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Land of the maple

by Daisy Dopp

Daisy Dopp lived most of her life on the Glover farm that is now home to the Bread and Puppet Theater. When her husband, Jim, died in 1970, Daisy Dopp moved to a home in the village, and spent some of her time writing articles recalling life on the farm. Most were published first in the Newport Daily Express. Elka Schumann befriended Daisy Dopp and, in cooperation with the Old Stone House Museum, collected and edited a collection of her columns. This is the second of a series of these columns, with illustrations by Peter Schumann, the Chronicle will publish from time

As the days begin to lengthen and the sun gets higher in the sky, there comes a change in the Vermont air which quickens the blood. In mid-morning, the eaves on the house begin to "run" as the snow melts on the roof. A lone crow may drift leisurely over the field and light in an old apple tree in the orchard. Then one morning the long absent plaintive call of the pewee may be heard again. When all or even some of these things occur, the old-time native Vermonter may push back his cap from his brow, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and after a searching squinting glance into the morning sun announce to the world in general, "I caltlate, sugarin' ain't

When I was a little girl how I loved sugaring! Like other phases of farming the procedure was much different than it is now. The roads in the sugar place were rolled with wooden drums the same as the other roads were at that time. The two horses on the pole would plunge through the drifts and I used to ride a third lead horse to break the track. Sometimes the snow would be so deep he would get off his feet. More than once I

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remember getting thrown from his back and driven into the deep snow. Then my dad would wade through to my side, pull me out and put me back on the horse with instructions to "hug him with your knees, girl, and stay with him!" My mother did not approve of this but how I gloried in helping out!

Then came the tapping of the maple trees. We usually had five men for this job for our sugar place was a large one. Two men, each with a drill and tapping bit went ahead and drilled the holes being careful not to get them too near the ones made the year before. They were each followed by a man carrying a pail of spouts and a hammer. He would drive the spout and hang the bucket which had been left there previously. Another man and I would bring up the rear hanging the covers on the buckets to keep out any storm from the precious sap. I usually tired out in the afternoon and went to the house leaving the fifth man with his work and mine, too.

This old-fashioned sugaring-off unit was separate from the evaporator. My job was to tend the boiling syrup from the time it began to boil until it would "lay on snow."

At first I was so small that a big bucket was placed on a raised platform beside the arch and I sat importantly upon it. From that vantage point I could get a bird's eye view of the syrup as it cooked. I was given a bottle of milk with a goose quill in the cork for an outlet. When the boiling sweet rose in the pan, I learned to lash it professionally with streams of milk from the

The syrup would usually obediently fall back in the pan only to rise again and again. It took about two hours to complete the job. This was done several times a week for five or six weeks. It grew monotonous for a small girl. However, Dad's praise and coaxing kept me quite faithful most of the time. At the latter end of the vigil, he would

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"let down" the fire under the evaporator and take

Finally the critical moment arrived. The syrup would crack into pieces when put over the snow when hit with a paddle. The big pan would be removed from the arch with the aid of two long poles run across the pan through the handles. It would be rested on the raised platform beside the arch. The coals in the arch would be covered for safety with strips of old metal roofing. After quite a cooling time it would be stirred now and then and finally put in wooden pails holding thirty pounds. (These are museum pieces now.) After the sugar hardened it could be stored indefinitely in these, for while it does not keep too well in tin, it will stay sweet and nice in these big wooden tubs.



Many times the sugar would not become cool enough to take home (to move when warm will cause cracks and roughness on top) and would have to be left in the camp overnight. We never had any stolen but it would be fool hardy to leave it now. We always left any pail which was not full and it was expected that anyone passing by would help himself. It was a neighborly offering as much as a cup of coffee would be today. Many folks came calling in sugaring time and no one went home empty handed. Several times during the season there would be a neighborhood sugaring off. Everyone was invited, brought his friends and ate all he could. A sugarmaker would have been mightily offended if any one had offered to pay for his treat. Grownups and kids gorged on the delicious golden sugar topped off with plain doughnuts, sour pickles and hard-boiled eggs.

Such excitement and hurry to be ready for the first run of sap. The big evaporator had to be turned over on the arch and washed out, storage tanks made clean, pipes put up, and at last the disagreeable and dangerous task of putting up the tall smokestack which was always taken down and stored each summer so the rain would not cause it to rust.

When everything was in readiness all the help was let go except two. These men with the team

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Scattered drops of milk calm the boiling sap

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of horses gathered the sap into a large tub on the sled. This tub held about forty pails and when full was taken to the sugarhouse where it was emptied into a three-hundred-pail storage tank. From there it ran under control in a small stream into the big evaporator.

I liked to stand near the open door and stare into the great fiery cavern where my dad threw stick after stick of four foot wood to be greedily claimed by the flames. My dog would stand beside me fascinated by the glare of the fire. He would finally shrink back from the intense heat and go lie down on the platform, waiting patiently for me to go home.

In the evaporator, the bubbling boiling sap would seem to fairly leap into the air, it was so hot underneath. A cloud of steam would rise to the rafters and a sweet moist odor would fill the place.

Dad was never still. From one end of the arch to the other he hurried, peering in to be sure all was well.

It was expensive business if the pan became bare and burned or "sugared off" in the wrong place. How well I remember seeing him scoop up the boiling liquid into a shining dipper; then holding it high over the pan, let it fall back with the rest. Finally it would "apron off" just right and fall in amber blobs. It would then be ready to draw off into pails and put in the sugaring-off pan.

The expectantly waiting dogs even had a goodly helping which usually stuck their jaws

together until the warm saliva caused it to melt so it could be swallowed.

Fit feed for royalty was an old-fashioned sugar party and proud indeed was a skilled sugar maker to offer it. People came on horseback, by sled and on foot. Cupid usually was busy at these gatherings and many a courtship and marriage had its beginning there.

By the time their sons were old enough to

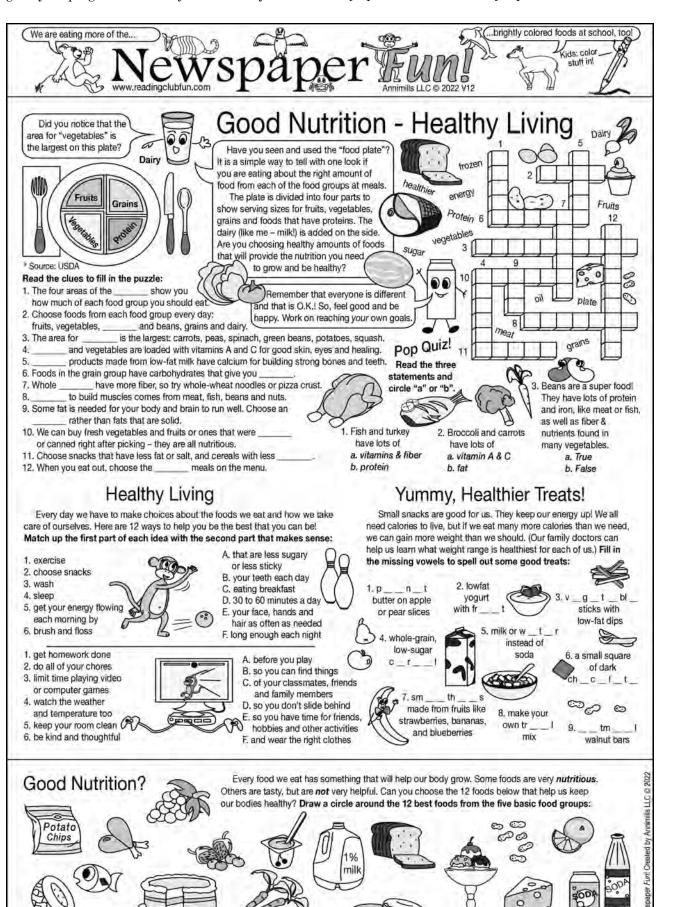


carry on the sugar places there had been many changes made in the manner of their operation as well as in all agriculture. Sugaring was now less work in some ways but how everyone missed those neighborhood sugar parties of old! With the changes came a crop of worries and new expenditures to bother the producer of maple sweets. The lack of man power was the worst and caused many a discouraged farmer to sell his maple orchard for lumber.

The sugar places that operate now try to use all the labor savers possible. The syrup is boiled down in the evaporator much thicker than it used to be and much of it is very fine quality stuff. None of it is sugared off or made into cakes except by special order. Much syrup is now sold at the

farms in convenient attractive cans ranging in size from one-half pint (which makes fine Vermont souvenirs and is popular for bridge prizes) to one gallon which the thrifty shopper has learned to call for. The one, two, five, and tenpound tins of soft sugars look tiny beside the thirty-pound wood pail of old. There is also the delicious maple cream with its delicate flavor which is so tasty on toast or small crackers. The little tender sugar cakes are heavenly to munch like candy. The maple syrup makes a delicious sauce for ice cream as well as to use with pancakes, raised doughnuts, hot biscuits and with plain bread and butter. The syrup can be boiled down to make fine frostings and in winter cooked down to lay on snow. At this stage or a trifle before it can be stirred in a saucer to eat. The darker "runs" make sweet pickles taste like those that "other used to make." There is no limit to its use as many a sugar hungry person discovered when white sugar was rationed some years ago.

My work in the sugar place is done, but every year about the same time, I find myself watching the sun each day creeping higher in the sky. One day I may hear the sweet song of the pewee again and I will know it is sugaring. The fragrant steam will be rising from the sugar camps once more. Soon there will be in production gallons of that famous sweet which can be made only in the cold North, in the land of the maple.



CROSSWORD **CLUES ACROSS** 1. One who regrets 33. Emaciation 5. Time zone 38. Supervises flying 8. Subway dweller 41. Very dark colors 11. Bend in a river 43 Unwanted 13. Alias 45. Grants 14. Isodor , American Nobel 48. Three visited Jesus physicist 49. Wife of Amun 15. Very (music) 50. Broadway actress Daisy 16. Zero 55. A Spanish river . former CIA 17. Phil 56. I (German) 18. Competitions 57. French opera composer 20. Unwell 59. Six (Spanish) 21. Puts in place 60. Last letter 22. Gets rid of 61. Spiritual lead 25. Allows light to pass through Jewish congregation 30. Climbed quickly 62. Noah had one 31. We all have it 63. Make a mistake 32. There's a North & South 64. Tall plant **CLUES DOWN** 1. Computer memory 29. Chaotic states 2. "Et ": "And wife" (Latin) 34. Comedic actress Gastever 3. Ancient Syrian city 35. Kids' dining accessory 4. College army 36. Snakelike fish 5. Cassava 37. Midway between south 6. Talented and southeast 39. Assign lifelike qualities to 7. Capital of Estonia 8. Finger millet 40. One who cites 9. In a way, assists 41. Midway between east and 10. Men's fashion accessories southeast 12. Misery 42. North wind 14. Skin disorder 44. One or the other

19. Selling at specially reduced

25. Expression of disappointment

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52. Plant that makes gum

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