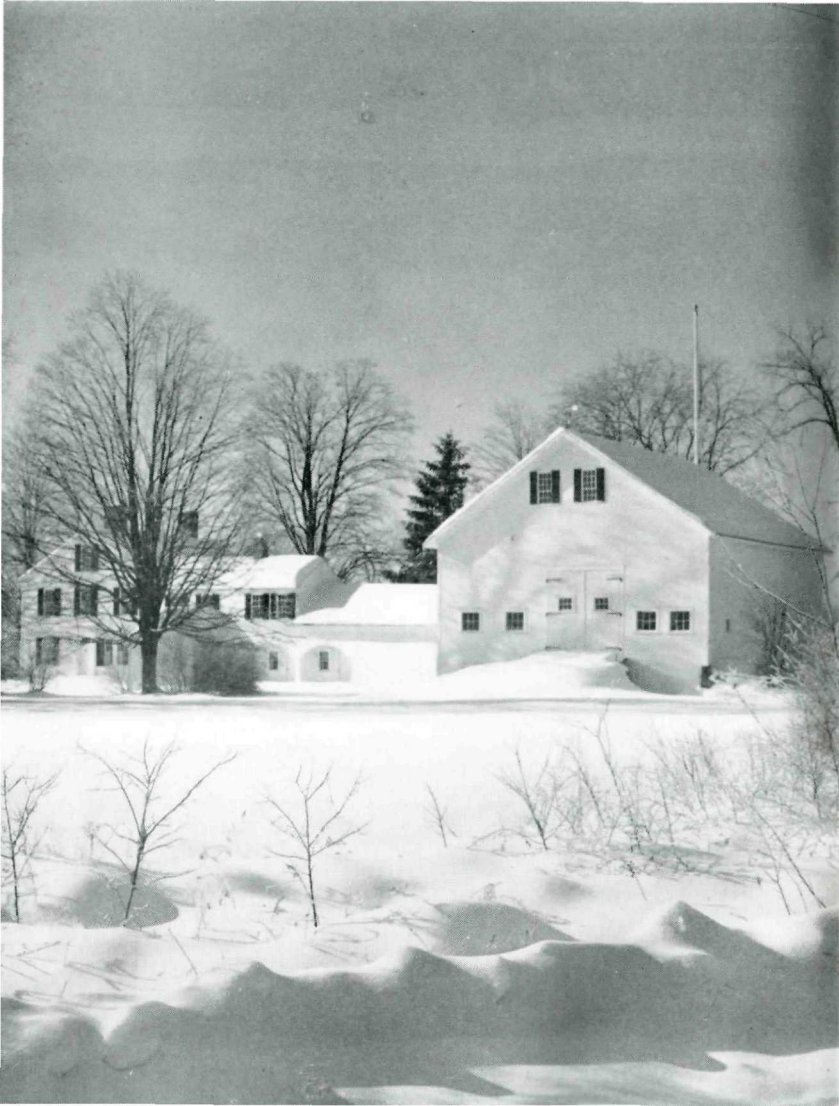




December 1948

The New Hampshire Troubadour



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 McC. HEATH, *Editor*

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NUMBER 9

FIRST SNOWFALL *by Annie Balcomb Wheeler*

All day thick clouds — widespreading wings —
Have hovered low above the cove.
The feel of snow is in the air,
The scent of it. A torn limb swings
And frets out in the maple grove
Where silence like unspoken prayer
Is felt. The shrill and chiding note
Of the jay is still. Among the brown
Bare twigs two chickadees recite
Their little piece, thin and remote.
Oh look! the flakes are sifting down
The storm is coming with the night.

These love the snow: old cellar-holes,
And houses watching, hollow-eyed,
Down silent roads that lead afar.
How like they are to proud old souls
Who pray for kindly death to hide
Their loneliness, each wound and scar.

— From *Footpaths and Pavements*

BEAUTY ON WHITE HILLS

by *Haydn S. Pearson*

from *Think Magazine*

Now is close the heart of winter. It is the time of low twelve on the land and Earth's pulse is slow and faint. Beneath ice and snow, brooks creep slowly down to the sea and the thin murmuring of the waters is muted music in the air.

A brooding spirit rests on the Northland and the beauty on white hills touches a chord in him who is sensitive to the loveliness of the season. There are days of brilliant sunshine when the slanting rays pick myriads of jewels from the snow-covered land. The sun rises late and circles low in a pale blue sky. Sometimes shaggy flocks of clouds graze slowly along the trails overhead, reminding one of September's clouds and sky.

There are many shades of colors in the snow: purples, violets, blues, red and grays. Where snow has drifted into rhythmic ripples one thinks of small wavelets on northern lakes on an autumn day — wavelets moving toward narrow banks of white sandy beaches and jutting granite arms. A sun-bright day in late December paints a picture of heart-lifting beauty.

There are also moody gray days that have a distinctive, quiet appeal. The Storm King may be massing his legions. The weather has run its regular cycle of cumulus, cirrus and stratus clouds and now heavy gray nimbus shades are lowered over the countryside. There is an intense, hushed expectancy as Earth waits for the first casual flakes to come meandering downward to deepen its protecting blanket. Hour by hour, minute by minute, the gray shades thicken until the storm gates are noiselessly opened.

NOTE: Mr. Pearson is the author of *Country Flavor*, *The Countryman's Cookbook*, *Sea Flavor*, and *More Country Flavor*.—EDITOR



PAUL S. OTIS

A highway near Warner, shortly after a snow storm, which will be traveled by many skiers this season to reach New Hampshire ski centers, including the new chair lift at Mt. Sunapee State Park. The photo illustrates the efficiency of the State Highway Department in maintaining excellent driving conditions all winter.

When the storm ends after a fall of heavy moist flakes there are scenes of breathtaking beauty. The spruces, pines, tamaracks and hemlocks wear ermine furs and their laden branches make a picture in the sunshine. Old, lichen-etched, weather-furrowed stonewalls are patterns of gray and white. Zigzag rail fences hold parallel lines of white and brown and the R.F.D. boxes by the side of the road wear jaunty white caps. Countrymen go about the task of once again clearing paths to barn, shed and corn crib.

There are stories to be read in the snow after each new layer. Down along the meadow creek are footprints of muskrats and mink. Beneath the weeds in the garden are the trails of the field mice. Beneath the wild apple trees one can see where the deer came in search of brown, pulpy apples.

In the heart of winter, away from arteries of cement and macad-

am, is a good time to see heritages of the past. Through woodlands of maple, oak, birch and beech stretch the stonewalls built by pioneers of long ago. Beside quiet country roads are granite-walled cellar holes, now filled with tangled vines and shrubs, poignant memorials to days of yesteryear when men and women and children lived in these hills.

In the Northland the predominating motif is beauty on white hills. Stand on the height of an upland pasture or on a mountain shoulder on a clear day. Peace and glory rest on the land. Gone are the fevered frettings and harrying tensions of man-made society. The river valley below is a broad white counterpane. The line of willows and elms by the river makes a twisting, feather-stitched seam. Far in the distance the green-blue, white-laced trees on the mountain range rise to meet the skyline. Gray-black smoke banners spiral upward from farmhouse chimneys.

At the head of the valley houses crouch along the main street beneath bare trees and a white church spire makes a gleaming miniature exclamation point against the blue of the sky. The church bell tolls another hour of infinity and the faint, sweet notes float by in quiet air.

There is loveliness everywhere on white hills in winter. And when the sun has taken its course and drops behind tree-lined hills, there is a brief flaming moment of exquisite beauty. Night's curtain is pulled on noiseless pulleys. Shafts of light slant from farm windows. The moon sends its soft light over a white world. This is the time of beauty on white hills.



The cider jug in our back hall
Has such a lively corks
We never know where it will fall
When the cider starts to work.

— From "The Cider Jug" by Sarah Rexford Noyes

COUNTRY FUN

from *The Nashua Cavalier*

"THERE ARE SO many jolly things to do in the country," writes Arthur W. Rotch, whose whole life has been spent at Milford, N. H., where he publishes *The Cabinet*. He continues: "We're always sorry for the city youngsters who grow up ignorant of them and without happy memories of hooking rides on pungs in winter, tapping the maple trees in March, hunting mayflowers for teacher's desk, making paddle-wheels to be turned by a swift brook, fishing hornpout, gathering chestnuts . . . and burning brush.

"No, we don't mean a puny little bonfire in the back yard to burn the trimmings from the shade trees and dead stalks from the garden. A back yard bonfire is fun, but we're talking about the huge piles of brush left in the woods from logging and cordwood operations. That's more fun, and real work. And the weather conditions have to be about right. Fire Chief Casey said they were just right last week end.

"Our brush piles are big. They have the stiff scraggly tops of oak trees, and a lot of soggy pine that went down in the hurricane. Put several inches of snow on that kind of brush pile and you can't



WILLIAM M. RITTASE
A student at Colby Junior College, New London, enjoys an outing on snowshoes.



Ashuelot Village in winter.

BERNICE PERRY

start it with a match and one old newspaper. Not unless you're a better fireman than we are.

“With a jug of kerosene and no little effort we got a good hot fire started under two piles. Then it's a race to keep the brush piled on the hot spot. If you think you can sit on a stump and just watch the roaring flames, guess again.

“A nice stiff breeze helps. But the breeze has the darnedest habit of shifting suddenly from north to south just as you get close to the fire on the north side with your arms full of fuel. Whether you drop it and run, or wade in, depends on how stubborn you are at the moment.

“Well, we managed to burn up three big piles, fairly clean. Others we didn't burn. There wasn't enough kerosene. Some are too close to nice pines. And anyway, it would be mean to burn all the brush piles; the little rabbits need 'em. That's where they run to escape the big birds and dogs and foxes. We watched a bunny

run from one brush pile to another and he went within ten feet of our dog who was so busy digging in the rabbit's burrow that he never saw the rabbit.

"After a long afternoon burning brush you go home tired. Your arms and legs and back know you haven't been spending the time on a sofa. Your eyes know it too. You'll have bramble scratches on your hands and a welt or two where a stiff whipping branch has swiped you. There will be holes burned in your shirt by flying sparks, and you smell like a hook-and-ladderman just back from a three-alarmer.

"What, you wonder, is the sense of working so hard just to make a piece of wild woodland look more like Central Park, and maybe reduce slightly the hazard of fire next summer?

"What's the sense in picking flowers, or making a wheel for the brook to turn, or going fishing, or batting a ball around?

"The simple answer is that it's fun. We're sorry for the city fellers who always wear white collars and never stand on a country hillside by a blazing brush pile and through smoke reddened eyes watch the early dusk of a winter afternoon settle in a valley canopied by golden sunset clouds.

"They just don't know the fun of burning brush."

AMONG THE GREAT OF THE GRANITE STATE

by J. Duane Squires, Ph. D.

II. MOSES GERRISH FARMER (FEBRUARY 9, 1820—MAY 25, 1893)

ONE of the fascinating phases of history is the story of invention. No aspect of that story is more interesting than the study of individuals who invented devices which were "ahead of the times." In such instances both the inventors and the very fact of their in-

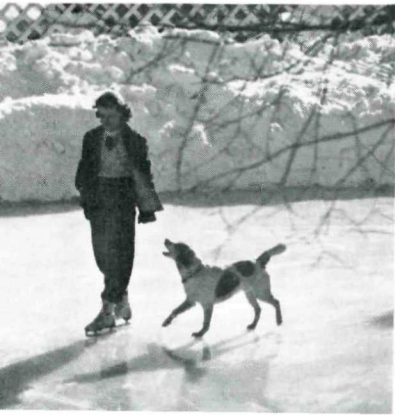
genuity have been largely forgotten by later generations. Such was the case with Moses Gerrish Farmer, a native of Boscawen, New Hampshire.

This talented young man entered Dartmouth at the age of nineteen, but was soon forced by illness to withdraw from college. After a few years spent in teaching and in business, he threw himself with ability and energy into a study of that newly-discovered natural force called electricity. In July, 1847, in Dover, New Hampshire, Farmer displayed a miniature electric railway capable of carrying people for short rides. Four years later he saw installed in Boston his electric fire alarm system, the first such mechanism in the United States. In 1868 he lighted a home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with electric lights of his own devising. Forty incandescent lamps with platinum wire filaments furnished the illumination. (This was eleven years before Thomas Edison, working independently and on slightly different principles, invented the electric light as we know it today.)

But in much of his work Farmer was ahead of the time. Commercial development of his invention, plus a cheap and reliable method of generating electric power were still in the future. In his later years, therefore, Moses Gerrish Farmer turned his attention

Skating near the Inn at Hanover.

BOUCHARD



to the budding science of torpedoes in undersea warfare, and served for nine years with the U. S. Navy as an expert consultant in such matters. In 1893 he went to Chicago to display at the Columbian Exposition a complete exhibit of his inventions. But fate intervened to deny him the recognition that was rightly his: he died before the exhibit could be put together.

The December 1948

HANK'S WINTER LETTER

by Parker McL. Merrow

from *Eastern Slope Regionnaire*



PRETTY SOON them dear little snow flakes will come oozing down, covering the landscape with a magic white carpit.

When that happens, the ski slope perpiectors will start overhauling the old reliable tow and likewise the cash register. Carroll Reed he will get hissself a set uv arch supporters so's he can stand in wun spot for ten hours at a stretch flashing the old personality smile and peddling deluxe laminated skis at \$45 per copy and the hospital will stock in 12 gross of X-ray film and

half a ton of plaster of Paris, getting ready for the fractures. The happy owners uv ski lodges will start buying second hand hammers to beat on the steam pipes to make the week-end guest think that steam is really coming up to the room.

When awl them preparashuns has ben made, folks up this way will be awl set for the ski season.

Uv course they is sumtimes a bit uf trubble getting good professional cooks for the winter, on acct sum cooks prefer Miami for the season to the Eastern Slopes. I hear tell that the Eastern Slopes Assoshiashun has went to Berlin and retained the services of a good honest French-Canadian lumber camp boss to go to Boston and New York and pick up chefs and pastry cooks at \$50 per copy. Uv course sumtimes they is delivered a bit worse for wear but they aint nothing wrong with them that a week in the hospital wont fix.

About a week before the season really gets rolling the Chamber uv Commerce will dust off all the old characters and give them \$5

per day to hang around the stores and streets to furnish local color. A real old granger with a Santa Claus beard and a sleigh that has the old eagil decorashuns on the back done in gold leaf, can get as high as ten bux per day, just riding around to give the snow bunnies suthing to stare at and take pitchers of.

The garage perpietors is busy stocking in No 40 oil so that on cold mornings the skiers car will turn over just wunce and then quit. Then they get a job towing same at \$5 per head, which is a lovely business pervided you can get enuff of it.

When you go into wun of the grab-em-and-grunt joints this winter and order a "sliced chicken sandwich—all white meat" the meat you will get will be sliced, but how much chicken they will be is suthing else again.

I aint never ben able to figger out what makes a skier ski. I had a ride in an ice boat wunce across Wolfeboro Bay with Doc Mel Hale what is a hoss doctor. We went doing much over 80 miles an hour and when Doc finally slipped out uv the wind and skidded up to the Town Wharf I got out with beads uv sweat froze right to my forehead. I ast him did he ski, besides ice boating. Doc he looked shocked and says "NO INDEED — that skiing business is DANGEROUS."

Take the Hon Fish and Game Director uv the State uv New Hampshire, Ralph Carpenter 2nd. You couldn't get him onto skis at \$50 per hour. But he will take his personal plane and put it onto skis and go out checking fellers fishing through the ice on an afternoon when the chickadees is wawking on acct it is too windy and cold to fly.

Me, I am too old to ski, for when you get my age, you like to set by the fire and watch the folks go by. But if I was five years yunger I think I should let Carroll Reed defraud me and I would try the boards.

Anyways, its going to be a grand winter, as usual. So come on up.

You know me

Hank



BOUCHARD

A skier on Tuckerman Ravine Headwall (late winter).

SKI CHASE

by Pauline Chadwell

Streak down the narrow hill, cut with quick heels
Sudden hot corners that each turn reveals;
Check speed with Christies — tail-wagging is fun —
One more ravine, and the ski-chase is done.

Three men behind, and two catching up fast,
The leader still winging ahead to the last —
Brown muscles throbbing and eyes burning bright,
Reluctantly ending the heavenly flight.

This is the answer to man's high desire —
Skimming the mountains on trails of white fire;
And you down below, who would know more of God —
Ask men who have brushed against clouds, ski-shod.

— From *Health Magazine*

FRONT COVER: Methodist Church at Stark. Color photo by Winston Pote.

BACK COVER: Carter Dome from the Glen near Pinkham Notch. Fire lookout tower is coated with frost. Photo by Winston Pote.

FRONTISPIECE: Scene at Hopkinton after an early season snowfall. Photo by Walter S. Colvin.



Echoes from the Sandwich Fair:

SANDWICH, Oct. 13 — Honors for traveling the longest distance to attend Sandwich Fair this year went to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powers, who drove from Sheridan, Wyoming, more than 2,400 miles.

John McQuade of Cincinnati usually claims the long-distance laurels, but this year he had to concede the honors to the Powers family.

SANDWICH, Oct. 21 — Sandwich today had another claimant for honors of coming the longest distance to attend the Fair. A card received by Harry Blanchard, president of the fair association, informed him that Mrs. Mattie MacKeen, formerly of Moultonboro, had come from Los Angeles, California, the past two years especially to attend the festivities.

— From the *New Hampshire Union*

The Northern Railroad constructed a line from Concord, N. H., to White River Junction, Vt., on which complete trips began in 1848. The centenary was observed recently. Dr. J. Duane Squires of Colby Junior College delivered a notable address about the railroad at a New Hampshire luncheon of the Newcomen Society.

The Concord *Monitor* commented editorially:

“There is a tremendous amount of romance in the hundred years of the northern Railroad, which was roughly the third hundred years of the settlement of New Hampshire. There is no good current history of the state, and the anniversary suggests that one might well be written which would condense and preserve in retrospect the state’s century of coming of age.”



“New Hampshire is wonderful, and the summer goes too fast,” writes Winslow Eaves, who will return to his classes in sculpture and ceramics after a summer of work in the New Hampshire hills. In the small town of West Andover he was in close contact with Edwin and Mary Scheier and Karl Dreyer, nationally known artists whom Eaves found “not in the least ec-

centric but hard-working, sincere human beings."

—From *Bulletin* of Minson-Williams-Proctor Institute, Utica, N. Y.



The New Hampshire races of the New England Sled Dog Club scheduled to date for the coming season are as follows: Jan. 1, Tamworth; Jan. 8-9, Fitzwilliam; Jan. 15-16, Pittsfield; Jan. 22-23, Jackson (pending); Jan. 29-30, Newport; Feb. 12-13, Colebrook (pending).

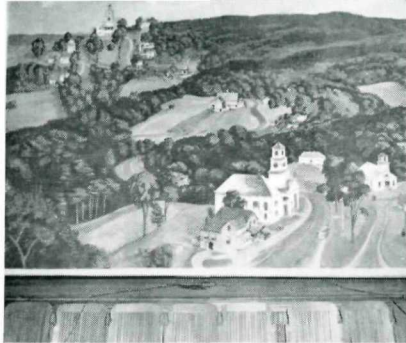


NEW HAMPSHIRE BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Manchester on the Merrimack, by Grace Holbrook Blood of Manchester, New Hampshire, was published last month at \$3. Illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II decorate this new and delightfully told history of Manchester.

We Human Chemicals, or The Knack of Getting Along with Everybody, The Updegraff Press, Ltd., Scarsdale, N. Y., \$2, is by Thomas Dreier, the first editor of the *Troubadour*. The author, the publisher—Robert R. Updegraff, and Dr. Gustavus J. Esselen, who contributed technical knowledge and suggestions, are all summer residents of New Hampshire.

New Hampshire Troubadour



JACK TERHAN

Westmoreland Town Hall Curtain.

A beautiful view of Westmoreland, painted on a stage curtain by Everett Longley Warner, was a Christmas gift to the town last year. Mr. Warner, a noted artist, whose ancestors were among the founders of the village, resides in the Park Hill section of town.



The 1948-49 edition of the New Hampshire Winter Map includes information on three important new ski areas: Mt. Sunapee State Park with a chair lift, Thorn Mountain, Jackson, with a chair lift, and Black Mountain, also in Jackson, with a Constam Alpine-type lift.

The winter edition of the New Hampshire Recreational Calendar will include data on competitive skiing events and information for the winter vacationist who does not ski or prefers skiing in small doses.



Cutting The Christmas Tree

BY ADELBERT M. JAKEMAN

It is the country thing to do,
But ever good and ever new.

With sharpened axe and careful eye
We pass the pine and hemlock by,

And step around each lesser tree
That fails in height or symmetry.

At last we see the perfect one
And know our Christmas search is done.

It falls in beauty at our feet;
Our hearts in wonder lose a beat.

Then proud to be thus burdened down
We ride in fragrance back to town.