

Despite the narrowness of their lives, and their lack of emotion it would seem that New England lovers were happy, though their love was timid, almost austere and "flowered out of sight like the fern." A few love-letters still survive to show their affection: letters of sweethearts and letters of wedded lovers, like Governor Winthrop and his wife Margaret:

"My own Dear Husband: How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. . . . I wish that I may always be pleasing to thee, and that these comforts we have in each other may increased so far as they be pleasing to God. . . ."

I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented. I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I shall name but two: First, because thou lovest God and secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them, but I must needs borrow a

little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. . . .  
Farwell my good husband, the Lord keep thee.  
Your obedient wife,  
Margaret Winthrop."

We cannot read these beautiful lines without feeling for that sweet Margaret, who died two hundred years ago, a thrill of the love that must have burned for her in John Winthrop's breast, when, far away, he first read this tender letter.

And who, reading it, can help feeling that were there more wives of so true, so loving a soul nowadays we would be spared the spirit of martial unrest and discontent which seems to underlie our social fabric. There were some divorces even then, but they were merely the first prophetic straws pointing the way of a wind which has now become a whirlwind: the first loosened stones in that avalanche of divorces which is threatening to undermine and sweep away our whole American civilization. We can but pray that God will restore to us in His good time, that spirit of love and loyalty and devotion which breathes like incense from those earlier lives—without whom we would not have been—and which was their heritage to us—their undeserving children.

## The Green Mountain Potato in Co-operation

By JULIAN A. DIMOCK

Proprietor of the Dimock orchard at East Corinth: specialist in fancy Vermont apples and certified seed potatoes.

NO FINER winter variety of potato is grown than the Green Mountain. This president of all potatoes was born in Charlotte in 1878. It is therefore indiginous to the soil of Vermont, and grows here to perfection. And herein lies the big opportunity for the State in potato raising. The cornerstone is quality and on it may be builded an edifice of lasting value.

Anyone who has once eaten a properly baked Vermont Green Mountain potato and compares it with the kind of product which is served to him at hotels and restaurants all over the country will appreciate the opportunity which is offered to the farmer of this State if he goes after it in an intelligent way.

But when we come to the plain economics of potato raising we find just as many factors playing into the hand of the Vermont farmer in the matter of costs as he has to his advantage in the way of quality.

His freight rates to the big consuming centers average ten cents per bushel less than the Maine grower must pay. This one difference alone means an advantage of from \$20.00 to \$40.00 per

acre over and above that of the Maine grower. And when we come to the fancy trade which is anxious to buy the wrapped "big baker," our only competitor of the present day is Idaho. And here we are protected by a tariff wall of nearly \$1.00 per bushel.

Again, Vermont potato land can be bought for from \$10.00 to \$50.00 per acre, while Aroostook County land costs from \$200.00 to \$250.00 per acre, with buildings extra.

Vermont has a market right at hand for second grades which cannot economically be shipped to outside markets and her farmers being diversified agriculturalists can advantageously feed culls on the farm. And instead of being five days on the way, the Vermont shipment of car loads can leave the State one night and be in Boston the next morning ready to take advantage of any bulge in the market.

But the very abundance of these gifts has made the Vermont farmer lose sight of some of the limiting factors and feel aggrieved when he runs into them. So long as he raises only a few potatoes and gets a local market for them he

receives a comparatively high price. Then when he ships outside, entering into competition with the rest of the country, and receives less than he receives at home, he is dissatisfied. He forgets to figure that the home market is strictly limited and the outside practically without limit. Will he profit more by raising 100 bushels of potatoes at a net profit of 50c per bushel or 1,000 bushels at a net profit of 15c? And in this case "Net" means over and above costs, which is to say that labor, rent of land, etc. must be charged in before a net profit can be figured.

Yet the natural reaction will, too often, be for the farmer to raise only the 100 bushels and let it go at that, while his best chance would come from raising 1,000, use 100 of them for the local market and ship the 900 to the outside market. For he can raise 1,000 bushels at a less cost per bushel than he can raise 100. If it costs him 90c per bushel to raise 100 bushels it is likely to cost not more than 75c to raise 1,000. This is the practice which has long been followed by manufacturers who keep their costs down by running their plants full time, hold their home prices, and ship the surplus abroad to be sold at whatever price it will bring. "Abroad" to the Vermont farmer may be interpreted as Boston, New York or Springfield.

Cost figures are so variable that the above are used merely for comparative purposes. Moreover it is entirely within the possibilities that the general farmer would be actually better off from his total operations if he produced a cash crop at less than the figured cost for that crop. This is based on the assumption that he could do part or all of the work at spare moments and so not add to his outgo in wages or team hire while bringing in that much additional money.

But potato raising must rest on one of two grounds. Either it must stand on its own feet and figure up a net profit from the one operation, or it must so combine with the other farm operations as to show a profit when figured in with them. And right here is a safety factor for the diversified Vermont farmer which does not apply to the Maine grower who has only the one alternative.

So far, we have been discussing table potatoes and have not spoken of the seed trade. The Vermont seed grower has just as obvious advantages over outside growers as accrue to the table stock producer. The diseases of the potato spread from field to field and isolation is about the only salvation for the seed crop. The comparatively small fields often separated from all others by woods and hills gives as near ideal isolation

as one may hope to find. Again, the very smallness of the State gives an opportunity for the State inspectors of certified seed to know every grower and every strain of seed in a personal way, which is not possible in a larger producing state. One of the inspectors can even name every town in the State, beginning at the top of the map and working to the bottom! Vermont certified seed is indeed "pedigreed" seed, with all that that implies. Vermont seed commands a premium and should command even a greater one, and will, if the growers can ever get together in a strong selling combination.

There are two big propositions ahead of the potato grower, even more than with the grower of a less perishable crop, namely; warehousing and co-operative selling. If the crops are all thrown on the market during the harvesting season, the result is inevitable,—the farmer will receive low prices, and if he stores in his own cellar, winter shipment is practically impossible. This brings us to one solution,—a frost proof warehouse on the line of the railroad. If Tom, Dick and Harry, each directs the time and method of the shipment of his potatoes, the result will be a lack of orderly marketing and a consequent lower return over a series of years. If the grower is to receive his due return he must have his potatoes sold in orderly fashion and this can be done only by some form of orderly selling.

The Government so thoroughly understands these problems that it is offering several solutions. The financing problem for the grower is partly solved by the Licensed and Bonded warehouse. Under certain restrictions, warehouses can be licensed by the federal government, which proceeding permits the warehouseman to issue to the depositor, warehouse receipts for potatoes stored in these warehouses. Uncle Sam then directs his Intermediate Credit Bank to loan money on these warehouse receipts under the usual restrictions which apply to all dealings with this bank. So John Smith may send his potatoes to such a warehouse and if they are of acceptable grade they will be stored for him and he will receive a warehouse receipt for them. His own bank should gladly loan to him on this as collateral. Of course there are bankers who have never heard of a warehouse receipt and others who still prefer to cater to the automobile dealer, but that is simply because warehouse receipts are a new thing. I speak of a U. S. Bonded warehouse receipt in this connection, and not simply of ordinary warehouse receipts. For the former is under federal inspection, supervision,

bond and strict regulation. Potatoes may not come into the house without official inspection, they must be officially weighed, officially marked, and so forth, and so forth.

When we come to the co-operative marketing part of the problem, that must be settled by the farmer himself. A standardized product is imperative.

When we first put a trade-marked, standardized product on the market, the reception given to it was instantaneous. Our "big bakers" put up in bushel boxes, each tuber wrapped and carefully graded as to quality and size, met a demand that we have never been able to supply. Our "peck-packs,"—fifteen pounds of potatoes graded as to quality and size received an enthusiastic welcome. To my mind there is just as much reason why a trade-marked package of potatoes should command a market as there is why a trade-marked breakfast food should have devotees. Certainly there is more difference in the cooking quality of potatoes than there is in almost any other vegetable. Once educate the consumer up to this difference and he will insist on the known quality.

From my own personal experience I know that the simplest part of the whole proposition is to prove that the demand exists for a standardized grade of high quality potatoes. There are plenty of people willing to pay a sufficient premium for assured quality. The obviousness of the advantages of keeping sizes as well as grades together, is so plain that it needs scarcely to be mentioned. Time, labor and disposition will be saved all along the line if the housewife or the chef can buy potatoes of all one size, so that they take the same time to cook, serve easily and in uniform portions. This is utterly apart from the matter of quality. Combine the two and you have a combination which cannot be beaten.

The general idea of a potato is that it is simply a potato, and can be kicked around and trodden under foot without injury. To change this attitude is difficult and therein lies one of the troubles in putting up a good pack. One must first train the grading crew that potatoes should really be handled like apples or eggs.

A few years ago apples were knocked off the trees and picked up in sacks. Even today, in the back country, apples are shipped in bulk,

walked over, shovelled up and expected to keep! Potatoes are going through the same evolution. When we began new standards of grading it was a matter of idealism. It was necessary to break loose from established ideas and we employed college girls until the novelty had worn off. Today the men do equally good work.

From beginning to end it has been a campaign of education. Our motives were questioned when we first broke into the seed game. We were first of all seed growers in the country to organize a roguing force to clear our fields of diseased plants, and hands were held up in horror. But today, nearly every state which certifies seed potatoes insists on the roguing of the seed fields as a requisite for certification. The federal officials were the first to join hands with us in this advocacy of roguing and now we all "play together."

The Government granted U. S. License Number One to our potato warehouse at Bradford. With this honor came the necessity of being pioneers in explaining the meaning of a "U. S. Warehouse Receipt." Everybody and everything is bonded and there are numerous inspections by the Washington officials. Now that these safeguards are understood we have been able to establish indefinite banking connections both within and without the State for using warehouse receipts for collateral.

The railroads have granted us a storage-in-transit freight rate applicable to both of our warehouses, so that potatoes can be shipped, from point of origin to point of final destination on a through freight rate with the privilege of a stop-over at either Bradford or Bellows Falls for grading and storage.

It has taken two years of experience for us to develop the requisite machinery to handle the storing and grading of potatoes economically. It has taken six years to build up an organization of trained workers. A lot of hard work is ahead of us and there are sure to be many discouragements before we get things going as we hope to have them. But it is fitting that in President Coolidge's own state some of the problems for which he is seeking a solution are being worked out. It is significant that some of the potatoes going through this pioneer packaging of Green Mountains are being raised on the Coolidge home farm.

## Imperturbable Vermont

By DANIEL L. CADY

Author of "Rhymes of Vermont Rural Life"

WE'RE pretty slow up here, they say—  
It might be true, By Gorry!  
But then, we'd ruther wait all day  
Than be tremendous sorry;  
We'd ruther plod, or jest as leaves,  
In humble-like endeavor,  
As wear a pair of empty sleeves  
Or iron leg forever.

We don't "get on" up here, they say,  
We don't uncover millions,  
But sure we take as much away  
As them that bask in billions;  
We don't "lay down" on folks we owe  
And make a house-top holler,  
And when we save a cent we know  
We've started on a dollar.

The oldest of you can't recall  
When any cry resounded,  
"Oh! help Vermont, her spuds are small,  
She's cycloned or she's drowned;  
Come on, rich world, and pass the hat  
And save that smitten section!"  
You've never heard no noise like that  
Emerge from this direction.

They say we're kinder imperlite  
To-wards our city betters,  
In that we mostly fail to write  
And answer broker's letters;  
But if they'll send a stamp, we think  
The wrong will soon be righted,  
'Twill pay the freight and make our ink  
And pens get all excited.

They say we're unindustrialized—  
No Lynn or Lowell luster—  
All right; we've never advertised  
To be a "factory cluster;"  
We don't eat off the nightstand, though,  
Or use a door for bedding,  
And we can lodge a city beau  
That comes to start a wedding.

They say our hair-trims last so long  
It makes our shoulders shaggy;  
They claim our coats are cut out wrong,  
Our overhauls too baggy;  
But, Gol! our clothes, if not so trim,  
Are not installment boughten,  
And tick-owned silk with us looks slim  
Beside good paid-for cotton.

## Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains

A BOOK REVIEW

MR. WALTER COLLINS O'KANE, author of "Trails and Summits of the White Mountains" has now turned to Vermont for his source material for another work upon the grandeur of mountains and the pleasure to be derived in spending a vacation among them. In his new volume, "Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains," Mr. O'Kane has, in 360 small pages, given to his readers a delightfully fascinating account of the mountains of our State. That the author has an adequate prospective of his subject, and has been able to approach his study of our Green Mountains without losing himself among the ravines, is attested by the following quotation taken from his first chapter, entitled "The Lay of the Land": "North and south in an airline, the State of Vermont extends through a distance of a hundred and sixty miles, East and west the average width is perhaps fifty-five miles. From top to bottom and from right to left much of this area is uptilted—a

succession of hundreds of hills and mountains, sometimes gentle, usually rugged, often vast and frowning, intersected and intertwined with winding, smiling valleys."

Then, after commenting on the term—The Green Mountains—and from whence it came, Mr. O'Kane discusses the age of the great central ridgepole of our Green Mountain system. He tells us that it is not quite the oldest land in America, but that it approaches "that venerable estate." "The Adirondacks," continues our author, "were thrust up earlier through the waves of the ancient sea and there is an area in Canada, the Laurentian Mountains, that can claim priority. But it was not long after the Adirondacks appeared before a fold of the earth's crust came into being, the foundation of the center axis of the Green Mountains."

The way in which the author describes some of the roads which connect the east and the west side of our State is especially interesting. He