

BEAVER FALLS

In Colebrook on the road to Stewartstown Hollow—Not as high as Montmorency, nor as mighty as the Niagara, but as beautiful in its simplicity



*The
November
Number
of*

*The New Hampshire
Troubadour*



*One may now have primitive conditions or
all modern comforts in log cabins high in
the New Hampshire hills. Far from the city
streets and city frets, one may find peace,
quietness, and inner harmony*

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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A Village Makes Use of Ancient Crafts

FOR six years the people living in and near Center Sandwich have been developing skill and increasing their incomes by making things to be sold by the Sandwich Home Industries. Hundreds of persons have visited the building which houses the industries to see and to purchase examples of native handicrafts. Each rug, andiron, table, basket, pair of fire tongs, chair, bench, stool, luncheon set, jar of jelly, or what not, has been made within the limits of the town, and each thing is sold on a co-operative basis. Only ten per cent commission is deducted from the sale price. All the rest goes to the craftsman who did the work.

If it were not for Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge this organization would not be what it is. She has been

the leader and inspirer, and it was Coolidge money, too, that provided the original capital.

More should be done elsewhere in the state to encourage home industries. Governor Winant recently appointed a commission, of which Mrs. Coolidge is the head, to co-operate with leaders in other towns. It is possible that eventually there may be a sufficient amount of home-made products of the Sandwich kind to justify the formation of a co-operative marketing organization for the state as a whole.

In the meantime the Sandwich Industries offer ideas and inspiration to other small towns. Visitors to the state also find a trip to Sandwich a pleasant adventure. The view from the high hill just before one drops down to Center Sandwich on the road from Moultonboro is one of the finest in the state.



How One Man Bought a New Hampshire Farm

IT IS certain that there are no better satisfied owners of a farm in our state than Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Watts. They have a house in Bronxville and another in Florida, but the place that means most to them is their farm home at Effingham. How they went about buying their place may interest you.

Last spring Mr. Watts told his real estate man to invite proposals from all real estate dealers in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Three thousand inquiries were sent out and four hundred replies received. This number was thinned down to seventy-five and that number of sets of pictures were furnished.

Mr. and Mrs. Watts went over all these pictures and decided in favor of nine possible places. The first place they visited was in Maine. That on closer acquaintance did not appeal. Next was the George Towle place at Effingham. They liked that at once, but couldn't resist the appeal of another place that offered a house filled with antiques as a lure. This house was delightful but was turned down because, as Mr. Watts says, "there were too many gas stations and hot dog stands in the vicinity."

As they were about to start on their second day's journey, Mr. Watts and his wife agreed that inasmuch as the Towle place was liked by both of them, there was little sense in looking further. They bought it immediately and workmen have been busy there all through the summer months, clearing out underbrush, trimming the fine big trees, opening up vistas, painting buildings, making flower gardens, and giving new life to the place.

What adventures did you have in buying your New Hampshire home?



Manly boys are helped to become still more manly in Davis Field House and Gymnasium at Dartmouth College, Hanover. Under the inspiration of one of our country's recognized leaders, Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, Dartmouth is known as a place where students are taught to think as individuals and by so thinking to prepare themselves for usefulness in world affairs

The Bards Stood High in Ireland

PEOPLE who sing the good deeds of their countrymen ought to be given a high position. Those who go about looking for the best in all persons and things, and who tell others about their discoveries, encourage people who are doing good work to do still better work.

In Ireland, in the good old days, the king could wear a robe of seven colors. Next to him was the graduate bard, who wore six colors. Lords and ladies

were permitted five; governors of fortresses, four; officers and gentlemen, three; soldiers, two; and the common people, only one.

How many colors should we be permitted to wear, those of us who are singing the praises of New Hampshire and New Hampshire's worth-while people?



After renting houses in the Lake Sunapee section for a couple of years, Samuel Crowther, the internationally known author, bought an old farm and is having a great time fixing it up without robbing it of the original simplicity. He rejoiced especially when he discovered an old dam that was built more than 100 years ago in order to provide power for a little shop that turned out bowls for ships' compasses. The dam is built of blocks fully two feet square. The first thing Sam knows, he'll be a permanent resident and may open that shop again. He ought to practise in New Hampshire what he and Henry Ford talk about in their books — that is, getting people back into the country and providing them with factory jobs out where they can live on their own farms.



Last summer more than 50 per cent of the sales made by Stewart Bosson of Meredith were of old places bought for the purpose of restoring them and

maintaining their original type. Old age does make its contribution of beauty. An old house that has been lived in for generations offers its new owners many fine treasures. As our secondary roads are improved, more and more of these old places attract people who want summer homes that may possibly be used all the year.



There Is Solitude in New Hampshire, Too

THE camp on the shores of Dan Hole Pond, where George Rockwell spends as much time as he can spare from his business in the city, is reached by what is little better than a trail. One who doesn't care much what may happen to his car may get there by motor. The town road which one must take to reach the gate at the entrance to George's place is one over which it is well to drive carefully. When any attempt is made to improve that road, George bursts forth into what sounds like profane language. He knows that bad roads insure privacy, and it is privacy and solitude that he wants when he goes to the country.

Good roads, you see, may be bad roads in the sight of some people. It all depends upon what one wants. We asked George one time what would happen if he were to meet another car on that narrow road.

“If I met another car,” answered George without hesitation, “I’d know it was time for me to move elsewhere.”

One doesn’t have to move to the Galapagos Islands to find solitude. George Rockwell has found all he needs on Dan Hole Pond in New Hampshire.



One of the newest of our hydro-electric plants, Fifteen Mile Falls Dam, Monroe. Electricity now enables people far in the country to enjoy milking machines, iceless refrigerators, and motor-operated machinery, banishes kerosene lamps from the houses and lanterns from barns, provides cheap power for large and small manufacturing plants, and makes life richer and pleasanter

Why Not Become Winter Visitors, Too?

NOTHING makes The Goose so tarnashun mad as the question summer visitors often ask her when they call at her farm for Jersey milk, or to borrow a cat, or possibly a dog. They ask, "And what do you do up here during the winter?" Their attitude is, "You poor souls, how can you exist away off here in the country when there is snow on the ground and there are no summer visitors with whom to talk?"

The Goose (who in private life is Mrs. Alvin Hatch) printed this paragraph in her column in *The Granite State News*:

"Fellow natives, what is your favorite answer to the remark made at your kitchen door, to the effect that after the summer people have betaken themselves to their winter activities, we are left in a somnolent state without anything whatever to occupy our hands or minds (if any)? The Goose has never seemed to assemble just the right collection of words politely to convey the idea that we really live in the winter time. The notion seems to prevail that we kind of go to den like Harry Libby's bear and that only with the coming of spring do we dust ourselves off and resume our normal activities. The pleasant way to clear up this haze would be for the summer folks to see more of us in the winter time. We'd like that tremendously and we feel sure they would too."

So, if you really want to know what fun it is to live in New Hampshire after the summer activities end, come up in December or January or February — or any other month listed on your calendar — and you'll learn for yourself.

Have you watched the snow drifting white across a meadow? Have you sat with a good book before a blazing fire? Have you gone sleighing? Or taken part in a picnic on the lake, with plenty of hot cocoa and good things to eat? Or had a jolly evening with a neighbor? Or gone skiing? Or taken a walk on snowshoes over the hills? Or stepped out of your house on a clear winter morning and just sniffed the fresh air? Or attended those jolly country dances? Or just dropped in on a neighbor for a friendly chat?

There's true neighborliness and rich, quiet, comfortable living in the country.



Two Boys and a Donkey

TOMMIE HUNTER and Norman Updegraff just drove by in a rickety four-wheeled cart drawn by a somewhat reluctant donkey. They were moving forward, as any one with fairly good eyesight could tell by watching them pass a given mark, but they were in no danger of breaking any speed laws. Judging by their laughter, though, they were wasting



Old stone bridges are vanishing from our trunk roads, but for many years you will find them as you see this one on one of the roads near Keene. Lovers of our state hope that in the future old stone and old covered wooden bridges will be maintained to remind us of a life that is past, even though modern traffic creates a demand for a wide steel or concrete bridge a stone's throw away

none of their time wishing they were driving a high-powered roadster.

Boys here in the country, where city competitive standards have not penetrated, are still fortunate in being able to find their pleasure in simple things. They do not feel compelled to keep up with anybody else. They live their own lives. Curiously enough they find so many interesting things to keep them occupied that they seldom get into mischief or become heart-breaking problems to their parents.

Even I, sitting here at my desk in what was once the old chicken house, chuckled as I watched the

two boys pretending they were slow race charioteers, or whatever it is they were playing at being. Their happiness communicated itself to me — just as the happiness of all happy people enriches those who look on and are at all receptive.

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Uprising versus Downsitting

OUR good friend, John Nolen, city planner and landscape architect, who has done so much to beautify cities and towns all over the United States, tells us he heard a very amusing statement as to the lack of progress in communities. A discussion of public opinion brought out the statement that progress is not impaired by the uprising of radicals, but by the downsitting of conservatives.

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If we had a great deal of money, which we have not, we would buy one abandoned farm after another and remodel the old buildings. Usually the only ones worth remodeling are the pioneer buildings. Those built within the past quarter of a century are usually ugly. The local contractors evidently wanted to show what they could do with curlicues and bay windows and jogs in the roofs. They saw no beauty in the simplicity of the early colonial. But, fortunately, there are left hundreds of the old buildings that stand as a permanent invitation to those who are thinking of owning beautiful country homes.



One of the studios at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro. Here, certainly, is a living monument to a great composer, erected by Mrs. Edward MacDowell who has dedicated her life to materializing her distinguished husband's dream. Here writers, musicians, and other workers in the field of art, are given the opportunity to do their work under conditions that approach the ideal

You can find in our state the kind of life you want. You can spend your time in luxurious hotels. You can own your own cottage at some exclusive country club like Bald Peak. You can rent or own a farm and live as simply or as luxuriously as you please. Free camping sites invite you to pitch

your tent. You can find a location for your own cabin in a national park. Scores of over-night camps offer different qualities of accommodations. Even in the dead of winter you can find what you need if you are a lover of weather that makes your blood fairly sing through your veins.



"It is our ultimate hope," said Governor John G. Winant in one of his WBZ-WBZA broadcasts, "to have our visitors sufficiently impressed with life in New Hampshire to become ultimately identified with community and state activities; and join us as legal citizens of the state." Perhaps, if you continue to read *The Troubadour* regularly, you will respond to that invitation.



Why not plan to join the Boston and Maine winter trips which are to be held again this year after the snow falls? On some Sundays last winter over 1,000 persons filled the special trains. Eventually these Sunday trips on special trains will develop into week-end trips. More and more of our present summer hotels will become all-the-year-round resorts.

Jeanne Phelps, thirteen, who lives with her mother and grandmother on a farm near New Boston every summer, takes care of two horses and her own flock of hens. She waters, feeds, and cleans the horses, and handles her chickens like a young business woman. She had 190 hens this past summer. Not many girls have more real enjoyment. Jeanne would like to live on the farm all the time. Possibly if you have children who do not know what to do with themselves, or cannot keep out of mischief, a farm stocked with animals of their very own may be the solution of your problem.

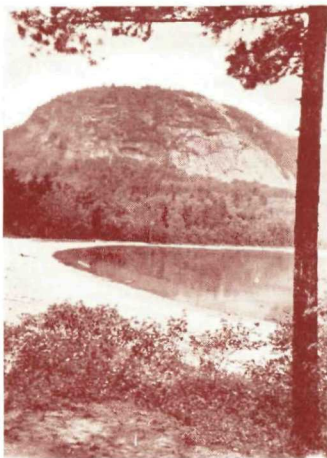
Those city people who own New Hampshire homes are forming the habit of eating Thanksgiving dinner in them. Thanksgiving parties in the country are great fun.

For forty years Dr. Charles Jefferson, one of America's most influential and best loved preachers, has been summering at Fitzwilliam, not far from Mt. Monadnock. He came first as a student preacher. Later he built his own cottage and persuaded many of his friends to follow his example. When he preaches in the village church on the last Sunday in

August, people drive for a hundred miles or more to hear him. At 71 Dr. Jefferson still plays tennis. New Hampshire helps people to live long and happily.

Winter visitors find much sport in our state.

Why not enjoy your Thanksgiving Day turkey in New Hampshire this year?



Strenuous Alpinists may struggle up the steep face of this cliff and refresh themselves afterwards by bathing in the clear waters of the little lake. Mountains and lakes are tossed hither and thither for the amusement of the lovers of out-of-doors



The Simple Things of Earth are Loveliest

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER

The simple things of earth are loveliest:
A fire on the hearth, the lamplight's glow;
The hour when the heart finds peace and rest,
A mother's lullaby crooned soft and low;

The wayside blossom, tiny woodland stream
That sings a happy, lilting roundelay;
Soft, billowy clouds that drift as in a dream,
The hush of dawn, the sun's last flaming ray;

The friendly trees that give of fruit and shade,
The tendrils of the grape-like clinging hands;
O there are scenes more gorgeously arrayed,
But these the heart has known and understands.

Mankind has reached the pinnacle of power,
Has conquered land and sky and ocean's crest,
And yet, when comes the heart's deep, prayerful hour,
He knows the simple things are loveliest.