

THE SEPTEMBER NEW HAMPSHIRE
TROUBADOUR



If you are driven by something it may be all right to dash from one place to another in your car. But if you want to enjoy the beauty of our New England towns, especially one like Portsmouth, you really must saunter about. You will find yourself standing in admiration in front of such old homes as the Warner house which was built in 1722. Here is a home where men and women lived richly and leisurely

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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When the Forests Become Magic Carpets

SOME of us think that it is in October that New Hampshire is at its best.

Last year there were twenty guests at the editor's farmhouse near Melvin Village who had come up especially for the twelfth of October holiday. The trees were fairly glowing. One could not look upon them unmoved. It was an adventure in sharing ecstasy.

Our guests climbed the mountains, ate meals cooked over a fire in the out-of-doors hearth, loafed on the lawn and talked, attended the Sandwich fair and saw the parade, and even went swimming in the lake at midnight.

This year the weather, instead of being like a week-end in July, may be crisp and cold. Then the

bacon cooked out of doors will sizzle and send forth tantalizing odors. And how good the coffee with cream as thick as the famed clotted cream of Devonshire will taste as it warms and stimulates.

Properly to appreciate the country one ought to spend at least part of every month here. Not only has each season its special gifts, but each separate month, like each personal friend, has its own charm, its own personality, its own rare beauties.

Come to the state in October this year and find out for yourself that this invitation has fallen far short of being no more than a hint of what will be here for you to enjoy.



A Way of Life

ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF, who bought the old Welch place on Mountain Road near Melvin Village, remodelled it so attractively that it is now one of the gem places of Carroll County, writes that New Hampshire has taught him a great lesson this past summer.

“I have found,” he writes, “that New Hampshire is more than a place of vacation: it is a way of life, in which one uses all of one’s faculties efficiently. . . . I go out and work so hard at clearing up my farm and painting and carrying wood and doing errands in the village that I am utterly tired at supper time



*Just two miles from Keene, on West Street extension, you will find the Keene Country Club. Of course any visitor who reads *The New Hampshire Troubadour* will receive a welcome. There are eighteen holes and the par is 72. The Monadnock region is not far away. Monadnock is an easy mountain to climb, too*

— yes, we have ‘supper’ up here at Well-Sweep Farm — and after supper I pick up the day’s mail that has been forwarded from my office in New York and before I know it I have answered it all and done a bit of creative writing perhaps, or settled some knotty business problem, and am almost as well up with my work as though I had spent the day in my office. And both parts of my day have been rare fun — the physical labor and the mental application. I tumble into bed with a balanced tiredness unknown to city life, and I fall asleep almost instantly, to be awak-

ened at broad day by the rustling of the leaves of my poplar trees, ready and eager to start another day of balanced activity."



What Matters If We Don't Wind Our Watch?

IN THE country, especially if one lives away from the railroad, watches and clocks do not seem so important. It isn't that one doesn't care about the life that a clock measures. What actually happens is that time seems to flow along and the sun itself seems to serve well enough for a timepiece. It is easier to think in terms of leisure when one is not a slave to engagements that are measured in minutes. It is easy to understand Penderel, a character in one of J. B. Priestley's novels, who didn't have a watch. When Gladys asked him why he didn't have one, he answered:

"I hardly ever want to know how it is going — the time, I mean; and if I do, there's always somebody ready to tell me. Some people never seem to think about anything else. I don't think I like watches and clocks. We ought to go back to hour-glasses and sundials, things that deal with time quietly and don't forever pester you with their sixty seconds to the minute."

Somehow, when one is in the country one does not feel geared to so many other people. There is greater

independence. One is more of an individual. It is more important to be geared to the seasons and the weather and the sun itself. It isn't so important to meet a man at 10:20 or 1:05. Neither does one have to hurry through breakfast to catch the 8:48. The morning paper serves quite well even if it does not arrive until afternoon. The tempo is slower. Life is smoother. One actually has time to live.



Why Not More Sustenance Farming?

THOSE who live on farms can comfort themselves with the thought that no matter how many millions may be suffering from unemployment, the owner of country soil can raise all the food he needs to keep far from starvation.

The lazy, shiftless man will always be in trouble, no matter where he may live. But the intelligent worker can raise vegetables, fruits, poultry, keep a cow or two, fatten some pigs, and store away in his cellar food enough for carrying the family through the winter.

The farmer has a feeling of security not enjoyed by the city laborer if he fits himself to be what is called a "sustenance farmer." Of course if he specializes in raising apples or poultry or milk he is only a manufacturer and finds himself working against competitors.



If we had a statistical mind we would tell you the exact number of hills in New Hampshire where your eyes would be delighted with a view like this. But all we can do is to tell you that there are thousands and then some more thousands. New Hampshire is a state of hills and lakes and trees and sun-rises and sunsets and pleasant places where you may enjoy living

If, however, he and his family decide to raise those things which will make them almost independent of the outside world, there will be much satisfaction in the home. Surplus food and surplus labor may be sold merely to get money with which to purchase those things that cannot be produced on the farm itself.

Certainly the city man who has saved some money and has a small income can live a full, rich, satisfactory life in the country. He must, of course, be willing to work in his garden and by his labor purchase his supply of food. But he can be closer to independence than even those richer people who become helpless once their income stops or is cut down.

The farmer may have little money but he can always be sure of his supply of food if he lives in New England where droughts and floods are of such rare occurrence that they need not be taken into account.



The Serenity of Great Faith

THIS is being written on a farm in New Hampshire. Autumn foliage is gladdening our eyes with its wondrous beauty. The sunshine is warm, the windows are open, and we hear the leaves fluttering against the screens on their way to the ground. The tinkle of a cowbell comes from deep down in the meadow. A tiny brook, made still tinier by the long drought, is creating its own sweet music as it flows between the apple trees back of the house. A dog out in the woods is barking at a squirrel or some other small animal. It is a day of deep serenity. One finds it easy to be at peace with the world. Beauty and goodness are everywhere. Life is rich because one's faith

in the universe as a whole is firm. It must have been on some such day as this that John Burroughs wrote his own expression of the belief that made his life like a benediction:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

More People Coming to the Country

MORE farms are being bought now than for several years past. This is due partly to lack of profitable work in the cities and partly to the desire of people to escape from complex city living. It is surprising how many city people are talking about moving into the country permanently. A man and his wife with \$100 a month assured income can enjoy a comfortable life in a New Hampshire village or on a farm. With little labor they can raise vegetables and fruit, and when winter comes they can buy a side of beef from a local butcher at a surprisingly low price.

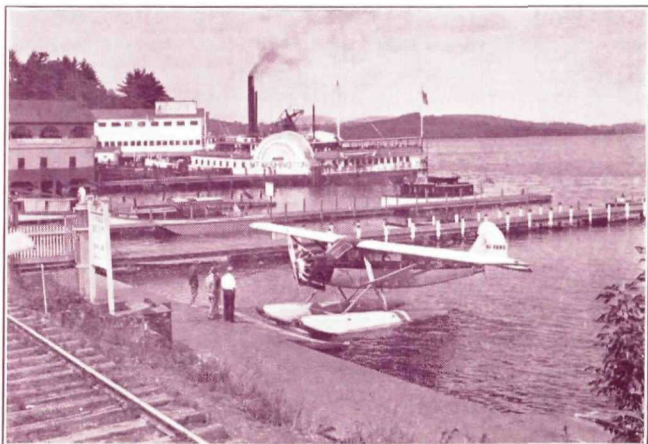


Sunset Beauty For Country Family

BLESSED are those men and women who discover beauty to us. One need not be a creator. One may serve by merely reminding others of the existence of things of beauty and worth.

Summer visitors bring more than money into the community. Oftentimes they bring new vision to the local people. They make known things of value in the place that before were not considered at all.

From William Feather comes the story that Lorado Taft, the sculptor, used to climb with his family to a hilltop to observe the sunset. A new maid,



Here are the old and the new — and both are good. You have your choice of Lieut. Robert Fogg's airplane, or Capt. Sidney Baker's Mount Washington. Both start from The Weirs, right near Laconia, and from both you can get breathtaking views. "Syd" Baker and "Bob" Fogg have carried thousands of passengers in comfort and safety, and they have contributed much to the happiness of those who have visited the Lake Winnepesaukee region. There's always something lively going on at The Weirs

a native of the place, accompanied them one evening. As the horizon began to flame the girl was so thrilled that she asked permission to run home and tell her own family to look.

"Certainly," said her mistress. "But surely your people have been seeing beautiful sunsets all their lives."

"No," answered the girl, "I never knew they were beautiful until you came here."

And One Wonders!

IN SO many ways it is a pity that our industrial civilization has taken from us that simplicity which once made it possible for members of a family or members of a neighborhood to have a thoroughly enjoyable time together. Today, in Europe, one will find grandparents, parents, and children starting out for a holiday on their bicycles. They carry their lunches and probably will stop to buy something to drink at a roadside restaurant. Here in America each member of the family probably has a car and an entirely different destination. Perhaps the gains of independence and individual expression may counterbalance what has been lost. One wonders.



HOW can any person be bored in a world which is a veritable treasure house of fascinating work? No forester, no matter how small his woods, can ever finish his task. There will be brush to cut every year, an occasional dead tree to be chopped down, dead limbs to cut off otherwise healthy trees, wind-falls to be sawed up. If the worker enjoys keeping his trees in the best of condition and the ground under their branches clear, there will be no end to his fun. No matter what field one works in, the same holds true. There is always interesting work to be done by the person who looks for it with desire.



You will be surprised, if you are visiting us for the first time, at the number of splendid beaches to be found on our eighteen miles of coastline. There are splendid hotels in the neighborhood, too

Do You Really Need It?

NATURALLY enough our advertising men are bent on increasing in our sight the number of things we think we cannot live without. But why need we surrender to their persuasiveness? Why not decide in the quiet of our homes what kind of life we want to live and then adjust ourselves to that kind of life? Why multiply the number of things we really do not need for our happiness?

Too often we buy something merely because some one we know has bought it, or something like it.

The time and energy we spend in earning money with which to buy what we really do not need might oftentimes be better spent in lying in the sun with our hat or a newspaper over our eyes to protect them from the glare. Or we might go fishing. Or take a walk with the dog.



David Austin, whose hotel at Waterville Valley, N. H., is tucked away in the heart of the mountains, keeps his clocks on daylight saving time twelve months in the year. He and his fortunate guests live in a world of their own. A good

road that is open winter and summer leads into the place, but probably there isn't an inn anywhere in the state that has greater privacy. Dave loves the place, and his guests, who quickly become his friends, find themselves feeling just as he does about it.



One of the most fascinating talks I ever heard was given by Dean Henry of the University of Wisconsin Agricultural College. His subject was "An Ear of Corn." He held an ear of golden corn in his hand as he talked and referred to it as a sort of living text. We were taught to appreciate corn as a thing of beauty and as food for millions. If we but learned what it is possible for us to learn about the common things in our own dooryards, we need never have a moment of boredom.



If you follow up Bemis Brook, Crawford Notch, you'll find Arctusa Falls, without question one of the highest and finest waterfalls in New Hampshire. It is 1½ miles west of the main highway through the Notch, and is reached by a good Appalachian Mountain Club trail. The beautiful waterfall was discovered by

Professor Edward Tuckerman in 1840.



We simply must say a word for the "Spare Time House." Attorney Sewall C. Brackett of Boston tells us that he and a number of his friends rejoice in the possession of real country houses without such modern conveniences as make it necessary to shut them up in winter. "With a house like that," he writes, "you can earn your living in Boston and yet be in the country any time that the spirit moves or the opportunity offers." If you want such a place we'll help you to find it.



Our front cover this month is Meadow lane at Groveton. Aren't you tempted by it to take a stroll? A booklet containing more than 200 pictures of New Hampshire will be sent to you free by the State Development Commission, Concord.



Last year William Gallagher rented a house near Tamworth for the season. This year he is living on his own farm at the top of Page Hill. That's the way residents are captured.



September

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

Sweet fragrance of ripe fruit drifts on the air;
The crickets' chirp is louder in the grass;
Bronzed branches of old trees have care
For summer green when frosty dawns shall pass.

Tall goldenrod maturely stands beside
Brown roads that wander woodward by old walls
Of stones that grayer grow; the mullen's pride
In her warm velvet splendor slowly falls.

Stout thistles bend their daggers' rusty blades;
Ragged burdocks of a youthful glory tell;
Steeple bush and toadflax drowse in secret shades;
Blue sailors talk of quests incredible.

September smiles at lofty scorn or praise:
Too old she is, and young, for caring much;
But, walking down the woods and meadow ways —
Fringed gentians measure beauty by her touch.

