

A black and white photograph of a snowy mountain peak. The mountain is covered in snow and has some rocky outcrops. In the foreground, there are several evergreen trees, likely spruce or fir, which are dark against the white snow. The sky is a uniform light gray.

*The Christmas Number of the  
New Hampshire*

TROUBADOUR



Christmas  
Greetings  
from  
Governor  
Winant

**T**O ALL my fellow members of that cheerful company, the readers of *The New Hampshire Troubadour*, Christmas Greetings!

At this season, every day sees carloads of Christmas greens shipped from New Hampshire hills to our great cities, there to typify the holiday spirit. And so *The Troubadour* carries each month to dwellers in those cities, and to many of our home folks as well, a genial, helpful, wise, and witty message of appreciation for the New Hampshire of today and of inspiration for the New Hampshire of tomorrow.

JOHN G. WINANT



# The New Hampshire Troubadour

comes to you every month, singing the praises of New Hampshire, a state whose beauty and opportunities may tempt you to come and share those good things that make life here so delightful. It is sent to you by the New Hampshire State Development Commission, Donald D. Tuttle, Executive Secretary, Concord, N. H.



*Edited by Thomas Dreier*

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## Christmas All the Year

THE days before Christmas are the happiest of the year for most youngsters. This is because of their attitude of expectancy. They are half-pleased and half-tormented by a delicious uncertainty. Something is coming that will make them happy. That much they know. But what? There is the mystery.

It is this Christmas attitude of the child that even we grown-ups should try to keep all through the year. We know that when we plunge into the days in expectation of great things we feel a rare happiness. There is an aura around us that communicates itself even to our surroundings and to those with whom we come in contact. The happiness we think is hidden inside us shows itself. There is a new note in our voice, an eager look in our eyes.

To those that expect shall be given. They are rewarded for their belief in the divinity of desire. They know that the supply of good is unlimited and that all they need to do is to get in tune. It is the receptive person to whom the world gives its choicest treasures. The conqueror may have his great moments, but his pleasure is coarse compared with that of the person who is given things because they belong to him by rights which no conqueror understands.

The receptive person is not merely acquiescent. He is not negative or indifferent. His eager expectancy, finer than a demand, makes a magnet that draws to him what he needs for his work. For that is all he asks. Mere accumulations of things, even beautiful and precious things, make no appeal to him. All he takes is what will help him express himself more completely in service.

The eagerly receptive person never loses the spirit that makes Christmas what it is. Santa Claus comes every day to him, or nearly every day. The unexpectedness of his coming and going is what makes life such a happy adventure. Expect Good Fortune and the guest for whom you prepare will come and live with you.



The White Mountain National Forest covers an area of 522,000 acres.



Photo by George F. Slade

*Midwinter magic. Here fairies have been at work. Or were they merely playing with diamonds which they left clinging to trees and shrubs when they dropped off to sleep, to the music of the eager young brook which is hurrying along carrying messages from the hills to the sea?*

## Pleasures in Contact With Earth

THERE is something about life in the country that satisfies the natural man. Love of the soil is part of our inheritance. Although we live in an industrial civilization, we really are children of a civilization that was purely agricultural.

Bertrand Russell says he saw a boy two years old who had been brought up in London taken out for the first time to walk in green country. The season was winter and everything was wet and muddy. To the adult eye there was nothing to cause delight, but in the boy there sprang up a strange ecstasy. He knelt on the wet ground, put his face in the grass, and gave utterance to half-inarticulate cries of delight.

Mr. Russell goes on to say that many pleasures, of which we may take gambling as a good example, have in them no element of this contact with earth. Such pleasures, in the instant when they cease, leave a man feeling dusty and dissatisfied, hungry for he knows not what.

“The special kind of boredom,” says Mr. Russell, “from which modern urban populations suffer, is intimately bound up with their separation from the life of earth. It makes life hot and dusty and thirsty, like a pilgrimage in the desert. Among those who are rich enough to choose their way of life, the particular brand of unendurable boredom from which they suffer is due, paradoxical as this may seem, to their fear of boredom. In flying from the fructifying kind of boredom they fall a prey to the other, far-worse kind. A happy life must be, to a great extent, a quiet life, for it is only in an atmosphere of quiet that true joy can live.”

It's because an ever-increasing number of men and women are discovering this truth for themselves that they are seeking homes in the country. To many of them gardening yields infinitely greater joy than golf ever did or ever could. The amusements of the city night clubs seem cheap and tawdry in comparison with an evening in the country when the neighbors drop in for a friendly visit.

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*Here are the dogs and men as they looked when they were training at Wonalancet, N. H., for the South Pole Expedition. There are other dogs now at Wonalancet, dogs that you will want for your very own if you go there to be tempted.*

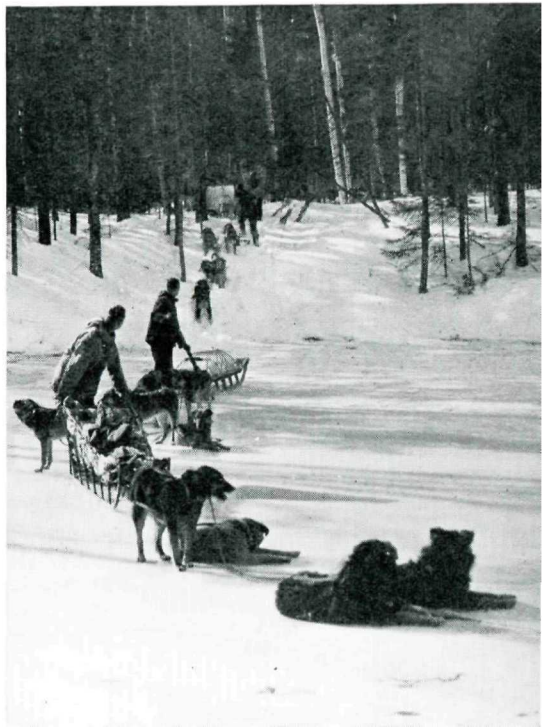




Photo by George F. Slade

*The Matterhorn of the White Mountains is Mount Chocorua. What an appetite comes to the city man or woman who follows the winter trails up the heights! A week's vacation in winter in the White Mountains will send you back to the city with new strength for the rest of the winter's work.*

## What Is High Standard Living?

WE are told that we must not lower our standard of living. Just what does that mean? Some tell us that we go down the scale when our smaller income compels us to give up our extra car and try to be content with one. Others weep



because lower income means fewer night clubs or no betting at all on the golf course.

What makes a man feel rich? Do material possessions alone give him that feeling? Then all millionaires ought to be bubbling over with happiness. Yet in the old story it was the shirtless man who was the only truly happy man in the kingdom.

Apparently happiness is connected in some way or other with what we think and feel. Our intellect and our emotions are of more importance than some of us realize. How have I lowered my living standard when I substitute running the lawn mower or cutting brush for golf? Does the rider in the automobile see more and enjoy more than the person who walks? That is admittedly a debatable question. A hundred dollars invested in books or a course of study may enrich one far more than a million invested in a yacht.

Our money income is important, of course, but too often its importance is exaggerated. A woman committed suicide because her husband's income dropped down to where it permitted the use of a Ford but denied the continuance of the sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. That woman's appreciation of true values was warped. India's great leader is demonstrating that material wealth and world influence do not necessarily go together. A rich life



Photo by Walter R. Merriman

*In the twinkling of an eye, a bobsled can turn solemn oldsters into joyous, shouting youngsters. Now, think of the joys of a sleigh ride on a sunny afternoon or on a moonlight night. Can't you hear the snow crunching under the runners? Here is one happy group at Peckett's on Sugar Hill.*

may have nothing whatever to do with rich foods, rich clothes, or material luxury.

Rich living is the result of entertaining rich thoughts and emotions.



## From Mount Washington to California

A woman from California, according to James Langley, searched about last summer on the top of Mount Washington for a rock to be taken across the

continent for her rock garden. "The particular merit of the stone on the mountain sides," says Mr. Langley, "is its discoloration by time and by the accumulation of moss or other animal or vegetable growths until its surface of beautiful dull grey has become spotted with an entrancing mixture of rich shades of green." Mr. Langley, who is editor of *The Concord Monitor*, tells us that Mount Washington's alpine flowers are also in much demand by rock gardeners.



### Thank God for Quiet Things

WHEN the holiday season of the year comes with its uncounted liberated desires which find expression in generosity and neighborliness, we ought to pause and think about those things that during the past year have contributed most to our happiness and contentment of spirit. Most of us discover that we find our greatest joy in simple things. It may have been no more than the fleeting smile of some well-beloved, the gurgling laughter of a baby, the sight of the stars at night, moonlight seen through pine trees, a garden of old-fashioned flowers, the clasp of a friend's hand, a letter that came to us when we were in trouble, or a kindly emotion aroused by the thought of some one to whom we wished to do good.

Perhaps it would be well for each of us during this holiday season, when we may be tempted to think that only gifts suggestive of lavish spending count, to read these verses by Winifred Savage Wilson:

Thank God for quiet things!  
The little brook below the hill  
Where browsing cattle drink their fill,  
The dancing shadows on the ground  
That pirouette without a sound,  
This old, gray stile whereon I rest  
That countless simple feet have pressed,  
The fields that stretch away, away  
To meet the sky-line, soft and gray.

Thank God for quiet things!  
The placid moon that comes at night  
To clothe my little world in white,  
As there I walk the old brick way  
Where flowers their modest faces lay.  
Then I rejoice to think of Him  
Who walked the lanes of Galilee,  
And, in the seamless garment dressed,  
Brought solace for the world's unrest.  
Be mine the peace his promise brings.  
Oh! I thank God for quiet things!



Those of us who lead double lives, spending half our time in the city and half in the country, are like the child who, as Charles S. Brooks describes him,

“stands on the rim of magic, one foot in fairyland; and, like a tree that stands above a sunlit pool, he questions which sky is his reality.”



There are actually two hotels on the top of Mt. Washington, the Summit House and the Tip-Top House. Here is the place to go to watch the sun rise and also to watch it set.

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*The Sunday morning winter excursion trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad carry hundreds of skiers and snowshoers from Boston and way stations to the hills and woods of New Hampshire. More than a thousand men, women, and children enjoy these excursions Sunday after Sunday.*

Photo by Warren Boyer

## Our Front Cover

When you climb up from Pinkham Notch through Tuckerman's Ravine, where you look down upon Hermit Lake or over the tops of the trees to Boott Spur, you'll feel like kneeling down and giving thanks for snow-covered mountains. At your right is the famous Head Wall of Tuckerman's, up which so many eager men and women climb laboriously to reach the top of the king of them all, Mount Washington. Photo by Harold I. Orne.

Archaeological research tells us that The Weirs was the Great Meeting Place of the early American Indians, and the largest settlement in New England. Now it is a popular summer resort. The old-time redskins have given way to the brown-skinned bathing beauties.

For the purpose of raising money to make themselves more attractive, Salmon Falls and South Berwick, separated only by the Salmon Falls River, held a community auction last summer. Articles auctioned were donated. Each donor was paid a small percentage of the selling price of the article. The money is to be used in

beautifying the roadsides at the entrance to the towns. Every year more of our towns are interesting themselves in the work of beautification.

Stewart Bosson has a birch bark canoe made by the Indians. Its true history has not been entirely learned, but it is known that among its users have been the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, and that distinguished educator, Dr. Charles William Eliot. Imagine the joy of its present owner in this canoe that links the old with the new.

Next season there probably will be few places in New Hampshire more beautiful than the Neidner estate, near Hillsboro. You will understand why it is called Rosewald Farm when you see the thousands of rose bushes. Beautiful stone walls have been built and outside of them roses have been planted. Eventually this will be one of the finest show places in western New Hampshire.

John Pearson just came in to talk enthusiastically of the museum that Ira H. Morse has built at Warren. Here is a rare collection of mounted animals and trophies collected in the African jungle

during 1926 and 1927. There are also curios from India, China and Japan. This is another splendid gift to the state — a companion to the Libby Museum on the shore road between Wolfeboro and Melvin Village. Mr. Morse and Dr. Libby deserve the thanks of all of us.



In the White Mountain district are 86 mountain peaks, 13 of which are over 3,000 feet above sea level and 11 of which are over 5,000 feet high. Here are 600 miles of mountain trails, more than 500 lakes, 53 camps for boys and 33 for girls,

62 golf courses, hundreds of miles of paved automobile roads, trout streams everywhere, and almost any kind of country pleasure you care to find.



The big living room of the Summit House, on the top of Mt. Washington, is 102 by 37 feet, with beamed ceilings and a big open fireplace. There's room for 80 guests in the dining room, and rooms upstairs, with twin beds, accommodate 22 guests. Of course there are also electric lights and hot and cold water.



## The Gift He Liked

WHAT a human note was struck by the poet who wrote this verse:

“What a lovely lot of pretty things!”  
Mary turned to thank the kneeling Kings.  
And then to Him: “See what they have for you:  
Spices and myrrh and silks all gold and blue.  
And see this sparkling stone!” He hid His head  
Against a little woolly lamb instead.



# Christmas

By FRANK H. SWEET

Ho! ho! thrice ho! for the mistletoe,  
Ho! for the Christmas holly;  
And ho! for the merry boys and girls  
Who make the day so jolly.  
And ho! for the deep, new-fallen snow,  
For the lace-work on each tree,  
And ho! for the joyous Christmas bells  
That ring so merrily.

Ho! ho! thrice ho! for the fire's warm  
glow,  
For the mirth and the cheer within;  
And ho! for the tender, thoughtful  
hearts,  
And the children's merry din.  
Ho! ho! for the strong and loving girls,  
For the manly, tender boys,  
And ho! thrice ho! for the coming home  
To share in the Christmas joys.