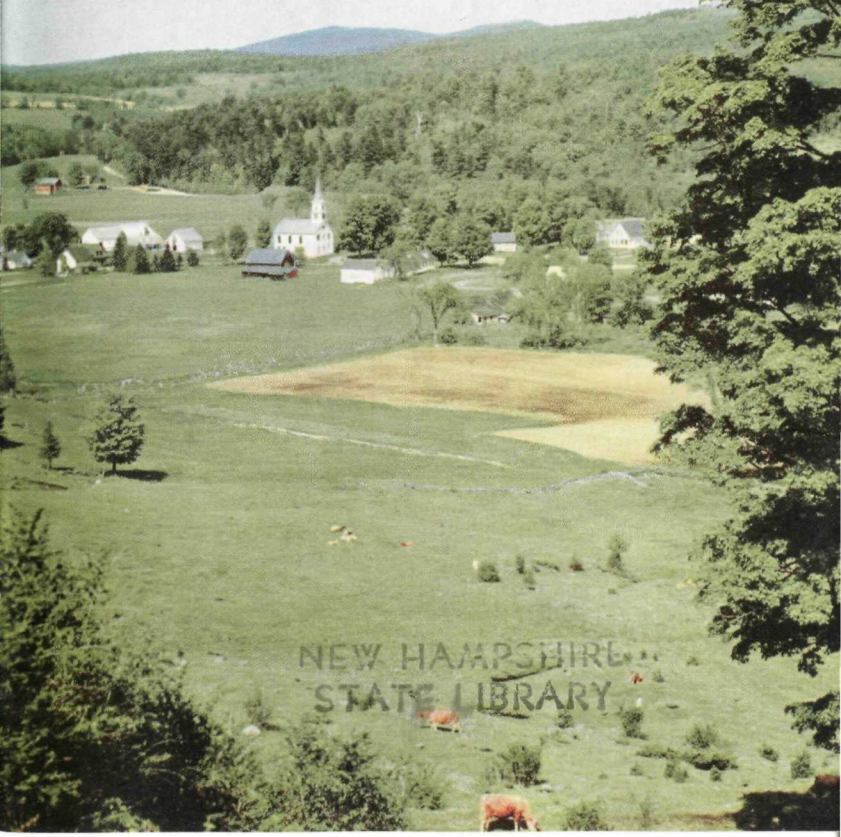


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The New Hampshire
TROUBADOUR

APRIL 1951



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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. State Planning and Development Commission, Concord, New Hampshire. One dollar a year. Entered as second-class matter, May 31, 1949, at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ANDREW M. HEATH, *Editor*

Volume XXI

APRIL, 1951

Number 1

CONFESSION

by Frederick W. Branch

You ask why I never write
Of love that smiles through tears,
Of truth and beauty and the might
Of faith that laughs at fears;
And why, instead of these, I write
Of floods and fields and walls,
Of trees and trains, and eyes that light
When Spring's first robin calls.

There's beauty in a bridge's flight
And courage in a train;
There's faith in orchards blossomed white
And truth where cables strain.
Why do I never catch the beat
Of love that smiles and sings?
Perhaps my soul has dusty feet
Instead of soaring wings.

From "Land Of The Yankees"

COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE!

by Rudolph Elie
in The Boston Herald

Some day, before I am too old to bail out a rowboat, I should like to catch a salmon. For that matter, I should like to catch, 1, lake trout; 2, a whitefish; 3, a shad; 4, a carp; 5, an eel; 6, a yellow perch; 7, a sunfish; 8, a horned pout; 9, a chub; and 10, anything.

Not really anything, as a matter of fact, because I doubt if there is anyone in Dishwater Mills between July 1 and August 1 who catches as many bass and pickerel as I do. They instinctively realize, when I come by with my casting rod and my immense assortment of gaudy geegaws, that I view with extreme distaste the process of cutting them up for the frying pan.

Knowing that they are — when they snap at my bait — merely in for a brief outing in rather more concentrated oxygen than they prefer, they seem to welcome the chance for a visit. We look each other over and part company. The only flaw in this sort of thing is that nobody believes me when I say that I can catch bass and pickerel in Lake Winnepesaukee (which is the principal arena of this singular narrative) any time I feel like it. And without those terrifying helgramites, either.

However, what I really want to catch is a salmon, and I have tried every means short of dredging. I know they're in the lake, too, because everybody says so and because there was a picture in the local paper the other day of two fellows holding up a couple of huge ones by the tail. They were game wardens who'd

caught them in a trap, but the fact remains they got them. So I know they're in the lake; everybody says so.

Moreover, a fishing crony of mine, a fellow of indisputable veracity, told me that after ten years of coming up to Winnepesaukee the day the ice went out, he finally found himself right in the middle of a school of gigantic salmon rolling around on the surface feeding on flies. In two casts with his fly rod, Jim got two salmon, neither of them particularly gigantic. That was ten years ago and he's never seen one since. But they're here; Jim says so.

Old Harry Perkins says so, too, and he is so eminent in the field of guiding fishermen that he grows a white beard every winter, puts on his red flannel shirt, and comes down to the Sportsmen's Show in Boston to sit around in the New Hampshire booth just to answer questions about salmon and trout fishing and to lend atmosphere to the affair. I saw him in Wolfeboro the other day and we chatted a little while about salmon fishing. He'd just come in with a couple of fellows he'd been guiding and they had a bucket full of yellow perch and sunfish. The salmon fishing warn't so good

Mrs. Richard Sleeper of Wolfeboro with an eight-pound salmon taken from Winter Harbor, Lake Winnepesaukee, May 13, 1950. Other popular salmon lakes in New Hampshire are Newfound, Sunapee, First and Second Connecticut, Merrymeeting, and Pleasant Lake (New London).

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N. H. FISH AND GAME DEPT.





N. H. FISH AND GAME DEPT.

Fishing on Paugus Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee, just after ice-out in April.

right naow, he said, but they didn't git skunked by a damsite. Ain't that a purty mess o' pan fish? But salmon're in here, he added, shoulda seen them big ones we was gettin' a little while back. So they're in here all right. Jim says so and Harry says so and the local newspaper says so and everybody says so.

Mr. Corkum, who gets as much dope on the salmon situation as anyone, says they're in the lake too. He runs a sporting goods and men's furnishing shop down in Wolfeboro and everybody, sooner or later, goes in to say hello to Mr. Corkum and buy a new fishing gadget. So in the process they tell him what they've caught and how much it weighed and what they caught it on and everything except where they caught it. Sure, says Mr. Corkum, who has a couple of big ones mounted on the walls of his store, they're in here all right. Everybody says so.

Thus inspired, I have dragged 40 pounds of spinners from Melvin Village to the Barber's Pole, from the Long Island

bridge to Sally's Gut, from Bulrush Cove to Brickyard Cove. I have towed this formidable apparatus, complete with minnow, on the end of a hundred yards of copper line at depths of 20 feet, 40 feet, 80 feet, and 160 feet. I have towed this when the wind was coming from the south, east, west, north and all points in between and sometimes from all of them at the same time. I have done this at one mile an hour, two, three, four, five and up to 12 miles an hour.

Further, in my more desperate moments, I have dangled worms, helgramites, crawfish, minnows, shiners, grasshoppers, old hunks of bread and pieces of red flannel at all depths, in all water temperatures and over all bottoms. I have never even had a nibble, let alone caught a salmon.

But don't get me wrong. I can get all the bass and pickerel I want any old time. Yet some day, before I am too old to hold a boat rod, I am going to catch a salmon in Lake Winnepesaukee. They're in here. Everybody says so.

Local fisherman around Winnepesaukee say you should fish for "sammun" from "ice out" time (usually in mid-April) until early June. July and August are just naturally tough months to find 'em. Some say right after the ice melts is the best time to fish. Others prefer the period while the fresh water smelt, natural food of the salmon, are "running" up the brooks to spawn (late April and early May). Still others feel you have best luck when the smelt are through spawning. Of course the answer is simple—just make sure you are in the right spot, at the right time, fishing at the right depth; with the right lure, bait, or fly, with the right tackle. That's all!—Ed.

MY HOME TOWN, PIERMONT

by Mildred D. Mudgett

Until last summer, Piermont, New Hampshire, was to me just a name. Remembering that my grandfather was born there, we decided to stop and look for the burying ground. We were rewarded with the unexpected pleasure of finding the house built by great-grandfather Tyler over 150 years ago—the first frame house built in Piermont, in which my grandfather was born. In the house were the hand-hewn beams, 10 x 16 inches, the handmade bricks used in the 10-foot square chimney with its five fireplaces; corner posts in the rooms, and Christian doors.

My interest in the early history of Piermont of my Tyler and McConnell ancestors was revived. The Tylers had come up the river from Lebanon, Connecticut, in the fall of 1768. I can imagine what that first log cabin must have been like, for nails and glass were scarce and costly; brick and lime were lacking. The logs were probably chinked with mud; the chimney made of field stones; and there probably wasn't more than one window. Some families actually lived through more than one winter with only a curtain of skins to serve as a door.

Fortunately in 1769, wild game was most abundant; moose on the meadows and, of course, deer. But there were also bears and wolves which destroyed the sheep. Great-grandfather killed a bear in his own yard. But the worst disaster was the so-called "Northern Army" of worms in the summer of 1770, when every bit of corn and wheat was destroyed. Fortunately, the worms left the pumpkins, and wild pigeons were plentiful. Three Tyler ancestors captured 400 dozen pigeons in ten days. The neighbors were invited in for several picking "bees" and

Lobster boats by the docks at Portsmouth. In background is the New Hampshire - Maine Interstate Bridge over the Piscataqua River.

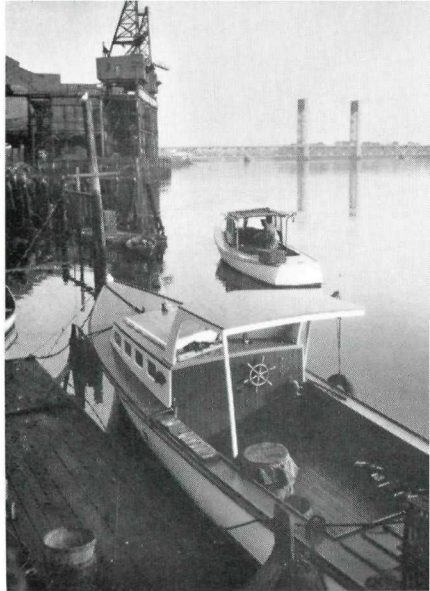
each was allowed to take home the pigeons which he had plucked. But the feathers which were left proved to be enough for "four very decent beds," according to great-great-grandfather.

The pumpkins were made into "pumpkin dowdy" (stewed a long time until brown) and then frozen for pies. When the apple harvests were plentiful, the community had apple-paring "bees." For it was not unusual to make fifty mince pies at a time and freeze them.

Another disaster pursued the early settlers of Piermont, for in 1771 the Connecticut river overflowed its banks and buried their fields in two or three feet of sand. Fortunately, there were some bright spots in the history.

The first wedding in Piermont in 1772 was that of my great-grandparents. The bride was not quite thirteen years old. In the next forty years, she bore thirteen children. After a quarter of a century of raising a family in log cabins, I am glad she had her last fifteen years in the frame house which we saw last summer. It must have seemed like a palace to her.

A graphic description of the arrival in Piermont of great-
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DOUGLAS ARMSDEN

grandmother Sarah and her parents, the McConnells, has been preserved. A man on horseback found the family miles from Piermont, most of them barefoot with their household goods on a broken-down horse, but the family was laughing as well as scolding and crying. The decision to send the 12-year-old girl and the two-year-old child ahead with the rider, who had found them, met with a problem. Sarah could not stay on the horse riding side-saddle, so her mother suggested, "in faith, there must be a leg on each side of the horse." The rider carried the two-year-old in his arms and tried to keep him awake by commenting on the howling of the wolves. When they reached Piermont at midnight on a moonlight night and the rider brought the children into his home, he fainted.

The McConnells were some of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who were forced to flee from Ireland after the fall of Londonderry. These immigrants brought with them the newest skills in spinning and weaving flax, a skill which was as important in Colonial days as the ability to make yarn out of wool. Although eight of great-grandmother Sarah's thirteen children were girls, who could help her, she must have been efficient to clothe and feed a family of fifteen persons, especially in the years after the Revolution, as well as during the war years.

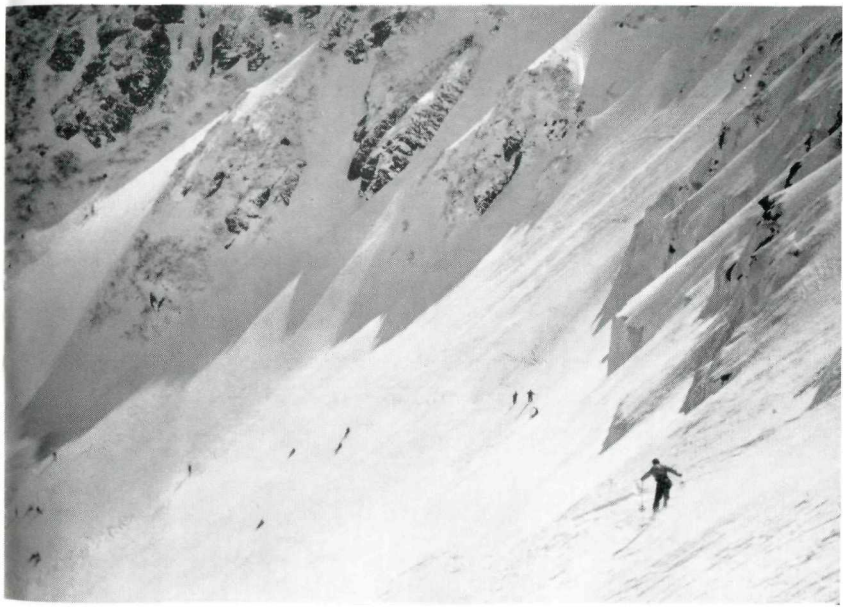
Her father, Capt. Thomas McConnell was already serving in the Revolution, when her husband Jonathan enlisted in Col. House's company. When our army retired from Ticonderoga at the approach of the British, Jonathan was captured by the English. Since he seemed to be a model prisoner, after a while he was allowed to help build a block-house on the east side of Lake George. After a few days, the axes needed grinding, so the British allowed Jonathan to go to the spring just over the hill to

fetch some water. He hung his pail on the bark spout from the spring and while the pail was filling, he took "French leave." For four days, he and his companion lived in the woods on leaves, buds, twigs, and roots until they reached a settlement. Eventually he received a pension of \$8 per month for his services, which must have helped a bit in the support of a family of fifteen.

Piermont is now much more to me than just a name. It is really my home town, for everyone was so cordial that I felt like a prodigal daughter returning to the ancestral home. I like to remember Peaked Mountain for which the town was named, standing out like a giant pier.

Spring skiers running the steep upper slope of the Tuckerman Ravine Headwall on Mt. Washington.

WINSTON POTE



CURRIER MOUNTAIN

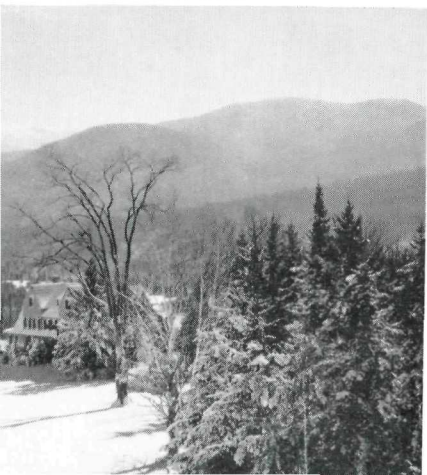
by Robert S. Monahan

Visitors in the White Mountain National Forest will find a new name on their maps, when the next editions are published. Pine Peak, the 2800-foot summit in the Dartmouth Range overlooking Jefferson and Randolph, has been officially renamed "Currier Mountain" by a recent decision of the U. S. Board on Geographic Names.

Few among those who live and work in the White Mountains need an introduction to the late Horace Currier, whose thirty years of service in the White Mountain National Forest coincided with its first three decades of development.

Visitors may not have become so well acquainted with the man personally, but they know the works he left behind him. They travel over Forest roads which were built and improved under his supervision, they stop at Forest Camps which he helped plan and develop, and they hike on trails that he blazed years ago.

WINSTON POTE



That immortal critic of the White Mountains, Starr King, has written that at no other point than Jefferson Hill can a visitor "see the White Hills themselves in such array and force." And in the foreground of the panorama extolled by Starr King rises Currier Mountain, where it belongs.

Currier Mountain, cutting into the skyline in left center directly over elm tree. Southern peaks of Presidential Range on left. Dartmouth Range on right. Taken from Carter estate in Jefferson.

BEFORE I GET TOO OLD

by Henry Davis Nadig, Jr. (age 15)

Before I get too old I am going to buy some property in New Hampshire. New Hampshire is the best place to hunt, fish, trap, or for any other outdoor sport. If you're the kind that just likes to relax for a few days or take life easy, New Hampshire is just the place for you. Northern New Hampshire particularly is the most scenic place in New England with all its mountains peaks. There is Mt. Washington, Twin Mt., Franconia Notch, which are all very interesting places to visit.

The thing I especially like about New Hampshire is that in some parts the forests are quite dense and it is fun hiking along through big thickets of trees and brush.

Every summer our family visits my Aunt, who has a gift shop near Dixville Notch, which is about fifty miles from the Canadian line. We have wonderful times at her place. There are about ten good fishing streams within a few miles' radius and we enjoy fishing practically all day. When we finish fishing we take home our catch and then sit around and take it easy.

One of the outstanding experiences that I have had at my aunt's farm is when we decided to take a hike up Signal Mt. The mountain has a fire tower and we stayed overnight with the warden in his cabin. It is interesting to hear him tell all the tales which he had gathered during his five years on the mountain.

All in all you can't beat New Hampshire in anything. So before I get too old I am going to buy land near my aunt's and build a few nice cabins so that I can go up there and stay every summer.

FRONT COVER: The village of Cornish. Color photo by Winston Pote.

BACK COVER: A summer cottage on Lake Wentworth, Wolfeboro. Photo by Eric Sanford.

FRONTISPIECE: The fire lookout tower and airplane beacon on Mt. Kearsarge, near Warner. Photo by Ralph F. Pratt. New Hampshire visitors are reminded to be extra careful to avoid starting fires during the spring "fire season." After the snow melts and the dead leaves and grasses dry out, the tiniest fire may become serious.



Troubadour readers may be interested to know the county in which autos bearing New Hampshire plates were registered. The first letter in the registration designates the county, as follows: B—Belknap, C—Carroll, E—Cheshire, F—Straf-

ford, G—Grafton, H—Hillsborough, L—Hillsborough, M Merrimack, O—Coos, R—Rockingham, and S—Sullivan.



My Thoughts of East Wakefield

The little waves that lap the shore
Make me think of East Wakefield more and more.
The blue, blue sky, and the big white clouds
Are all bunched up in big white crowds.
The big tall pine is really mine.
The blue-green lake, for Heaven's sake,
Is just another home I take.
All this is really my home and shield,
And that's what I think of East Wakefield.

Carolyn Porter (age 8)
West Medford, Mass.

A letter written to the Editor of the Dayton, Ohio, Daily News:

Perhaps our Dayton people would be willing to read of some experiences of a late hay fever exile who found relief in New Hampshire which, in October, is the most beautiful of all our states. The frost touches the trees early and words cannot adequately describe the magic color of the maples with every shade of red, carmine, scarlet, vermilion, orange, and gold. . . The state offers visitors the Cathedral of the Pines near the Bay State border. This great grove of stately trees is on a lofty pinnacle or knoll overlooking two bodies of water with a mountain as a background. Here twenty-seven religious sects have held [services] . . . The Cathedral is a memorial by the Sloane family to Lt. Sanderson Sloane, killed in action in Germany in the Second World War.

In surroundings of ravishing grandeur and beauty have been

erected before the congregations' seats of massive planks an altar, a lectern, a baptismal font, and pulpit, with stones from every state in the union, from the Dead Sea, Mount of Olives, Vatican, Coliseum, Great Wall of China, battlefields, and sites of famous events in history. It is not advertised. There is no charge. There are thousands of reverent visitors from all parts of the nation and the world. There is no obligation. All is free. Mr. Douglas Sloane spoke to the crowd. He pointed out rare and beautiful stones in the font and lectern, the petrified wood from Arizona and Idaho, and then we were startled to see him point to a stone near the top of the altar and say "This stone, known as Dayton limestone, is from the quarry from which the Old Courthouse at Dayton, Ohio, was made, said by the late eminent architect, Ralph Adams Cram, to be the finest thing in America.

Roy G. Fitzgerald

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A LOW OPINION

— *Dorothy Hanson*

Today on my no-trespass sign
A robin sat—
Copper-colored, pert,
Possessive, fat.

You're welcome, friend, to all
The meadow view;
The prohibition's not
Designed for you.

Only mankind are trespassers
By law's decree.
An angleworm, of course,
Might disagree.

APR 6 1951