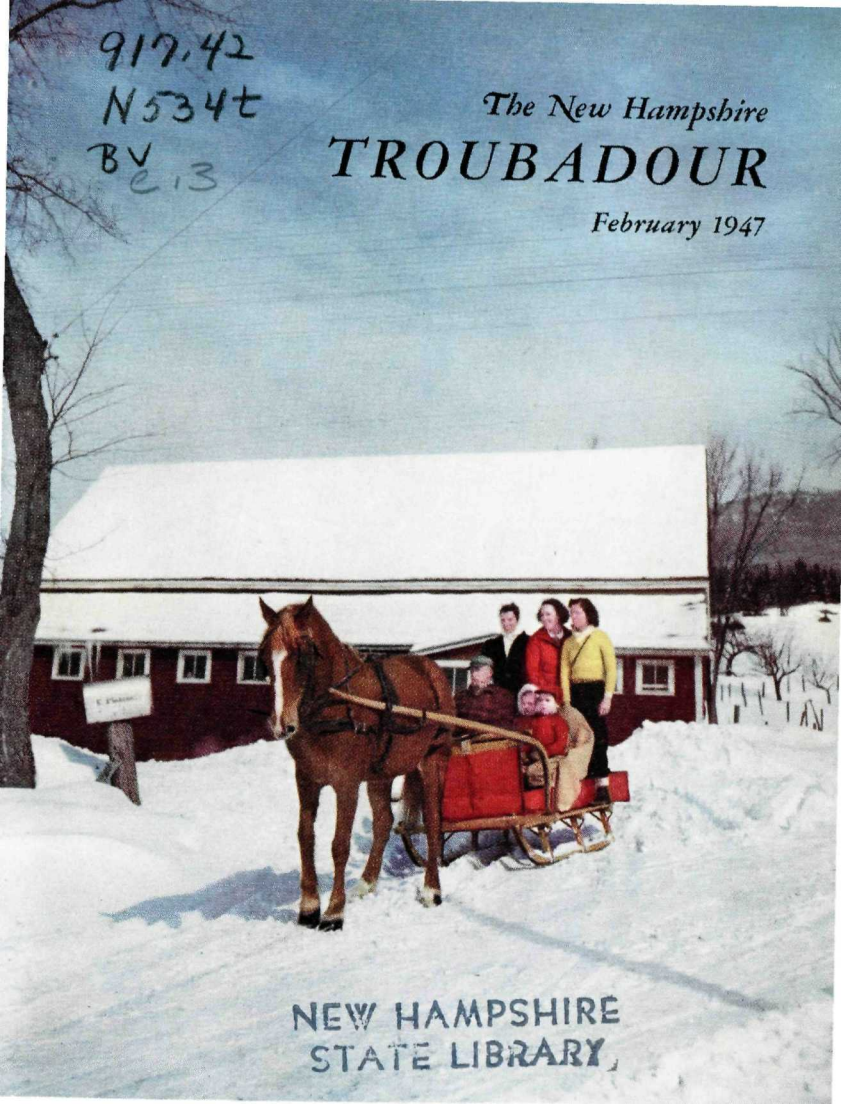


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*The New Hampshire*  
**TROUBADOUR**

*February 1947*



**NEW HAMPSHIRE  
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# *The New Hampshire Troubadour*

COMES TO YOU EVERY MONTH SINGING THE PRAISES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A STATE WHOSE BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITIES SHOULD TEMPT YOU TO COME AND SHARE THOSE GOOD THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HERE SO DELIGHTFUL. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

**ANDREW M. HEATH, Editor**

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## **WINTER MAGIC**

*by Frances Logan*

White lace against a pink-grey sky,  
Like thistledown so light and free,  
A thousand patterns, frail and shy,  
Form silently on swaying tree.

For me it weaves a mystic spell  
O'er busy day, through tranquil night --  
Revealing joy too deep to tell,  
Creating thoughts of pure delight.

Thus winter's beauty sings to me,  
It throbs in cadence rich and rare,  
It sings itself into my soul --  
And wakes an answering echo there.

## ONE MORE WINTER

by *Hope Miller*

THE winter days that for eight years in the tropics I relived in memory, I have seen again now. Because New Hampshire is my home, these days — when blustery snowstorms rage, when a quiet winter world holds sway, when frost has crystallized every twig and branch on all the forest trees, or a sparkling, clean and sunlit countryside lies dazzling in new-fallen snow — these days are like jewels, never forgotten, but taken from the storehouse of my mind, and loved again.

When I was teaching in the Internment Camp School in Manila, we were talking one day of winter at home. Perhaps half of the American children, born and raised in or near the Philippines, had never seen snow. As we talked of it, the faces of the girls and boys who knew what winter could really be, lit up and their eyes danced. I knew they were sensing the exhilaration, the smell, the beauty of it as I was. They were feeling a pity for those who did not understand — who did not know how snow can swirl and drift; how a pair of skis or skates really feels on a small boy's feet; how good your mother's kitchen looks to you when your nose and fingers and toes are tingling from the cold.

This is a part of my heritage — this love of winter. As dear as October or April is this surcease of growing, this shut-off feeling, this peace which comes with snow.

Living in the Philippines before the war, I was interested in the flora and fauna of the islands, especially in places away from the big cities. I understood that it was my childhood in New Hampshire that made me uneasy at the prodigality of nature there. I knew that a more austere beauty held charm for me.

This is the tropics — coral sands on a palm-fringed beach, but enervating heat; clear-looking streams with water unsafe to use;





HAROLD ORNE

*Ski tow at Whitney's, one of the four tows operating at Jackson this season*

broad fields of sugar cane or wooded hills or dense jungles with orchid-hung trees, but never, never quiet — always the sound of thousands upon thousands of insects and living things; in winter, rain and typhoons, instead of snow and blizzards.

But now I am home again and I have seen another winter.

I have walked in the soft beauty of the first snow storm, the only sound, the crackling of dry maple leaves beneath my feet.

I have seen the fog roll in on the Atlantic coast, then give way to blinding sleet and snow and hurricane.

One January morning I walked in the woods and the lines from a poem came to reality about me —

“Now I have climbed the hillside to discover  
The forest sitting in its silver clothes  
With ermine pulled about its knees.”

Silence has been, for me, the loveliest song of winter — the deep abiding stillness of a snow-bound countryside.

School children skating on the Common in Newport; swirling drifts, and hemlocks bowed with snow; winter moonlight glisten-

ing on clean, hard crust; icicles hanging long and thick outside my window, but warmth and security within; — these are my pictures of the winter.

Soon will come a day when the miracle of spring will be in the air and the hope of a reawakening world will find us longing for winter to be over and done.

Then, on some bright April morning, I, who have loved a New Hampshire winter, shall remember the words of the poet —

“Oh who can tell the range of joy,  
Or set the bounds of beauty?”



## **THE GULF: CHALLENGE TO ANY SKIER'S SKILL**

*by Ens. Fred Reuel Jones, Jr.*

Yes, I am one of those who is fool enough to forsake his friends and relatives, the city and all its glittering lights, and instead, takes the Maine Central bus for Mt. Washington. Those significant looks and glances which always fall on a person who has skis, poles and suitcase draped around his person in odd positions made me feel a little self conscious, but when that ski bug gets you there's just no stopping. That's why the evening found me sitting in front of a log fire at the base of Tuckerman's ravine with the best company to be found anywhere — skiers of the finest vintage and others like myself — some singing, some sitting watching the log burn away, and others trying to put it all in writing. Although anyone could spend a whole night just taking it all in, the gang found at Pinkham Notch huts is not there for that purpose; so it's early to bed for plenty of rest before a day on the trails.



*Skier at Gulf of Slides on Mt. Washington*

WINSTON POTE

Almost before I know it, one of the crew is banging away on a couple of railroad tracks making a terrible cacophony of noise that is even more beautiful to me than Beethoven's Fifth. So it's up and out for one of those days I've been waiting months for. But wait! Although the lure of the headwall, the Wildcat and the Sherburne are forever strong, there's another matter which most people are likely to forget. Although one may have been skiing most of the winter, a lapse of two weeks since the old hickories were last used has consequences that must be reckoned with. So for the first morning, the practice slope is the place for me, the lower part of the Sherburne in the afternoon, and then another good night's rest before I tackle a whole day on the trail and go above timber-



BERNICE PERRY

*Church at Fitzcilliam*

line. There was one day when I didn't bother to limber up and I remember it all too clearly because the next day found me at the hospital.

But let's put hospitals aside and get to the following day. Four others had come in, and together we looked over the maps of the available trails, with the intention of climbing to the snow fields well above timberline. That night was spent in elaborate plans for reaching the top of Mt. Washington, starting on the Gulf of the Slides Trail and going on up, up to the top and then down the toll road. Those were the days when the winds and

storms always lurking above timberline were quite unknown to us. It's too easy just to read the sign at the foot of the trail which says that travel above timberline is hazardous and subject to sudden and severe storms, and let it go at that, thinking that is for the poor fool who is always getting into trouble. We're young, healthy and well equipped for the trip; why should we worry? That was then; I know better now. Experience is an excellent teacher, and it taught me once in late summer with an icy cold hail storm. Then there are those weathered crosses marking the spots where some poor devils perished. But that is getting me away from my story.

The next day the sun came up in a clear sky and cast shadows down the sides of the mountain to the valley where a blue column of smoke arose from the chimney of the huts. We had waxed our



skis the night before, and were now packing our rucksacks with a lunch and, as I always do, my camera besides. We consisted of Don, Dave, Phil and myself, all from Bates College, and Mac, a newcomer to our group, from M.I.T. Although Dave was the only one of us who had creepers, we stuck together and began the ascent up the Gulf of the Slides Trail. It was slow climbing in the deep snow, but we refused to be disheartened and kept on going at a good clip, Dave shuffling easily along in the rear. Oh! ambitious youth! We'd climb on our hands and knees a whole day just to ski down hill for a few minutes. So we plodded steadily on up, around bends, up steep schusses, and on toward the gleaming snow fields high above us. The ravine dropped far below. On the still cold air could be heard the gurgling of the stream in its depths. We passed the first aid cache, and, always thinking we would stop to rest around the next corner, we plodded on.

We were climbing up a steep S turn when Phil stopped and looked up toward the Gulf of Slides. He said: "Just look at that; can't you just see me schussing it!" Dave nodded a "Yeah!" and we all looked up at the gleaming white of the untouched snow, almost like a vertical wall extending from the last twisted trees to the sharp corner of the lip hundreds of feet above. I couldn't see anyone schussing it, but a couple of sweeping turns would drop a person five hundred feet in a few seconds. Can't you feel that dive downward, a sudden rush of wind and those steel edges biting into the snow and a gradual easing of speed like coming out of a dive, then throwing your body around and down into another giant arc, coming to a stop at the bottom? What went through their minds, I don't know, but that picture will never leave mine. We stopped a few minutes and then continued.

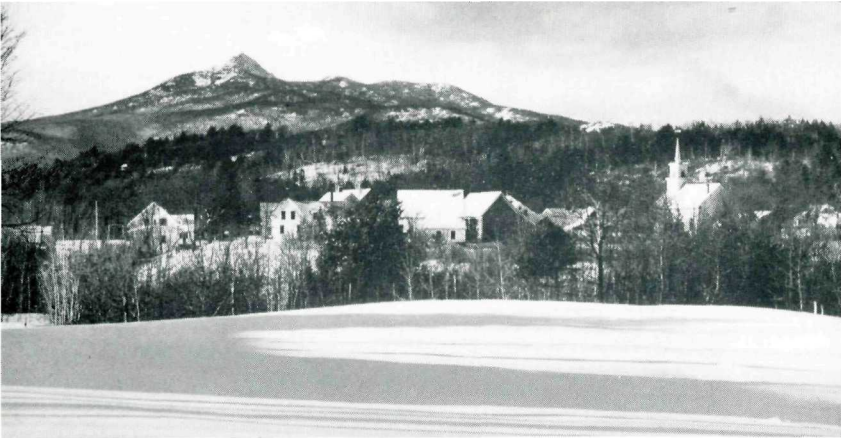
The trail climbed on the right side of the ravine. Trees became smaller and the Gulf towered nearer and nearer above us. Time passed and the sun moved up until it was nearly overhead. Still we climbed, four little black dots up the winding trail, until we were

at the base of the Gulf itself. There it was time out for lunch. Sitting on the last of the weather-beaten trees, we opened our packs and ate our sandwiches. Now and then a little gust of wind would come down the wall.

What there is about it I don't know, but the wall of snow, the vastness of it all, the trail winding away down the ravine like a sliver of white, that feeling of height, all makes one fight on upward — keep on going. There was no stopping. The climbing became steeper. Each step had to be kicked into the hard snow and tested to be sure that it wouldn't slip. Finally I put my skis on and cut across the Gulf, sidestepping, and picking the places that were the least steep, until I was over the lip where the expanse of sloping snow fields stretched nearly to the top of Boot Spur. A gray rocky ridge marked the upper side of the snow field and distant cairns stood silhouetted against the sky along the Glen Boulder trail.

Where there is better skiing, I don't know. Here you can look down into the valleys stretching away into the distance with nothing above but the black rocks, bleak and windswept, with that cold wind that makes your ski pants vibrate. Here you are a small bit of living matter alone fighting the elements to the very top and then sweeping in long arcs down a half mile of open snow untouched by anything but the wind and storms. Where else can man be greater, yet more insignificant? Where else is he more dependent on himself and his skis? Where else is he more at the mercy of a sudden storm? There stand the rocks, worn by ages of wind, sleet and rain, indifferent to anything living. They may shelter or kill without ever knowing which. There the wind blows constantly. If you slip, little does it care; it just blows. Life may come and go, but the storms go on and the black rocks stand alone. Perhaps that is why a climb is such a challenge. The will to win the top and defy the elements comes over a person and makes him go on up, up to the summit.

— Courtesy *Ski Illustrated*



WINSTON POTE

*A peaceful February scene: Chocorua Village and Mt. Chocorua*

## OUR HOBBY

*by Anne Catherine Janda*

IN AUGUST 1924 we two — my husband and I — became acquainted with New Hampshire. Born New Englanders, we were familiar with New Hampshire. In the days of our youth when asked to name the states comprising New England, we had recited glibly, “MaineNewHampshireVermontMassachusettsRhodeIsland Connecticut.” Oh, yes, we were familiar with New Hampshire, but it took a climb to the summit of Mount Moosilauke to start a hobby which after nearly two decades still holds its fascination. Fascination has become a deep abiding love for New Hampshire mountains, lakes, and streams.

The hobby started as mountain climbing, but being constructive, grew and still grows. We two have not only collected mountains



WINSTON POTE

*Rural mail delivery on the Dundee Road, North Conway to Jackson*

and a mountain diary, but streams, lakes, pastures, AMC huts, trails, rocks, trees — and views! The nice thing about this part of our hobby is, that while we have collected all these things, they still remain available for other collectors and lovers of New Hampshire.

We have also collected material for a scrapbook — birds, flowers, Colonial churches, and ministerial anecdotes (many taken from the N.H.T.), a list of books read on New Hampshire, the TROUBADOUR, pictures, and people who have become life-long friends. Another sort of diary has been started which we call “New England Briefs” — by this time the hobby has grown beyond the boundaries of New Hampshire. Our latest branching out has become a source of much pleasure to us two and our friends. Colored movies of the mountains bring New Hampshire into our home whenever we be-



come nostalgic for mountain scenery, and again we live through the events of the particular climbs pictured. Incidentally, we have climbed more than seventy-five peaks of the White Mountains, some once, others as many as a dozen times. The record for any one peak is sixteen visits.

A good hobby should grow, should become a source of education, and the hobby begun on Mount Moosilauke has become just that. We are grateful to New Hampshire for the enriching influence it has had on our lives.

Articles and pictures of familiar bits of New Hampshire we find in the TROUBADOUR take us back to happy days spent in our adopted state.

### FISHING TEAM GOES CO-ED

DOVER's citizens who take pardonable pride in their high school fishing team, believed to be the only such institution of its kind in the country, are now informed that the squad has gone co-educational, and that the so-called weaker sex is also listed in the ranks of the high school Izaak Waltons.

Thus, Dover is the first to organize a formal fishing team, and the first to teach fishing to girls.

We predict many happy marriages may be based upon a mutual understanding of the wary trout and fighting salmon. The little woman who is tolerant toward early risers who return with tall tales and muddy boots is a gem indeed.

It has long been a husband's lament that the little woman doesn't understand the fisherman. Now it remains for our own high school to take the first step toward correcting a situation that has prevailed since the days of Daniel Boone.


Envy the lucky fellow who gets himself a girl who can put the worm on her own hook.


— *Dover Democrat*


FRONT COVER: Sleighing for Fun in New Hampshire. Color Photo by Winston Pote.

BACK COVER: Typical New Hampshire Winter Scene. Photo by Winston Pote.


FRONTISPIECE: Looking south from trail on the summit of Cannon Mountain. Photo by Winston Pote.


  
Thorsten V. Kalijarvi, editor of the TROUBADOUR for the past year, is now at work in Washington, D. C., as analyst of international relations, legislative reference service, Library of Congress. Dr. Kalijarvi was executive director of the New Hampshire State Planning and Development Commission from 1942 through 1946.


  
Flights to Keene and to Portsmouth have recently been added to the Northeast Airlines system, which has also improved its service between Concord and New York.

  
Newport's campaign to collect funds for a statue commemorating *Mary and Her Little Lamb*, the children's poem written by Sarah Josepha Hale of that town, is gaining popular support. Billy B. Van, veteran stage and radio performer of Newport, who launched the drive

during the town's last annual winter carnival, heads the call for donations toward a memorial to that well-loved poem. The voters of Newport appropriated \$300 for it at their last town meeting. Present plans are for a small marble statue of Mary and the lamb, with a plaque containing the little verses which, it is said, have been translated into more foreign languages than any other poem in history.

  
New Hampshire will be represented at the sportsmen's shows this month with an exhibit by the State Fish and Game Department at Mechanics Building, Boston, February 1-9, and at Grand Central Palace, New York, February 15-23.

  
The Dartmouth College library now has more than 600,000 books. Acquisition of 19,146 volumes during the past year raised the total to 616,570.

  
The west side of Grantham Mountain in the township of Plainfield has been chosen for the site of a three-million-dollar year-round recreational resort, according to a

recent announcement. The 2,200-acre development is to be known as Croydon Hills.

*NH*

The New Hampshire Patriot —  
November 18, 1817

My friends, upon you now I call,  
To settle with me, one and all —  
And pay me up without delay  
Or I will call — ANOTHER  
WAY!!!

Which, if you are inclined to do,  
Will please me better than to SUE;  
But if you don't, I'm not mistaken,  
Here lives a FORSAITH and an  
AIKEN,

Who unto you will surely say,  
"Make out your friend his honest  
pay".

And then you'll have to pay the  
debt,

Likewise the COST — 'twill make  
you fret.

You had much better pay me first,  
And of two evils, *shun the worst*.

On some I've waited many years,  
Too long by far to me appears.

*I'll wait no longer, now REMEMBER,  
Than the last day of next DECEMBER.*

Prepare yourselves before that day,  
Call and settle, and try to pay.

I will take almost anything,  
At a fair price you're pleased to  
bring.

*New Hampshire Troubadour*

Corn, Wheat, Rye, Peas, Beans,  
Flax or Oats,  
Bulls, Oxen, Cows, Calves, sheep  
or Goats,

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Butter, Cheese,  
Or any produce that you please.

Our land is crown'd with milk and  
honey,

You've everything this year but  
Money;

And if you've not one single groat,  
Pray call and settle; give your Note.

Comply with this, I'll thank you  
always,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS WALLACE.

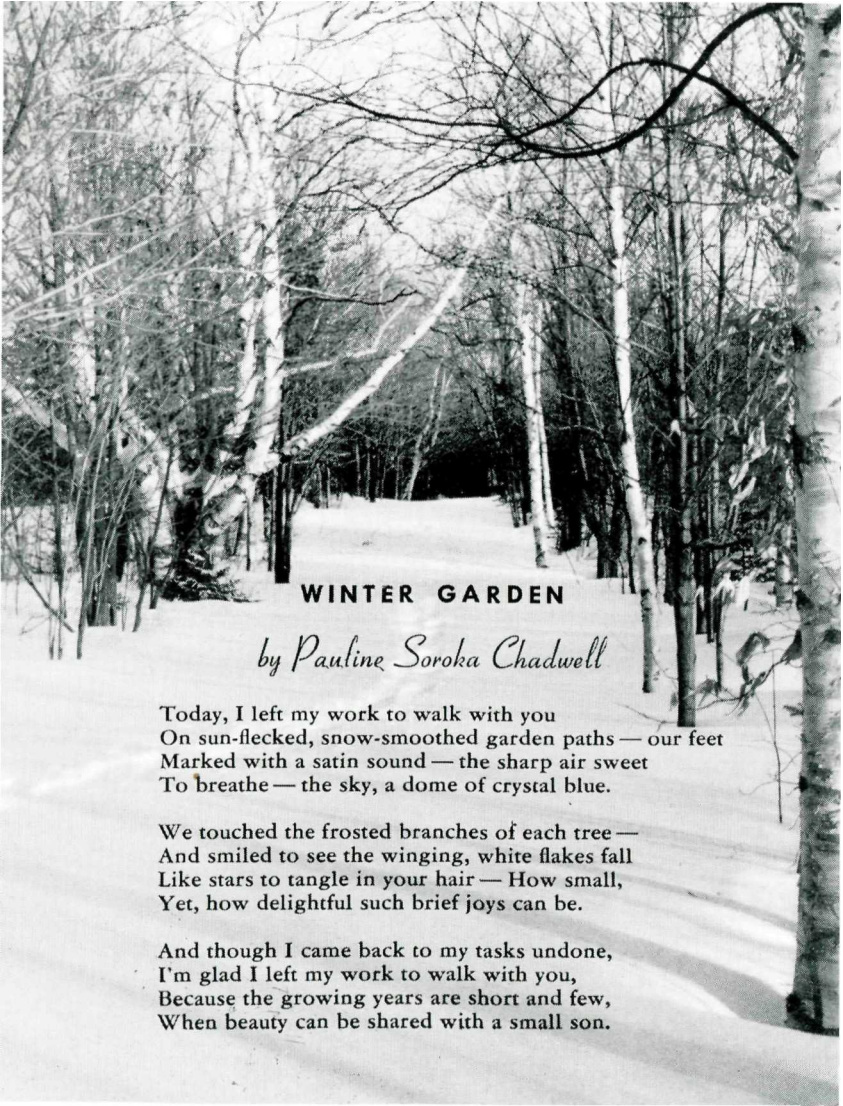
*Goffstown, November 10, 1817*

*NH*

#### CALENDAR PICTURE DETERMINED HER FUTURE

Littleton, N. H. (AP) A Littleton snow scene on a calendar called former telephone operator, Helen Briggs of Greenwich, Connecticut, to New Hampshire.

Although she had never been in the state, the calendar picture made such an impression that Miss Briggs moved to a Littleton farm when she retired two years ago from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Now she is one of New Hampshire's most enthusiastic boosters. — *Boston Globe*



WINTER GARDEN

*by Pauline Soroka Chadwell*

Today, I left my work to walk with you  
On sun-flecked, snow-smoothed garden paths — our feet  
Marked with a satin sound — the sharp air sweet  
To breathe — the sky, a dome of crystal blue.

We touched the frosted branches of each tree —  
And smiled to see the winging, white flakes fall  
Like stars to tangle in your hair — How small,  
Yet, how delightful such brief joys can be.

And though I came back to my tasks undone,  
I'm glad I left my work to walk with you,  
Because the growing years are short and few,  
When beauty can be shared with a small son.