes floating downstream toward the trout, the fisherman stands tensely poised to strike, consumed by one burning question: Will the fish “take”?

If it does rise to the drifting fly, it is almost certain to be either a rainbow or brown trout, and the chances are good that it will be big enough to put up a real battle which, in no few instances, will win it its freedom.

Although the brook trout generally shuns the larger streams, rainbows and brown trout find them very much to their liking and have become firmly established in almost all. They grow to much bigger size than the brookie, as illustrated by the fact that a rainbow or brown has to be around 15 inches long to win more than passing interest, while only those topping the 20-inch mark rank as bona fide lunkers.

As a result, there is a growing trend among Vermont trout fishermen, particularly those dedicated to a fish-forsport viewpoint, toward bigger waters and bigger fish. Thrills are magnified, prizes more substantial, and the quest for the rainbow or brown in large waters calls for the mastery of skills and techniques which add stature to the sport.

The Vermont Water Conservation Board is moving rapidly ahead with its program of stream classification, and the prospect of state wide stream purification is one of the brightest spots in the trout fishing picture.

Classification consists of setting standards of purity for a given stream. Although these standards can be enforced, communities and industrial concerns along classified streams have been quick to cooperate in this move to halt domestic and industrial stream pollution.

Whether brook trout will move into the purified waters of large streams is doubtful, but stream classification will remove what was bound to become a serious threat to the rainbow and brown trout populations of our major rivers.

Spring 1962 • 5
Since good trout fishing is distributed over the state almost as evenly as the paint on a new barn, telling a man where he should fish is like advising him as to where his chances are best of seeing a cow. Yet, to my mind, one region represents a trout fishing potential deserving of special mention. It’s that wonderful blend of streams, lakes and wilderness now known as the “Northeast Kingdom”.

There in three counties—Caledonia, Essex and Orleans—lie the bulk of Vermont’s trout lakes, nearly a dozen fine trout rivers, plus an infinite number of small streams. This wealth of water, guarded by a region which has retained much of its original wild grandeur, comes as close to a trout fisherman’s paradise as he is likely to find nowadays.

The Averills, Echo, Memphremagog, Norton, Salem, Seymour and Willoughby are famous names which head a list of approximately 30 trout lakes and ponds. These, in various combinations, hold landlocked salmon, lake trout, rainbow trout, brook trout and brown trout. Access areas maintained on the majority by the state provide public launching facilities for all boat toters.

For the stream fisherman there are such excellent rivers as the Clyde, Black, Barton, Willoughby, Johns, Missisquoi, Tomifobia, Coaticook, Nulhegan and Connecticut, the latter, by the way, being top notch trout water from Bloomfield upstream.

My special love for this northeastern region dates back nearly 35 years to when Hack Renfrew, Paul Rogers and I—all Bradford youngsters—wangled a ride to the village of Island Pond and then hiked through the wilderness to tiny Lewis Pond. There we camped for a week in a crumbling logging shack, fished for speckled trout, and with substantial help from the seven dozen home fried doughnuts we had packed in, endured the rigors of our own cooking.

In 1935, I was hired to teach school in the village of East Concord, and the two years I spent in that warm-hearted Essex County community were, to me, glorious beyond description. Ross Folsom, an East Concord fisherman who could catch trout even where they weren’t, introduced me to the Black Branch of the Nulhegan, Cow Mountain Pond, Granby Stream and other wilderness waters whose names I no longer remember. And for in-between fishing, there was a wonderful, alder-locked stream only a skip and a jump from the schoolhouse. Once trout fishing opened, the only kids detained after school were those sufficiently slow-moving to get themselves locked in the building.

Since then I have made it a point to know as many of those northern waters as circumstance would permit, and, to conclude this report, need draw upon personal experience and observations dating back no farther than last spring.

In April and early May, I watched sleek rainbow trout, fresh up from Lake Memphremagog on their annual spawning run, leap the falls on the Willoughby River at Orleans in a steady procession. During the same period, on the Black River at Coventry, I watched others do the same.

At Newport I saw landlocked salmon that had been caught from the famous old railroad bridge, and listened to encouraging reports of these silver fish entering the Clyde River in increasing numbers. The salmon runs which once made the Clyde River famous have dwindled to a mere trickle, but people around Newport now are hopeful that the runs will increase.

Then, to my surprise, I learned that a spawning run of big walleyes now ascends the Clyde in early spring. Fishing opens on May 1, and, on May 5, I watched men and boys hauling out fish weighing 3-6 lbs. Wardens policing the river told me that 25-lb. limits were common, and that monster walleyes topping 15 lbs. were sometimes landed.

In June I made my headquarters at Dolf Siegl’s Salem Lake Camps in Derby, and settled down to do some seri-

Game Warden Scott Rowden checks a salmon for size and offers information on good spots in Lake Seymour.
ous fishing of my own. Under the convenient heading of research, I fished for a solid week—and wound up with the frustrated feeling that I had barely scratched the surface. But I also finished convinced that no trout fisherman could fish and explore in that country and come away disappointed.

I'd like to tell of all the fishing I did that week, and particularly of the monster trout I saw one day in the Black River, but wasn't smart enough to take. But space is limited, and I'm going to devote what remains to a most remarkable stream, the Clyde River.

The Clyde has its source in Island Pond and is joined shortly thereafter by the Pherrins River which rises just south of Norton Lake. It then flows through a series of lakes and ponds to empty into Lake Memphremagog at Newport. The river, and the lakes through which it flows, make up a waterway which furnishes an amazing variety of fishing over what is only a relatively short distance.

From its source to East Charleston, the Clyde is probably the best brook trout stream in the entire state. From East Charleston to Pensioner's Pond it holds mostly brown trout, and is best fished from a canoe. Pensioner's Pond holds warm water species, but downstream the Clyde reverts to brown trout water. After flowing through additional small ponds the river empties into Little Salem, and almost immediately thereafter, into Salem Lake itself.

Little Salem abounds in smallmouths, pickerel, perch and bullheads, while Salem Lake is famous for its big land-locked salmon and equally big rainbow trout. It holds lake trout and browns, although in lesser numbers, plus a goodly number of smallmouth bass and king size walleyes which sometimes top 10 pounds.

I talked with District Warden Scott Rowden, and with Mr. George Morse who was district warden for many years before he retired seven years ago. Both told me that Salem Lake was one of the area's very best bets for trophy-size fish.

Between Salem Lake and Clyde Pond, the river affords excellent fishing for brown and rainbow trout, plus the interesting prospect of a stray salmon that has ventured into the stream from Salem. Clyde Pond is famous for its exceptional smallmouth fishing, and from there the river goes on to join Lake Memphremagog. This terminal stretch was the scene of the famous salmon runs of the past, but now it attracts hordes of fishermen in early May by virtue of the previously mentioned run of the walleyes.

Over its course, at one point or another, the Clyde provides fishing for every species common to the area. I could have spent the entire week fishing this intriguing waterway, but I reluctantly limited myself to three helpings.

One morning I fished the river immediately below Salem Lake, and there I caught, and released, at least two full limits of browns and rainbows. That afternoon I drove the short distance to the Island Pond vicinity and performed the same service for a like number of brook trout—with certain reservations. I creel'd the last 10 I caught for a memorable family meal.

Later in the week, my son Mike and I borrowed Dolf Siegl's canoe and covered that stretch of the Clyde which lies between what is known as the "Five Mile Square" and the bridge just upstream from East Charleston. It was a wonderful half-day trip, over water which sees few fishermen, and Mike, who fished while I paddled, wound up with a dandy catch of brookies.

My enthusiasm for Vermont trout fishing has led me, I fear, to paint a picture whose rosy hues need toning down. Vermont has the trout, I'll vouch for that, but trout fishing would be a bland spot if a full creel could be taken for granted. This, however, is a circumstance by which I have yet to be distressed, and one which seldom arises to plague even the most distinguished fisherman.

Some years ago, no less a dignitary than President Eisenhower fished Furnace Brook here in Pittsford. Although the Furnace was known to be well populated with trout, a generous number of hatchery fish were added to sweeten the pot. This I know, for I was called upon to help scatter lunkers, under cover of darkness, along the stretch the President was to fish.

Consequently, when the President arrived at the stream the next morning, he enjoyed certain distinct advantages generally denied the average fisherman. These included not only a stream freshly stocked with big trout, but a brand new Orvis rod and a source of presumably wise and cogent counsel in the person of Sherman Adams. Nevertheless, I have it by way of first hand information that Ike never caught a cussed thing.

END
Fishing the Northeast
“Old lunkers” weighing 16½ pounds and stretching 36 inches can be taken in Echo Lake, as proved by the picture opposite. Above, guests at Echo Lake Lodge come in for lunch after a rainy and successful morning. Below, a trio of Connecticut fishermen discuss flies with proprietor Dolf Stegl at the Salem Lake Camp near Derby.
Janet Rowden of Derby, daughter of Game Warden Scott Rowden, ties flies—for pleasure and to sell at Salem Lake Camp. An able angler, she knows how to find the deep pools and big fish of the Missisquoi (lower right) and Clyde (below and upper right) rivers. The three favorites of the brown trout—Mayfly, Stonefly and Caddisfly—are shown above.
Fishing the Battenkill

FLY FISHERMEN for a century have courted this small and relatively short river because of its wily, most educated trout. It is famed internationally for the skill that it demands.
A lone angler cautiously wades a famous willow-lined pool in the Manchester section. Slipping through an alder area of Sunderland in their jointly-owned canoe are three Manchester fishermen who consistently fool the "college fish". Taking turns paddling, netting and casting are Henry Robinson (red hat), a hotel-keeper; Leon Wiley (yellow hat), a grocer; and Roger Hurley (blue hat), a printer. They are used to the overhanging boughs which plague newcomers to the Battenkill.
The Battenkill’s deep, boulder-lined pools, the back riffles and deep eddies, hold fine but quixotic brown, rainbow and brook trout—fish whose lives apparently are dedicated to trying the angler’s ultimate skill. This is preeminent dry fly water, reached by careful stalking on meadow banks, cautiously by canoe, and in occasional places, by deep wading.

The Indians called it Ondawa, a Mohawk name which may have meant “White Creek” or possibly “Two branches of a stream” or even “Twisted stream.” It was named for Bartholomew Van Hogeboom, usually called Bat or Bart—hence Bart’s Kill.

The Kill rises in Dorset near the north-flowing Otter Creek’s beginning, runs southward through Manchester and Sunderland, swelled by the Lye Brook and Roaring Branch, to Arlington. Then it turns abruptly westward, rolling past Red Mountain, on to the Hudson.
The Fly Fisherman is a breed apart. He’s willing to stand up to his armpits in freezing water for hours for the pleasure of catching a fish; and he’ll travel hundreds of miles and endure bug bites and other hardships for his sport.

His tackle is the ultimate weapon in man’s war against the fish. It has not the slightest similarity to the pole and bobber of humbler anglers.

His lures are artful imitations of insect life and his cobwebby leaders are as strong as steel. His line is meticulously tapered for the best casting qualities.

And his rod, if he’s really a devoted fisherman, is probably an Orvis.

The Charles F. Orvis Co., the world’s largest maker of quality fishing rods, is in Manchester, Vermont, where it was started in 1856.

Orvis, then 25, founded the company when he discovered people were eager to buy the rods he had been making at his home. The company now employs dozens of people and does business around the world.

Although the best sellers are the fly rods, the company also makes rods of every other type. All are distinguished by the same quality and appearance.

An Orvis rod is beautiful, of course, but beauty is the least important of its aspects. A rod must be fast and springy enough to cast light lures, yet this same wispy wand, thinner than a kitchen match at its tip, must be strong enough to absorb the heavy strikes and shocks of a fighting fish many times the rod’s own weight.

All Orvis rods are made of Tonkin bamboo grown in the area of Canton, China. There has been no bamboo imported since China went Communist after World War II, but the company still has a stock of thousands of poles, enough for another 20 years. The precious hoard is cached in several Manchester buildings.

But the raw bamboo is just a piece of cane. It’s two or three inches in diameter, and completely worthless for catching fish unless you plan to club them. It’s strong, but inflexible.

I followed Wes Jordan, plant superintendent and vice-president, around the workshop and he showed me how a piece of overgrown grass became an Orvis rod that might sell for as much as $120 (Shooting Star model fly rod).
First, Jordan said, the bamboo is carefully toasted over an open gas flame. The heat removes any excess moisture and shrinks the fibers to their final size. As a bonus, it also turns the putty-colored bamboo a rich doughnut brown.

Next, he said, the poles are sawed lengthwise into small...
strips. Only the tough outer fibers will be used. Then, after the outside joints are sanded down, each strip is milled by a two-and-half-ton machine to a tolerance of a thousandth of an inch or less. The specially designed machine can handle strips as light as three-hundredths of an ounce.

Each of the strips is wedge-shaped in its cross section so that six of them will fit together lengthwise to form a hexagonal rod section. The original joints in the bamboo are carefully staggered along the length of each rod section so that there will be no weak or stiff spots.

The strips are carefully bound together and glued with a special Bakelite resin. The rod is then impregnated with the resin so that the fibers are inseparably locked.

"Impregnation is one of the most important developments in rod-making ever made," Jordan said. It makes the rod so waterproof that it will withstand boiling, and also rot-proof, set-resistant, and much more resilient. He developed the company's patented process.

After impregnation, the rod is heat-cured in special ovens, and then sized, and fitted with cork grips and nickel-silver ferrules and reel seats made in the plant's own machine shop. Finally, the line guides are hand-wound on with colorful silk windings.

Jordan, who has 36 years of experience in rod manufacture, looks over the final product, checking it with a micrometer that he uses as though it were a way of life. Any delinquent rods are dispatched on the spot.

Jordan, who seldom removes his hat, has two enthusiasms: fishing and photography. And many of his photographs are of people fishing. His son, Bob, who works at the plant, seems likely to follow in his father's footsteps.

I asked Jordan if he'd show me around the company's new showroom a short distance away between Manchester and Manchester Center. He said sure, but asked if I could wait a moment while he picked up a rod.

When we arrived, he headed straight for the little pond right beside the store. Assembling the rod, he made one perfect cast after another, apparently without thinking about it.

"This line's a little heavy" he said, whipping it back almost before it touched the pond.

The pond is the proving ground for all the Orvis equipment, he said. The quality of fishing equipment shows up in its performance.

The inside of the showroom looked like a fisherman's dream of Christmas. Hundreds of rods were racked on the walls, and the counters were filled with flies, line, fly boxes, reels, tools for flytying, camping equipment, wading boots, fishing jackets and other clothing, and hundreds of other articles.

After doing a little browsing, I asked where the president of the company, D. C. Corkran, was. They told me he and his wife were away on vacation.

Salmon fishing.
Twelve Vermont Favorites

Drawings by ROBERT CAND
IN VERMONT, the first of May means trout fishing. Weeks beforehand little knots of men gather on street corners and gravely discuss such important matters as whether or not the streams are too high, or the water too cold. The hardware store does a landoffice business selling dry flies, wet flies and some kind of evil looking thingamabob that’s guaranteed to catch salmon.

I think I’m a very understanding wife. I don’t object when my kitchen is filled with waders being patched, lines being greased, and rods hung across the kitchen table. I don’t even say much when I find dry flies in my tea kettle.

I don’t mind when my husband goes off to fishing camp. I don’t even ask to go fishing with him anymore. Not since my birthday present.

During our courtship days it was pleasant to drift along in a boat, trailing my fingers in the water. He said he was glad he was marrying a girl who liked to go fishing.

Honestly, I don’t know what happened to him after we were married. He’d get very annoyed when I’d ask him to turn the boat around so I’d get more sun on my back. And the day I thought I was doing so well—as a matter of fact the last time he let me fish—I never could understand why he lost his temper. What if I did lose a few flies? Am I to blame if he insisted on rowing under those over-hanging trees? It didn’t take more than twenty minutes to unsnarl the line I tangled. And I certainly couldn’t help it if the fly snapped off while he was up in one of the trees. He was lucky he didn’t have far to fall when the branch broke. It was good, too, that it overhung the nice soft water.

When I broke the tip off his rod I told him I guessed I’d give up fishing for a while and just ride along for the company. He said that was a good idea.

But just riding along for the company wasn’t as relaxing as I thought it would be. To sit motionless on that
hard seat and hear the line snap right past my nose was a little unnerving. All these items, combined, made me annoyed. So annoyed that I felt like not speaking to him ever again.

But he kept hinting about what he'd bought me for my birthday, so I decided to forgive him. I wondered if it was the fur stole I'd admired.

As my birthday approached, I became more and more excited about my present. It might be the fur stole, or some beautiful piece of jewelry. Or, if he felt we shouldn't afford those items, possibly a bottle of Chanel No. 5.

He gave me an aluminum canoe.

He said he'd hoped I'd be *really* surprised. I assured him I was.

The first warm day in May found us launching my new craft. It was a beautiful, hot and sunny day. I could feel the sun on my back and I pictured the wonderful tan I'd have by the end of the day.

Everything was ready for a picnic; sandwiches, cold beer and music from the portable radio. I thought after an hour or so of fishing we'd head in for some nice romantic spot and spend the rest of the afternoon sunning ourselves and enjoying the intimacy and the solitude.

My reverie was interrupted by orders to turn off the radio; it would disturb the fish. And let's get going; stick close to shore near the trees that arch out over the water. That's where the fish are; never mind if it's shady. We're out to get fish, not a tan.

"You mean you want me to paddle?"

"Not 'want'. I really *want* to paddle myself and let you loll in the bottom and dangle your fingers in the water."

"Wonderful. I'll just—"

"But I mustn't be selfish. This is your canoe. You want to learn to manage it adroitly. And you know that 'practice makes perfect!' You should start right in practicing; never mind what I want."

I, too, tried to be unselfish. But I ended up with the paddle. Feathering with what I thought was a dexterity even Hiawatha would have envied, I gracefully spun the canoe around.

He hissed (you evidently have to hiss so as not to scare the fish), "Go slow. Stay in closer to shore! NO, NO! Not that slow! Head out a little. Now in toward that sunken log. NO, NO! Not that one; see that log next to it? No, out further—"

His face was getting alarmingly red, probably from sunburn. I switched my paddle and accidentally hit him in the nose.

After his nose stopped bleeding he said, "There's nothing to it. Just go where I tell you!"

I stopped to light a cigarette and he pounced, "Watch it! I'm getting my line tangled. Go out more. Now in more. Now over there to the side." Sideways he wants me to paddle now. Ha!

I began to think about him as a stranger. And not a very lovable stranger, either. I pushed my paddle hard.

"Slow down! I just had a strike. Back up. No! Now go to the left. Now turn. Now just barely paddle. STOP! Not that fast. LOOK OUT!"

He reeled in a huge rainbow just as I ducked. It really was a beauty so I decided to let bygones be bygones. Besides, now that he'd been successful he'd want to stop and eat. It was time to eat and I was starving.

"Where shall we eat our lunch?" I asked.
"Right in the canoe of course," he said. "We don't want to miss any fishing now that they're biting like this."

Later he wanted a sandwich and a can of beer. And would I light him a cigarette? And all the time he kept giving me orders to keep the canoe going just the way it was, no not that way, this way. Do this; do that. The rest of the afternoon was a blur of passing sandwiches, lighting cigarettes, going slow, going fast. I managed to keep up my strength with bites of slightly fishy sandwiches.

As the afternoon waned, so did my affection for this stranger. I began to count up all the mean things he'd done since we were married. Frankly, I was amazed at what I had put up with!

If we had reached the parting of the ways, we'd have to divide the wedding presents. Well, he could have all the fish knives and his towels.

I began to feel chilly. The sun was setting and the mosquitoes were descending on me like a convoy of jet bombers. If I hadn't been in such a weakened condition, I would have admired the beautiful sky. But I was like Trilby under Svengali's spell.

I still automatically responded to the commands of, "Closer to shore. Now head out. Slow down. Go faster."

My ears began to ring; my eyes were glassy.

"Here, I'll take over now, dear," Svengali finally said. "You must be tired. Change places with me and relax."

Instantly I loved him again. Thoughtful. Wonderful. I changed places with him. He had caught a fine mess of trout. I'd cook them for dinner. I could hardly wait to get home and have a nice hot bath and a good dinner.

He started turning the canoe. I wondered where he was going.

"Down near the mouth of the creek," he said. "There ought to be some big ones rising now. See the hatch on the water?"

Hatch on the water! The only hatch I was interested in was a booby hatch for him.

"You mean you're going to fish MORE?" I wailed.

"Why of course," he assured me, gently, wonderingly. "From now until dark is the best fishing. Everyone knows that. I'll paddle a little ways and drift. If you're the least bit fatigued you can just sit and watch the birds. You love to go bird-watching,"

"I can't see them," I said. "It's too dark."

But he only suggested that I listen to them, then. And kept right on, whistling as he paddled. Every once in a while he inadvertently splashed me with icy water.

He caught more fish and I caught a cold.

On the way home he was kind enough to try to help me. He did this by telling me what was wrong with the way I paddled. He said that next Saturday he'd take me out again. He thought I was pretty lucky to have a husband who liked to take his wife fishing.

I asked him if I could fish, too. He said, "Oh no. You can't have two fishing. And you must keep on trying to learn to paddle your new birthday gift."

I was sorry, I told him, but I couldn't go with him Saturday. Actually, I had so much to do around the house that I'd be busy all Spring. But he could take my canoe. He could take it anytime. Anytime at all.

END
Most of the Questions Are About Trout

James MacMartin

How Old is it and How do you Tell?
How Big will it be Next Year?
How Long will it Live?
What percentage survive from year to year?

There are several ways to tell a fish's age, but most often it is read from the scales, in a way somewhat like telling a tree's age by the annual rings.

As trout grow, so do their scales, which enlarge in proportion to the body size of the fish. During the scale growth, concentric rings or circuli form continuously outside the older rings.

Fish, being cold-blooded, are directly affected by water temperature in the speed by which such body processes as growth take place. When cold, the scale circuli are laid down close together—may even be incomplete. But with the rise in water temperature, in spring and early summer, the circuli are heavier and are laid down farther apart. Thus you see alternating zones of packed and spread circuli. A pair of zones equals a year.

As the scales grow, so does the fish itself. But it should not be inferred that temperature alone controls growth rate. Other factors include food availability (and the competition for it,) individual differences in growth potential, and—of great importance—the actual chemical make-up of the water in which the fish live.

Before the use of radio-isotopes, certain sides of a fish's life remained in the realm of "guesstimates". One was the whole matter of his mineral metabolism.

But by using radioactive calcium-45 as a tagged element, it is now seen that fish, through special, secretory cells in the gills, obtain much of their calcium directly from the water in which they live.

For fresh-water fish calcium is essential for functions other than skeletal growth. The main one is osmoregulation. Analogous are prunes soaking up water. They take up the water and become swollen, since water will always go toward a denser medium—in prunes toward the concentration of sugar within the fruit.

Likewise, the blood and tissue fluid of a fish are more concentrated than the fresh water in which it lives. Fortunately fish have kidneys (the dark streak lying just under the backbone), or they would swell up like prunes.

The maintaining of internal water balance is a major problem for the fresh-water fish. He must get rid of water continuously, and at the same time hang on to its various dissolved salts. For ocean fish the problem is quite the opposite—to keep water and excrete salts.

The use of isotopes shows that there are critical levels of water calcium for fresh-water fish. When the calcium in the water decreases, the fish's metabolism speeds up, presumably because of the faster pumping by the kidneys—to prevent internal "flooding." If there is enough calcium in the water the fish's body works less to keep the water balance right. Thus, more of its energy can go into growth. Soft water means low calcium and slow fish growth, then. Conversely, hard water is high in calcium and promotes fast growth.

In Vermont, particularly in the main range of the Green Mountains, much of the surface water is in the low calcium class (10 parts per million or less.) The mountain stream trout here are not necessarily young. They may be stunted.

But streams flowing the lowland valleys, such as the Otter Creek, Battenkill, Mettawee and the lower Walloomsac, run through soils rich in limestone. Hence they have high calcium levels and promise bigger fish.

Three of these rivers, all but the Mettawee, flow from two-story or split-level watersheds, that is, their elevated tributaries lie in soils quite short on calcium. As they get down to the lowland valleys, however, they encounter soils rich in soluble calcium and magnesium. Then the hardness increases dramatically—as much as ten to twenty-fold.

This situation appears to be reflected in the trout taken with the electric shocker during a nine summers' statewide survey. It showed the proportions of legal-sized fish are in ratio to the water's quality. The hard-water streams generally show a higher percentage of big fish than do the soft-water streams. In fact, in some high mountain streams wild trout may mature and reproduce long before they reach the legal six inches.

There was much disparagement in the early years of fish culture work of the wild trout taken with the electric shocker during a nine summers' statewide survey. It showed the proportions of legal-sized fish are in ratio to the water's quality. The hard-water streams generally show a higher percentage of big fish than do the soft-water streams. In fact, in some high mountain streams wild trout may mature and reproduce long before they reach the legal six inches.

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trout's ability to do what nature intended. It was thought that nature was pretty sloppy and haphazard, and that man had better take a hand.

It has turned out, after a closer look, though, that the survival of naturally spawned fish, barring a stream-bed catastrophe, is as good or better than that achieved with human aid. Wild fish also are far better equipped for survival in streams than their hatchery counterparts. While 35 or 40 per-cent of the wild fish may make it over the winter, streamstocked hatchery fish are lucky if five or ten per-cent get by. They don't seem to have it in them to be tough, evidently because of this early upbringing and highly artificial diet. In lakes and ponds, however, hatchery fish show a much better survival than they do in streams.

There is a definite place for hatchery-reared trout in conservation. In reclaimed or newly-created ponds which are intensively managed, the hatchery trout shines, and is providing some really superior angling.

What it boils down to, in streams, is good habitat. Given an ample flow of water during spawning seasons, reasonable temperatures and favorable food conditions during the growing season, the trout, like rabbits, will do the rest.

SPECKLED BEAUTY

RONALD ROOD

THE FIRST BROOK TROUT I can remember was a four-inch jewel named "Beauty." My father carefully lowered it into the rock-lined spring on our farm.

Day by day, Beauty snapped up the crickets and grasshoppers that sifted in around the cover from the meadow grass above. Every few days we'd lift the wooden hatch and dangle a worm from our fingers. Beauty would leap clear of the water for it.

Although we never learned its sex, we children kept hoping that Beauty was a female and that someday there would be eggs. She grew to be more than a foot long, and kept the cool waters of the spring free of insects. I'll never forget the pride with which I took a visitor from the city down to see "our secret," as we called her.

We lay on our stomachs, peering into the spring. I dropped in a grasshopper. There was a swirl of silver and color, and the hopper was gone.

When we got back to the house, my chum turned on the faucet. Drawing a glass of water, he presented it to his mother. Puzzled, she obliged with a swallow or two.

"Mother," he exulted in his new knowledge, "would you believe it? We just saw a fish swimming around in that water!"

After his startled parents had taken him back to their chlorinated safety, I received an education on how not everybody was as fond of fish as I was.

Nevertheless, I have yet to hear the first unfavorable comment about the brook trout. And by no means must you be a fisherman to admire the speckled beauty, either. Its gold and vermilion spotting and white-edged fins, the graceful fanning of its tail as it hovers against the current, its darting flight to cover or food endear it to all who see it. Even its scientific name has the music of a mountain stream: Salvelinus fontinalis, which means "living in springs".

The "brookie" or "squaretail" begins its life in the fall of the year. The female, laden with eggs, fights her way up the rapids and through the pools to the smaller streams. If she is a five- or six-incher breeding for the first time, she may work to a tiny brook scarcely wider than the pages of this magazine. Even if she is a two-pounder capable of holding her own in the waters of a lake, she still must visit the streams for breeding, or find an upwelling spring in the lake bottom. Otherwise, her race perishes with her.

Three of us of the Vergennes Forest and Field Club were lucky enough to see a female whipping out her nest last October. She had picked out a spot where a spring bubbled up through the sand and gravel of the brook. Darting upstream, she turned on her side and spat the sand with that straight-edged tail. We gasped at the full beauty of her dark back with its convoluted markings, her blue-bordered spots and yellowish underparts. Again and again she did this, while her salmon-bellied mate hovered nearby. Together, they would chase away all intruders.

After several hours in the woods, we returned to the same spot. She was still at it, beating out a cavity, or "redd", which seemed to be over a foot in diameter and about four inches deep.

Soon, we knew, it would be cleared to her satisfaction. Then she would lay her eggs. Her mate, pressing her against the bottom would emit milt into the water at the same time, and the simple miracle of mating would be over. Swimming upstream again, she would sweep the gravel until it had tumbled over the buckshot-sized eggs. Then, without a backward glance, she would leave them forever.

Some states have upper size limits on fish. In spite of
the anguished cries of fishermen, this may have its place with threatened species—which, fortunately, the brookie is not. For, the larger the fish, the more young it can generally be expected to produce. Our little trout, spawning for her first time, probably produced from 50 to 250 eggs. The number may run many times that figure in five-pound "lunkers".

All winter long, beneath their blankets of snow, ice, water and gravel, the eggs develop at near-freezing temperatures. They hatch out at what would seem to be the most hazardous period in the streams—when the icy waters are apt to be swollen and raging from melted snow.

But nature has made a wonderful provision for their safety. It supplies each baby with a built-in survival kit. I recall brand-new fry I saw at the Salisbury hatchery. Each looked like a pair of eyes and a backbone on top of a grain of rice. The "rice" was the unabsorbed yolk, so heavy in comparison to the fish that it could not lift it off the bottom of the hatchery tray. In nature, the tiny young remain, safely buried in their gravel nursery, for more than a month. Slowly they "haul anchor" by absorbing the yolk. Then, when the brook has subsided, they work their way out into the watery world.

It's a dangerous world, even for a semi-transparent youngster whose dappled spots match the sunlight on the pebbles. Water insects snap it up; amphibians and even larger members of its kind are quick to seize it.

But the greatest tragedy of all knows no regard for camouflage. This is the result of the brook trout's constant need for oxygen. Let the concentration of this gas in the water fall below a critical level, and whole populations of brookies die in a few days. Or let the water warm much beyond the 70's and the same thing happens. Sometimes this is the result of "clear-cut" logging which removes forest shade, dumps silt into the stream, and sets up the stage for continued silting through erosion. The axe and chainsaw—if used unwisely in wholesale deforestation—take a lot of trout.

Each year our state stocks thousands of brookies (and browns and rainbows too) in response to the clamor from fishermen. But few remain long, except in lakes—and even here spawning grounds may be poor or competition from other fish may be high. Trout released in streams are almost always wasted if not caught. The native trout already in the streams are more than capable of populating every available nook all by themselves.

The key to more trout, of course, lies in that word "available." This I saw during a walk along a pasture brook with a friend. Both sides of the stream had been fenced to keep cattle from grazing along its edges.

"Before I fenced this off," he told me, "this stream would shrink to a few scattered pools in the summer. Each spring the trout worked up into it from the river down in the valley, but they died off in August. Now that it's shaded, it keeps running. And the bugs that drop into the water are natural trout food."

We crossed on some rocks placed in a line across the brook. "I put those rocks in to break up a long stretch of shallows," he said. "Now the water backs up behind them. And see that area just below, where it has scooped out a hole in the sand? There's usually a good fish there every spring."

Other parts of the stream had logs across them, with resulting trout-holes above and below. Here and there was a deflector of rocks to guide the stream against a bank, undercutting it just enough for a trout lair.

"Ten years ago I had to count on the river to supply this brook with trout each year," he recalled. "Now, I almost think it's the other way around."

Under many stream conditions, trout will be about as large as your finger a year after hatching. Hence the term "fingerlings". But growth varies tremendously. Hatchery-raised "yearlings," actually about 18 months old, may be 10 inches long, while their wild cousins may be less than six. Water temperature, food, disease and parasites all influence growth.

Theoretically, it's next to impossible to "fish out" even the smallest stream if you observe size limits. A legal-sized brook trout (6 inches in Vermont) has had the chance to spawn at least once, and therefore has left behind many potential replacements. But the fisherman who keeps undersized fish is condemning scores of trout unborn.

Once, while working on a stream survey project, we made a study of trout food habits. As we suspected, the tiny fry fed on minute water insects and crustaceans. As they grew, so did the size of their food. 10-inch specimens often gorge on caddis worms—those strange aquatic larvae which make a portable "shell" of sand grains or debris. Larger trout usually were found in the larger lakes and streams, where they took crustaceans and other fish, even including their own kind.

And the fondness of trout for hatching mayflies is so well known that a whole breed of purists—the dry-fly fishermen—has sprung up as a result.
THREE hundred years ago the North American continent was an unknown wilderness, peopled by a primitive race and replete with an abundance of wild animal and plant life. Then, as the hardy and adventurous pioneers of the old world sought out our shores in great numbers, the native Americans—people, animals, and plants—were crowded back, slowly at first, but with ever increasing rapidity until now only a small fraction of their former number remains.

What a paradise of wildflowers the early pioneers must have found. And, looking at some of these flowers, I can see the pages of history turn backward and visualize those who gazed upon them for the first time.

In the Showy Ladieslipper, I see the Jesuits of France, their canoes breasting the currents of mighty rivers, as they plunge deeper and deeper into the forests to establish the outpost of civilization in the far flung recesses of the vast Canadian wilderness.

The Poppy Mallow, sprawling with brilliant splashes of color on the sun-baked Western plains, presents long lines of covered wagons, creeping scarcely faster than the Mallow itself, as homeseekers risk all to follow the sunset to their promised land.

And the Hepaticas, Bloodroots, Violets and Columbine, in them is colonial New England—school days, homemade clothes and bare feet, the bunch of flowers shyly placed on the teacher's desk, childhood games, laughter and sorrow.

Yes, the wildflowers have seen the development of the comforts of our so-called civilization. They have seen the forest cut away, cities and villages grow up, roads made, bogs and marshes drained for agricultural purposes, great reservoirs built, flooding the fertile basins, and with each new development they have suffered.

Constantly pushed back by immigrant people, immigrant animals, and even immigrant plants, many species are now making a gallant last stand in the face of extermination. (From Pioneering with Wildflowers, by Senator George D. Aiken)

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES CLEVELAND JOHNSON

The Wild Flowers of Spring

(continued from page 25)

One result of our study came as a surprise. Norm, with whom I was working, called me over to his desk. "What do you make of this, Ron?" he asked.

We looked at what seemed to be black muck from the stomachs of two of the largest fish. Carefully separating it under a magnifier, we discovered it to be hundreds of tiny midges and aquatic insect larvae no larger than mosquitoes. How the sizeable fish even managed to see such little specks, we couldn't understand. Big bait, big fish? Apparently not with these trout.

"But how do you bait your hook with a mosquito?"

Norm waived.

In July, 1916, Dr. W. J. Cook decided to try his luck on the Nipigon River in Ontario. The result made brook trout history. His fish—14 1/2 pounds, 34 inches long—still holds the world's record. Our own state has kept no official tally of outsized fish. However, a brook trout much over 2 lbs. usually makes the newspapers.

"We don't really know how large a brookie may grow," I was told at the fish hatchery, "nor how long it may live. But there's one thing we do know. It's not really a trout at all. It's a close relative of the trout and salmon, and is known as a char. The difference is in the teeth and skeleton."

Squarretail, native trout, brookie or char, the speckled beauty is still the ultimate prize. Cautious, wary, sensitive to the shadow of a fishpole, game to the finish, it's a catch worthy of any angler. Few rewards are greater than the colors of a new-caught fish or the delicacy of its flesh, pink-white beneath the golden brown of the griddle.

Originally the brook trout was native to Canada and the northeastern half of the United States. Now it has been transplanted over half the suitable waters of the world. So kings can sample the princely fish that once only we could enjoy.

The best trout story I know came from an old account of fishing in the days before closed seasons had been established. While pointing out the need for protection of spawning fish, it also proves what most fishermen know—that the average fisherman has always been a good sport even before there were fishing laws.

"I was fishing in a little stream," says the fisherman, Eben Clark, "about the middle of October. I wanted a trout for breakfast, and hooked into a nice speckled one just as the sun rose."

"It was a good fish," Clark continued, "and it didn't want to leave the water. Not only that, but it stirred up a surprising commotion. It swam as if it had two tails."

"Finally I swooped it up with my net. Then I understood. I'd hooked a good female, loaded with eggs. And her mate had struggled right along at her side. He'd followed every turn she made while she was fighting. And when I netted her, I got him, too."

"I took one look at what I'd caught. 'I guess you two had better go back in the water,' I told them. So I let them go. And then I went back to a wonderful breakfast of milk and oatmeal."

END
Skunk Cabbage (Symlocarpus foetidus)

Blood Root (Sanguinaria canadensis)
Dutchman's-Breeches (Dicentra cucullaria)

Early Yellow Violet (Viola rotundifolia)
Yellow Adder’s Tongue, Trout Lily (Erythronium americanum)

Trailing Arbutus, Mayflower (Epigaea repens)
Wood Anemone, Wind Flower (Anemone quinquefolia)

White Violet (Viola blanda)
Wild Ginger (*Asarum canadense*)

Woodland Jack-in-the-Pulpit (*Arisaema triphyllum*)
Wild Sarsaparilla (*Aralia nudicaulis*)

Wild Dwarf Dogwood, Bunchberry (*Cornus canadensis*)
Painted Trillium (Trillium undulatum)

Gay-Wings (Polygala paucifolia)
SPRING WILDFLOWERS as described by George Aiken

SKUNK CABBAGE (Symlocarpus foetidus). The Skunk Cabbage must be of a sensitive nature. At any rate, it sends its large, curious, hooded, brown flowers up so early in the spring that they are gone before their outrageous odor can be compared with the fragrance of other spring flowers.

BLOODROOT (Sanguinaria canadensis) . . . known to everyone. It is one of our most easily-grown wildflowers, and its pure white blossoms on stems six to eight inches tall in April are very beautiful.

DUTCHMANS-BREECHES (Dicentra cucullaria) . . . is very much at home on the shelving rocks where the plant food of centuries has accumulated. After blossoming in April, the leaves stay green until June, when they die down.

EARLY ROUNDLEAF YELLOW VIOLET (Viola rotundifolia) is one of the earliest wildflowers to bloom, the tiny bright yellow flowers on one- to three-inch stems blossoming while there is still snow in the woods.

COMMON TROUTLILY (Erythronium americanum) is plentiful over the entire eastern United States and Canada and is quite commonly called Adders-tongue or Dog-tooth Violet. The leaves are much more beautiful than those of the White Troutlily, which is well, because it mats its bulbs so thickly that they have scarcely room to develop and it blossoms much less freely than its white relatives from the Central States.

TRAILING ARBUTUS or MAYFLOWER (Epigaea repens) . . . plants blossoms in early May. Trailing Arbutus has one prime requirement: the soil must be very acid. It grows wild in company with Wood Lily and Lowbush Blueberry.

ROUNDLOBED HEPATICA (Hepatica americana or triloba), while varying in color from white to dark blue with occasional pinks, is more likely to be pale blue—Chooses as its companions the Moccasin Flower, Fringed Polygala, Lowbush Blueberry and other plants requiring intensely acid soil.

BROAD-LEAF SPRING BEAUTY (Claytonia Caroliniana). The dainty, pink-striped flowers of the Spring Beauty blossom in early spring, growing from irregularly shaped bulbs, which Nature plants two to three inches below the surface.

WOOD ANEMONE or WINDFLOWER (Anemone quinquensis). I do not know how it got its name, but maybe because it is so fragile that it seems as if a strong wind might blow it away. The roots are threadlike and creeping, and in May the delicate white blossoms, about an inch broad, seem all out of proportion in size to the slender plant.

SWEET WHITE VIOLET (Viola blanda) is usually found growing in the moist woods and bogs . . . a most beautiful little wildflower.

CANADA WILD GINGER (Asarum canadense). In April and May the reddish-brown, bell-shaped flowers, about an inch across, lie prostrate on the ground or sometimes buried in debris. The aromatic flavor of the root is responsible for the common name of the plant.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (Arisaema triphyllum). Sometimes he has a green pulpit, sometimes a striped green and brown one. Jack produces a cluster of brilliant red berries, which fall to the ground in early September and germinate so readily that the following year he may likely be surrounded by a numerous colony of little preachers.

WILD SARSAPARILLA (Aralia nudicaulis). The yellowish flowers of this plant of the roadside and woods are not conspicuous at blossoming time in May, but the large clusters of blue berries in late summer make it attractive.

WILD DOGWOOD or BUNCHBERRY (Cornus canadensis). It spreads from creeping root stalks and forms a carpet on the ground in the moist woods where there is sufficient acid in the soil. Fruit ripens in late summer, is scarlet in color and borne in bunches, which gives the plant its name.

PAINTED TRILLIUM (Trillium undulatum) . . . late May bloomer. Although the other Trilliums have showy seed pods in August, yet the fruit of the Painted Trillium is the most striking of all, being intensely red and enlivening a drab season with its brilliant color.

GAY-WINGS (Polygala paucifolia). The showy dark pink blossoms are borne on four- to six-inch stems in late May and early June and, from the appearance of the flowers, might easily be mistaken for a small Orchid, but of course they have nothing in common . . . grows in rather dry soil under hardwoods or to a considerable extent under evergreens.

END
SPRING
LONG AFTER sugaring and before the leaves are full-out, the children give the surest pledge that Spring has really come to Vermont. Almost between one day and the next they wiggle out of storm coats and boots, to be free for bright feelings to toss them into the air or let them touch more of the friendly ground. Clotheslines become jump ropes, pockets click with aggies and cat’s-eyes, hopscotch squares appear on sidewalks. Dreaminess in the younger ones turns suddenly to a scramble in the new sweet twilight; the bigger ones get out last year’s bats and gloves—and we know that Spring is here. J. C. G.
It's delight in air and earth again
it can be quiet, or a yelling time
or a sassy time
or a serious return to the game that means Spring.
When last winter's snow now tumbles in sparkling rivulets along roadside brooks, what country youngster can resist its power? For generations at this season Vermont boys have thought of water wheels, but—the art to build them is almost lost. Here, as recalled by Major Thayer from his West Brattleboro boyhood, is the proper way to build a little water mill which will draw and release toy boats.

Making it is half the fun, of course, and the raw materials are simple: scrap pine boards one-half or one-quarter inch thick are best. Tin from a can, brads and a few nails completes it. The job is done with a keyhole saw, bit and bit-stock, jack knife, hammer, some sand paper—and Mother's kitchen shears, to cut the tin.

The Flume Box comes first, built to the dimensions shown at lower right. The slot for the gate should be

Major Thayer, a retired Army officer of Burlington, has carried on his lifelong interest in wood carving to a very busy hobby of hand carving small animals. He prefers doing animals, especially dogs, and some of his figures are caricatures.
Outside Wheel stock, about two inches wide (fitting snugly inside the wheel) and about three inches long. Bevel the drum end of each fin, because they are to be fitted in slantwise. Arrange them around the drum evenly and nail in place from the outside with brads. Afterward trim off the outside edges of the fins so they protrude not more than a quarter inch. Now cut the 3/4 inch shaft two feet long and run it through the wheel. Drive sixpenny nails into each end of the shaft for pivots.

The Wheel Cradle is made as shown at bottom left, a bit longer than the wheel shaft.

about eight inches in from the spill end. Nail a quarter-inch cleat to the flume bottom, inside, to hold the lower end of the gate. You can vary the water stream by setting the gate at different heights, held with the pin.

The Water Wheel itself starts with two wood wheels for the outside, eight inches in diameter, cut with a keyhole or scroll saw. Then make two similar wheels six inches in diameter. Cut a 3/4 inch square hole in the center of each wheel.

Spacers are next. Cut three 2 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches, and nail the smaller wheels to each end, keeping the edge of the spacers flush with the wheels' outside edges and running a piece of 3/4 inch square stock through the wheels to make sure it will clear the spacers inside.

The Inner Drum is completed by cutting a strip two inches wide from a coffee or oil can. Run a string around the inside wheels to see how long the tin should be. Then punch holes along the edge of the tin with a nail, and use brads to nail the tin around the drum. File off any rough edges of tin.

Mark on the tin where the spacers are, and then nail the bigger wheels on the outside, using the 3/4 inch shaft to line up the holes properly.

The Fins come next. Cut ten of them out of quarter-inch stock, about two inches wide (fitting snugly inside the wheel) and about three inches long. Bevel the drum end of each fin, because they are to be fitted in slantwise. Arrange them around the drum evenly and nail in place from the outside with brads. Afterward trim off the outside edges of the fins so they protrude not more than a quarter inch. Now cut the 3/4 inch shaft two feet long and run it through the wheel. Drive sixpenny nails into each end of the shaft for pivots.

The Wheel Cradle is made as shown at bottom left, a bit longer than the wheel shaft.

Build the Dam of sod and stones high enough to operate the wheel. Set the flume in the top of the dam and anchor it with flat stones. Lay the wheel in its cradle the right way—so the falling water will fill the boxes—and adjust the cradle under the flume so the falling water hits the back of the wheel. Make sure the bottom of the wheel clears the water of the stream. Anchor the cradle with flat rocks.

The Flat Boat is made from any handy board, rounded at the bow and with a nail driven to tow it by. Attach a string to the nail and load the boat with flat stones. Let it float down as far as the stream will permit. Then tie the string end to the wheel shaft. Open the flume gate slowly until the driven wheel winds up the tow string and draws the boat against the current. When the boat arrives, shut down the gate and let the current reverse the boat. END
The Check List and Warning for March meeting are posted now again on Weybridge’s highly unusual public bulletin board. The town having neither store, postoffice, restaurant nor theater (though it does have a church), the old double-barreled covered bridge which stands near the Morgan Horse Farm, serves admirably for the purpose.

Margaret D. Smith

Want to build a museum in Vermont? Edwin S. Lincoln, electrical consultant now living in Brattleboro, has in storage there several thousand objects of historic electrical equipment—from Leyden jars to resistors—tracing the history of electricity from 600 B.C.

It’s a collection that even today rivals those at the Smithsonian Institution and at the Ford Museum in Dearborn, and (readers with unexplored attics please note) there are certain articles still wanted. The eventual museum will be designed, according to Mr. Lincoln, to appeal both as a tourist attraction and as a source of information and inspiration to the student.

The only problem a philanthropic Vermonter might have, (let us say, one with a special interest in U.V.M.) is that New Hampshire is interested in getting the collection housed on that side of the river: a N. H. commission is now looking into the whole thing.

So if you’d like to build the necessary building and help preserve in this state a unique collection, the time to act is now. The cost: in round figures, about a quarter of a million dollars.

Whence come the gorgeous tresses worn by dress mannequins the country over? From Vermont, of course, specifically from a small and successful rayon specialty plant located in Fairhaven.

Time was when a Vermont town wasn’t anything unless it could boast of a balancing rock, a bottomless cave, or at the very least a smelly mineral spring.

In a sense, then, Clyde H. Smith of Burlington was born too late. Only last year, in a wild area of Mt. Mansfield’s western slope, he discovered a natural wonder as yet viewed by only a handful of hardy climbers: a tremendous rock finger jutting straight out from a sheer cliff, apparently supported by miraculous accident.

MONSTER TIME AGAIN

With the Break-Up of Champlain’s winter ice, the famous Lake Monster is due to be sighted soon again. He was spotted at least four times last year, into mid-October, at points between Shelburne Harbor and North Hero—and by reliable couples.

Reports going back to 1927 indicate some of the sightings probably have been of huge sturgeon, unaccountably surfacing on the lake. Some may have been otters swimming. But there are repeated descriptions of a creature with three distinct coils, twenty feet in length and with a large, globular head (dirty white in color). These are impossible to relate to any known life in the lake.

Tips on sighting the Monster: keep a lookout in the later afternoon, especially in rocky, fairly shallow areas a hundred yards or so off-shore. First hint may be the noise of a huge body splashing. When alerted the Monster will move off at speeds estimated from 10 to 15 MPH toward deep water.

The Post Boy, who himself had the good fortune to view the Monster last Labor Day off Appletree Point, henceforth assumes the role of Vermont Life Lake Monster Editor. New reports are solicited, while a suitably large award is being prepared for the first photograph secured.
The Chicken and the Egg

Layers and broilers mean millions of dollars in Vermont's chancy poultry business.

Miriam Chapin

In Vermont the egg comes before the chicken. It is so much more important, four times as much. More than five million dollars' worth of eggs is sold each year, as against a million and a half dollars' worth of meat birds (1959 figures). Even so, the broiler business is growing, and is not to be sneezed at.

Poultry growers in general tend to feel that their contribution to the state's economy is not fully appreciated, since dairying is so overwhelmingly the preoccupation not only of its practitioners, which is to be expected, but of legislators and Chambers of Commerce. Banks do not always look with the same benevolent eye on proposals to enlarge henneries that they turn on requests to make cows the recipients of their bounty.

One trouble is that the poultry business got a formidable black eye in the depression years, when all too many jobless city folk thought they could solve their problems by buying a few acres of ground and borrowing a few thousand dollars, in order to set themselves up in a chicken-raising enterprise. They saw visions of eggs overflowing from nests, of broilers trotting off to market. Then their flocks contracted strange diseases, their hens refused sullenly to lay, they had no training or philosophy or experience to help them cope with calamity, and the results were often extremely painful for themselves and their trusting creditors.

Nowadays the prospect has greatly altered. There are few amateurs in the poultry business, which is as sound as any other. It demands the ordinary requirements for suc-
Laying house near Bethel—Hanson Carroll
cess, such as an absence of unreasonable expectations, along with education, business acumen, hard work and a modicum of luck.

For it is a business, in which capital must be invested, which must be run on intelligent financial lines, based on a certain knowledge of genetics, with the latest discoveries in anti-biotics and nutrition continually taken into account.

Every year the farm flocks grow fewer, and the big commercial flocks occupy the field. The old hen who steals her nest and comes out one July day—or even August—with a dozen fluffy chicks, scratching and peeping, just isn’t around any more. Flocks are held to strict accounting procedures, with no room for such aberrations. The farm wife no longer depends for her spring hat on the egg money cached away in the broken-nosed Staffordshire teapot. She buys her eggs and broilers at the supermarket on her way home from the PTA meeting, and she probably hasn’t a notion how to clean a fowl for cooking.

When I was a child on the old farm in Pittsford, it was regular practice to have “chicken” for Sunday dinner after church. If my father said on Saturday that he guessed he might as well kill the noisy old Plymouth Rock rooster, my mother would tell him to do it right away so she could cook the beast overnight on the kitchen range. Soon the big rooster would be flopping about the woodyard minus his head, while the axe leaned against the chopping block. My father would souse him in a pail of hot water, pluck him, and hand him over to my mother to singe, clean and cut up the carcass. That was woman’s work.

When the bird appeared on the table, my father had his chance to tell his loon story, how to cook a loon. You put a rock in the pot with the bird, boil it two days, then throw away the loon and eat the rock. It is true our old rooster took a lot of chewing. But he made wonderful gravy, yellow, thick with cream, flavored with onions, topped with dumplings as light as little balloons. Ah, where now can you find its like?

WHAT IS A FRESH EGG?

Age is important to freshness, but how well an egg has been kept is crucial, too. Those sold in the larger markets usually carry expiration dates set for six days after they were candled.

From the time the hen cackles until candling runs six to eight days. Thus, an egg properly stored is considered good for table use for at least two weeks.

The mark of a fresh egg: when broken it holds to a small pan area. The white should be reasonably thick, the yoke firm and well centered.

EGGS

Let us quit this nostalgic lamenting and begin with the egg. It doesn’t know its mama or its papa. Usually it doesn’t have a papa, since unfertilized eggs are supposed to keep better, while fertile ones are said to make the best eating. It is doubtful if any customers can tell the difference. At the Ford Farms near Bethel, the largest egg producers in Vermont, there are 30,000 youthful hens from six to eighteen months old quartered in a five story building, all laying like mad. (If they aren’t, they’ll get their heads chopped off quick). Eggs are collected by hand five times a day, cooled in big baskets and washed. Girls sitting in darkness before a glowing light “candle” them, watching for blood spots, cracks or bits of dirt. The cracked and spotted ones are broken into buckets, frozen and sold to bakeries. Slightly marred ones can be sold in the packages at lowered prices. The good ones, the vast majority, are sorted by size into jumbo, extra large, and so on, packed and hustled into the waiting trucks and rushed off to Boston or local markets.

Replacements in the laying house must be ready when needed. Fifteen months is the limit for profitable laying birds. At Ford’s each summer 12,000 pullets, hatched the February before, are on range, sheltered only by little open huts, running free on grass and clover, getting ready to begin laying in July. Another 12,000 are started in April, and the next lot in June. After they have lived out their allotted year in the laying house, giving their all for
their master as virgins, toiling like worker bees in the hive, 
they will be gathered up and sold for ten or fifteen cents a 
pound. They are literally in the soup—canned soup.

Such is the gratitude of mankind to its most useful 
slaves. I am afraid nobody likes hens very much. They 
are seldom pets, for actually they are cranky, fussy ani­ 
mals, utterly without sense. Horses, sheep, cows, even 
pigs, have been known to excite affection in the human 
breast, but never the anonymous hen.

The pullets, enjoying their brief weeks of freedom be­ 
fore entering on their careers, are a cross of red and white 
Rhode Island, red rooster and white hen. They are pretty 
terracotta birds with a few white tail feathers, pullets 
which will eat well and lay early, giving a nice brown 
egg. But only the first cross is good, as is true of most 
such crosses. If you cross a rooster and a hen from among 
these birds, the offspring will be useless mongrels, for this 
is not a stable new breed; it will not breed true. The third 
generation follows the Mendelian Law, worked out a hun­ 
dred years ago by that remarkable Austrian monk, culti­ 
vating his sweet peas in his monastery garden. Half the 
chicks, if they are in large enough number to get a proper 
average, will be more or less like their parents, a quarter 
like their red grandfather and a quarter like their white 
grandmother. The cross must be made anew each genera­ 
tion.

Since these birds are bred for laying, not for meat, the 
half of the chicks that are of the wrong sex for the poultry­ 
man's purpose are practically useless and have to be de­ 
stroyed, unless somebody can be persuaded to buy them at 
a bargain price to raise for broilers or capons. Broilers can 
be of either sex—no discrimination. The trained grower at 
the hatchery can tell the sex of a chick almost as soon as 
as it is hatched. Unfortunately nobody has yet learned how 
to select eggs that will produce females and only females. 
Scientists work on that.

HATCHERY

The hatchery business is still another division of the in­ 
dustry. This is the production of little chicks, to be sold 
as soon as hatched for farm flocks, for broiler raising and 
for layers. Each demands its own special qualities. Some 
hatchery men raise chicks from their own flocks, using 
them for replacements, others simply buy eggs and sell all 
the chicks. The farmer's hands place the eggs in the incu­ 
bator trays, but that is the last time he touches them. It is 
the only part of the process not automated.

Nobody has yet succeeded in shortening the three weeks 
time it takes to grow a chicken inside an eggshell. Nature 
is stubborn on some matters. In the earlier days it was 
necessary for a stout arm to turn a crank once a day in 
order to shift the trays and thus move the eggs in the way 
that the old hen scuffles them about in the nest. Nowadays 
a time clock attends to all that. So long as the current does 
not fail, no one need come near the incubators until the 
time is up and the chicks begin to come out.

As soon as they have creased their shells with their tiny 
sharp beaks and stepped out, about the only thing they are 
permitted to do on their own, most of them are lifted into 
flat cartons, a hundred or so together, and shipped off to 
whatever destination awaits them. Frail as they look, they 
can live three days without food in this limbo. Usually 
their beaks are clipped so they can't peck each other; 
sometimes, later, their combs are cut and their wings trim­ 
med so they can't fly over fences. They will be huddled 
under a brooder whose lamp is set to keep them at the

BROWN VS. WHITE

You can't tell New Englanders there's no difference 
under the shell. They still prefer brown eggs, and 
Yankee grocers such as First National Stores cater 
largely to this liking. As one approaches the New 
York border, in western Vermont for instance, there 
is a definite acceptance of white eggs.
right temperature, their food will flow slowly along a trough in front of them. They will never scratch for a living or fight another chick for a worm.

**BROILERS**

The race to get broilers into market shape as fast as possible is constant, and desperate. Obviously if you have five thousand to sell and can save two days time in getting them to the required weight—say three pounds and a little over—you will make a sizable profit by eliminating their feed and care for those days. Eight and a half weeks is about what the process usually requires. Two days off that may make the difference between profit and loss. So breeding of broiler stock is firmly directed toward rapid growth, and much study is put on foods, hormones, cages and methods of care.

Most broilers never see the open range at all, but spend their brief lives in a wire cage with a wire floor, allowed a scant two square feet of space, sipping the mush that runs in a trough before them. Chickens that run on grass have more flavor, but they don’t fatten so fast.

**MARKETING**

The preparation of broilers for market is another specialized and highly competitive operation. The dressing plants usually buy all their birds; not a chicken is raised on their premises. The largest one in Vermont, at South Royalton, purchases many from other states. There still are small plants which sell to local markets or at stands, but sales outside Vermont must have federal inspection. This is carried out on the assembly line. A doubtful bird is simply snatched off it. The birds are brought in crated, handled carefully lest they be bruised, shackled, killed by a swift stab in the roof of the mouth, let bleed, whisked through boiling water, defeathered by being held against a rotating drum with rubber teeth on it, gutted in a series of separate operations which so far have defied automation, singed in a flame activated by a photo-electric cell, and rapidly packed ready for the supermarket’s barbecue.

**BARGAINS**

The grower is unhappy at the extent to which broilers are used as loss leaders by the big grocery chains. Last summer a Vermont man went to a national packing plant to buy several hundred birds for a barbecue outdoors. They told him ruefully that they would have to charge him 28 cents a pound, plus 3 cents if he wanted them cut up, while he could buy them at a chain store near his home for 27 cents. The price is now about a third what it was in 1929. When the grower reads in the cookery columns of the Sunday papers how cheap a food chicken is and how it is likely to continue to be so, he shudders. He can also read there of new uses for his product, “chicken sticks”, fried wings, pickled drumsticks, slivers of breast dipped in some mixture, for cocktail relishes. Not much of this sort of thing is prepared in the packing plants; often local supermarkets or specialty shops make up their own trays or parts according to their local demands. The grower used to blame the low prices he was getting on the feed companies, which financed some farmers and marketed their birds, but there is less of that kind of tie-in since some of the feed companies got badly burned three or four years ago, caught in the squeeze between high grain and low chicken. There is plenty of grumbling still about prices, but men with good outfits manage to make a living, even though they see little prospect of getting rich.

The poultry business in Vermont has gone through a shaking out and settling down. For those who have stuck with it the future looks fair enough. It has the advantage of two enormous markets, New York and Boston, within easy trucking distance. While the warmer weather and cheaper labor of the southern states have attracted many breeders, Vermont challenges them on shipping costs. The time is coming when the city housewife will insist, and pay a premium, on eggs laid the day before she buys them, stamped to guarantee the date. Vermont’s disadvantage is the long winter when some heat must be had in the laying house. The “solar house”, with double windows making up most of one side and artificial ventilation is a solution proposed to this difficulty, and the few so far constructed have been successful.

**THE FUTURE**

As in most fields, Vermont’s answer to intense competition can only be closer attention to quality, greater effort to get top prices for a limited output. The New England Egg Producers’ Association to which a number of Vermont poultry farmers belong, sets standards and offers a seal of quality to those who meet its requirements for certification. The Extension Service at the University of Vermont preaches co-operation among growers, and believes that therein lies the future of the Vermont poultry industry.
SIX MONTHS AGO twenty-nine average Americans left Putney, trained to do what they could to shape world history. The five women and twenty-four men were designated officially as the Peace Corps Experiment Pakistan Training Project and they are unique on three counts:

1) they are the first Peace Corps group to go to Asia,
2) they are the Corps' first multipurpose unit—that is, embracing a variety of skills to be shared with the people of Pakistan,
3) and they are the first Peace Corps group trained off a college campus.

For eight weeks they used the facilities and know-how of Putney's thirty-year-old Experiment in International Living to learn all they could about Pakistan. They were taught the basic language—Bengali—and about the politics, economics, ethnic background, religion, folkways and hopes of the country where they had volunteered to live and work for two years.

On their arrival at The Experiment the youngest Corps member was twenty years old, the eldest was sixty. Most of them have never been out of the United States before. Most of them come from the Far West, and not all of them are college graduates. Among the jobs for which they are being paid the same wages as their Pakistani counterparts, are teaching academic subjects, bricklaying, maintenance and repair of farm machinery, civil and mechanical engineering, and nursing.

"This group trained here are dedicated people with their feet on the ground," Reed Alvord of The Experiment, and the project administrator, said. "They are idealists, but no one could call them callow do-gooders. Their feet are on the ground. And they all say the same important thing: they say they're in Pakistan to learn—to live with the Pakistani people, and to learn from them."

Ellsworth Bunker of Putney, former U. S. Ambassador to Pakistan's big neighbor, India, is pictured by Judson Hall speaking to the Peace Corps group at The Experiment.

3 Firsts
FOR THE PEACE CORPS IN PUTNEY
SUGARING JUST FOR FUN is the latest in maple making. Baby evaporators, turned out at Burlington, this spring are sending off clouds of the fragrant steam all over the state, as oldsters keep their hands in the sweet occupation, and youngsters learn how to sugar on a rig they can handle themselves.

Maple making is still a business and it has been ever since Indian chief Woksis, numberless years ago, hurled his tomahawk into a maple and his squaw (presumably) experimented with the sweet sap.

But Herbert LaFleur at the Leader Evaporator company (oldest of the four Vermont firms in the business) thought that sugaring should be fun. It was his idea, the “Pleasure” model, and it proved a sensation at country fairs last fall.

On this fully-working little rig (which comes complete for under $300), a youngster can handle the sap from 50 to 150 buckets—about a barrel an hour. And training in this age-old art can yield real profits in syrup, too.

Other Vermont makers of maple sugaring equipment are the George H. Soule company in St. Albans, the Lightning Evaporator company, not far distant in Richmond, and in Rutland the G. H. Grimm company, which also has marketed its own tractor-drawn hay tedder.

Sugaring as a business, like other forms of farm activity, is moving toward fewer but bigger operations, which can
use big evaporators such as Leader’s top size. This will boil up to eighteen barrels of sap an hour.

Sugaring is moving, too, from bucket collection to plastic tube gathering, just as oil burners are replacing the use of wood—at least where hiring extra hands is difficult or expensive. With piped sap and an automatic fire, one man can handle a sizeable sugaring setup alone.

Setting up to sugar, not counting the sugarhouse itself, will cost today about $4500 for a 2000-tree operation—about the same figure for a bucket or plastic tube operation.

Herb LaFleur’s Pleasure model, though, complete as its big brothers in every detail, is bringing back the nostalgic pleasures to be found in making maple syrup.

**WHAT ELSE YOU’LL NEED**

The evaporator is well housed, a good supply of dry wood handy, and a storage tank set up to feed in the sap by gravity. Then to tap out you’ll need plastic tube equipment, or spouts and buckets (with covers), and a rig for gathering. Don’t forget cans for the syrup.
“WHAT DO I need to cook my trout?” Mrs. Appleyard’s son Hugh asked.
His mother, who was busy inventing a way to make an ash tray from a plaster cast of a catamount’s foot, promptly turned her attention to trout. No one can say she has a single track mind.

“Trout?” she said. “Why you just take some wood smoke, a waterfall—not very large, it’s just for background music—curls of bacon, cornmeal, bacon fat and a frying pan. What more could anyone need?”

Hugh said he knew how to cook trout that way.

“This is for indoors,” he said. “Something elegant, sophisticated and gourmetical. We have company. City folks.”

“Have you caught them?” his mother asked.
She meant the trout. City folks are no problem to catch. They are, Mrs. Appleyard knows, as plentiful as black flies. They are mentioned by Vermonters in much the same tone of weary acceptance. Both are inevitable and keep the inhabitants mentally alert.

Hugh said the trout had been out of the water fifteen minutes and it was time to begin.

Mrs. Appleyard had been turning over the pages of a large and ancient French cook book.

“I think this is what you are looking for,” she said. “Write it down as I translate. Here’s a pencil.”

“Remove the fins. Draw by the gills and neatly wipe six very fresh brook trout. Make a spiral incision from head to tail on both sides of each fish. Place in a sautoire, make a maitre d’hotel butter. Use two ounces (good) table butter. One teaspoon finely minced parsley, one half teaspoon chervil and one eighth teaspoon white pepper. Mix well with a fork and spread over fish. Next lay over a dozen fillets of anchovies. Pour over a teaspoon anchovy essence mixed with two ounces white wine. Cover with buttered paper. Set in the oven for thirty minutes, basting often. Meanwhile prepare a Hollandaise sauce as follows.”

Hugh groaned slightly but wrote bravely on.

“Place in a small enamelled pan one light teaspoon freshly crushed whole white pepper, four tablespoons good tarragon vinegar, one good teaspoon fresh lemon juice, four leaves well mashed and strained parsley and the same of chervil. Set the pan on the corner of the range and let slowly reduce to one half the quantity, gently mixing once in a while. Then press through a cheese cloth.”

“The pan?” Hugh asked.

“The contents. Don’t be frivolous or the sauce will curdle,” his mother said and went on translating. “‘Crack one (fresh) egg yolk. Sharply mix with a whisk for one minute, then carefully drop, drop by drop, one gill melted (good) butter, briskly and continually mixing with a whisk. Season with salt and pepper. Briskly whisk for one minute. Press through a cloth and serve.’”

“What are the fish doing all this time?”

“There is juice in the sautoire. You put a tablespoon of it into the Hollandaise and mix well. Pour the sauce over the trout. Sprinkle with chopped truffles and serve.”

“Is that all?” asked Hugh.

“Yes,” said his mother, shutting the book firmly, “and it’s precisely my idea of how not to cook brook trout.”

She took pity on her son and handed him a card from her own catalogue. It read:

**Brook Trout**

Clean six trout. Dip lightly in milk, then roll in flour seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Melt 4T. butter in a large iron frying pan. Just as the butter starts to brown, lay in the fish and cook briskly five minutes on each side. Have a hot platter ready. Squeeze lemon juice over the fish. Sprinkle them with finely chopped fresh parsley. Add a tablespoon of butter and one of lemon juice to the juice in the pan. Stir well, heat slightly, pour it over the fish. Wreath them in sprays of parsley. Serve them forth.

“This was how your grandmother taught me to cook trout,” Mrs. Appleyard added. “After about thirty years I read a cook book and found it was trout meunière I’d been making. I felt like the character in Moliere, who had been speaking prose all his life and didn’t know it.”

“Come down to supper in half an hour and have some trout that are pure poetry,” Hugh said.

Mrs. Appleyard is now in a position to say that the diagnosis was correct.
A LONG toward the end of March, and into April if the spell of frosty nights and sunny days holds on, sugaring-off parties can be found in various corners of Vermont. A dwindling number of farmers sugar half for fun and invite their neighbors in to enjoy the first run of syrup. Church ladies and PTAs raise money with a sugar party. In any case the classic menu runs about the same. Maple syrup, of course, last summer's sunshine trapped and distilled, boiled to the correct consistency and laced on packed fresh snow; then pickles, sour as possible, astringent antidote to all that sweetness, so that you can endure a second helping and beyond; for ballast and nutrition, raised doughnuts and eggs boiled in sap. Odd, messy and delicious.

The much-discussed Vermont character seems to me very like this hot-and-cold, sweet-and-sour combination of tastes and sensations. The basic ingredients make for contrast and surprises, and the flavor you come away with is more likely to be tart than sweet. There is little of suavity or grace in this mixture, yet once you acquire a taste for it you return for more.

CONTRARY COUNTRY, Ralph Nading Hill aptly terms Vermont in his newly reprinted collection of profiles of persnickety characters by that name. He celebrates, he says, the trait of waywardness, valued in Vermont since the first cross-grained, contumacious settlers filtered into the narrow valleys of the New Hampshire grants from east, west and south. Some, like Calvin Coolidge, had little to say and said it well. Hetty Green became a caricature of mingled thrift and greed. John Humphrey Noyes saw a vision of a better world and dreamt it into action.

Ralph Flanders tells his own story of the making of an independent man in SENATOR FROM VERMONT. Seldom has the State been so well represented in the eyes of the world as by Flanders and Aiken, both of whom speak out as they think, without fear of individual or party. It is not necessary to agree with such men to admire their forthrightness and integrity. Waywardness implies a haphazard quality which is certainly not obviously characteristic of Flanders, yet his life took several sudden turns in new directions which lend it contrast and novelty.

THE MORGAN HORSE STORY by Jeanne Mellin is a book about horses that will interest even those who are not mad about horses. Justin Morgan, the little bay stallion who sired the first native American breed of horses, is a truly noble personality. The Morgan today is a work-horse with stamina, a pleasure horse with vigor and intelligence, ideal for riding and driving, a show horse with spirit and pride. He has also been named the state animal of Vermont.

Adopted Vermonters often surpass the natives in waywardness. Elsie Masterton, chatelaine of Blueberry Hill, has continued the lively chronicle of Nothing Whatever to Do in OFF MY TOES! Her valiant battle with cancer is the victorious climax of the book, but along the way there are lesser battles: with unscrupulous characters in Florida, difficult guests and narrow-minded neighbors in Vermont. Mastertons can turn their hands to anything, as witness John’s election to the 1961 legislature as representative from Goshen. E.K.G.

The best of the best is an apt description of GREEN MOUNTAIN TREASURY. The editors of “Vermont Life” strive to get the very best stories and pictures of the state, and in this volume they have made a selection of the finest of this material from the past five years in order to produce a book that is a delight to the eye and to the mind.

Divided into seasons of the year, the book reflects the activities, the history, the people and the scenery of winter, spring, summer and fall.

What is in the book?

John P. Clement tells about “The Great Seal of Vermont.”

“The Man Who Wouldn’t Be Bored” by Walter Hard, Jr., and Stephen Greene, and “The Boon Murder Mystery” by Richard Sanders Allen, are two crime stories with suspense, excitement and startling facts.

“Twilight’s Granite Hall” by Jean W. Simpson is the story of that remarkable school building in Brownington. Murray Hoyt tells of a more modern school in “Bootstrap Schoolhouse.”


Humor is present in “She’ll Be Coming ‘Round the Mountain” by Miriam Chapin, and humor with a tug at your heart can be found in “Country Switchboard” by Ilse Bischoff.

All of the above and many, many more just as fine and just as interesting, plus page after page of beautiful pictures in color and black and white that reflect the beauties of the state—pictures by Mack Derick, Jack Breed, Hanson Carroll, Robert Holland, Geoffrey Orton and many others.
Associated with Walter Hard, Jr., in editing the book were Ralph N. Hill, Stephen Greene and Murray Hoyt. The book was designed by R. L. Dothard and K. G. Greenleaf, and printed in Burlington by The Lane Press.

This book is the best of "Vermont Life," carefully selected, beautifully printed, and bound. It should become a permanent addition to your library, a book to show your friends, and a book that keeps Vermont alive for you wherever you are. Gary Earl Heath

BRIEF REVIEWS


Footprints Down the Centuries by Ethel Mayhew Stevens. Family stories and biographies are woven into a pleasantly nostalgic remembrance of early days in Barnet, Vt. Chapman and Grimes, Boston, 1961, $7.50.


The Best of Botts, by William Hazlett Upson. Middlebury resident Upson has collected the cream of thirty years of the fantastic adventures of Alexander Botts, the Earthworm tractor salesman. Old fans will be delighted and new ones created. David McKay, New York 1961, $3.95.

The Spectra Hoax by William Jay Smith. Versatile poet turned town representative for Pownal last year also published entertaining account of poetic spoof, creation of 'new school' of verse. Wesleyan University Press, Middletown, Conn. 1961, $3.50.

Mirrored by Carolyn Johnston. Gentle thoughts by a gentle lady. The best of these musings, the more concrete, might be translations from the Chinese. Attractively printed at the Green Leaf Press in Cabot, where the author also lives. 1961.


SENATOR FROM VERMONT—Ralph E. Flanders, Little Brown, Boston, 1961, $5.00.


Mystery Picture 21

The first correct location of this Indian Face rock film ed by Walter E. Robinson, post-marked after midnight, February 19th, will receive one of our special prizes. Please use postal cards.

Our Winter Mystery Picture, a ski slope at Snow Valley near Manchester, was first identified by Murray G. Jenkins of Greenwich, Conn.
The waters of the lakes and ponds are usually clear and transparent, and nearly all the springs and streams are brisk and lively.

ZADOCK THOMPSON • History of Vermont • 1842