

**Day 8: 14<sup>th</sup> October, Wednesday ~ Shelburne Farms, Lake Placid.**

The Essex has three buildings, the main building, the Mansion and the Manor. Ours is connected by a tunnel to the main building.

Today is fine dry, cold and cloudy.

Beginning in 1886, Lisa Vanderbilt and William Seward Webb purchased 32 farms totaling 3,800 acres, this became Shelburne Farms, bordering Lake Champlain. There are twenty miles of roads and trails. It was landscaped by Frederick Law Olmstead who separated the land into three types of space; farm, forest and parkland. At the turn of the century, the farm employed 300 and practiced advanced farming techniques. It had sheep, cattle, pigs and a horse breeding program. As many as 100,000 trees were planted in a year and four large buildings constructed. The Farm Barn, Breeding Barn, Coach Barn and the grand Shelburne House. Following a slow decline in operations, family descendents established an environmental education center in the 1970's and in 1984 the property was donated to a new non-profit.



[Shelburne Farms Teaching Center.](#)



The farm operates as a teaching facility with 15 tutors. We learn how to make cheese and sample several aged by year. Cheese must be aged at least 60 days to ensure there are no harmful bacteria. 100 cows are rotated through paddocks each day. We visit several buildings. The horse barn was, in its time, the largest unsupported (by beams) roof.



Cheese factory.



Grand Shelburne House, now a resort.



The gardens overlooks  
Lake Champlain.



Horse Barn.

Lunch is at the Burlington Ice House.

With 435 sq mi of surface Lake Champlain is now recognized as the 6<sup>th</sup> Great Lake, traversed by three bridges and four ferries. Besides salmon, trout and bass, it is supposedly populated by *Champ*, a monster. In the 1930's a 7' 6" sturgeon was caught, weighing in at 350lb.



Crossing Lake Champlain.

The incoming ferry has mechanical problems. “We won’t run this one. We will send for a back up.” The ferry to NY State is small. Two coaches and seven cars fill it to capacity. Do I want to get out on deck? This won’t sink... The sensation is strange sitting in the coach, moving, no sound. No one talks. Paul appears to nap. It is getting warm. No air circulation.

We dock just 40 miles south of the Canadian border; just 85 mi to Montreal. Ahead is White Face mountain.



White Face Mountain, ski resort.



Mirror Lake, Lake Placid.

Tonight we rest at the Mirror Lake Inn in the Olympic Village of Lake Placid. There is a dusting of snow.

The elk chili beats me.