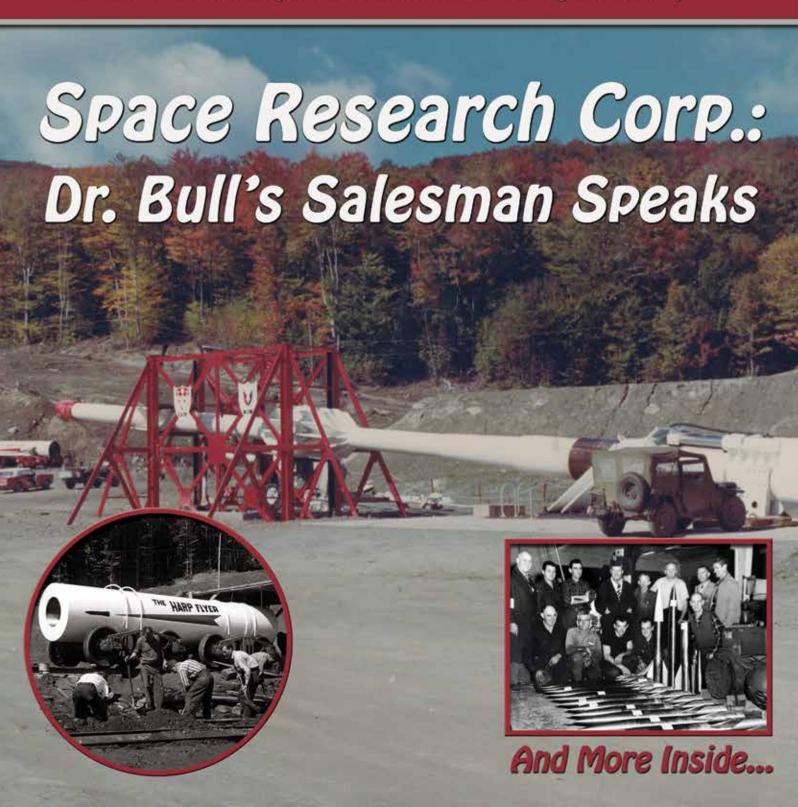
Vermont's / \ Northland Journal

Memories and Stories from Vermont's Northeast Kingdom and Beyond



Vermont's Northland Journal

March 2015 • Volume 13 • Number 12 • Issue 156
Published monthly

Publishers:	Scott and Penny Wheeler
i administration	Scott und I timi, w netici

Office Manager: Emily Wheeler
Copy Editor: Jeannine B. Young

The Little House Desktop Publishing

Production: Theresa Perron-Janowski

Perron Graphics

Cover design: Thomas Lichtenberger Designs
Mailing Address: Vermont's Northland Journal

P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829

Phone: 802.334.5920

E-mail: northlandjournal@gmail.com Website: www.northlandjournal.com

Web Developer: Bill Alexander www.alpinewebmedia.com Subscriptions: Annually: \$25; 2 years: \$45, in the U.S.

Prices include shipping and

handling. Issues are mailed in envelopes.

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of first issue.

Back Issues: Back issues available on a limited basis.

The cost is \$3, plus \$2 per issue for

shipping & handling.

Advertising & Scott Wheeler at 802.334.5920

Questions: e-mail: northlandjournal@gmail.com

Mission Statement:

The purpose of *Vermont's Northland Journal* is to preserve and share the history of Vermont's North Country in a nonpartisan manner. The publication also serves as a forum for groups dedicated to preserving the history of the region.

While this publication does not have a Letters to the Editor page, we do provide space for people to share their own historical memories.

The publisher will review any submission, and reserves the right to accept, reject, or edit any material. No responsibility is assumed by *Vermont's Northland Journal*, its publisher, editor, or staff, for loss or damage to materials submitted. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned.

Copyright 2015 *Vermont's Northland Journal*. All rights reserved. Printed by Blanchard Litho of Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada.

No part of *Vermont's Northland Journal* may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher.

Attention, Subscribers:

If you should have an address change—permanent or temporary—please contact the *Northland Journal* with your new address as the *Journal* is mailed at a class that the U.S. Postal Service doesn't forward. This will help ensure uninterrupted mail delivery, and will prevent you from having to purchase issues that were not forwarded to you. Direct all questions to the Publishers, Scott and Penny Wheeler, at 802.334.5920.

In This Issue

Publisher's Desk
Space Research Corporation: Dr. Bull's Salesman Speaks—Part 19
Family Traditions Mean Sweet Rewards
The Awakening and Sweetwater Sugar Making
Maple Sugar Time Is Near
The Most Expensive Maple Sugar Ever Made21
A Pinch of This, a Pinch of That23
Sugaring from the Archives of Glover Historical Society 26
Two World War II Veterans Share Their Stories29
Martin E. Turner and His "Modern House" of 1929 32
Real Estate Companies Joining Ranks
Genealogical Queries39

Cover photo: This issue of the *Northland Journal* includes part one of a series about the Space Research Corporation, which was located on the Vermont–Quebec border at Jay, Vermont, and Highwater, Quebec. Photos courtesy of Arthur Aiken.

Subscribe to Vermont's Northland Journal

Get a one-year subscription (12 monthly issues) for \$25 or a two-year subscription (24 monthly issues) for \$45.

Send a check or money order to P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829, or order online at www.northlandjournal.com. (Offers are good only for delivery in the U.S.) Or you can now order an online version and read it anywhere in the world. Check out the *Journal's* website for more details.



Pizza • Subs • Salads
Appetizers
Daily Soup Specials
Poutine • French Fries

SEVERAL GREAT LOCATIONS!

Waterfront Plaza in Newport • 802-334-0200 Newport Derby Road, Rte. 5 • 802-334-5880 Route 5, Lyndonville • 802-626-1117 Northgate Plaza, Morrisville • 802-888-5565

hoagiespizzapasta.com

UBLISHER



Publisher Scott Wheeler

They Are Gone, but Our Memories of Them Will Forever Live On

absolutely love my work chronicling Northeast Kingdom history. For that matter, it is far more than a job. It is a mission, even a passion. Each morning I bound out of bed ready to continue my mission of recording the history of Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, much of it as told by the people who lived it. It's great to know the history and stories that appear in the *Northland Journal*, whether written by me or another writer, will be around for future generations. Even more important, it's touching to know a little piece of the people interviewed will forever live on through their stories even after they no longer walk this earth.

Meeting so many people from such rich and diverse backgrounds, most who grew up decades before me, is one of the favorite parts of my work. Not only do they share their stories with me, they often share their hearts and souls, sometimes telling stories they haven't even told their families. I become great friends with some of the people I interview, although some are old enough to be my grandparents. They appreciate me taking the time to listen to them and record their stories, and I am far richer for knowing them.

Because many of the interviewees are of advanced age, I eventually lose many of them as they head off on their journey to the other side. Although they may have lived a long, good life, losing them is



Roy and Shirley Davis' marriage produced four children and thousands of gallons of maple syrup. Photo by Scott Wheeler

very real to me. On a number of occasions, I have been asked to provide some of the final words about their lives at their funerals.

During a two week period between December 20, 2014, and January 2 of this year, I lost four people who I am honored to have had tell me their stories.

Roy Davis of Derby passed away on December 20 at 89 years old. In 2011, Roy and his beloved wife of six decades, Shirley, talked about their life of farming and sugaring. In an article I wrote about their lives, I humorously compared their life together to the 1960's television sitcom Green Acres. On that sitcom, Lisa Douglas, a glamorous Hungarian-born city girl played by Eva Gabor, agreed to marry New York City lawyer and aspiring farmer Oliver Wendell Douglas, played by Eddie Albert, but she never dreamed she'd end up living on a farm deep in America's heartland in a community named Hooterville. Not only did their love survive the challenges of farm life, but the fictional couple lived out a downright humorous life with their country neighbors. One of their neighbors was a television obsessed pig named Arnold Ziffel, the adopted "son" of farm couple Fred and Doris Ziffel.

Although Roy and Shirley (Canning) were no Oliver and Lisa Douglas, their lives do have some similarities. Married for 60 years, the Davises farmed for decades in Derby. Shirley isn't Hungarian or a



APPLE TREE PRUNING

Specializing in reclaiming neglected orchards, antique apple tree restoration and releasing wild apple trees for wildlife sustainability.



TREES PLANTED & MAINTAINED
CONSULTING FOR SITE PLANTING
HEIRLOOM VARIETIES ENCOURAGED

ORNAMENTAL HORTICULTURE & ARBOR
CERTIFIED SINCE 1974-FULLY INSURED
PLEASE CALL: 802-586-2345





city socialite, and she was certainly no farm girl when she met Roy, a farm boy born and raised. She grew up a city girl in Thetford Mines, Quebec, a sizable community located between Sherbrooke and Quebec City. Living the life of a farm wife was the last thing she had on her mind.

Roy was never a lawyer like Oliver Douglas. Although Roy was a farmer, he certainly was never a bumbling one like his fictional counterpart. However, like Oliver, Roy loved the land. And while Oliver dreamed of becoming a farmer, Roy, a native of Barnston Township, Quebec, a short distance across the border, was already a veteran of more than two decades of farm life when he asked his bride-to-be to marry him. He wasn't shy about talking about his love for his wife.

"You know I'm an awful lucky person. You have no idea how nice a person Shirley is. I don't know how I was so lucky. I'm 100 percent serious. I married the best and nicest girl in the province of Quebec."

Wanted, Genealogical Queries

Please mail your genealogical queries to Scott Wheeler, Vermont's Northland Journal, P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829



NCCC Adult Education

Advance your skills. Advance your life.

With the emerging employment opportunities in our growing community, NCCC Adult Education is growing.

- Quickbooks & Accounting
- Website Design
- Microsoft Office 2013
- Residential Wiring
- Woodworking & Furniture Making
- Digital Photography & Photoshop
- Clothing Construction & Knitting
- American Sign Language
- Professional Cooking & Workshops

- Hydroponics & Gardening
- Structural & Artistic Welding
- Licensed Nurse Assistant LNA
- Commercial Driver's License CDL
- Small Engine & Auto Repair
- Paraeducator Training
- Conversational French
- Drawing, Painting, & 3D Art
- Grant Writing & Grantmanship

Full course list online at nc3.ncsuvt.org/adult_education.
Or call 334-5469 x3309 Up to 50% tuition assistance available for some courses. Follow us on Facebook at NCCC Adult Education.

North Country Career Center • 209 Veterans Ave., Newport, VT 05855 802-334-5469, ext. 3309 • http://nc3.ncsuvt.org/adult education/

Then on December 21 came the death of a man I had become good friends with over the years, Dr. Ray Griffin of West Glover. He was 92 years old. Dr. Griffin and his wife of 69 years, Olive (Urie), helped me record so much history of the Barton-Glover area, including, but not limited to, the ski areas in that region along with the long-gone Barton Country Club. They also reflected on the Great Depression, the Flood of 1927, and World War II. The Griffins were such an amazing couple who took their wedding vows seriously to the end. In recent years, with her husband, a large man, health failing him, Olive, a spry woman, happily transported him to all his appointments. He was so blessed to have been married to this remarkable woman, and he knew it full well.

Dr. Griffin, who was a retired dentist, was a child of the Great Depression. His family lost everything during the Depression with the exception of their dignity. However, the loss of the family home was nothing compared to the pain Dr. Griffin felt when he lost his brother, Everett, during World War II. A member of the 10th Mountain Division, Everett died a true hero's death in Italy, saving his men during a



Dr. Ray and Olive (Urie) Griffin were married for 69 years.

Photo by Christopher Roy



Long Distance Love™

Keeping an eye on the ones you love.

- · Daily or weekly check-ins
- After storms and power outages
- 24-hour emergency number

NEKHC has been helping seniors remain independent by providing in-home personal care, housekeeping and companionship for over ten years.

Now check out our economical alternative for individuals that manage most of their day-to-day

needs but would benefit from an occasional check-in. We make sure there is heat and power, food in the refrigerator, and prescriptions being kept up-to-date. Storm checks verify restoration of power. Scheduled visits up to one hour and biweekly written reports.

Call (802) 334-7604 for more information.

Northeast Kingdom Homecare, Inc.

PO Box 250, 100 Second Street Newport, VT 05855 www.nekhc.com



This photo of John and Ida Cadieux (couple on the left), and Ted and Mary (Fedele) Chaffee was taken at the World War II Memorial in 2004.

Photo by Scott Wheeler

German attack. Dr. Griffin also served in the Army during WWII, but he never saw action. During his service he spent a day at the Nuremburg War Crimes Trials watching Nazi war criminals being brought to justice. He was a great steward of history, and a true gentleman through and through.

The "Greatest Generation" lost another one of its members on December 28th. John Cadieux of

WWW.nekchamber.com

802-748-3678

KINGDOVI

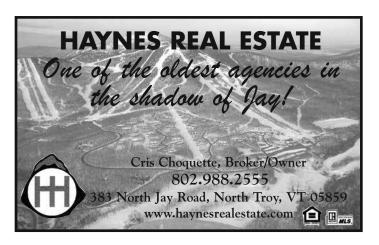
Chamber of Commerce

2000 Memorial Drive-Ste. 11, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819

Newport, who was a proud Navy Seabee during WWII, passed away at 90 years old. John was a good, humble, and honorable man who loved history, including his family history, and his collection of historical memorabilia. He was proud of his military service, including during the invasion of Guam. When I first met John many years ago, his sidekick was his neighbor and good friend, the now late Ted Chaffee, also a WWII Navy man. They were the best of friends, although John was a diehard Democrat, and Ted was a loyal Republican. Come election season it was common for John to place political signs of his favorite Democratic (and I also believe Bernie Sanders) candidates on the front lawn of his house. Drive a few yards up Sias Avenue, and when Ted was alive, you could see his lawn festooned with signs of Republican candidates.

Ida (Starr) Cadieux was John's partner in life for almost 70 years. In 2004, when my family and I accompanied a busload of WWII veterans to the then newly unveiled memorial to that war in Washington, D.C., John and Ida, and Ted and his wife, Mary, went on that journey. Everybody had a great time.

John, like Roy Davis and Ray Griffin, was a child of the Great Depression, and he wasn't afraid of work, and as a longtime cancer survivor, he understood his mortality. I used to joke to John he'd probably have been gone years ago if it wasn't for Ida keeping him on the go. She didn't give John time to think about dying. Even as John's health continued to slowly deteriorate, Ida cared for him. She cared for him enough not to just allow him to idle his final days away in misery. Instead she kept him active, providing him with an outstanding quality of life until the end. Only weeks before his death I met them at a church meal.



Then, on January 2, came the death of Carlisle "Carli" (Simons) (Frizzell) Whitehill of Island Pond. I met the 83-year-old Newport native in 2007 when our family was hosting a gathering of Gold Star Families—families who'd lost loved ones at war. Carli's first husband, Marshall Frizzell, was killed in 1966 when the helicopter he was piloting in Vietnam crashed. He left behind his wife and their three young children. Although she found love again, marrying Kenneth Whitehill in 1967, she never forgot Marshall, the biological father of her children, a man who'd given his life for his country. She served as one of the speakers at the Gold Star gathering, sharing the story about the life and death of Marshall.

These four Northeast Kingdom residents no longer walk among us, but their time here will not soon be forgotten, and their stories will live on for future generations to learn from. May they all rest in peace. My thoughts are with their families.



Carlisle "Carli" (Simons) (Frizzell) Whitehill speaking before a group of Gold Star families in Derby in 2007.

Photo by Christopher Roy

Leslie Lockridge, M.D.

Hematology/Oncology, PLLC • Internal Medicine • Medical Concepts

Dr. Leslie Lockridge of Northeast Kingdom Hematology/Oncology, PLLC, is pleased to welcome Northeast Kingdom Medical Concepts (NEKMC) to their practice, which is located on Union Street in Newport. NEKMC provides Occupational Medicine to area employers and employees.

The NEKMC Team

Mindy Starr, CME, is a Medical Practitioner-Examiner and Occupational Medicine years of experience. He Administrator with seven years of occupational medicine experience and 14 years in the medical field. She is the co-owner of NEKMC.

Dr. Lockridge is a member of the board of directors of the New England Chapter of the American Cancer Society.

Bruce Latham, DO,

an Occupational Medicine is the Occupational Nurse Doctor, brings with him 35 also provides primary care medicine at the clinic.

Debra Lawes, RN,

at Columbia Forest Products and brings with her 20 years in occupational medicine.

Shirlene Geoffrey, LPN,

is an Occupational Nurse with 15 years in occupational medicine and 25 years of experience as a nurse.



Mindy Starr, CME (left), and Shirlene Geoffrey, LPN, along

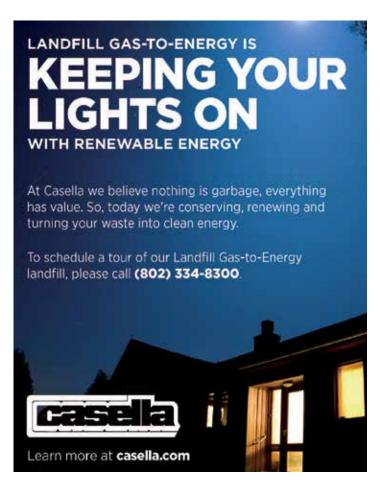
Contact Info: Phone: 802-334-9300 or 802-334-9301 Fax: 802-334-9299

Some of the services offered by NEKMC

- DOT medical certification
- Drug and urine testing
- Workman's comp
- Pre placement physical
- DOT and pre placement drug screening
- Certified drug collection
- Primary care
- Blood and body fluid management
- Work site wellness

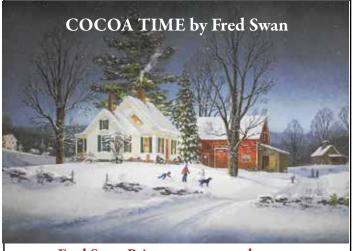
- Work station evaluation
- Immunization
- Spirometry and respiratory clearance
- Audiograms
- Long-term care and insurance medical exams
- Sports physicals
- Community care/quick care
- On-site nursing

637 Union Street, Newport, VT 05855. Office hours: Monday - Friday 7 a.m.-4:00 p.m.









Fred Swan Prints on paper and canvas

Calendars • Note Cards • Puzzles • Books • Framed Mirrors & Bulletin Boards
Conservation Framing DIY Framing Supplies

The Framing Format & Gallery

485 Lafayette Street, St. Johnsbury, Vermont • 802.748.3964 • www.framing4mat.com



EXPERIENCE THE TASTE

We specialize in locally produced Vermont maple syrup and maple syrup products such as candies and sugars shipped directly from our sugar house at farm gate prices!

EXPERIENCE THE STAY

We offer a true Vermont farm Bed and Breakfast experience with an atmosphere of a small family farm with cows that might even wake you up in the morning!

Jacques & Pauline Couture • 802.744.2733 560 VT Rte. 100, Westfield, Vermont 05874-9197 www.maplesyrupvermont.com • Check us out on Facebook!

Space Research Corporation: Dr. Bull's Salesman Speaks—Part 1

by Scott Wheeler

abound in one chapter of the history of the Jay community, and the greater border region—some repeated so many times people think they are fact. The chapter includes a brilliant rocket scientist, weapons of war, international intrigue, and a faceless assassin. These are the years between the early 1960s and 1979 that Space Research Corporation (SRC) operated there on a compound that straddled the Vermont–Quebec border.

There is far more to this chapter of the region's history. Often omitted from the story is mention of the dedicated men and women who worked at SRC, including some of the best scientists in the business and the technology they developed, some which extended far beyond weaponry.

When most people think about the community of Jay, Vermont, they think of it as the home of Jay Peak Resort, a resort which attracts about 400,000 skiers and boarders to its slopes each year. Nestled up against the forest-covered Green Mountain chain and the Quebec border, the community seems to have a weather system of its own. Snowfalls are often measured in feet, not inches.

The Space Research Corporation years are in stark contrast to that image. It is a time that has been all but forgotten by many of the people of the



Truck hauling a 16-inch, 60-ton gun barrel up the steep hill leading to the Highwater entrance. Arthur Aiken, the subject of this article, wearing the suit, is seen walking alongside the truck.

Photo courtesy of Arthur Aiken

region—except by those who lived it. It's also a chapter that has been the subject of numerous books, documentaries, and at least one major movie.

During these years, Dr. Gerald Bull headed up SRC on a 6,000acre tract of land that straddles the international border at Jay, Vermont, and Highwater, Quebec. A wide array of munitions—longrange artillery shells and big guns and cannons capable of delivering their deadly cargo with pinpoint accuracy—were developed and produced there and sold around the world. What many people don't know, however, is that SRC also conducted research and developed technology for many peaceful purposes, including for space missions, and to help air traffic controllers better do their jobs at airports around the world.

Many media outlets, even documentaries, have mistakenly reported the Vermont side of the compound was located in North Troy; it was actually located in a desolate section of the community of Jay. The cause of this error was likely due to the fact that Jay didn't have a post office, which meant SRC's American mailing address was North Troy, the community adjacent to Jay.

This is a chapter of the region's history that Arthur Aiken of Glover knows well. He worked for Dr. Bull at the border compound and at another company owned by Dr. Bull, SRCI, in Brussels, Belgium, for almost 20 years. Aiken served in a number of roles including Materials Management Manager, and he traveled the world selling technology developed at SRC.



Dr. Gerald Bull headed up Space Research Corporation. This is a photo of Dr. Bull, which was on display at the Museum of Communications and History of Sutton in Sutton, Quebec, during the fall of 2014. Photo by Scott Wheeler

"Working at Space Research was a dream come true," Aiken said. "Every day spawned a new challenge—laying out a new road to the rocket assembly building, installing a short railroad to serve as a recoil for the propellant

tester, putting a telemetry radar on a nearby mountain, moving a 16" naval battleship gun barrel, bulldozing a pond."

Fast forward to 1979, Dr. Bull and some of his associates found themselves under the scrutiny of the U.S. Government, accused of illegally shipping arms to South Africa in violation of a U.S. and United Nations embargo on such activities. Dr. Bull's life in the U.S. began to crumble. In 1980, he and SRC's number two man, Colonel Rogers Gregory, pled guilty in Federal District Court in Rutland to shipping munitions, including more than 50,000 artillery shells, to South Africa. They were each sentenced to one year in federal prison, with all time suspended except for four months.

The sentence is said to have stunned Dr. Bull—after all, he insisted, elements of the U.S. Government, including the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), had not only sanctioned the shipments, but had also

encouraged them. Even more surprising to him was none of those government officials came to his rescue.

Embittered by his conviction and subsequent imprisonment, Dr. Bull eventually settled in Brussels, Belgium, a city known as the home of many international arms developers and dealers. There he continued his research and development of munition systems.

Aiken, who was involved in the sales to South Africa, said he doesn't blame Dr. Bull for being bitter. "I believe that U.S. Authorities were aware of the order from South Africa and let the order proceed," Aiken said. "When the media exposed the transaction as a violation of the ITAR [International Traffic in Arms Regulations], the Space Research Corporation was on its own."

Dr. Bull's life came to a violent end on March 20, 1990, in Brussels, when an assassin, or assassins, shot him at close



Attention homeowners:

Planning to build a new home or improve the one you are in? Blanchard Oil can provide a quote for new heating, plumbing, propane systems or modifications to your current system. We feature many types of propane and fuel heating systems, and friendly and efficient service technicians, competitive pricing and convenient scheduling.

Call 754-2389 today for an estimate! www.blanchardoil.com

Blanchard Oil

802-754-2389 Locally owned and operated.



Complete Web Design for all businesses

- Web hosting and e-mail
- Online shopping carts, blogs and other features
- E-mail newsletters

www.alpinewebmedia.com (802) 233-3261

range. Some have accused the Israeli secret police, the Mossad, of carrying out the assassination. He was certainly on Israel's radar. According to published accounts, at the time of Dr. Bull's death, he was working with then-Iraqi dictator, Saddam Hussein, to build a 100-yard-long Supergun. If completed, it would have been able to fire a projectile more than 1,000 miles, including into the heart of Tel Aviv, Israel. The project was called Project Babylon.

There are others, though, who have gone so far as to theorize Dr. Bull was taken out by elements of the U.S. Government itself to silence a man they could no longer control.

Dr. Bull's life, work, and death at the hands of an assassin, have been the subject of a number of books. The best known is probably Bull's Eye: The Assassination and Life of Supergun Inventor Gerald Bull, published in 1992. Film documentaries have also been made, including a PBS Frontline segment called The Man Who Made the Supergun, which first aired in 1991. In 1994, HBO first aired a movie called Doomsday Gun.

Twenty-five years after Dr. Bull's assassination, many of the former ranking members of SRC are still reluctant to talk about their work with him. This has led some people to wonder if they are hiding something, or if they fear meeting the same fate as their former boss. Aiken has now stepped forward to tell his story—the story of Space Research, and



This was the Highwater entrance to the Space Research compound. The display is of a gun launch multi-stage rocket capable of carrying a satellite into orbit.

Photo courtesy of Arthur Aiken

the story of a man he knew and respected, Dr. Gerald Bull. He also wants to demystify life and work at SRC.

"It is important for the public to know that Dr. Bull and the employees of the Space Research Corporation were a combination of skilled technicians, engineers. machinists, laborers and clerical workers with families who resided in the local communities where their children attended local schools and parents shopped in the local stores," Aiken said. "These folks were not gun runners as occasionally dubbed by the media, but rather they were employees of a bona fide company working with the U.S. Government, often with highly classified information."

The workers, including the laborers and clerical workers, were well paid—money which was infused back into the economies on both sides of the border.

"The workers were paid well, but I think most people were more dedicated to the work than they were to the money," Aiken said. "It really was interesting work."

Dr. Bull was certainly no shadowy figure operating on the fringes. A native of North Bay, Ontario, Dr. Bull earned a doctorate's degree from the University of Toronto at age 22, the youngest person to ever earn a doctorate's degree from that university, earning him the title, "boy rocket scientist." He eventually became a Professor of Engineering Science in the Department of Mechanical Engineering at McGill University. Dr. Bull also helped put Canada into the space race.

While countries such as the United States and Russia were focused on landing a man on the moon, Dr. Bull worked to develop the technology that would allow him to fire payloads, including

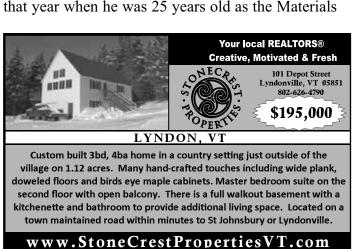
satellites, into orbit without rocketry. He theorized if he could develop such technology, it would be far cheaper to launch satellites into orbit than to use rockets. The project, which came into being in 1961, was called High Altitude Research Project (HARP) and was funded by both the U.S. and Canada. Dr. Bull never did accomplish this goal, at least in part because funding for the project dried up.

In the 1960s, he helped Norwich University in Northfield, Vermont, establish an aerospace program. The American government was so interested in and so impressed with Dr. Bull and his technological ideas that, in 1973, through an act of Congress, with the help of then

U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater, Dr. Bull was allowed to become an American citizen. This wasn't out of nicety. Instead, it was to grant Dr. Bull the highest level of security clearance, which would allow him to work on highly classified government projects.

A native of Mansonville, Quebec, a community a few miles drive from North Troy, Vermont, Aiken was working at Fred Korman Electric in Mansonville, providing cost estimates in the industrial division while also working as an apprentice electrician, when in 1964, a friend working at the newly formed SRC in Highwater suggested he apply for a job there.

Aiken began working for SRC in December of that year when he was 25 years old as the Materials





The Highwater main office is shown here in the background; machine shop and gas gun testing shop are in the foreground.

Photo courtesy of Arthur Aiken

Management Manager; jobs included purchasing, receiving, and shipment of materials for the corporation. He said, "All the maintenance and construction workers reported to me, and I got my orders from the Highwater Laboratory Manager, Robert Stacy, or Dr. Bull."

SRC was in its fledgling stage when Aiken arrived and had not yet straddled the border into Jay, but it was already conducting important research. He said, "The operation at Highwater had 12 to 15 employees and an operating gas gun firing range, a small shop and an administrative office building."

Little did he ever dream SRC would eventually grow to include upwards of 200 workers and straddle both sides of the border. Most important, never in his wildest dreams did he think it would become a focal point of international intrigue, and eventually even murder.

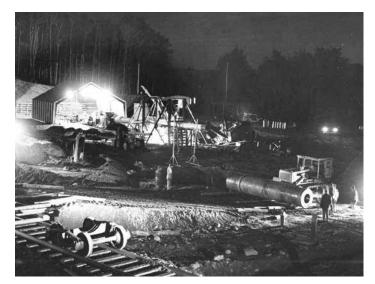
Aiken keeps it no secret he is proud of his years with SRC, as he explained how the company ended up settling on the border in the first place. "The original purpose of SRC was to conduct research at McGill University in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, for the newly formed engineering department headed by Dr. Bull. The department grew under his leadership working with hyper-velocity gas guns testing panels composed of different materials, most



Construction of the Highwater firing range.
Photo courtesy of Arthur Aiken

often classified materials. During a test, an explosion blew out the walls of the room housing the gas gun firing room. It was then that McGill University asked Dr. Bull to find another site to conduct his research."

The Highwater location was chosen, at least in part, because it was in such a desolate location, and because Dr. Bull already owned land there, Aiken explained. "This was a perfect location for the gas gun testing laboratory, the beginning of the Space Research Institute of McGill University. Over the years, the facility changed from a research institute to a company doing research, development, and the sales of the developed systems and products. As Dr. Bull's capability and his reputation of gun expertise



Assembly of the HARP Flyer propellant tester. Aiken said he and the other workers got some good overtime hours since they worked throughout the night.

Photo courtesy of Arthur Aiken

became known throughout the United States military, and different tests were required, I was told we needed a larger security buffer that we could control while tests were being conducted. It was preferable to lease the land or if unable to lease then to purchase it. Giltaur Corporation, a company owned by Dr. Bull and his father-in-law, Dr. Gilbert, funded the land leases and purchases. The greater portion of land was forested mountain land leased and renewed annually."

In time, Aiken assisted SRC in the purchase of the Ed Sargent farm in Jay. The land was adjacent to the land the company already controlled in Highwater. "We needed the land because we needed an American entrance to the manufacturing facilities in Highwater," Aiken said.

There were a number of reasons an American entrance would prove beneficial. It would mean that material being shipped to SRC from the United States wouldn't have to officially be imported into Canada, and American workers would not have to obtain Canadian work permits.

"The SRC compound was unique in that it was the only industry to straddle the Canadian—United States border with private customs' service," Aiken said. "The senior custom's officer from the North Troy Port of Entry and I laid the ground rules. When we had an agreement on the operating procedures, Dr. Bull and a custom's official signed the first border crossing agreement." The crossing was only open several hours a day.

The manufacturing plant and test firing range were located in Highwater, while the administration building and electronic development were located in Jay.

Next month Arthur Aiken will take readers deeper into his world with the Space Research Corporation.



Wanted Genealogical Queries

Please mail your genealogical queries to: Scott Wheeler, Vermont's Northland Journal P.O. Box 812 Derby, VT 05829

Family Traditions Mean Sweet Rewards

by Tanya Sousa

Steve Wheeler and his wife, Amy, have been in the maple sugaring and maple products creation and sales business for 15 years, but the roots to what they do reach much further than that in more ways than one. Their business, Jed's Maple, is the sweet reward for generations of experience and ingenuity.

Steve's father sugared. Steve's grandfather sugared. In fact, his great-great-grandfather William Jewett, who built the famed seven covered bridges in Montgomery, sugared too. "It's a family tradition," Wheeler said. He remembers his grandmother's stories of packing the entire family into a horse-drawn sleigh and going to the sugarhouse and making an event of sugaring season days and nights.

He recalls being six years old and being given jobs easier for a little body to do during sap boiling time—like climbing through a small hole in a tarp to retrieve pieces of wood for stacking. "When I got older, I was given other jobs," he said. He wasn't allowed to do the tapping for a long time since it took more upper body strength and body weight to do safely. His father and grandfather always did that. "I didn't see any of it as work," Wheeler muses. "I loved it."

He loved it so much that he did a project on "reverse osmosis," a maple sugar-making process, for his high school chemistry class.

Although Steve Wheeler was admittedly "bitten by the bug" of maple production, he had a vision when he was young—a vision, he says, that included being successful in a different way than he looks at success now. He wanted to be rich—a professional climbing the ladder of corporations. Indeed, he moved from the area, married his lovely Amy, and both were on that track. Not long after the couple had their first child, though, they took a hard look at their life goals and realized they had changed.

Wheeler said, "We wanted to raise our kids where they would be safe. We wanted to be able to spend time with them." With that in mind, the small



Steve Wheeler's family has been sugaring for generations. Paul Wheeler is driving the tractor (a new 1950 Ford Tractor with half-track lags). Arthur Brown is the other young boy standing by the tank. The older gentleman pouring sap is Jude Wheeler, Steve Wheeler's great-uncle.

Photo courtesy of Steve and Amy Wheeler

family returned to Vermont. They raised vegetables and their own animals, and Steve began tapping some maple trees on a very small scale—planning only 50 to 60 taps the first year.

His father, grandfather, and other relatives had always worked the maple sugaring as a side hobby, although at the peak of it his grandfather did have several thousand taps going. "That's as much as you wanted to do then on your own," Wheeler laughed.

So a hobby is what Steve imagined too. "It was a hobby gone awry," he smirked. "The first time I put holes in the trees it was magic." The first year's taps ended up being closer to 800 instead of 60. He had 1,300 taps the second year. He called upon the family ingenuity and handiness and rebuilt a used evaporator that was in bad shape and turned it into a functional beauty of sorts. He sold out of his first year's syrup, made more, and continued to have demand as well as the passion for doing what he was doing. Before too long he had 10,000 taps and a thriving full-time business.

"My children got to hang out with Dad," he said. They helped—and still do—by packing boxes and going to shows, where they get the opportunity to see new places and visit historic sites, while at the same time, putting on labels or doing other activities they

are willing to do and that the family deems safe and appropriate. Family is important to both Steve and Amy—so important that their company, Jed's Maple, is named after their eldest son. Later on they started a second branch of the business, Jonah's Maple Supply, selling sugar-making equipment, named after their youngest son.

The company continues to grow and stay lively. Steve feels this vibrancy and constant adaptation are, in large part, the reason for their success (along with his wife's keen marketing skills!). In Boston, they're a recognized brand. They sell all around the country and the world via their website and catalog. One day Wheeler received a phone call from Fox News Radio and was interviewed about how climate change has affected their sugaring operation. "My sister was driving in Washington, DC, and nearly went off the road—she heard me quoted on the news!"



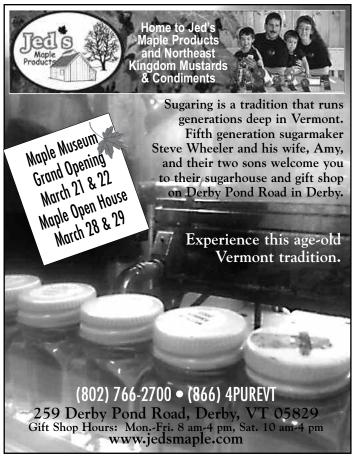
Steve Wheeler pouring some of his family's famous maple syrup. Photo courtesy of Rick Desrochers of Northern Dreams Photography

Their products branched from straight maple syrup to a number of other items, and their catalog list is constantly being renewed. Best sellers like maple cotton candy and maple dressings, along with others that perform well, stay on. New products are created and tested each year and those that don't hold their financial weight in sales are removed from the offerings.

They provide tours of their operation and are open for the annual Maple Open House Weekend. This year they plan to be open both the official weekend of March 28 and 29 and the weekend before as well.

"We want to become a destination," Steve explained. "I want people to be able to see what we do—and to learn how maple sugaring can be done in







This is the sugarhouse that was used when Steve was growing up. It will become the Wheeler Family Maple Museum this spring.

Photo courtesy of Rick Desrochers of Northern Dreams Photography

environmentally friendly ways," he said, referring to the fact that they boil using used vegetable oil rather than wood or diesel or other fossil fuels, and they recycle the steam from the process back into water again so that there is

less energy needed to heat the water since it's already quite hot coming in as steam.

The Wheelers also want to teach visitors about the history of their family business and the history of the land and buildings



Each spring, along with many other sugarhouses around the state, Jed's opens its door to visitors. Steve and Emily love entertaining and educating. Steve is seen in this 2014 photo reading to the young guests, educating them about the sugaring process.

Photo by Scott Wheeler

they use or did use to build the business. They're in the process of turning one of the older buildings into the Wheeler Family Maple Museum, which they hope will open this spring.

The land they use is as rich with maple sugaring history as the Wheeler family itself. They are located in the old Mitchell sugarbush. According to Steve Wheeler, the landowner before Mitchell was a fine wood craftsman who slowly culled the forest of non-maples and used the wood for stepladders, truck bodies, and other products. By the time he was ready to retire, the maple grove was ready for use. W.S. Mitchell then purchased the land from that owner and used it to produce maple syrup. Eventually the land ended up in the Wheelers' care.

When asked what it is about the sugaring business that keeps them going and loving it, and what, exactly, was the bug that bit Steve in the first place, he said, "I think it's the family tradition. My dad is the family historian—he does it on paper—but I do it too by *doing*. I hope one of my kids will want to keep it going later. If they don't, it's okay, but I hope so."

He continued, "When the snow is blowing sideways and hitting your face, or when tree branches are dropping down around you because that wind is breaking them off, and the cold hurts your hands but you can't wear gloves because you can't do certain things wearing gloves, I remember my father and my grandfather. They went out in the



Jed's was spotlighted on NBC's Meet the Press in 2014. Here is the Wheeler family flanked by the NBC team at their business. Left to right: Member of NBC's tech crew, and Steve, Jonah, Jed, and Amy Wheeler, along with NBC correspondent Kevin Tibbles, and another member of the NBC tech crew. Photo courtesy of Steve and Amy Wheeler

nasty weather and did what they had to do without complaint. The measure of a man to me is that at the end of his life, does his wife still love him? Is his family proud of him? Does he have a good reputation? I can work towards those things doing this."

Tanya Sousa writes children's books and magazine articles, and has also published many short creative nonfiction stories. Some of her work may be seen or purchased at the Radiant Hen Publishing website: www.RadiantHen.com. Find her new novel, The Starling God, at www.forestrypress.com.



Steve's father, Merle, checking the pipeline in 2014, and putting up new.

Photo by Rick Desrochers of Northern Dreams Photography

(See his ad on page 8.)



Some of the many other maple products sold by Jed's.

Photo by Scott Wheeler



Gifts



PROTECT YOUR INVESTMENT

We Specialize In Log Home Maintenance

• Pressure Washing • Corn Blasting • Staining

• Caulking • Repairs/Restoration

Reasonable Rates — Over 40 Years of Experience



Josselyn's Sawmill, Inc.

306 North Road, Jefferson, NH 03583 toll free: 800.586.4507 local: 603.586.4507 www.josselyns.com

The Awakening and Sweetwater Sugar Making

by Bea Nelson

or the Abenaki, both then and now, the new year is celebrated in early spring, which we call the awakening or new beginnings. The people too, the Alnobak, would begin again with the first early signs of spring.

The Abenaki didn't have calendars that started in January. Instead, their year started when it was time to leave the wigwoms of the winter villages. They had rested and stayed close to the hearth fires during the cold, long nights of the hunger moons. Now it was time to start a new cycle of activity, for a new cycle of seasons that would help them be ready for another year and another winter. For the Abenaki, everything moves in a circle, each new day starts with the sunrise, and each New Year begins in spring.

When the "fee-bee" song of the chickadee is heard during a warmer midday sun, and the chipmunks come out of sleeping to fill their cheek pouches, these are early signs of the awakening. So, too, are the purplish pink and reddish browns noticed on the hillside forests, or the gathering of the crows. When squirrels clip off tender twigs for a taste of sap and tiny icicles from where the deer have browsed, or the owl hoots in the distance, these are signs of new beginnings and the sweet water run.

History books don't record when the method of maple sugar making was discovered or learned because the Native Americans were doing it long before the white man first arrived. In the 1500s and 1600s French explorers, Eastern Coastal fishermen, Jesuit missionaries, and English captives were writing accounts describing the process as they had observed it. Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist wrote in the 1700s about how the French garrisons of soldiers made a yearly supply, and that they had learned from the Algonquin people. We, the Abenaki, have an oral history story that explains the discovery.

Nizwia's Gift

It is said that one day when Woksis was out hunting in search of game, Nizwia, his wife, was busy inside the wigwom making him new moccasins for the coming new cycle of seasons. Soon she decided that she had better put some food in the cooking pot to be ready when Woksis came back to the lodge. He would be cold and hungry.

As Nizwia started toward the stream for water to boil the moose meat, she noticed that Woksis had left a tomahawk in a tree nearby with a bark container also left resting against its base.

"He is a good hunter," she thought to herself, "but would he ever learn to take care of things, or to finish what he had started." As she bent down to pick it up, she noticed that the tree juice had run down the handle and into the container. "It looks like water...it has a sweet taste...I will use it in my cooking pot and it will save me a trip to stream."

After she put the moose meat into the pot and got it going, Nizwia busied herself with the moccasins inside the wigwom. She was embroidering Woksis' favorite design with moose hair and the porcupine quills that she had carefully dyed with his favorite colors from special plants. Nizwia became very busy with what she was doing and forgot about the cooking meat. The sweet water had boiled down to thick brown syrup. Nizwia thought she had spoiled the moose meat, but it was too late. Woksis had returned and he was hungry. What would he think?

Woksis emptied the cooking pot and wished there was more. He had never tasted anything like it!

Nizwia explained that she had discovered the sweet water coming from the tree (after letting him know she found his missing tomahawk).

That evening while he was visiting and smoking his pipe with the men of the village, he told them that Kchi Niwaskw (kit-chi-ni-was-kwah) Great Spirit, had taught Nizwia how to make a delicious food by boiling the sweet water of the maple.

Ever since that time the Wabanaki peoples have made maple sugar when the sweetwater runs in the trees at the time of the new cycle of activity and moving on to sugar camp.

And so it is said...■

Wanted, a unique story of your family history.

Please mail your story and we will edit it for print to Scott Wheeler.

Vermont's Northland Journal,, P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829

Maple Sugar Time Is Near

In spite of the fact that the snow still lies banked up in huge mounds in the fields, and the roads are yet waist deep and full of "thank ye marms," and that the woods are pretty near neck deep..., the month of March is passing and the farmers are beginning to look over their sugar equipment, for the Vermont harvest of the sweet is at hand.

The papers carry advertisements of sugar making materials, and before long, in the markets of the great cities "pure Vermont maple products" will be on sale,

if they have not already appeared, long before a tree has been tapped in this state.

Up in this latitude there will not be much sugar made before the first of April when the frost of the cold nights is succeeded by thawing days, so that the sap in the maple will begin to run.

Whether the sap runs up or down the tree is a moot question, which has been discussed at length for years, but the farmers are perfectly willing to leave the matter to the scientists so long as the sap runs into the buckets

which they hang up on trees. Happy is that farmer these days whose hillside grove is so situated that he can pipe the flowing sap from the trees into the vat at the boiling house. Long lines of pipe are stretched from tree to tree, each one connected with the pipe line by a short length from the spigot so that without any attention the sap flows continuously down the hill to the sap house, necessitating the gathering only from the trees which cannot be linked up with the general pipe line. In the olden time the sap was gathered on a bob-sled drawn by slow-moving oxen or carried by hand on snow-shoes when the snow was too deep for the oxen to draw the sled.

Maple sugar is produced in some other sections of the country, but those who have sampled the same agree that there is something peculiarly palatable about the Vermont produce not found elsewhere. Once having tested the genuine article, most folks want no other.

Contrary to the belief of some unsophisticated city dwellers, maple syrup does not flow from maple trees. Vast quantities of sweet sap must be gathered and boiled through long hours and with sleepless

vigilance, before the product has been "boiled down" sufficiently to be of the proper consistency to be designated as maple syrup.

But when that condensed, double-distilled sweetness is put upon the breakfast table and a heaping plate of buckwheat "flapjacks" is set before a hungry man, oh boy! there is a dish fit for the gods. No wonder the world looks good to the individual who has such a meal under his waistband to start the day with.

with.
There is a ready

market for the sweet produce in this northern climate, the total annual value of the maple sugar products of this state amounting to not less than \$2,266,000, and many of the farmers of the state depend in a large measure for their living on the harvest of the maple trees. It is estimated that in this state there are some 10,000 producers of maple sugar and syrup, who tap 5,000,000 trees every year.

There is one matter which ought to be brought to the attention of the sugar-makers of the state concerning the marketing of the season's product. The law is quite strict concerning the weight and marking of the packages of sugar, and syrup when it



is sent to the market for sale.

Concerning the legal weight the law says:

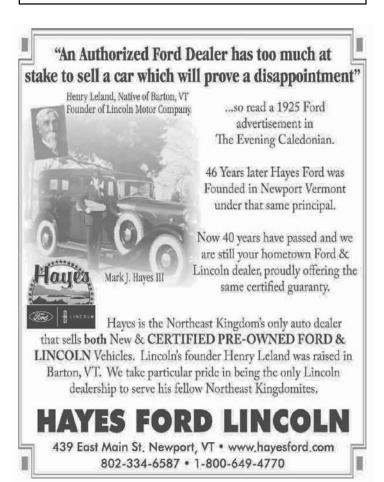
"The legal weight of the gallon of maple syrup shall not be less than eleven pounds and the legal measure thereof shall be two hundred and thirty-one



Come visit Dave and Beth Bouffard and staff.
They know what their customers want...
QUALITY, GOOD PRICES, and SERVICE WITH A SMILE

Derby Village Store

Call (802) 766-2215 • Main Street, Derby



cubic inches. Whenever maple syrup is sold by the gallon, quart, pint, or gill, or multiple or fraction thereof, it must be sold according to such legal weight and measure. The legal quart shall be a fourth of a gallon; and the legal gill, a thirty-second of a gallon. A person who sells or offers for sale a less quantity of maple syrup than represented or sells the same in a manner contrary to the law shall be fined not more than five dollars for the first offense, and for each sequent offense, not more than ten dollars."

Among the acts of 1919. Number 162, an act to provide for the marking of net quantity of food in containers of packages reads as follows:

"A dealer of his employee who sells, offers or exposes for sale food in containers or package form shall have the correct net quantity of the contents plainly and conspicuously marked on the outside of the package or container in terms of weight, measure or numerical count; however, reasonable variations shall be permitted and allowance and exemptions as to small packages shall be established by rules and regulations made from time to time by commissioner of weights and measures.

"All markings on containers must be on the top or side and must not be obscured in any way. ■

You Can Now Read the Northland Journal ONLINE

Vermont's Northland Journal is a monthly magazine dedicated to sharing and preserving the history of the Northeast Kingdom through the words of the people who lived it. For the first 13 years, we offered only a print version of the Journal; however, that has now changed. While the Journal will always have a print version, you can now order a special subscription so you can read it online. Check out the subscription page on the Northland Journal's website at

www.northlandjournal.com

and learn how to subscribe to the online version, or the paper version.

The author, Sylvia C. Dodge of Lyndonville, wrote the following about this mostly fictional article, "Embellished and imagined from a brief mention in Adirondack Country," written by William Chapman White, published in 1954.

The Most Expensive Maple Sugar Ever Made

by Sylvia C. Dodge

id I ever tell you the story of the most expensive maple sugar ever made?" my grandpa asked me one sunny afternoon as we stood outside our sugarhouse during boiling season. My dad and his buddies were boiling inside, but me and Grandpa were taking a break from what Dad called our "supervisory" duties by enjoying some of the first really mild weather of the season.

The sap run had been a big one that morning. It had been a cold, clear night—and today the sun had come out strong and warm water was dripping from

the last of the icicles on the house and Mom was letting me be outside without wearing my winter hat and mittens.

"It's maple syrup, Grandpa," I said, like a know-it-all—"not maple sugar."

"That's where you're wrong, young man," he replied, "because a long time ago, people liked to boil the sap down way past being syrup. It was sorta

like your grandma's maple candy—sugar, not syrup—but anyway, this story I'm going to tell you goes way back, maybe 200 years ago. My own grandpa told me this story, and I think he probably got it from his grandpa before him."

"You know how your dad has expanded his sugaring operation this year, doubling it by tapping another 30 acres. Well, before there was any such thing as maple tubing and oil-fired boiling rigs, there was a guy named Gerrit Boon, who had big, big ideas about making money from sugaring.

"Just like today, there were big banks back then too, and this guy, Gerrit Boon, convinced some New York City bankers that there was money to be made from tapping trees and making maple sugar. Back then there were not that many people living up north, like we do, and the bank gave Boon enough money to buy 100,000 acres of land—can you believe it! That's the size of about four whole towns put together.

"Boon's plan was to tap all the maples on that huge parcel of land and make a fortune, but for the first year he decided to start small. He picked a 60acre test patch (that's about as big as your daddy sugars today) and Boon had every tree cut off that patch of woods except for the sugar maples.

"Boon had a good plan. He had learned the technique from the Indians who still lived in the northern parts. Boon started preparing for his

> experiment in the summer before his first sugaring season.

"Back then folks weren't really that good at making things out of metal. They didn't really get good at metalworking until about the Civil War, and Boon had his idea a lot earlier than that. He didn't have access to metal taps or buckets. Instead he had to use hollow reeds or stems

sharpened at one end to funnel the sap out of the trees. I think elderberry stem was one of the favorites.

"Anyway—the way they tapped trees was to use a hatchet and cut a V-shaped gash in the maple, way down low, as close to the base of the tree as they could get. They would insert the hollow stem into the gash, kind of caulk around it to seal it with pitch, and then catch the sap in the wooden bowls. They were kind of like small troughs—and Boon had hundreds of them made that summer.

"Boon built big, wide toboggans outfitted with barrels so that the sap could be gathered and pulled by horses safely to the sugarhouse.

"Boon had thought of everything, right? He had big dreams. Even with his test patch he had the biggest sugaring operation ever tried—and if all went



well that coming spring he was going to make a fortune. So he sat back in satisfaction and waited for the seasons to turn."

I loved my grandpa's stories. I could see it in my mind as I looked at our own hillside full of maple trees in back of our sugarhouse. I could see a funny gash at the bottom of the tree, and a wooden bowl full of clear liquid on the ground.

I guess that my grandpa was kind of imagining it too because we both were quiet for a minute or so, sort of looking off into the trickle of the melting snow and the sparkle of the sun on the white, wet hillside.

"What went wrong?" I asked after a time.

"You see, back then most sugaring was done on a very small scale. It was easy to gather sap, because folks didn't tap too many trees. Equipment like stems



Pope Memorial Frontier Animal Shelter 4473 Barton Orleans Road, Orleans, VT 05860 • 802-754-2228

Pope Memorial Frontier Animal Shelter hosts a feline spay/neuter clinic once to twice a month.

Cost is \$45 and includes a rabies and distemper vaccine.

For more information, call Betsy at 802-334-8197 and leave a message to secure your space and obtain paperwork.

Marley came to us as a local stray. He seems to be about 3 to 4 years old, is good with cats and is one happy and sweet boy. Marley is blind in one eye and has some sight loss in the other, but it does not seem to be an issue for him.

We are recommending no young children, older children are fine, and he would like to be the only dog in house.

Pope Memorial Frontier Animal Shelter, Inc. Adoption Hours: Tuesday, Wednesday & Friday 1 to 4 Thursdays 2 to 6 Saturdays and Sundays 12 to 3 and wooden troughs worked, because folks could keep track of small-scale tap runs.

"Where Boon went wrong was with the wooden troughs. He wanted a lot of them, and he wanted them thin so they'd be easy to carry, but what happened is that those troughs, strewed out over 60 acres of sugar-woods, could not stand up to the weather.

"At night sap would freeze in them, or if they were empty at night frost would get them, and then when the sun came out the next day lots of those thin wooden troughs warped or cracked.

"So most of the sap Boon tried to gather ended up leaking out into the snow. He tried making new, stronger troughs but he didn't have enough time, and soon the trees budded and the peepers started singing and sugaring season was over.

"After all those big dreams and that hard work he ended up only making a few hundred pounds of maple sugar, and even though he had ideas about fine-tuning the operation the next spring, the bankers that had backed him thought one try was enough.

"It had cost about \$15,000 to make that small amount of maple sugar—the most expensive maple sugar ever made."

Again, me and my grandpa were quiet.

I looked at the tubing connecting the maples on the hillside and thought of the sap flowing from all of those taps into the tank at the bottom. I watched the smoke billow out of the cupola of our sugarhouse as it did most afternoons this time of year. We both stood still, without talking for a couple minutes.

And then me and my grandpa went back inside to get back to supervising. ■

Sylvia Dodge was born and raised in St.

Johnsbury. She has worked as an editor at the

Journal Opinion, a weekly newspaper in Bradford,
and at The Caledonian-Record, a daily newspaper
in St. Johnsbury. She currently is employed as
Director of Career and College Counseling at
Lyndon Institute, and before that, worked as a
guidance counselor at Craftsbury Academy. She
has a passion for local history, gardening, and all
things that have to do with the out-of-doors.



A Pinch of This, a Pinch of That

by Theresa Perron-Janowski

he use of maple syrup in recipes was practical and economical in my Aunt Blanche's younger days of baking and cooking, to say nothing of how wonderful the taste was. It was readily available and plentiful so it was common to pour as much as you wanted over that bread pudding or on the pancakes my Gram would fry up in the deep, hot lard. Nothing like them! (Speaking of bread pudding, I went to lunch at Roaster's Café in Newport recently, and they bake bread pudding the closest to Gram's that I have ever tasted! They even poured maple syrup on top for me.)

The use of maple syrup today is about health, flavor, and being less processed than white sugar. It is a delicate 100% pure maple sweetness you can use in your tea, coffee, on your oatmeal, and in recipes, especially baked beans. Once you start using it that way you will discover it is quite satisfying to your palate. And I always feel good that I am supporting local agricultural businesses rather than big corporate producers. I usually try to get a darker grade for my baking and cooking; I think it has better flavor for that use.

I have several family members who make maple syrup, and there is nothing like stopping by their camp in the spring and seeing the steam rolling up from the top of the sugarhouse and getting a canning jar of hot syrup right off the tap. And to top that off, there is usually a fresh doughnut available too!

Today sugaring is definitely different from the way my dad did it. He had a wood-fired arch, and he would open the two front doors and feed the fire with long slabs of wood to keep the sap boiling in the stainless steel pans atop the arch. My cousin Evan Perron still burns wood, and I enjoy walking down to see his sugaring operation because it reminds me of those memorable days that will one day be gone.

In one of my visits with my Aunt Blanche, she gave me a little recipe book called *The Official Vermont Maple Cookbook*, published in 1983, and all the recipes in this little booklet call for a Vermont maple syrup product. I did look on the Amazon website—you can still buy this book, but the price

has increased by 400%. Whereas it once sold for a \$1, now you can get it for \$4. The book was dedicated to the late Elizabeth Perley Carr, who spent a large part of her life supporting the Vermont maple industry. In fact, she loved that industry so deeply that she requested a sugar-on-snow party in her honor at the funeral home after the committal service.

The following recipes are from that book.

Maple Syrup Muffins

2 cups sifted flour
1/4 cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup butter
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup maple syrup



Preheat oven to 400 degrees.

Combine flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt together in mixing bowl. Cut in butter until well blended. Beat egg, milk, and maple syrup and stir into dry ingredients just until blended. Do not overbeat. Fill greased or paper-lined muffin tins 2/3 full and bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 muffins.

Vermont Spring Chicken

1 chicken, 2-1/2 to 3 lbs., cut up 1/4 cup butter, melted 1/2 cup maple syrup 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind 1 teaspoon salt dash of pepper 1/4 cup chopped almonds 2 teaspoons lemon juice

Place chicken pieces in shallow buttered baking dish. Mix remaining ingredients and pour evenly over chicken. Bake uncovered 50 to 60 minutes at 400 degrees. Baste occasionally. Delicious on bed of rice. Serves 6.

Maple Apple Pie

6 large apples, pared and thinly sliced 1 cup maple cream 1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon 1 tablespoon flour 2 tablespoons butter pastry for 2-crust 9" pie

Preheat oven to 450 degrees.

Arrange pared and sliced apples in pie plate lined with pastry. Pour maple cream over the top of the slices. Sprinkle with salt, cinnamon, and flour. Dot with butter. Cover with top crust. Brush with milk and bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes and then 350 degrees for 40 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Yield: one 9" pie.

Writer's note: If you are making a pie for the first time, you should also brush milk on the rim of the bottom crust before putting the top crust on. This will help hold the two together. I put my apples, cinnamon, flour, and salt into a bowl and mix them together before putting them into the crust. This gives each piece of apple a nice coating of the cinnamon and flour. You can also add the maple cream and mix well, than place into the crust.



A Letter to A Pinch of This, a Pinch of That

Email from Russ and Norma (Woodard) DeGrafft to Theresa:

On arriving back to their home, in Connecticut, on New Year's Eve, from a family visit in Vermont, our neighbor generously shared a copy of *Vermont's Northland Journal* that you people published in November 2014. Much to my wife's delight was an article directly related to her cousin and to some of her past memories. Located on page 30 of this issue is an article written by Theresa Perron-Janowski that spoke about Richard Simino. Richard lived with my wife's family when he was in 8th grade, probably to help out with family chores. We are still in contact with one of the younger Simino brothers who lives in New Hampshire, made copies of your article and sent it to him as he is also a genealogical researcher.

Now, speaking about the Blake Bobbin Mill, which was located in Sutton. They cut the logs into bobbins and sent them over to Claremont. New Hampshire, and possibly down to Rhode Island. (Interesting enough, my long ago relatives worked the mills in the Pawtucket/Providence, Rhode Island, area as well as those close by in Massachusetts.) My wife was working there the day that the mill burned. Her job at the mill was as a bobbin sorter and she was probably 16 or 17 at the time. In fact she believes she was the one who discovered the fire burning out of control on a conveyer belt. To escape the fire she and her aunt smashed a window and escaped through it to safety. We don't believe anyone was injured. The mill was partially rebuilt but the area was eventually reclaimed by the wetlands. Her major regret was losing her new jacket and lunchbox. ■

Recipes sent by Russ and Norma (Woodard) DeGrafft

The following recipe came from A Vermont Cook Book, By Vermont Cooks, copyright 1958. This VERY OLD RECIPE was submitted by Mrs. Fred Tenney.

Date and Cream Pie

Baked pie shell 1-1/2 cups stoned dates 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice 1 cup cream 1 tablespoon sugar

Chop dates, add lemon juice. Whip cream, add sugar. Combine with dates. Fill pie shell. Decorate with jelly cubes.

The following recipe is from The Burke Haven Parish Cookbook. It was submitted by Hazel Woodard (my wife's mother who passed away in 1995).

Apple Sauce Meatballs

2 pounds ground beef

1 cup crushed cornflakes

1 small onion, chopped

1 egg, beaten

1-1/2 teaspoons salt

1/8 teaspoon pepper

1/4 teaspoon garlic salt

1/2 cup applesauce

2 cans tomato sauce

Combine all of the above ingredients except tomato sauce, and shape into small meat balls (24–28). Place in open roasting pan and pour tomato sauce over them. Bake at 350 for 1 hour.



Send your recipe story to: tjlj@perrongraphics.com

The following recipe was taken from the West Burke United Methodist Church Cookbook, submitted by Pastor Bob Leno. Rev. Leno went to Lyndon State College with my wife and me, became a very old friend, and officiated at the service when Hazel passed away.)

Apple Pie

8 apples
3/4 cup maple syrup
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
Dash of salt

Peel and slice apples in a large bowl. Pour in all of the other ingredients and mix by hand until all of the ingredients have covered the apple slices. Prepare the pie crust. Place contents of the bowl into a 9 inch pie plate. Sprinkle some water on top; cover with top crust. Make slashes in the top crust. Place in the oven at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Lower heat to 325 degrees. Baste the top crust with beaten egg white. Allow to cook for 35 minutes. Cool and serve. Makes 8 servings.



Sugaring from the Archives of Glover Historical Society

Joan Alexander, secretary of the Glover Historical Society, provided these photos, captions, and two recipes in honor of sugaring season. This year the historical society is celebrating its 25th year of preserving the history of Glover. The museum is open by appointment by calling Joan Alexander at (802) 525-6212 or Betsy Day at (802) 525-4051.



Alfred Perron sugaring-off party, 1942. Front, left to right: Lionel Perron, George Gagnon, Stanley Gaboriault (with big paddle), Armand Perron, Alfred Perron (kneeling, center), and Georgette Gaboriault (with paddle), Ruth Gaboriault (in front), and behind her, Joyce and Jackie Perron, Irene Gaboriault, and Florence Gaboriault (in white dress). In back, left to right: Dale Hanson, Paul Gaboriault (with tie), Norman Perron (plaid shirt), John Perron, Gideon Gagnon (hat and tie), Mike Hanson (head turned with hat), Marie-Ann (Grenier) Perron, Gabrielle (Perron) Gagnon, Rita Perron, Germaine (Paquin) Perron, Grace June Hanson, Rachel Gaboriault, and Mrs. Gaboriault. Others hidden in rear.

This recipe was provided by the Glover Historical Society. It was written by Alice M. Greves and is from a notebook of recipes from Glover women that was given to Isabelle Elliott at the time of her marriage in 1947.

Maple Syrup Cake or Grandma's Molasses Cake

1 cup sour milk	1 teaspoon baking
2 eggs, well beaten	powder
1 cup maple syrup	1 teaspoon soda
2 cups bread flour	a little salt

Sift flour, salt, soda, and baking powder all together. Bake in hot oven twenty minutes. [These scant directions were handwritten on the card.]

- Alice M. Greves ~ April 16, 1947

Maple Walnut Fudge

From West Glover Parents Club Recipe Book, 1958, submitted by Glover Historical Society.

2 cups maple syrup	1/4 cup cream
1 tablespoon light	1/4 teaspoon salt
corn syrup	1/2 cup walnuts,
1/2 cup milk	coarsely cut

Combine syrups, milk, cream, and salt. Place over low heat, stirring until mixture begins to boil. Cook without stirring to 236 degrees (soft ball in cold water). Remove from heat, cool to 110 degrees (lukewarm) without stirring. Beat until fudge is creamy and loses gloss. Add nuts. Turn into greased shallow pan. When firm, cut into squares. Makes about 1-1/4 pounds.

- June (Cook) Young



Harley Drew sugarplace near upper farm. Harley Drew on left.



Mit Lyman sugarplace, 1937 or 1941. Front row: Charlotte Walcott, far right; Marion Bickford, second from right. Back row: Beatrice Lafoe, elementary teacher, third from left in plaid coat.



Charles Wright sugarhouse, West Glover. Charles C. King in center of door opening; little girl in fur coat is Shirley Scott Barber.

NOTICE: Check out our website: www.northlandjournal.com



Phillips sugarhouse. Left to right: Harry Alonzo Phillips, his sister Nora (Phillips) Simpson; the other couple, possibly their neighbors Levi & Mary Partridge.



Ross Wright sugaring in 1923. His farm was in West Glover-Albany.

Maple Sponge Cake

From The Official Vermont Maple Cookbook Submitted by Theresa Perron-Janowski

4 eggs, separated 1/2 teaspoon baking 1/2 teaspoon vanilla powder 1/4 teaspoon salt 3/4 cup maple syrup 1 cup sifted cake flour

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Beat egg yolks until light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Combine dry ingredients and add to yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff. Heat syrup to boiling point and slowly pour 2/3 into egg whites while beating constantly. Pour remaining syrup into egg mixture. Mix well. Fold egg white mixture into yolk mixture. Pour into greased tube pan and bake for 50 minutes. Cool on rack. Glaze with a mixture of 1-1/2 cup confectioner's sugar, 1 tablespoon cream, and maple syrup to right consistency.

Two World War II Veterans Share Their Stories

by Bethany M. Dunbar

grew up in Craftsbury, the daughter of an English professor who was also a World War II veteran. My mother was an artist and worked in an airplane factory during the war. My dad (Addison) and mom (Helen) Merrick followed Dad's big brother's footsteps back to Craftsbury in the late 1960s after spending time with him there years before.

Although I'd heard a few stories here and there about the war, when Dad reconnected with an old war friend I had the lucky opportunity to hear m any more.

Dad and Seymour Leven of Cavendish met in Peyote, Texas, in late 1944 or the very beginning of 1945. They were in the U.S. Army Air Corps, getting ready to be shipped out to the Mariana Islands in the South Pacific.

Leven, who later became a psychiatrist, remembers it well. He walked into a Quonset hut where a bunch of the men had already chosen bunks. He looked around.

"The only one reading was him," Leven said. My dad remembers that he was reading *Magic Mountain* by Thomas Mann. The two became fast friends, chasing women together when time off the base allowed. This was before my father had met my mother. Leven said he thought Dad would be a good guy to chase women with, because he was so good looking the women would flock to them. He added that his plan actually worked pretty well.

They would both soon be shipped to Saipan. They never ran into each other there and lost touch.

Fast forward 45 years to 1990, and Leven was flying in a six-passenger plane from Boston, Massachusetts, to Hanover, New Hampshire. On the seat next to him was a copy of *Yankee Magazine*. He picked it up and the page flopped open to a spot where the subscription card was attached.

"There looking at me was this handsome dude," said Leven with a laugh. "I called him immediately."

It turned out that both had settled in Vermont after the war and lived within a few hours of each other.



Left to right are Seymour Leven, a female acquaintance, and Addison Merrick. This photo was taken in Texas in 1945. Photo courtesy of Seymour Leven

Yankee Magazine had written an article about an historic farmhouse that Mom and Dad had up for sale in Tamworth, New Hampshire. The article appeared with a photo of Mom and Dad.

"He showed up the next morning in Cavendish," said Leven. "We've been meeting and eating French food ever since."

Both had been married for decades. Us kids were all grown up by the time they got back in touch and started taking day trips to restaurants in Canada. In recent times, my partner Jim and I have joined them on these happy jaunts—and it's always an adventure with Dad, Seymour, and his lovely, charming wife, Gloria. My mother died two years ago, but my parents and the Levens had many happy trips before that.

Dad and his friend each have memories of their time in World War II that include long days in the planes, narrow escapes, the horrors of war, and the bonds that formed in service.

Both served in B29 bombers, and both said the plane and equipment were advanced for the times. Leven was a tail gunner, and my father was a radio operator.

The advantage of a B29 over earlier planes was that it had a pressurized cabin, so it could fly up to 30,000 feet and the crew did not need to wear oxygen masks. The guns were computerized, and the



Addison Merrick of Craftsbury (left) and Seymour Leven of Cavendish. This photo was taken as part of a video made in West Glover in 2014.

Photo by Katie Dunbar

plane could fly 3,000 miles without needing to refuel.

"Iwo was a big deal for us," said Dad. When the U.S. forces captured Iwo Jima, it meant a stop on the way, if needed, during a long bombing mission.

"The training I got was very, very good. It was very intense," said Dad. "A lot of things I didn't like about the Army, but the training was good."

The point of all that training was to make sure he could contact rescue planes if another bomber went down in the ocean. It was up to my father to give the coordinates. The first time he had to do it, he had three possible frequencies he could use. Something went wrong with the first one he tried. The second one didn't work either. By then Dad was sweating hard. But the third frequency worked, and the rescue was made by a submarine.

My father did not take instantly to the radio training. He liked the Morse code but soldering radio parts together was not his natural talent. He remembers trying to copy the guy next to him in the radio class. The moment of truth came. Each soldier turned on the radio he had built, and each one played music from a nearby station. Dad's gave off a series of small explosions.

Luckily, he was so good at the code he was given a chance to take the class over while training others in Morse code.

Meanwhile, Leven was learning how to take apart a 50-caliber machine gun and put it back together, blindfolded, in one minute.

Leven described his crew as a particularly sharp bunch of men. Dad's crew was something different. "We would be voted the crew least likely to succeed," Dad said. "We called the pilot Hopalong White because he'd bounce along on the landing." The crew didn't trust his co-pilot's flying skills much at all. But he had nerves of steel, Dad said, and that saved their bacon more than once.

Both Dad and Leven had close calls.

Dad remembers the Japanese gunners flying through the middle of the U.S. planes' V formation to try to draw fire from the U.S. gunners—hoping they would shoot each other by mistake. Once his B29 got so close to a Japanese plane Dad could see the Japanese's soldier's moustache through the window of the glass turret.

One time the co-pilot screwed up and went way too high, then started to drop.

"I had this really out-of-body experience," Dad said. He said he could see himself from above and knew that he was most likely going to crash and die. He braced his feet out of instinct. But somehow, the co-pilot pulled the huge bomber out of its drop at the last minute and the crew lived.

Another time, his crew armed their bombs and dropped them without opening the bomb bay doors first. For a few minutes the armed bombs were rolling around in the belly of the plane with their little propellers whirling before the crew could get the doors open.

"We bombed the ocean," Dad said.

Leven described an incident when there was a huge bombing raid on Tokyo. It was a maximum effort from the Marianas, which meant 800 planes at once over Tokyo.

"We were in a unit that was in a later echelon," Leven said. "By the time we got over it, it was already in virtual total ruins."

Smoke and flames were shooting up into the air 10,000 feet, and the bombers were coming in at about 6,000 feet. The plane hit a thermal updraft and shot up to 9,000 feet all at once, nosed over, did a flip, and then started to fall from the sky. It dropped to 3,000 feet before Leven's pilot managed to pull it out. Leven's belt broke, and his lighter shot out of his pocket and cut him on the chin.

"I got a little nick, for which I never claimed the Purple Heart," he said. The Purple Heart medal is for soldiers wounded in military service.

30

Both remembered a key war decision made by a general named Curtis LeMay. U.S. planes were getting buffeted by upper air currents, which affected the accuracy of the bombing run during the daytime raids, so General LeMay decided to shift to night raids, done close to the ground. That way the Japanese could not see them, nor could they track them.

Before the atom bomb was dropped, Leven got shipped back to the states for special training. Later there were rumors his crew might have been a backup for the *Enola Gay*, the plane that dropped a nuclear bomb. The crew was in special training in San Bernardino County, in what is now Edwards Air Force Base.

"It was never, for us, elucidated," said Leven. Both remembered the moment when they heard the nuclear bomb had been dropped. Dad was in his B29, halfway between Japan and Saipan.

"We were flying back from a mission. I had turned the radio on. Sometimes I would tune in Tokyo Rose. I could switch it so all the gunners could hear it, and the pilot, and everybody. I was listening to the news and that was it." He said it was hard to describe how it felt.

Leven remembers feeling relief when he heard the news.

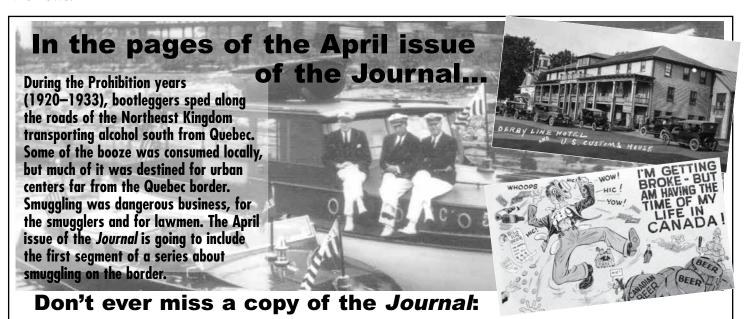
"I felt great relief because I knew it had to be the end. I didn't think of it in any specific detail. Only later can you conceive of the incredible horror that this thing was."

At the time, it just seemed great to think their 15-hour days would end soon.

"War is hell. You're reduced in moral strength to some degree. You're there to live," said Leven.

By skill or chance or a combination, both did live. More, they managed to reconnect years later to enjoy some French cuisine and share some stories, in person, with those of us in the next generation. A video made by my daughter, Katie, means even more generations will have a chance to see and hear the stories from the men who lived through it.

Bethany M. Dunbar of West Glover is the author and photographer of Kingdom's Bounty, a collection of photos, stories, and information about farmers and food in the Northeast Kingdom. She is the Community Projects Coordinator at the Center for an Agricultural Economy in Hardwick. She was former president of the Vermont Press Association. She was an award-winning editor at the Chronicle in Barton for more than 20 years and has written for various other local and statewide publications.



To subscribe to the *Northland Journal*, send a check or money order for \$25 (12 monthly issues), or \$45 (24 monthly issues) to Vermont's Northland Journal, PO Box 812, Derby, VT 05829. Prices are based on delivery in the United States. Or go to the *Northland Journal* website at www.northlandjournal.com to subscribe online. We also offer an online version to the *Journal*, which proves particularly beneficial to those living outside of the U.S.

Martin E. Turner and His "Modern House" of 1929

by Beth Kanell

is house is equipped with hot water heat, hot and cold running water, electric lights, in fact is a modern house in every sense of the term, such as you find in the cities."

That was how former newspaper editor Arthur F. Stone described the home of Martin E. Turner and his wife, Elizabeth, in 1929. Today it conveys a serene grace, and if you sit in a rocker on the broad front porch, you can watch the eagles soar along the Connecticut River. Inside the gracious home is an elegant and unusual fireplace, a kitchen with its own serving hatch, and an assortment of details, some ordinary, some mysterious.

Back when this was the "new house" that Mr. Stone enthused about, it was one of the first in Barnet, Vermont, to set such a standard of convenience and elegance. The town's Grand List

assessed it at the astounding value of \$200—a very large home indeed!

For Martin Turner and his wife, Lizzie, this marked how far they had come. Lizzie Nelson grew up in Monroe, New Hampshire, where her father had a "retail butcher route." Martin, born January 12, 1871, in the same town of Monroe—across the river from Barnet—was the only boy in his family and was sent to the public schools. But Barnet's town history (written by Fredrick Palmer Wells) says firmly that the boy was "thrown on his own resources" at age ten.

Luckily, he found a place at the prosperous home of John Buffum, one of Monroe's early settlers. Mr.



Turner's 1928 "new house," most recently the Maplemont bed and breakfast on Route 5, just south of Barnet Village. Photo courtesy of Beth Kanell

Buffum and his family amassed so much land and wealth in the region that the Buffum will at probate would take up six entire hand-inked pages in the Barnet town records! From this mentor, Martin Turner clearly learned well. Soon he had a man's strength and earned a man's pay. And that, in turn,

took him across the Connecticut River to the village of McIndoe Falls, in the town of Barnet, where a timber and river-logging entrepreneur named George Van Dyke owned the enormous business called the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company. Martin signed on to work for the timber baron. At the same time, Martin was looking at local real estate, and soon he would start investing!

After Martin married Elizabeth Nelson, he took charge of her parents' family farm in Monroe. In 1907 he moved back to McIndoe Falls and set up his own meat business, which he ran for seven more years. He must have been doing well: That year, he



Martin E. Turner.

Photo courtesy of NorthEast Kingdom Genealogy, from the collection of Les Moore

ASKING FOR HELP IS NOT IN HER NATURE...

MAKING SURE SHE GETS IT IS IN OURS.



One out of every seven Americans — old, young, middle-aged, infirm or disabled needs home care. We are dedicated to that one in seven. Home care preserves the self determination and dignity of the individuals who need our assistance. Our services are available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week to assure that you are receiving the medical attention you deserve.





Orleans/Essex Visiting Nurse Association & Hospice, Inc.

For more information about home health care and hospice services, contact us at 802-334-5213, or, visit us online at www.orleansessexvna.org.



Closed

Tue.:

Wed.:

Thurs.:

Mexican Night! 1/2 Price Club Wings, Draft Specials All Day! **Specialties**

Sat.: Date Night! Sun.: Breakfast All Day! Servina Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner

Special appetizers during Sunday & Monday football. BOOK YOUR PARTY TODAY! Let us help you plan your reception or other event.

Located at the Newport Country Club, 590 Mt. Vernon St., Newport City, VT (802) 624-0176

Open Monday 4 p.m. to close. Closed Tuesday. Open Wed. & Thurs. 11 a.m. to close. Open Fri., Sat. & Sun. 8 a.m. to close.

Advertise Here!

To learn more about advertising, contact Scott Wheeler, publisher of the Journal, at (802) 272-2030 or northlandjournal@gmail.com.

One thing that hasn't changed for decades at Brown's is Buzzy Roy's smiling face.



rown's Drug Store was founded in 1889 and has been doing business in Derby Line ever since. More than a hundred years later pharmacist and owner, Buzzy Roy, is still doing business with the old-fashioned, yet never outdated, belief that the customer is more than a number; the customer is a friend.

Shop Brown's for all your prescription and over the counter needs. A visit to Brown's is more than a visit to a store; it's a journey into an important part of Derby Line's past.

BROWN'S DRUG STORE

40 Main Street, Derby Line, Vermont 05830 (802) 873-3122

Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation:



Three of the four Wright sons and their partners: Back row, from left to right: Chad, Matt, and Todd. Front row from left to right: Amanda Wright, Cassy Moulton, and Hillarie Wright. Missing from the photo is Benjie Wright.

When Mary E. Wright of Derby died of cancer, her husband, Ulric Wright Sr., was devastated. He died two months later. Family members say he died of a broken heart. In despair at their loss, the couple's four sons and their partners founded the Mary E. Wright Halo

Foundation, a foundation dedicated to helping people with cancer. Unlike many organizations, nobody involved in the Halo Foundation is paid, and 100 percent of the proceeds go toward helping people with cancer. The group also donates time helping people with cancer, whether it is mowing a lawn, or piling firewood.

To contribute to the fund, send donations to Mary E. Wright Halo Foundation at 1071 Upper Quarry Road, Newport, VT 05855.

If you'd like to volunteer or learn more about the Halo Foundation, call (802) 334-7553 or email halofoundationNEK@gmail.com. Also check them out at mewhalofoundation.org or at www.facebook.com/mewhalofoundation.



The very up-to-date Maplemont barn, with high drive, huge hay mows, and integral silo.

Photo courtesy of Beth Kanell

bought the farm and stock of William Welch for \$2,500, a hefty sum at the time. And then it was time to get serious about big business.

Northeast Kingdom Mysteries

In Vermont author Beth Kanell's *THE DARKNESS UNDER THE WATER*, teen Molly Ballou confronts the risks of her Abenaki heritage. In *THE SECRET ROOM*, Shawna and Thea unearth the Underground Railroad, through evidence "today." In *COLD MIDNIGHT*, follow teens Claire Benedict and Ben Riley to the roofs of downtown St. Johnsbury, Vermont, at night—and a murder.

The Darkness Under the Water:

"Deep waters in American history and in the human heart." – Reeve Lindbergh



The Secret Room:

"One of the best, most realistic, literary mystery stories I've ever read." – Howard Frank Mosher



"A can't-put-it-down mystery ... filled with excitement, unique characters, and the sometimes gritty truth of life in Vermont in the 1920s."





Order books at www.BethKanell.com or locally.

Turner linked up with Austin E. Carter, and the pair of them, under the soon important trading name of Turner & Carter, became dealers in livestock, lumber, and hay. Looking through the Barnet land records, you can see young Turner scooping up real estate left and right—a meadow here, a house there, a pasture along the river. And his passion turned also to horses.

Author Arthur Stone marveled at the size of the horse dealing business Turner built up, declaring that in 1928, Turner had sold more than \$15,000 worth of the necessary animals. So it made perfect sense that, like millionaire Theodore Vail who was showing off a modern dairy farm up in Lyndon, Martin Turner wanted the best, most modern kind of farm and barn for his own livestock.

Stone wrote, "His dairy barns, built with a view to labor saving, are perhaps not equaled in the state." A "high drive" at the west end of the barn allowed hay to be easily loaded into the hay mows. A silo took up part of the barn itself, and again, silage went in at the top, to create a higher protein feed for the cows. "Everything about the place is handy," Stone marveled.

The name "Maplemont" graced the new place by the time the barn was built (it's dated 1936), and is still on the barn. About 182 acres came with the barn and new house back then—a big spread, but modest compared to the 485 acres Turner held in Monroe, New Hampshire, plus his half of a 100-acre farm in Newbury. And that was all personally owned! For, in addition, he had his share of the Turner—Carter operation, which even rented land to the new utilities

Attention, Subscribers:

If you should have an address change—permanent or temporary—please contact the *Northland Journal* with your new address as the *Journal* is mailed at a class that the U.S. Postal Service doesn't forward. This will help ensure uninterrupted mail delivery, and will prevent you from having to purchase issues that were not forwarded to you. Direct all questions to the Publishers, Scott and Penny Wheeler, at 802.334.5920.



Martin and Lizzie Turner's elegant fireplace. Photo courtesy of Beth Kanell

in the region, along its land holdings bordering the profitable railway along the river, where loading and unloading were simple.

At his own home farm, Turner's "modern methods" were credited for bringing the farm to "a high state of fertility." Sadly, the same could not be said of his marriage, for it appears that he and Lizzie had no children. But they must have had a busy dinner table anyway, with sometimes as many as four farm laborers showing up in the census there, and by 1920, a nine-year-old "ward" named Lottie Gochie (perhaps of the same family that had bought Martin Turner's meat business from him back in 1904). At another point, Lizzie's sister is shown in the census at their home.

Martin Turner's death in
December 1939 left Lizzie a
widow, and eventually she sold
the property; it stayed with the
Gilmour family for some time,
and in 1994, Tom and Sherry
Newton Tolle finalized ownership
of Marjorie and Albert Gilmour's
place through Marjorie's estate.
Happily, they established a bed
and breakfast at Maplemont, so
for 20 years, visitors from around
the world could explore Martin
Turner's "handy" barn and his
and Lizzie's "modern house."

Of course, Maplemont has had a few more upgrades, keeping it comfortable without taking away that 1929 grace. And Tom and Sherry, now retired from innkeeping, hope to find a new owner to enjoy the grand old home and barn. May the next owner prosper as Martin E. Turner did—a "progressive citizen," wrote Arthur Stone, "who is



One of the mysterious little doors set into the house. Photo courtesy of Beth Kanell

always ready to forward the interests of the town." ■

So far, digging into Vermont history has led Beth Kanell to write three published novels set in the Northeast Kingdom; she has four more on the way. She also writes poetry and books of adventure travel, as well as some local history, especially for her own town of Waterford, Vermont. Follow her investigations at BethKanell.blogspot.com and several linked book and history blogs.

Record Your Story in the Pages of History
The Northland Journal is dedicated to sharing and preserving
the history of Vermont's Northeast Kingdom through the words
of the people who lived it. Why not consider recording your
memories of the Kingdom in an earlier time in the pages of the
Northland Journal. Keep your memories alive for eternity.
Send stories and/or photos for consideration to Vermont's
Northland Journal, P.O. Box 812, Derby, VT 05829. Or you can
email them to northlandjournal@gmail.com.



sears HOMETOWN STORE

3609 U.S. 5 DERBY, VT 05829

(802) 766-2411 Like Us On facebook

Locally owned by Richard & Jesica Counter





KIMBALL W. JOHNSON

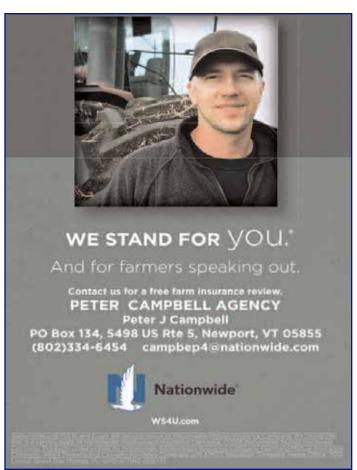
President

2163 VT Rte. 5A Westmore, VT 05860

Toll Free: 888.546.8358

Fax: 802.525.3441

sales@kimtekresearch.com www.kimtekresearch.com







36



Derby Line — Just starting out or ready to downsize, this is the PERFECT home! Great location on village lot,

walk to park or Main Street amenities. Paved drive leads to attached 2-car garage. Low traffic on dead-end street. Big yard for gardens or kids to play. New roof & heating system, bright kitchen, walk-out basement with laundry. Just \$99,000. Cindy Sanville. #4258416



Irasburg — Rent no more! Nicely improved 3 BR home with detached garage on just under an acre on the edge

of town. Convenient to skiing & riding at either Burke or Jay Peak, VAST trail access up the road, just off I-91. Easy commute to work. Cozy fireplace in living room, large kitchen, laundry room, enclosed porch, much more. Low taxes help keep it affordable. Make it yours for \$109,000. Lyell Reed. #4399369



Newport — Convenient location, walk to Gardner Park, Main Street or boardwalk along Lake Memphremagog. Charming

farmhouse sits on city lot with lovely lake view. Inside you'll find nicely restored hardwood floors along with many modern updates that do not detract from its original character. Fireplace, eat-in kitchen, 3 BR, enclosed porch, detached 2-car garage. \$139,900. Travis. #4367237



Brighton — Rustic log cabin sits quietly on 25 wooded acres with a cabin down by the river. Main home offers 2 BA, 3 BR, cathedral ceilings

with exposed beams, combined kitchen/dining, wood stove, lower level family & game rooms, root cellar & workshop. Stroll down to the Clyde River frontage to enjoy fire pit by the cabin. Home is furnished, ideal vacation getaway. \$235,000. Annette. #4384676



Newport — Easy one-level living, tastefully remodeled, well cared for.

Adorable 2 BR cottage offers open living & kitchen with large open second floor used as bedroom. Lots of natural light in the sunroom along with great view of Lake Memphremagog. Overflow company will enjoy separate guest cottage. Tree-shaded lot includes ROW to the lake. Very cute & comfy. \$154,900. Steve. #4393059



Canaan — Great potential for horse or beef farm, organic gardens, or a small

housing project. This 37A parcel offers 20A of nice meadow with over 1,400' frontage along Route 102. Nice long-range view of surrounding mountains. Lots of recreational opportunities in both Vermont and across the river in New Hampshire. This land abuts conservation land. \$169,900. Dan. #4400857



Farm & Forest Leading the way in the Northeast Kingdom

802.334.1200 • 800.273.5371 • 800.626.4222
5043 Rte. 5, Derby Road, Derby, VT • 623 VT Rte. 114, East Burke, VT info@farmandforest.com • www.farmandforest.com
Visit us online to view our entire inventory, meet our agents or browse the MLS!



Real Estate Companies Joining Ranks

Two of the most loyal, longtime advertisers of the Northland Journal and highly respected real estate companies— Century 21 and Farm & Forest Realty and Burke Mill Properties—have teamed up to better serve the Northeast Kingdom. Following is the press release they issued.

We are extremely excited to announce that as of today Andrea Kupetz and Burke Mill Properties have joined Century 21 Farm & Forest Realty. Andrea brings to our firm 29 years of experience and dedication to Burke Real Estate Sales and Rental community. We are also proud to welcome Mariann Bertolini (Sales Associate), Brandy Goulet (Sales Associate relocating from our Derby Office) and Lawrie Easterbrooks (Rental Manager) to our dedicated team of real estate

professionals.

Our East Burke Branch has been very successful due to the hard work of Annette Dalley (Managing Broker), Emma Gunn (Sales Associate), and Lorie Demas (Support Staff). This success led us to the decision that it was time to practice what we preach and purchase rather than continuing to lease. Andrea had the perfect location and a wonderful building for us to plant our roots in the Burke Community.

Our family owned firm is dedicated to continuing to deliver the personal service that Burke Mill Properties has been known to deliver along with our Worldwide Marketing expertise. Through Century 21





The Century 21 Team.

Photo courtesy of Century 21

our listings reach over 800 websites and our print advertising is highlighted by our full page four color ad in every issue of Homes & Land of Vermont. Our firm has been the top selling agency in the NEK since 2000 and the acquisition of Burke Mill Properties will help us expand our presence in Caledonia County.

Check out Farm and Forest's website: http://farmandforest.com/.

Congratulations to Farm and Forest and Burke Mills. Thank you for your years of support and dedication to the Kingdom.

Scott Wheeler, Publisher



Proud to print the Northland Journal Fast, Reliable, and Reasonable Prices!

800.361.0266 Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada



In this space we will print genealogical queries that have to do with the Northeast Kingdom and those that cross over the border into Quebec. These queries should be concise and structured to obtain responses that will fill in the missing parts of your family history. Our readers' knowledge of local history is very extensive. Their combined talents should be very useful to all genealogists trying to get to their "roots."

If you wish to respond or submit queries, please contact David Lepitre: dlepitre@abacom.com or P.O. Box 484, Derby Line, VT 05830-0484. A self-addressed stamped envelope should be included with written requests for information.

Mary Ann,

May I assume that you have all the information you need about Henrietta QUIMBY and William Rush CLEAVELAND? According to local records she died in Barnston, their home, and was buried in Boynton, which is the QUIMBY family home. Alice A. ATWOOD was the daughter of Benjamin ATWOOD and Caroline BOYNTON. She and W. RUSH were married June 12, 1879, in the Congregationalist Church here in Stanstead. Norman CLEAVELAND was born in Royalton, VT, and married Alice TUCKER. Their story is in our County History *Forests and Clearings*. You can read about them on page 304 by going to http://www.ourroots.ca/f/toc.asp?id=880.

Perhaps only two of their children survived. Jedadiah Tracy CLEVELAND was born 1 Jan 1848 and William RUSH 26 Mar 1845. Strangely, they were neighbors of another branch of the CLEVELAND family and I am sure they used the spelling of their name to remain separate, but local records list them under both spellings. Newton was born 6 Feb 1874 and was baptized at the Anglican Church in Coaticook. Wm. Mayo not found yet.

Thank you, David Lepitre (This got to me via Diana Butcher on August 29, 2014.)

I have basic information about Henrietta Quimby via a descendent of her aunt. If you could point me to the local records saying she died in Barnston that would be very helpful. I have no details about cause of death; death certificate; newspaper reports, etc. Are you in that area? I ask because of a family story I would really like to either verify or demystify. It involves a scalding accident for Newton when he was very young. I am also missing the date the Wm. Rush C. family left Barnston for California. The CA census records for Newton and Mayo give inconsistent dates.

The Cleveland "neighbours" devolved from his uncle, Sylvester aka Vester. I have not found any baptismal records for Mayo. Also, in my files, there is only a tiny death notice for Alice Atwood Cleaveland. It says she died in a Stockton, CA, hospital. She was a cousin of Henrietta, via the Boyntons.

Thanks, MaryAnn M.A. Montague, montelder@yahoo.com

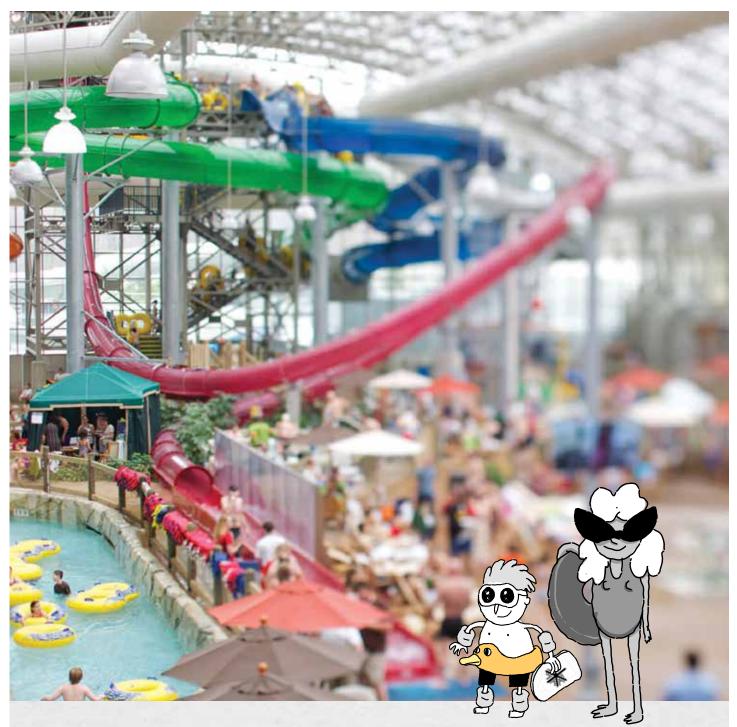
MaryAnn,

The index to the deaths for the region indicates that Henrietta Quimby, wife of William Rush Cleveland, MD, of Barnston Corner, died 23 Feb 1877; her death is recorded in the Anglican Church of Coaticook books. Burial took place 25 Feb 1877.

I'm looking for information about my grandfather Lawrence Joseph BLAIS, born around 1886. He moved to northern New Hampshire and married Ruth HODGDON in 1918. I have a picture that says he was a lumberman and sold Christmas trees. The picture shows him with rail cars full of trees at the West Stewartstown, NH, railroad depot.

His parents' names were Francis BLAIS and Melina Crete. I believe his parents were born in Canada within the Canada, Vermont, and New Hampshire triangle. Not sure if Lawrence was born in Canada or the States. Names of his siblings were Annie CORDEAU, Frank BLAIS, Florence HUGHES, Ethel WHEELER, Jennie PARENT, George BLAIS and Fred BLAIS. I believe that Fred BLAIS used to be a lawyer in Berlin, NH. Hope all this helps.

Jace, jace.2003@yahoo.com



SECURE YOUR PASS ONLINE

It's the only way to guarantee access to the Pump House and every now and then we'll offer up discounts.

But only online. jaypeakresort.com/DayPass

