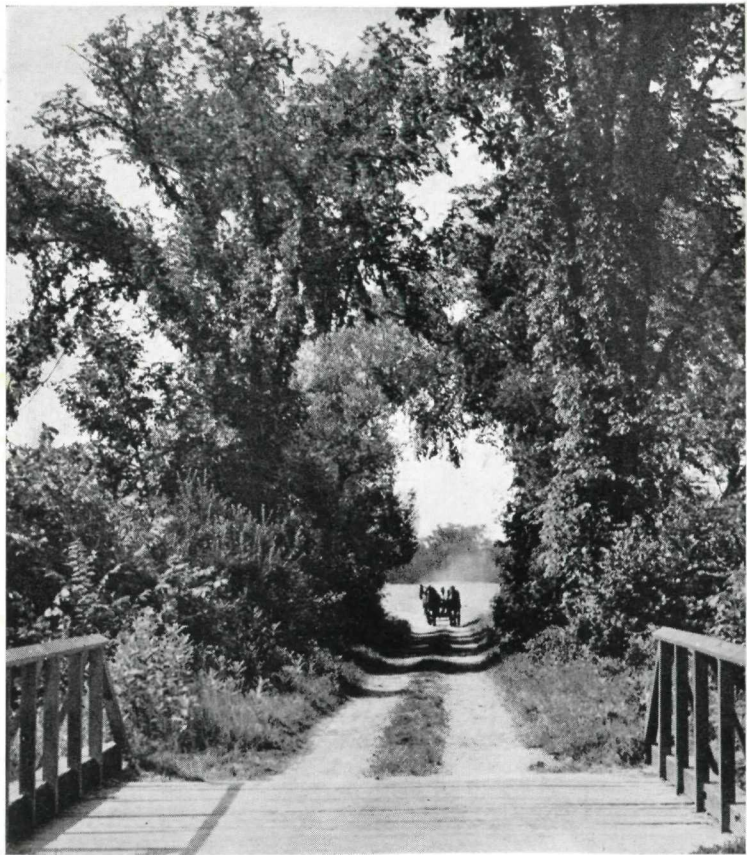


The New Hampshire Troubadour
August 1944



F. R. WENTWORTH

*By winding roads, through pasture lands,
'Long streams that flow by hidden ways,
The graceful elms lift up their heads
In mute but perfect praise.*

— WARWICK JAMES PRICE

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. SUBSCRIPTION: 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

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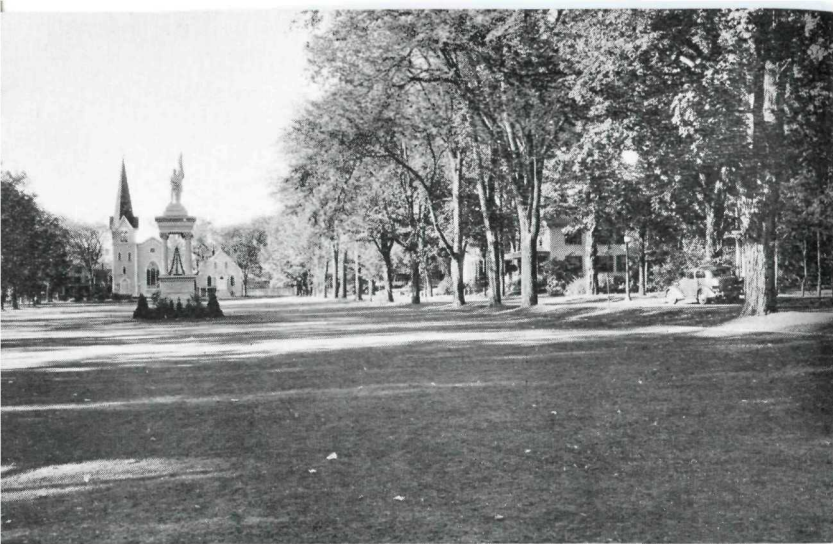
NUMBER 5

JUNE 6, 1944

by Kenneth Andler

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF JUNE in the year of our Lord, 1944, there occurred in Europe an event unparalleled since 1066: the Invasion. On that day, too, in our New Hampshire village something took place unprecedented in local history: a prayer meeting on the Common. Of course, this local incident as seen against the backdrop of the stupendous European event was of only microscopic importance, but examination of the design of a snowflake may be as interesting and instructive as the contemplation of the blizzard of which it is a part.

If anyone had told us a few years ago that it would be possible to collect from the whole town of Newport even ten people for an outdoor prayer meeting open to all faiths we would certainly have thought him crazy. Prayer meetings even in churches haven't been held for years. But such was the impact of the news from Europe that in spite of threatening weather some two thousand persons gathered for the occasion.



The Common at Newport

WALDRON'S STUDIO

This day of prayer which was, of course, observed in many other places was instigated here by the commanding officer of the local State Guard company, a man not essentially religious but, as a veteran of the last war, intensely patriotic. Opened by him, the meeting was conducted by ministers of the Congregational, Methodist and Baptist denominations, by a Roman Catholic priest and by a leading Jewish citizen.

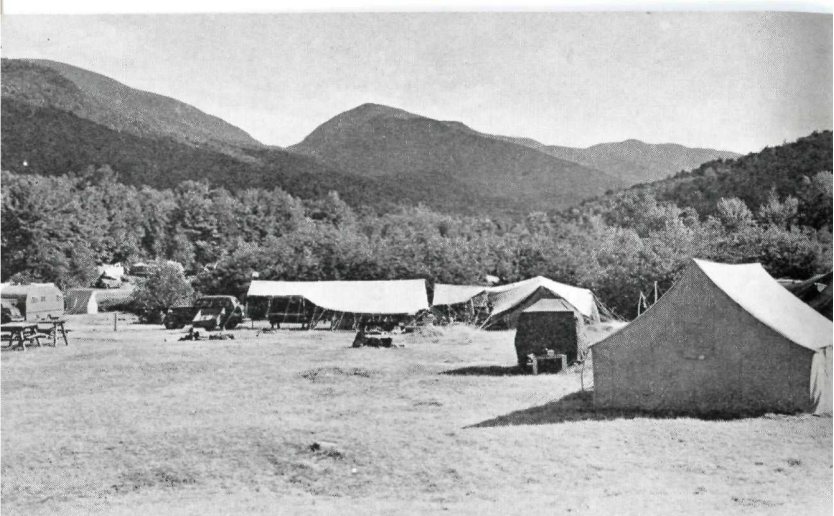
The Common is an exceptionally large village green surrounded by ancient elms and maples. Near the center of it stands the Monument, of native granite, the statue of a Civil War soldier in rather heroic proportions. At the north end of the green a sizeable elm, set out as a sapling after the last war, grows in living memory of those who gave their lives in that conflict. Only a week before, on

Memorial Day, the State Guard had fired a volley here and a bugle had sent its liquid notes echoing out into the hills, its silvery music gathering up into one knot all the emotional strands connected with that day.

Here on D-Day, near the monument, around a platform erected for the purpose, gathered the people at a prearranged signal sounded on the fire alarm to offer prayer at 5:30 in the afternoon. The speakers used a public address system. The throng was silent, attentive, reverent. There was none of the confusion usually associated with open air meetings. It was a church outdoors.

An accomplished fact is a real thing, and having occurred, it is indisputable. But I venture to say that as the years go by this prayer meeting will be looked back upon with wonder and amazement by those who were there. And succeeding generations who are told about it, if they are living in normal, peaceful times, will look upon the people of this generation much as we have been accustomed to regard the early Puritans who conducted family prayers each day, that is to say, as very rare birds indeed and not like the flesh and blood human beings we know. Such descendants of ours if enjoying the soft and safe ways of peace will no more understand us than we have understood until lately those hardy pioneers living in dangerous times who frequently called on a Power greater than themselves for aid.

In the so-called debunking age of the twenties, if I recall correctly, some doubt was cast on the incident of George Washington kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge to pray. Who would doubt that today? Who would look upon it as a curious event in a remote and vague past? On the contrary, it seems as up to date as today's newspaper. The numerous incidents, in this war, of men adrift in open boats praying for rescue, of religious services held before sanguinary battles attest to the old, old fact that in times of trouble men call upon God for help. It becomes clear to us that the people in olden times, whom we have thought to be more religious than we



DOUGLAS ARMSDEN

The Dolly Copp Camp Ground, Pinkham Notch, White Mountain National Forest

are, were no doubt a great deal like ourselves, but were plunged into the shadow of overwhelming events as we have been and that we are reacting much as they did.

This isn't a sermon. I'm trying to report and explain what happened here. But even an agnostic would have sensed the tremendous moving power of faith, and anyone grown cynical of America would have felt here a power greater than armaments.

At the close of the meeting the assembled multitude said the Lord's Prayer. The voice of the throng was as one voice and as the words went up into the tall elms we knew instinctively that here was an America we had read about but never seen, the heart of a country of many faiths but with one mind, one enduring purpose: with God's help to free this country from the challenge of aggression and to gather her sons back to their own firesides.

NIGHT SOUNDS

NOT long ago we spent a night in the city. It was hot. We could neither read nor sleep. So we listened.

Mostly we heard the horns of taxis. Every few minutes the roar of a train. The drumming of airplanes. About 3 a.m. a dance party disgorged noisily with shouts and laughter. Soon after that the early trucks started rumbling. Ash cans were tossed in the alley. It was morning, and we'd had about 40 minutes snooze in the bed that cost \$5.50.

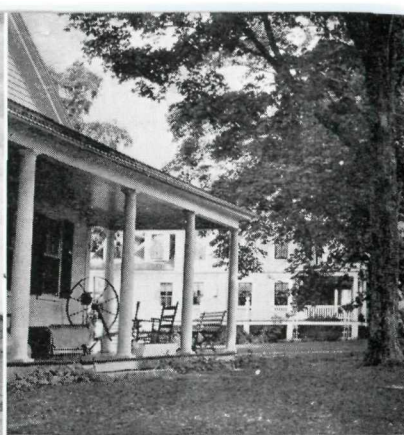
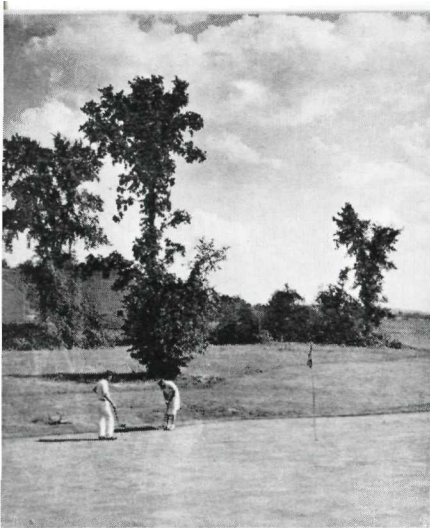
How different are the night sounds on our New Hampshire sleeping porch.

We hear the bell of the Amherst town clock, slow and mellow, and the faster strike of the Milford clock. There's something about the night striking of the old town clocks that is comforting; one kind of strike we are happy to have.

The other night noises are restful too. All summer we have listened to distant cowbells. The treetoads fill the night air with their shrill songs. An airplane goes over. Far away a dog barks and is answered from a different direction. A cricket starts chirping. Then far up the river a bullfrog tunes in with a deep "cuttychung, cuttychunk." Faintly we hear the rumble of a distant truck on the state road. A whippoorwill joins the nocturnal orchestra.

The noises one hears in a country summer night, even to the flutter of a moth against the screen, are music, soothing and comforting. The striking of the clocks, the distant cowbells, the sleepy twitter of a bird, the far-off frog . . . perhaps we are unkind to mention them before our metropolitan friends whose nightly slumbers are gained in spite of the din of bands, trains, trolleys, taxis and alcoholics.

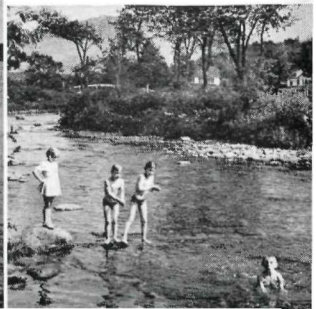
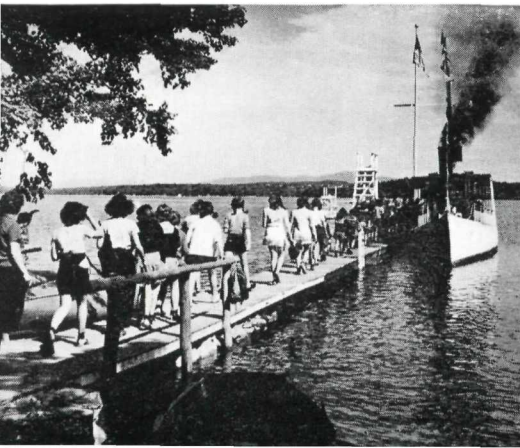
— A. B. ROTCH — in the *Milford Cabinet*

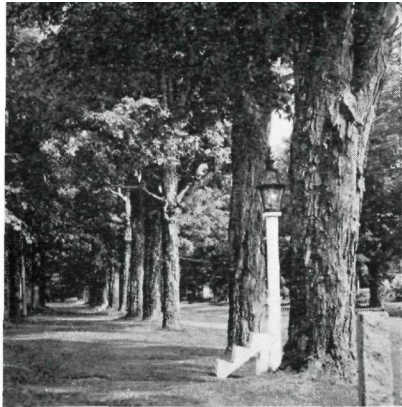


New Hampshire

Top row, left to right: Hooper Golf Club, Walpole (ORNE); Canaan Street sidewalk (ORNE). Bottom row, left to right: Summer camp girls boarding "The Swallow"

Franconia (POTE); "Hey, fellas, ride for me?" Lake Shore Park; cott Rock Park, The Weirs,





ire in Summer

with a row of maples each side (SHOREY); year round log cabin home at Wolfeboro
or trip around Lake Winnepesaukee (ORNE); The Old Swimming Hole, Gale River,
s! How's about a little boat
Winnepesaukee (ORNE); Endi-
ake Winnepesaukee (ORNE).



BEQUEST FROM THE POORHOUSE

Excerpt from "TALKS ABOUT BOOKS AND AUTHORS"

by William Lyon Phelps

PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, YALE

IN THE POCKET of a ragged coat belonging to one of the inmates of the Chicago Poorhouse, I am told, there was found, after his death, a will. The man had been a lawyer. So unusual was it that it was sent to an attorney; and the story goes that he was so impressed with its contents that he read it before the Chicago Bar Association, and that later it was ordered probated. And this is the will of the ragged old inmate of the Chicago Poorhouse.

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament in order to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men. That part of my interest which is known in law as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: — I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

Item: — I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the field and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the

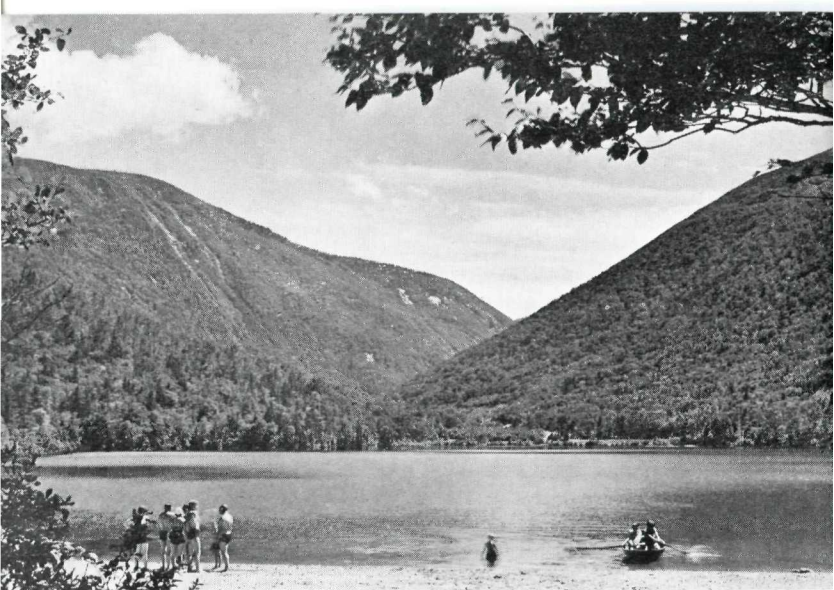


DOUGLAS ARMSDEN

Surf near Wallis Sands, Rye, a part of New Hampshire's beautiful 18-mile Atlantic Seacoast line

willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: — I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their beauty; the squirrels and the birds and the echoes and strange noises, and all the distant places, which may be visited together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be



DOUGLAS ARMSDEN

Echo Lake, Franconia Notch

seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without any encumbrance or care.

Item: — To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: — To young men, jointly, I bequeath all the boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing

companions, and to them, exclusively, I give all merry songs and choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: — And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: — To the loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

NH

DEAR DON, —

It's a hard time these fine days to keep an eye on the ball. My gaze roams frequently to two framed Maxfield Parrish posters that have hung on the walls of my office at this Post ever since I reported for duty. You will remember sending them to me.

For three extremely hectic years these posters have served as constant reminders of the home I couldn't get away to visit. They have been balm for tired eyes and symbols of the peace we all so eagerly look forward to, beautifully illustrating our part of the America we love and are fighting a war to preserve intact.

Now that I've reached retirement age, — in the Army one becomes feeble, mentally incompetent and of no further use at the age of sixty, — I am looking forward to returning home, to the clean air and the peace and quiet of the very small town in the hills of the old Granite State.

As soon as I have completed the War Department business with which I am presently engaged and finally break away, I intend leaving the posters where they have been for so long, confident that others will enjoy them as I have. Thanks for them and for the help they have been.

HOWARD A. GOODSPEED,
Lt. Colonel, CE, IR.

FRONT COVER: Mt. Chocorua.
Photo by Harold Orne, hand coloring
by Sawyer Pictures.

BACK COVER: Jackson Birches.
Photo by Winston Pote.



Never mind where, but this actually happened recently "somewhere in New Hampshire." A lady telephoned the police station that a strange man had followed her home and was prowling around outside. Two policemen rushed over but failed to locate the prowler and left, telling her to call them if the stranger showed up again and added the comforting information that he was probably miles away by that time anyway. The woman's two children were putting a ouija board through its paces seeking to find the inside dope on the end of the war in Europe, and it suddenly occurred to the lady of the house that she might get better service from the gadget than from the cops, so she asked the ouija board where the prowler was, and it replied that he was right there in the back yard. She looked out of the window and to her horror, there he was. Again the police were summoned, and again their search was without avail. Repressing an eager desire to seek further information from the

ouija board, the baffled cops returned to the police station and started a subscription to buy two ouija boards to aid in the future detection of crime in the city.



"The Heart of New Hampshire," by Cornelius Weygandt, long-time summer resident of New Hampshire, is the author's fourth book about New Hampshire. Its predecessors are "The White Hills," "New Hampshire Neighbors," and "November Rowen." It is called "The Heart of New Hampshire" because it attempts to explain what is central and animating in New Hampshire life, as well as because it looks out on the world from a hilltop farmhouse almost within hailing distance of the geographical center of the state. It regards New Hampshiremen as the merriest of the Puritans. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$3.00).



On one occasion in town meeting there was considerable difficulty in choosing a representative. Phineas Farrar, having held that office for several years in succession, it was deemed advisable by many of the leading citizens to choose someone

else in his stead, but being divided in their opinions, they were for some time unable to make any choice among the several candidates. A warm discussion was taking place when the old Esquire entered the room. He accordingly rose and said in his own peculiar tone, "Mr. Moderator and gentlemen, let me give you a few words of advice — if you want a man to represent you in the General Court of this State, send Esquire Farrar by all means, for he has been so many times he knows the way and the necessary steps to be taken. If you wish to send a man to Canada, send Col. Joseph Frost, he has two or three sons living there, and would like to visit them. But if you want to send a man to hell send Hezekiah Hodgkins, for he will have to go sometime, and it is time he was there now."

— *Bemis' History of Marlborough*

NH

SHORT FALLS, May 25 — Two 300-pound pigs escaped from their pen Thursday morning and started out to see the world.

Arriving at the track of the Suncook Valley Railroad, a few dozen yards from their home, they settled down to wait for the train.

New Hampshire Troubadour



HAROLD ORNE

Doorway of the "Powder Major" John Demeritt House, Madbury, built 1723. Part of the powder captured at Fort William and Mary, New Castle, December 1774 was hidden here and later used in the Battle of Bunker Hill

Unfortunately they chose to sit on the track, and the train was delayed some minutes while neighbors and men of the train crew labored to dislodge them.

When finally corralled, the traveling pigs were all worn out by their exertions, and had to lie down in a state of collapse, for the rest of the morning.



**I SAW GOD
WASH THE WORLD**

William L. Stidger

I saw God wash the world last night
With his sweet showers on high,
And then, when morning came, I saw
Him hang it out to dry.

He washed each tiny blade of grass
And every trembling tree;
He flung his showers against the hill,
And swept the billowing sea.

The white rose is a cleaner white,
The red rose is more red,
Since God washed every fragrant face
And put them all to bed.

There's not a bird; there's not a bee
That wings along the way
But is a cleaner bird and bee
Than it was yesterday.

I saw God wash the world last night.
Ah, would He had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree.

—from “*Quotable Poems*”
Clark-Gillespie