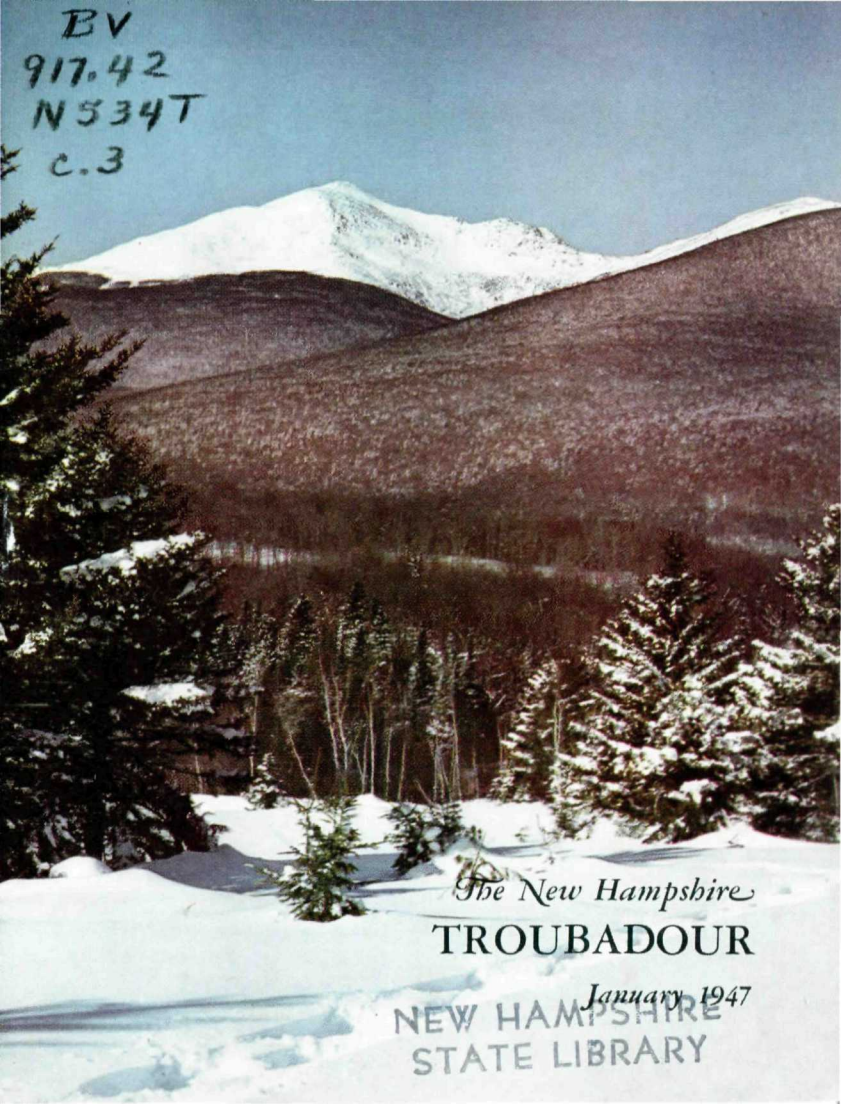


BV
917.42
N534T
c.3



The New Hampshire
TROUBADOUR

January 1947
NEW HAMPSHIRE
STATE LIBRARY



Governor Charles M. Dale and Family

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.

THORSTEN V. KALIJARVI, *Editor*

VOLUME XVI

January, 1947

NUMBER 10

A New Year's Greeting!

TONIGHT the New Hampshire hills lie silent and snow-blanketed under a motionless swirl of brilliant stars. The cheerful lights of town twinkle, and the streets are almost deserted. This is a scene of peace and contentment, an ideal setting in which to contemplate the challenges and promises of the new year.

To all TROUBADOUR readers I wish a happy and prosperous New Year, with success in meeting the problems of the day and of the future. May this new year bring you increased health and happiness!

CHARLES M. DALE
Governor

THE GREAT WHITE HILLS

by Ernest Poole

(Excerpts from the book with the same title.)

Most of us in these mountains now look for an immense increase in skiing and other winter sports. Skiing is older than most people know. More than a thousand years ago historians in China spoke of the Snowshoe Turks, the Kirgiz and Bayerku and Liu-Knei tribes, who on "snow sticks" skied in Siberia and north of the Gobi Desert and far up in Kamchatka. In these last decades, in Siberia, New Zealand and Australia the sport was revived; and in Europe it spread from Norway and Sweden, Germany, Austria and the Swiss Alps all through the Balkan countries and down to Greece and France and Spain; and the ace skier of Italy told me just before the war that 70,000 were skiing from Mt. Aetna to the Alps. Countless thousands of ski troops were trained and their numbers were multiplied in the war. From these hills Walter Prager, Selden Hanna and little Dick Durrance, American champion, trained ski paratroops in the Rockies. Thousands of their pupils served in Alaska and overseas.

Will they stop skiing when they come home? I doubt it. Once you've really learned the game, you never want to give up this racing down the mountain runs. Moreover, as the life of this nation speeds up for most young people, they will want ski centers close to their jobs; and for the eastern part of our country this high region is close even now, and soon the air services being planned from the cities will bring it closer still. So it is that our prophets are talking of week ends when all through the great White Hills tens of thousands of skiers will come down in great airplanes from the sky for two days of white magic here, and in summer busy men in New York

may fly up in an hour or two for week ends with their families.

So this mountain area will be opened up as never before, as a place for the giving of recreation and rest in our summer and winter sports, in boarding schools and summer camps, hotels and sanitarium. The fish and game resources will be developed and increased; so will the trails and mountain huts, ski runs and jumps, snow carnivals. And these will be by no means only for mere visitors, for all these activities will keep here thousands of our young folks who in the past drifted off to the towns, and to them will be added thousands of others weary from war and tired of cities, who will come and settle down, some to run ski inns, stores and shops and others to teach in schools or to help in our sanitarium. For

young doctors of the body or mind I know no finer work in life than to develop mountain homes for boys disabled or exhausted by war, to put new life into them and either send them back ready to cope with cities or keep them here and fit them into work in this new life in the hills.

Thousands of young couples, too, will come up and buy old farms. By modern methods and modern tools the farm labor will be



EAMES STUDIO

Monadnock Mt. from Peterborough



Mt. Adams from the glen

HAROLD ORNE

somewhat eased and made to produce as never before, and close ready markets will be here. Wood lots will be developed, too; our larger forests will be conserved and their products will be used in big and little shops and mills to give employment the year around. Easy? No. On farms the labor will still be hard, weaklings will be weeded out and only the strong left as new permanent citizens.

But for all hill lovers a grand clean life is waiting here, nor will it be lonely as in the past, for not only will the airplane, the automobile and the telephone bind us all by closer ties, but to us in these mountain homes the radio and television will add their service to that of the city newspapers which come here now. The noted conductor Stokowsky once spent a couple of nights in our house and he prophesied that to countless homes will come the music of great orchestras not only from this country but from all over Europe, too, while the art treasures of the world will be pictured by television.

“When you wish to see some lovely old Chinese vase in a museum overseas,” he declared, “you will go to your telephone in the morning and ask that it be shown to you, for a small charge, perhaps to-

night at nine o'clock; and at that hour on your screen that same lovely vase will appear, and a scholar speaking in English will tell you about it as he turns it this way and that."

So even to our mountain homes the future world may come at night. But outside there will still be the deep pine forests all around and the mountains looming high against the frosty silent stars. In a million million years from now, by slide and erosion they will be levelled nearly down to our valleys, so the geologists say. But meanwhile men will still look up to the hills whence cometh strength for bodies, minds and spirits in this tumultuous world of ours.



BOSWORTH OLD HALL RUGBY
HUBBANDS BOSWORTH 286
October 14, 1946

Editor: NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR

Dear Sir:

Though, alas, I may not be a "prospective motorist" in New Hampshire, could I please have a copy of your "Autumn Foliage Bulletin"? I expect that it isn't enough sweet agony for me to receive the TROUBADOUR each month — that I must tear the wound which was caused at parting nearly forty years ago with more vision of the countryside I love so well. I expect that the enchantment of remembrance makes me believe that each stick and stone of New Hampshire has special virtue, that nowhere else on earth do the brooks run so gently, nor is the air so golden, no lakes are ever so sparkling, no birds so melodious nor flowers so lovely. Where else do tiger lilies consort with a wayside post-box, or blue-birds sing among pink apple blossoms against a clear crisp sky? Where ever else can sunshine be silver on the bark of birch trees and golden on their leaves — sparkling living sunshine — unhampered on its way from Heaven?

New Hampshire Troubadour

7

I have much for which to thank my friendly countrymen — especially during our need in England — but to whomever has caused the TROUBADOUR to be sent to me so regularly I owe a debt of gratitude which it is hard to explain — for it comes from the very roots of my being — the very heart of my soul which receives so much joy from your little publication.

Am I overbold in asking for further courtesy? If so I hope you will forgive my longing.

Very truly,

HELEN CAMPBELL

P.S. It may be of interest to you to know that I pass my copy on to the Headmaster of Rugby School — there he and the youth of England may learn of beauties of our home state.

MX

THE BATTLE OF MT. WASHINGTON

by E. F. Boshier

The time came when our peaceful land
Was faced with warring change —
An enemy swept in and took
The Presidential Range.

Their generals found upon the map
Mt. Washington's elevation;
“Now that's the place,” they cried, “for guns!
A post for observation!

“East's highest point, with train and road —
Oh, military bliss!
Don't bother with the other peaks,
We'll concentrate on this.”



They sent up troops with guns and bombs
And watched for bloody news —
But weeks went by. They only got
White Mountain post card views.

When scouts were sent to stir things up,
The scouts would disappear
And send back coded messages:
“Grand! wish that you were here!”

The generals said, “We’ll see ourselves —”
They found there was no seeing.
Mt. Washington was in a cloud.
But they enjoyed the skiing.

No observations could they make
To fire off a gun.
The snow went but the cloud remained;
The trails, they learned, were fun.

So when the cloud blew off they were
Too busy with the quest:
Was Huntington or Tuckerman
Or King Ravine the best?

Just as they found the lesser peaks
Were quite as good for play,
The war came to an end and they
Were told to go away.

And, as they packed their rusty guns
In sad evacuation,
They murmured, “Let’s come back next year
For our two weeks’ vacation!”

SINGING YANKEES

by *Lewis Gannett*

THEY say that Americans are not a singing people, but there is the record of the Hutchinson family to confound such skeptics. Philip D. Jordan, a history professor with an obvious frustrated passion to become a novelist, tells their story in "Singin' Yankees" (University of Minnesota Press, \$3.50).

The Singing Sons and Daughters of Jesse

It was about 1839 that signs were posted on the Town House of Milford, N. H., and in the covered bridge, proclaiming that "The eleven sons and two daughters of the tribe of Jesse will sing at the Baptist Meeting-house on Thanksgiving Evening at 7 o'clock." Old Jesse Hutchinson liked to hear his children chant the anthem written to commemorate the conversion of Deacon Giles's distillery into a temperance hall: "King Alcohol is very sly, A liar from the first, He'll make you drink until you're dry, Then drink because you thirst." But Jesse got tired of the eternal noise; he made his children practice outside the house, behind a rock in the hay field, and he refused to contribute a cent when four of his offspring set off for Boston to study singing. They earned their way; one as a type-setter, another sawing wood, and two tending store. One, to his own distaste, even served rum and whisky by the glass, which was then a normal part of grocery-store routine.

They called themselves the "Aeolian Vocalists" when they gave their first pay concert by candlelight in East Wilton, N. H., for a net profit of six and a half cents. Already they had composed, and set to gospel music, the song that was to make them famous, "We've come down from the mountains of the Old Granite State," ending

with a recitative of the thirteen Hutchinsons' Biblical names. In the summer of 1842, in a two-horse \$75 carryall, three brothers and twelve-year-old sister Abby set out on tour upstate to Dartmouth, across the Connecticut River to Woodstock, Vt., down through Saratoga Springs to Albany and back East to Boston. Musical success came faster in those days than in this. The success of the Hutchinson family's first concert, in Melodeon Hall in Boston, on Sept. 13, led them to engage the hall again on Sept. 17, and to give a third performance on the 20th.

"Get Off the Track"

They sang temperance songs, a tear-jerker called "The Vulture of the Alps," and stirring anti-slavery songs composed by the Hutchinsons themselves, such as "Get Off the Track" ("the Emancipation train is coming") and "The Bereaved Slave Mother." The public loved their home-grown balladry. They even sang in Niblo's Garden and Saloon in New York for a fee of \$500, which must have hurt their teetotal consciences. They toured England, and while London was cool, Charles Dickens invited them to dinner and the provinces welcomed them.

Then came trouble. The stay-at-home brothers were jealous; they formed a rival troop, billed under the same name and singing the same songs. The original group broke up. Some of the boys married, and the wives wanted to sing, too. Some formed other partnerships; at one time five different Hutchinson combinations were on tour. And eventually their insistence upon anti-slavery songs got them roundly hissed in New York and barred from the halls in St. Louis.

For almost half a century some of the singing Hutchinsons were on tour. One group of Hutchinsons toured the mining camps of California in the 1850s. Another helped popularize "John Brown's Body" at the beginning of the Civil War; it was they who made

“Tenting on the Old Camp Ground” familiar toward the end of the war. Mr. Jordan acutely points out that the early Civil War songs were belligerent, the later ones homesick, as in other wars; the author and composer of the mournful strains of “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,” an old New Hampshire friend of the Hutchinsons, was a soldier himself.

One of the original group died of a fever, but his voice continued to be heard, by William Lloyd Garrison among others, at the spiritualist seances conducted by the Fox Sisters. One became insane and committed suicide. Still another helped found twin pioneer communities, named Harmony and Hutchinson, in Minnesota.

Singing for Peace

John Hutchinson survived longest. It was he who, at Cooper Union in 1870, put across “The Drunkard’s Child” (“You ask me why so oft, father, the tear rolls down my cheek. . . . It breaks my heart to think that I am called a drunkard’s child”). He sang at the Republican National Convention of 1892 and in 1905 went to Portsmouth to sing the disputing Russians and Japanese into peace. He was eighty-four at the time. The outlanders didn’t listen to him, but a fifty-year-old singing teacher from Washington fell in love with him and married him.

All this is rich Americana. Unfortunately, to get at the gist of the story, one has to wade through Mr. Jordan’s earnest efforts to reproduce Hutchinson family conversation as he thinks it may have sounded. Mr. Jordan is better as historian than novelist, and the facts are eloquent enough without fictional grace notes. For the Hutchinsons were American folk singers of significance. From our smug plateau of 1946 it is pleasant to recall that a century ago they were singing “There’s a good time coming, boys, A good time coming. . . . Nations shall not quarrel then, To prove which is the stronger.” — From the New York *Herald-Tribune*

FRONT COVER: Mt. Jefferson from the glen between Pinkham Notch and Gorham. Color Photograph by Winston Pote.

BACK COVER: New Hampshire winter. Eric Sanford.

PAGE NINE: Tuckerman Ravine. Victor Beaudoin.



September 17, 1946

Thorsten V. Kalijarvi, Editor

TROUBADOUR

Concord, New Hampshire

Dear Sir:

One of our great pleasures at our summer home "Deep Shadows," located on the side of Bald Mt., West Campton, N. H. (seven miles north of Plymouth) is to watch nightly for the turning on of the beacon light at mountain station, Tramway, Cannon Mt. The light must be at least thirty-five miles away but we see it clearly from our sightly home. It shines brightly like a great star, and we often wonder on how many other homes it is casting its warm hospitable glow.

Would it be possible to arrange a little write up about it in TROUBADOUR? Located as it is, nearly in the centre of the state, it must have become dear to hundreds.

Cannon Mountain from our Cottage resembles a prostrate child — We call her Baby Stuart — In the morning when the sun shines brightly on the rose colored ledges which form the left wall of Franconia Notch we see her as a strawberry blonde — She is our breakfast guest and lovely to look upon and at night we know she is still there by the twinkle of the diamond on the tip of her nose, brilliant in the blackness.

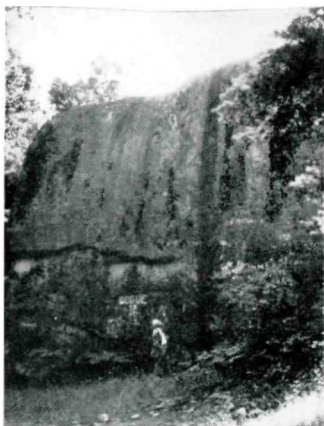
The light spreading cheer and comfort across the countryside is symbolic of the great eternal light, so very near and ever present in these majestic mountains.

We hope it will always shine brightly.

Very truly,
LENA P. KNOWLTON



The State Forestry and Recreation Commission has accepted the gift to the state of the Madison boulder, the largest boulder in New Hampshire, and ten acres of land from Frank E. and Robert Kennett of Conway and Leon O. Gerry of Concord. The mighty rock, which was brought two miles and deposited in its present position by



HAROLD ORNE

Madison Boulder

the great glacier, is estimated to weigh 7650 tons, is 70 feet long, 30 feet wide and 40 feet high. The site will become a new state recreation area.

NO

**NEW HAMPSHIRE
AUTHORS AND BOOKS**

“The Countryman’s Cookbook,” by Haydn Pearson, published by Whittlesey House, New York, price \$3, contains many New Hampshire recipes, personal references, and attractive photographs of kitchens and harvest scenes.

New Hampshire Troubadour

The Dartmouth Winter Carnival will be held February 15 and 16, 1947.

NO

The New England Sled Dog Club plans to schedule sled dog races every weekend during January and February at New Hampshire town and community winter carnivals.

NO

The excellence of winter driving conditions in New Hampshire has brought great fame to the New Hampshire Highway Department, which promises to maintain its usual efficiency during the present season. Crews go into action at any time of night or day. A system of observation and reports assures prompt notice of storm or other conditions calling for plowing or sanding. Many of the highways are entirely clear of snow and ice a few hours after they have been plowed.

NO

New Hampshire is to have a booth and exhibit on the fourth floor of the 1947 Motor Boat Show to be held at Grand Central Palace, New York, January 10-18.

15



NOSTALGIA

by Roslind E. Wallace

For one brief glimpse of mountains' winter charm:
New Hampshire in her glistening garments clad;
Far distant from the easy things of man,
Entranced by ever-changing peaks ahead:
All urgency of life and pressing claims
For mountain's winter charm a poor exchange.

The winding roads now white with purest snow,
And icy rivers winding through the glen;
Oh, what great rapture thrills all those who know
And oft return to mountain heights again—
To memories and enchantments that enthrall,
Land of all joys, New Hampshire beautiful.