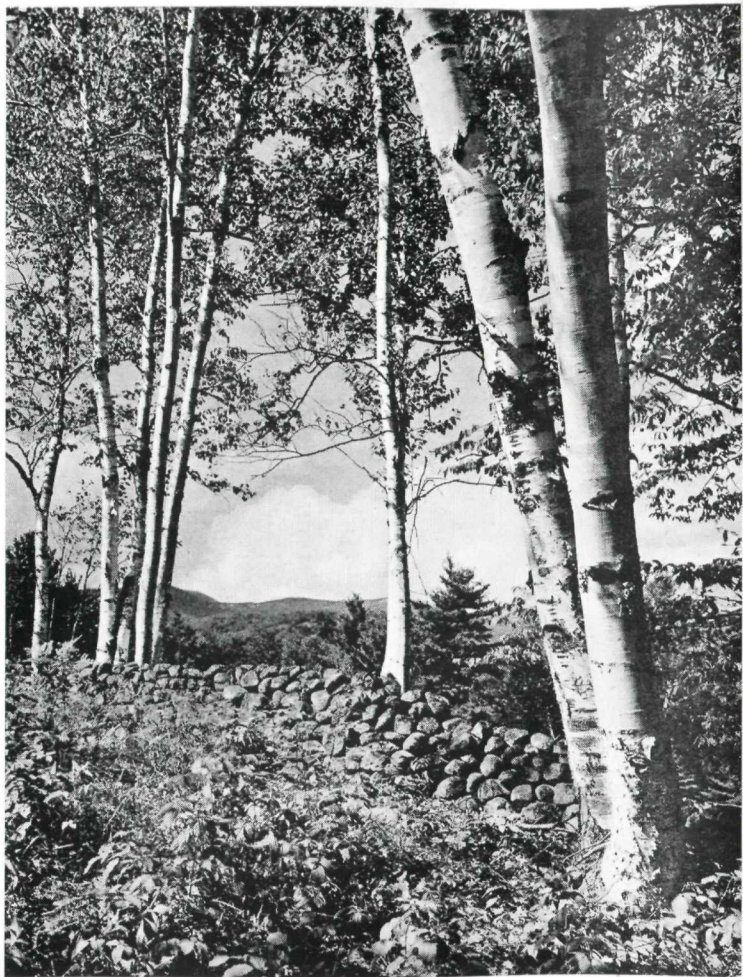




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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR  
OCTOBER 1944



SAWYER PICTURES

PEACEFUL SENTINELS.

*"The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees."* James Russell Lowell

# 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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## HANK SAYS:

EDITOR OF OUTDOORS

*Dere Editor —*

Last week-end I was down to Saleratus, setting on Hooker Hanson's store steps, cleaning my pipe and settling the affairs of the world with Smeller Smith and his hired man Jug Hed Murphy and Hooker hisself and the Hon. Jug Peavey. We was just starting to get world affairs settled in good shape when Slim Jones, a late Sergeant with the U. S. Marines, comes along in his pick-up. He goes in to get hisself a coke and a deck of cigarettes, a roll of barbed wire, a bag of flour and a cupple of pickril hooks.



When he comes out and loads same into his pick-up, Smeller Smith says, "I will buy you a cupple of seegars if you will knock off that crow in the field over there, for I need him to hang up in my garding."

Slim, who carries a Jap slug in his left hip as a life-time sooveneer



of his recent travels, limps over to his truck and extracts his Model 70 Winchester and slips the caps off the Alaskan and gets into the sling and sets down and squeezes off two or three times. Then he slips a cartridge into the chamber.

Jug Hed Murphy asks, "Which eye you going to take him in, Sergeant?"

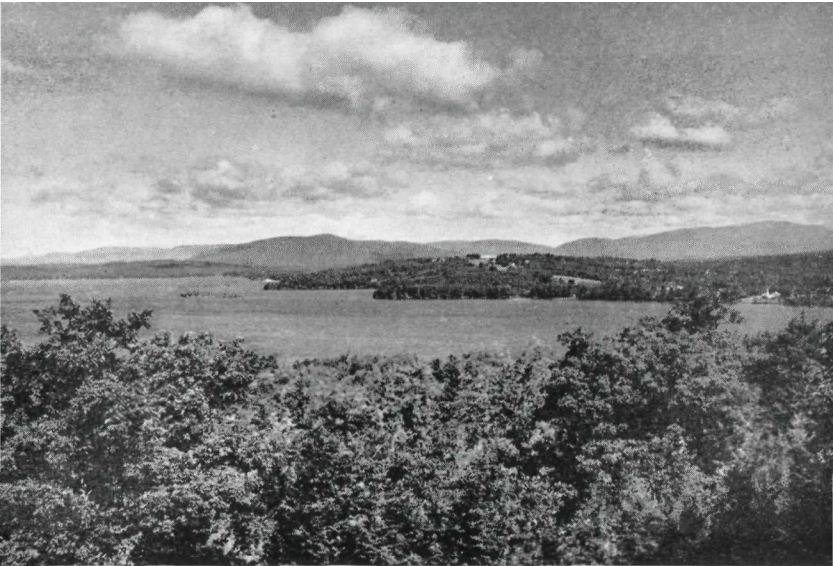
"The right eye," Slim sez, and massages the trigger very gentle.

There is a loud noise. Way out in the field the crow gives a kick and cuple of flutters and lays very quiet and peaceful.

The Hon. Committee walks out to view the remainders. When we pick up said crow his right eye is missing. Jug Hed Murphy says, "That is almost as good shooting as I used to do with my old .44 Winchester carbine. I could drive the cork in a bottle with that gun two out of three times at two hundred yards and not bust the glass."

"That wasn't good shooting, Jug Hed," says Slim. "That was a miracle just like this shot was. The best rifle made will hardly shoot into two inches at one hundred yards or four inches at two hundred, using a machine rest in dead air. When you figure the factors of error of aim, error of hold, powder load variations, barril whip, bullit drift and wind drift, it's a miracle you hit anything. A crow is just about a two-inch bullseye after you peel the feathers off. Hitting him anywhere at two hundred is just bull luck, let alone shooting his eye out."

The Hon. Jug Peavey he hikes his paunch up into a more comfortable posishun and sets down on his box on the store porch and says, "We are glad to hear an honest man for a change. I was deer hunting up in the Magalloway five years ago. After due deliberation and consideration I took with me a lightweight .45-70 fitted with a large aperture sight on the rear and a large ramp-mounted red bead on front. Due to my excess poundage I sit and watch. I am not an active hunter. On this particular afternoon, the weight of evidence seemed to indicate that I should watch a certain tote road.



HAROLD ORNE

*Lake Winnepesaukee from Abenaki Tower*

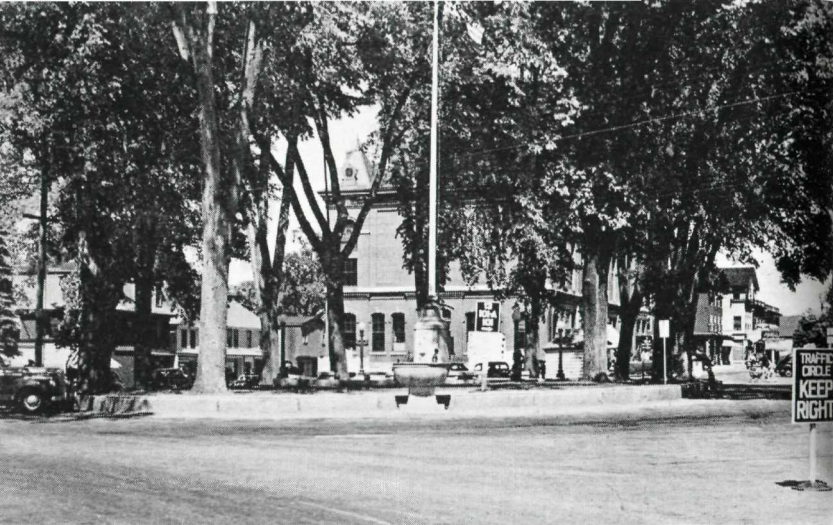
I did. Just at dusk a large, I might say a very large, buck stepped along the road toward me. The wind was from him to me. The sun was behind me and in his eyes. I was sitting in the shade.

“I congratulated myself that I was going to drop him right in that tote road, only two hundred yards from the auto road. I laid the red bead on the center of his chest and squeezed off.”

“How much he weigh?” asked Hooker.

“Weigh, my dear fellow? Weigh?” asks The Hon. Jug. “I never had a chance to weigh him. I missed him at thirty-five yards. It was the best miss I ever made in a long life in the hunting field.”

“I made a better miss than that once,” sez the late Sgt. Jones. “I was leading a patrol and came around the bend of the trail.



HAROLD ORNE

*"The Square," Milford. Soldier Memorial and Town Hall*

There were two Japs beating their gums and waving their hands at each other not twenty-five yards off. That was duck soup. I just unlatched the Tommy from the hip. The burst never touched them. They jumped like two burned cats."

"They get away?" asks the Hon. Jug Peavey in a mournful voice.

"No, not exactly. The feller next me was a North Carolina duck hunter and he made as nice a double as you ever saw. Very, very nice."

Hooker Hanson drives a match through his seegar butt so to get a few more drags offen it without starting to make a conflagrashun out of hisself. "I ain't never made such dramatic misses as that, but I made wun wunce that cost me more money. Last spring they was a old buck skunk coming into my wood shed every night and

scaring my dear wife about to death." We all looked at each other when he sed that, for we knowed that nothing short of a bull elephant would scare Mrs. Hooker. "And my dear wife she ast me to shoot it. So I brang the old .44-40 Frontier home from the store. Now I am pretty handy with a Frontier if I do say so. That night I took me and a five-cell flashlight and the Frontier into the shed.

"When I come out into the shed I snapped on the light and it lit right onto that skunk. He was on a pile of kindling about fifteen feet away. Him and me drawed and fired simeltaneous."

"He hit you?" asts Smeller.

"Nope, and I didn't hit him either. The first bullit went through a brand new wash tub hanging on the wall. No. 2 ruined a perfectly good cross-cut saw. No. 3 went into the garage behind the shed and blowed a tire on my home brew tractor. No. 4 was never accounted for. No. 5 opened up a five-gallon can of kerosene. No. 6 hit the last bottle of good Scotch I had hid to celebrate the day sumbuddy shoots Hitler. That concluded the festivities as far as the skunk was concerned. He sort of sneered at me and waddled off. Me, I went into the house, after picking up the pieces. My dear wife kept jawing at me till midnight."

"Speaking of misses," says Jug Hed Murphy, "another crow has just lit out in that field. What do you say, Sarge?"

Slim he treads over to his pick-up and gets another catridge and slips it into the Model 70 and slides the caps offen the Alaskan and tightens up the sling.

"Make it the left eye this time," says Jug Hed.

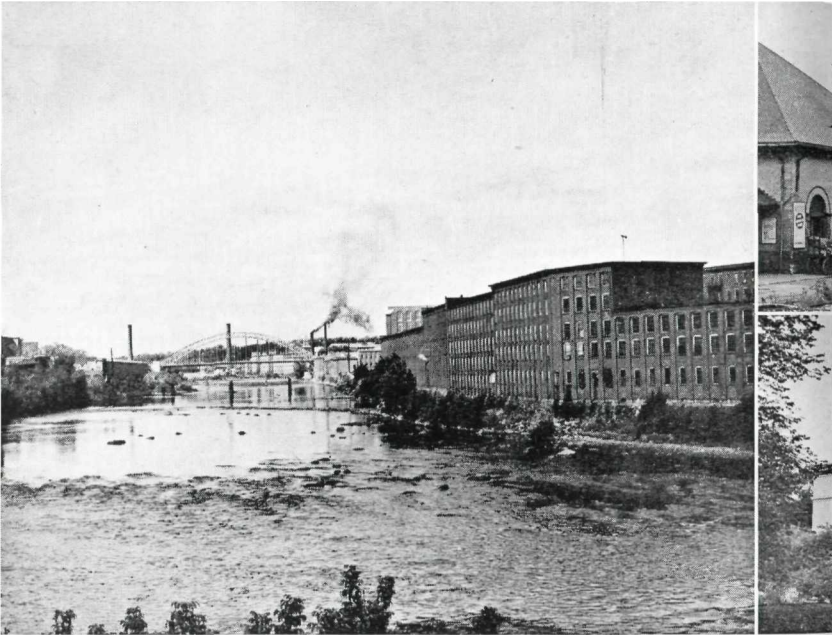
When the Hon. Committee went down to examine the remainders we found that the left eye had been removed neater than a hundred-dollar-per-day doctor and the Mayo clinic could of did it.

Nobuddy said nothing for quite a while. Not even Jug Hed.

Up and at 'em,

HANK

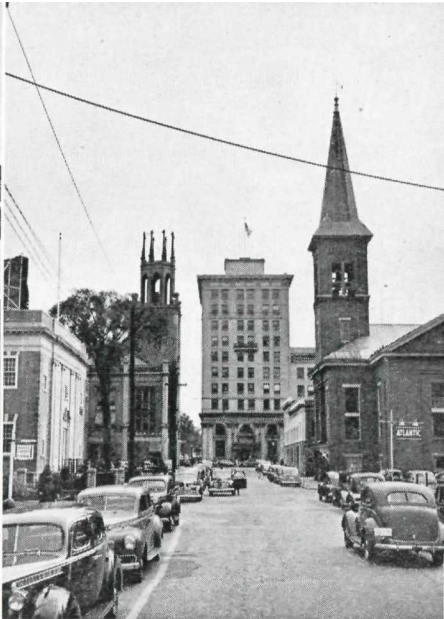
— Parker McL. Merrew in *Outdoors Magazine*



MANCHESTER — “*The Queen City.*” Originally known as Harrytown, it was granted by Masonian proprietors in 1735 to the “Snowshoe Men” of Capt. William Tyng at Tyng’s Town. It was incorporated in 1751 as Derryfield. In 1810 the name was changed to Manchester after the cotton center of England. Pictures, left to right: 1. Notre Dame bridge, Merrimack River, and small part







of famous Amoskeag Mills. 2. Boston and Maine Railroad station. 3. Currier Gallery of Art. 4. Market Street, City Hall and Federal Reserve Bank at left, Franklin Street Church at right, Amoskeag Bank Building in background. 5. Women's Center, U.S.O. 6. City Post Office. 7. Manchester Central High Schools. 8. State Armory. *Pictures by Manchester Union-Leader.*





HAROLD ORNE

*A "New Hampshire Cottage" at Wakefield*

O suns and skies and flowers of June,  
Count all your boasts together,  
Love loveth best of all the year  
October's bright blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

## CHORE TIME

*by Haydn S. Pearson*

IN THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

CHORE TIME in winter on the farm. Soft, large flakes of snow drift down past the apartment windows in the city. Four

o'clock. Streets are lighted. Indistinct figures hurry along the avenue.

Four o'clock on a winter afternoon. On a New England farm, years ago, that was the signal to start the "chores." A homely, peaceful, story-telling word. The family was known in the town as a "reading family." Sometimes at four o'clock it was hard to put aside Dickens or Scott or Shakespeare. For in this family stormy winter days were reading days. The school was three miles distant and experiences with winter storms had convinced the father and mother that lessons would better be done at home. How the children worked to finish them! And when the mother had heard the lessons and was satisfied as to their completion, the rest of the day was free for reading.

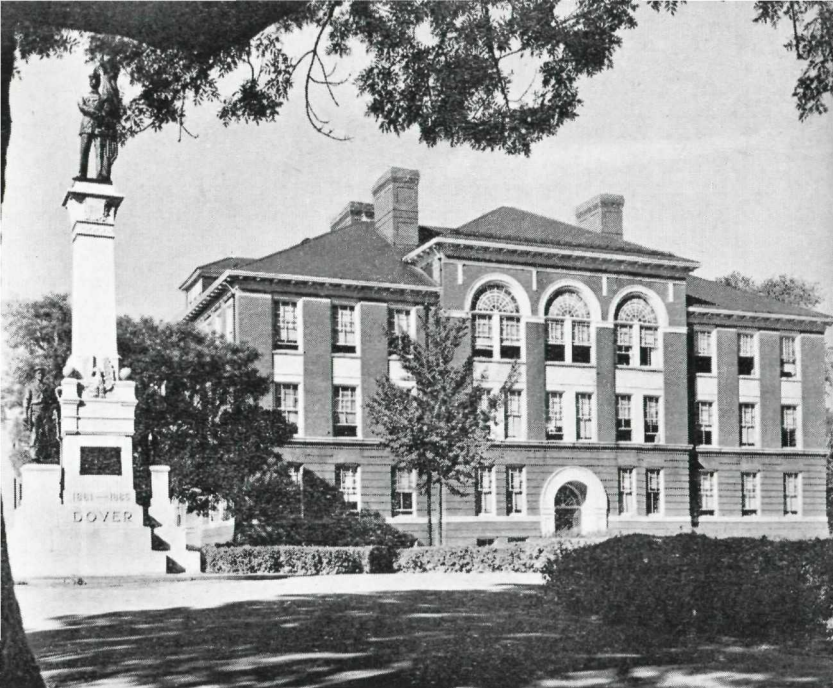
But chore time was a happy time. And after a day with books we welcomed a period of activity. We bundled up in the kitchen — boots, stocking cap, overalls, sweaters, mackinaw and mittens.

\* \* \*

First the paths had to be shoveled — to the barn, to the hen-house, and to the mail box. John, the hired man who had been with the family forty years, and father, enjoyed it as much as the children. There were snowball flurries, and shovelfuls of light snow that descended on one's head unexpectedly.

It was fun to go into the big barn. The cow tie-up was warm. The cows mooed softly and rattled their neck stanchions. They wanted some of the good clover hay. The Jerseys were gentle. No harsh words or actions were permitted.

We children scrambled up the ladder to the great mow. We pitched forkfuls of hay down to the floor. Twenty cows, four horses, and a dozen young stock ate a lot. Then we jumped from the mow to the hay on the floor. It was a jump of a dozen feet, and we would sink completely from sight. Up the ladder we would scramble again chuckling and shouting.



*Dover High School and Civil War Monument*

A. THORNTON GRAY

John had usually fed the hens, but we gathered the eggs and emptied the drinking buckets so the water would not freeze during the night and break them. We children took most of the care of the young stock, fed them, watered them, and curried them. For each year we entered our own at the County Fair and the money we earned went mostly into the bank toward college.

When the barn was clean and the cows brushed, the cows were



milked and the cream separated. The skim milk was given to the pigs and calves. Then the cows were turned out into the yard to drink. On cold days pails full of hot water were brought from the kitchen to temper the water in the tank.

“Why can’t the cows drink cold water if the deer and birds and foxes do?” we asked John.

“Well,” said John in his thoughtful way, “they don’t have to give warm milk that makes cream so children can have shoes and books and sleds.”

\* \* \*

It was lots of fun to take care of the horses. We were allowed to lead the two Belgian mares, Nell and Bess, to the trough. We put the home-raised corn and oats into the mangers. We spread a deep layer of clean oat straw for a bed. The colts were too skittish and lively for children to handle. John used to let them out last, slip off the headstalls, open the yard gate, and let them run. How they loved it. Through the snow they galloped, heels flying high, heads up, shorting and whinnying with exuberance. Across the fields, they went, disappearing in the dusk. A moment later they came back, flashing past us, into the orchard, round the barn.

Then John would bring a wooden measure half full of corn and shake it as the colts went by. Sometimes they tried to stop so quickly they almost sat down, and they followed John into the barn.

After the stock ate their grain, the mangers were all heaped high with hay. Then we put big shovelfuls of sweet-smelling pine sawdust under the cows and in the calf pens. The kerosene lanterns, hanging from nails in the timbers, cast soft yellow gleams of light. Corners were full of mysterious shadows.

Outside, the barn door was carefully closed, the milk house secured, and in single file, the lanterns glowing and our figures throwing long shadows, we went to the house for supper. Chore time was over.

FRONT COVER: Autumn scene in Canterbury. Kodachrome by F. R. Wentworth. Color plates, courtesy Rumford Press.

BACK COVER: Looking toward Dixville Notch from Errol. Photo by Douglas Armsden.

#### NEW BOOKS

"Apple Rush," by Katherine Southwick Keeler. A delightfully written and illustrated book, primarily for children but also interesting to adults, about the apple picking season in a New Hampshire Orchard. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York, \$2.00). "New Hampshire," Country stories and

pictures arranged by Keith Jennison. (Henry Holt and Company, New York, \$2.50).

The start of an old deed conveying property in Grafton County reads, "Beginning at a stick in a hole in the ice."

Avis Turner French, author of the poem on the back cover, lives in Antrim, New Hampshire.

8500 Dartmouth men, representing 38 per cent of all living alumni, are in the Armed Forces.

We cannot express our appreciation of the help rendered by clubs, organizations, and individuals in securing the names and addresses of New Hampshire men and women in the Armed Services. It is of particular importance at this time that these lists are kept up to date, and we shall appreciate your continued cooperation in making sure that each copy of the *Troubadour* is delivered without delay by sending in all of the latest addresses.

We regret that limitations of time and facilities make it impossible for us to reply personally to the hundreds of fine letters we have received from Service men and women stationed in all parts of the world. To all of you we send our appreciation and best wishes.

Donald Tuttle, *Editor*

The other day Thomas H. Alger of Cottage street, this city, was in a local lumber yard spending a fortune for a stick of soft pine and a man in clean white overalls was just ahead paying his bill. The clerk gave him his change and said, "Thank you, Mr. Peaslee." "Peaslee — that sounds like New Hampshire to me," remarked Mr. Alger.

The carpenter wheeled around partly suspicious, "Who do you know in New Hampshire?"

"Well, I got a 60-acre farm up in East Weare," Mr. Alger replied, "and it's known as the Peaslee place. My next door neighbor is mowing my fields right now and his name is Leon Peaslee. Do you know him?"

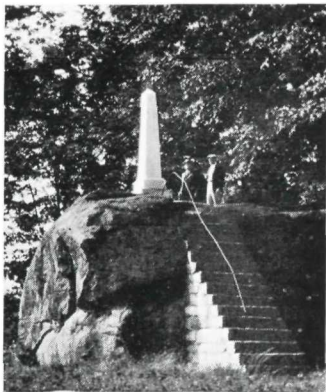
"Well, I ought to, he's my brother," the man replied.

Finally Mr. Peaslee said, "By the way, who are you, a Yeaton or a Straw, or somep'n?"

"No," Mr. Alger said, "I'm just a local guy. My name is Tom Alger of Brockton. I don't really belong up there. My family is about as thick around here as you Peaslees are up in the hills."

"Well," Mr. Peaslee said, "that kind of evens things up cause I just bought the Frank Alger farm in Raynham." — *Brockton Daily News*.

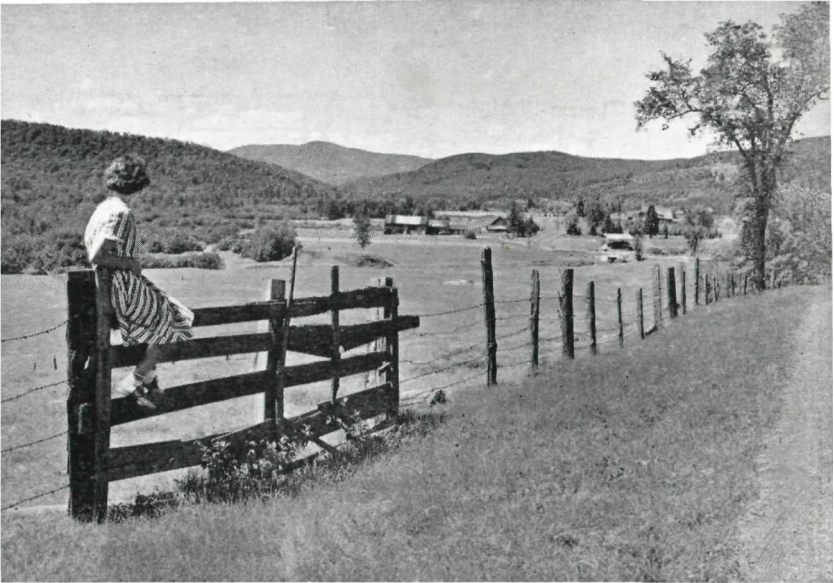
*New Hampshire Troubadour*



*Ordination Rock, Tamworth. A part of the inscription reads: "Memorial of the Ordination on this Rock September 12, 1792, of Reverend Samuel Hidden, as pastor of the Congregational Church of Tamworth instituted on that day. He came into the wilderness and left it a fruitful field. To perpetuate the memory of his virtues and public services, a grandson bearing his honored name, provided for the erection of this cenotaph—1862."*



For the present, at least, we can accept a limited number of Christmas gift subscriptions to the Troubadour. A special Christmas card is sent with the current number stating that beginning with the January issue the Troubadour will be sent, either for one or two years, as a Christmas gift from you.



## LETTER IN OCTOBER

*Avis Turner French*

in the *Boston Herald*

I shall not write of troubled times,  
But everything that stills  
The heart to peace, how blue mist falls  
Across majestic hills,  
How crimson maple leaves shine through  
The late October sun,  
How crickets play their symphonies  
When autumn days are done.

I shall write simple things, how geese  
Fly south in letter V,  
So sure up there alone they bring  
New values home to me,  
And if he glimpses past my words  
To some I do not tell,  
Perhaps he will be proud and think  
"She plays the game quite well  
Thus I can do my best at war,"  
Then he will smile I know  
To learn the quiet ways at home,  
For he has loved them so.