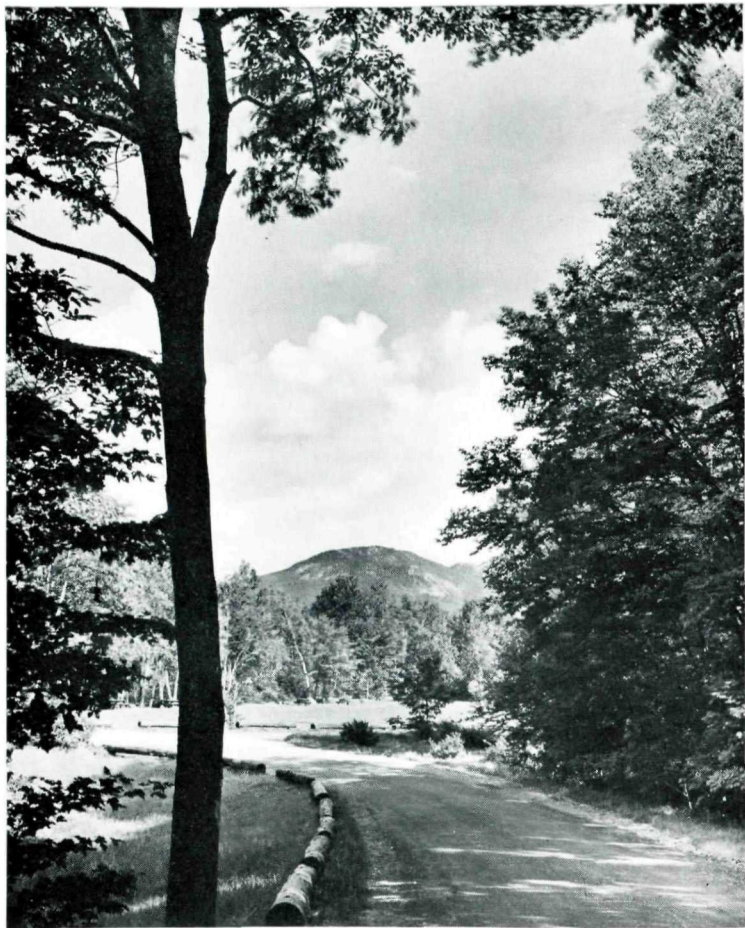


The New Hampshire
TROUBADOUR
October 1940



DOUGLAS ARMSDEN

699,000 acres of land in New Hampshire and 45,400 acres in Maine are included in the White Mountain National Forest, which is visited annually by 3,000,000 people. This picture shows the entrance to the Dolly Copp Camp in Pinkham Notch, most popular of all the many camps in the White Mountain National Forest

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, Concord, N. H. 50 Cents a Year

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

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Autumn's Charms

THE SMELL of burning leaves, the thud of footfalls and the bite in the night air presage the arrival of autumn; soon the hillsides will be wearing their bright garments of gold and crimson, the sun will lose some of its warmth, and the darkness of night will come early to wrap the world in sable folds.

Autumn's loveliness has been proclaimed in song and story. Poets, those gifted creatures whose imagination soars unendingly, have long embraced the beauty of autumn and found in it the inspiration to stir mankind.

But one does not have to be a poet to appreciate the beauty of autumn. It is all around us, and we are influenced by it, whether we know it or not. It is part of our existence as much as light and air and water.

The fall flowers, so much hardier than their summer sisters, because of the immutable ways of nature, seize the opportunity for a final display and splash their brilliance in a prodigal way. Their presence affects us, whether we stop to commune with them or not.

Along the roadsides, the season's colorful crops are placed on

view. The squash and the pumpkin are piling high. Fruits and vegetables of autumn seem to have a special flavor.

In the summer New England has advantages known to no other part of the land. In the winter it competes with other areas to attract the winter sports enthusiast who finds his pleasure on the swift, exhilarating ski run or on the glistening surface of smooth ice.

But autumn is really New England's time. There is something in the air that quickens the spirit. The heat of summer has gone, and with it has vanished the lassitude that is part of its being.

The bitterness of winter is still far enough away to be out of mind. Days are bright and clear, and in the cool nights the serene blessedness of quiet, restful sleep comes back to people who have been wearied by the heat and the dust and the noise of summer.

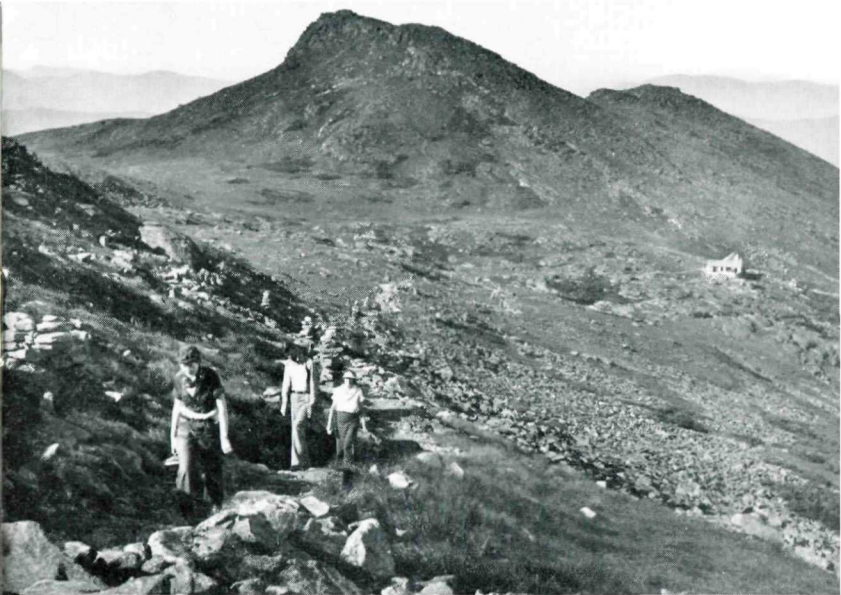
Family life, disrupted by the summer quest for recreation and excitement, resumes its normal way when autumn comes. The blessings of home and family reappear in full measure and appreciation of them becomes more keen.

As the days pass and autumn's end approaches, the home steadily grows in influence and charm. Around the fireside children are gathered with their school books, while parents settle back in their easy chairs and find comfort and joy in the most ideal atmosphere of all.

There is something typically New England about autumn. One thinks of New England hillsides and meadows and little school houses and county fairs, and quiet country streams and rugged farmers contemplating their preparations for the winter.

The cord wood is stacked up, the hay is in the barn, everything is ready for the rigorous season ahead. And the farmer pauses, content with the labors of the summer, satisfied that he has prepared well for the long, cold days of winter.

Autumn is a time for contemplation, for the counting of blessings, for giving thanks. — Editorial in the *Boston Post*



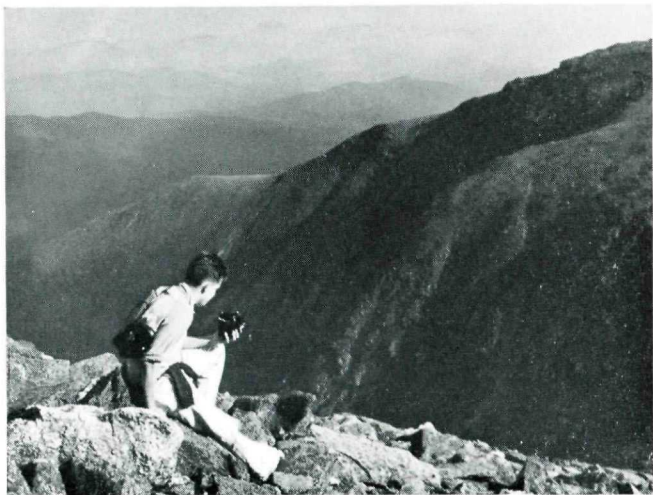
WINSTON POTE

*Trampers on the Crawford Path approaching Mt. Washington. Mt. Monroe (5,385 feet)
and Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut in the distance*

The Fellowship of the Timberline

By TALBOT JOHNS

FOR a small but constantly growing group of New Englanders who are usually considered by their friends to be not quite right in their minds, fall means but one thing — the best time of year in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. For them it is the season when goofers (tenderfoot tourists) and black flies are absent from “the hills,” when birches splash in golden torrents down five-mile slopes, and summer’s heat haze gives way to the



WILLIAM H. BURTT, JR.

On the headwall of Tuckerman Ravine looking south

clear, cold days that make climbing a pleasure and every view an experience that makes life a good thing to be living.

Every year finds more addicts to this inspired type of divine lunacy trudging from Crawford Notch up the blunt ridge of the Southern Peaks, or pausing at Eagle Pass to admire its fantastic cliffs before heading for timberline on Mt. Lafayette directly opposite New Hampshire's Great Stone Face.

It's a sport — and a religion, too — for everybody who loves trees and gaunt rocks and moss and bubbling streams. Last summer I met in the same day a sturdy, tanned, little nine-year-old girl and the cruiser-built youngster of over fifty who holds every distance and speed and altitude record in the mountains.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief — they're all there with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

Contrary to the general opinion, there is nothing tiring about climbing in the White Mountains once a fundamental truth is realized — that the hills have been there a good many thousand years and are sure to wait at least until you reach the top. For two years, before I learned my lesson, I ran my 210 pounds into a perspiring wreck, counting my pulse at 140 when I stopped for rests. But everybody has his pace and when you find it you'll discover that you march steadily up the steepest slopes without ever stopping for rests. Nothing is more unhealthy, or less fun, than hiking yourself into a state of exhaustion, then stopping for a quivering, shaky "recovery." Your wind hardly ever comes back — your legs never do. Take it easy and enjoy yourself.

Take a census of any hundred of the true timberline fraternity and you'll find that ninety-nine of them carry a little red or green book, five hundred pages long and small enough to put in your pocket. That is the mountains' first real necessity — the White Mountain Guide of the Appalachian Mountain Club. With it you are never lost or afraid. Its maps and descriptions lay the mountains open at your feet for a day or a week or a summer. Through fog and storm it leads you to the nearest haven. Around the evening campfire it supplies wonderful reading matter. It is the hills bound in a cover and delivered to you for your everlasting enjoyment.

Maybe you still have your first climb to do. If so, you don't necessarily have to be a goofer; join the timberline fraternity from the start and be one of them. Otherwise you'll feel left out of things.

Look at these three, dusting down the ridge of Jefferson to the Gulfside Trail, bound for the Lakes-of-the-Clouds hut nestling under Washington's shoulder. Two of them are wearing dark-colored shorts (yes, even in the fall). The third, older, is wearing

a pair of khaki pants, roomy and many times laundered until they are streaked with white because cleanliness is appreciated in the hills as elsewhere. You wonder at their heavy boots, just ankle-high, until you see them clattering and striding confidently down jagged rock pastures just like the ones you slipped and slithered tenderly over ten minutes ago in your sport shoes. You look at their faded, light-weight wool or flannel shirts and neat, well-weathered knapsacks and feel a little ashamed of the gaudy sweater tied awkwardly around your waist. The heavy woolen socks rolled down to their shoe-tops make your blistered, silk-clad, perspiration-slippery feet ache with envy.

You find that two of the trio have shoes studded with heavy hobnails while the third has plain leather soles. Both types are good, but nails are preferred by many. Advanced goofers wear sneakers "for coming down the rocks." Sneakers are fine except when crossing brooks, wet logs, roots, moss patches, wet rocks or jagged ones — in other words, they are treacherous about ninety percent of the time. Nailed shoes (costing from six to eighteen dollars) hold everywhere in all weather. Invest in them — they are your only real expenditure and your safety and happiness depend on them.

After you have bought your shoes and raided an Army and Navy Store for a rain shirt or windproof parka, long work pants or shorts (*never* knee boots and riding breeches) and knapsack, your outfit is practically complete. Compass and guidebook are necessary — treat these mountains as though they were peaks twice as high and you'll never get on the front page of the local papers with "Climber lost in early sleet storm." If you have the right outfit don't worry about its looking new. It won't look that way very long, and even veterans have to renew their outfits every once in a while.

They are a friendly bunch, this fellowship of the timberline. Whenever they meet you on the trail they stop and pass the time



HAROLD ORNE

Interior view of the beautiful New Hampshire Building on the grounds of the Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Massachusetts. Over 300,000 people attended this year's Exposition during the week of September 15 to 21

of day. If you should happen to hurt your knee they will tape it up for you (though you should carry your own tape). When you drag at dusk into one of the rough log leantos that are located a day's trip apart all through the hills they will offer you a cup of coffee, a blanket or supper if you are lacking, and good companionship all the time.

Get into the hills this fall. You'll be a lot better for it when you come out, as long as you're careful of your feet and the weather — and both are easy to watch.

Not long ago I took a neophyte up for his first trip. He'd been pretty blue over something for a couple of weeks and a touch of the hills was just what he needed. After a night at Lakes-of-the-Clouds hut we rambled down the magnificent Boott Spur of Mount Washington and rested for a moment in a rocky nest fifteen hundred feet and more above the floor of Tuckerman's Ravine. Little clouds, bright in the sunshine, drifted lazily past Nelson Crag and over Huntington's headwall.

"Gets you, doesn't it?" I asked.

"That cloud," said the former blues expert, "looks like a lace handkerchief tucked in a blond angel's belt."

You see?

— *Courtesy of Leisure Magazine*

NH

The Stone Walls of New Hampshire

By DAVID DOWLING

WHEN I was a boy I attended a school in a State other than New Hampshire. We had an old school teacher — I say old, because her hair was gray and she seemed old to me at that time. She was a native of New Hampshire and hardly a day went by but she had some little story to tell us about that State. Circumstances compelled her to live elsewhere but her heart was in her native country.

She instilled in us something of her own enthusiasm and instead of growing weary of her stories we looked forward to them. She told us many things about New Hampshire, describing the delightful old houses with their cheery fireplaces, but most of all she loved the old stone walls. She not only described their beauty but she told us of the labor incident to their building. We felt that we knew every step in the task and shared in the pride of accomplishment. She frankly stated that there were no other stone walls elsewhere to compare with those of New Hampshire. She didn't



HAROLD ORNE

*"And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbours.'"
From Robert Frost's poem, "Mending Wall"*

make that statement boastfully but rather with the calm assurance of one stating a truth that could not be challenged. It never was for we accepted it without question.

"If you ever get a chance," she would say, "you must go to New Hampshire and see those stone walls."

It was many years later that I did get a chance to go to New Hampshire and the first thing I looked for was a stone wall. Since that time I have seen many of them and have become better acquainted with New Hampshire. Now I am not so sure but that old school teacher was right in believing that the stone walls of New Hampshire are the most beautiful in the world.

The Connecticut Valley

By LOCKWOOD MERRIMAN

PHYSICALLY, New Hampshire is different from Vermont in several ways. Those differences to some may appear obvious; to others, they may scarcely exist. But the appeal of both states is equally strong; the scenery and countryside of each equally lovely although in slightly differing ways.

The Connecticut River, at its least a boundary line between the two states, at its best the fostering genius of a natural setting peculiar to itself, shows on its two banks, both immediately contiguous to the water and for miles into each state, a type of scenery which either New Hampshire or Vermont would be proud to call its own and which unites the best of each.

That particular section of the valley which appeals most to me and which I know the best, may be found around Plainfield and Cornish in New Hampshire and across the river around Ascutney, Vermont. Truly in this region we have all the best that anyone can ask from New England. There we find cascades tumbling from the hillsides into the river. There we have the quaint old Blow-Me-Down Mill, with its dam and shimmering fall, its stone bridge and overhanging trees. The picturesquely winding road skirts the mill pond, later emerging through regularly colonnaded white pines on the way towards Plainfield. Across the river rises Mt. Ascutney, regarding benignly the best part of the Connecticut Valley.

Small wonder, then, that such men as Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Winston Churchill, and Maxfield Parrish should choose this part of our state to live and work in. They unquestionably found both inspiration and relaxation in the rustic atmosphere and natural beauty of this setting. Those of us who live in this section of the country and the more of us who travel so often through it cannot fail to enjoy in some measure its green hills and its winding river,



FRED W. DAVIS

The stone bridge over Blow-Me-Down Brook in Cornish

to absorb its spirit of serenity, to experience occasionally its exquisite loveliness, to feel its profound agelessness.

Often I like to sit by the river next to the old covered bridge which crosses to Windsor (the longest bridge of this kind in the world) and muse, reflect, perhaps, that long ago down this very river, by this very spot passed Major Rogers on his raft escaping from the French and Indians and seeking aid for his starved companions miles upstream. It is a river of tradition; it is a river of sentiment; it is a river of beauty. And it winds through a section of country which partakes of all these traits in the full measure of bountiful Nature.

This month's cover picture is from the studio of Sawyer Pictures, Concord.

NS

"Something in a florist's window today reminded me how lovely bittersweet is at this time of year on gray stone walls — that Crotched and the Lyndeboros will be blue and hazy in the warm sun at noon and black etched against the deepening night sky — that on crisp nights there will be shooting stars arching across the heavens and there will be the scent of wood smoke in the air as the evening fires are lighted.

"One of the grandest things about having lived among the New Hampshire hills is that a bit of color in a flower shop in Michigan can release a whole train of memories and in a split second transport at least my thoughts home again.

"Am borrowing a line from a poem by Rupert Brooke I think when I say, 'These things I have loved. . . .'"

—MARJORIE BEAN PHILIPPI,
Detroit, Michigan

NS

The seventh annual fair of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts which was held at Hol-

derness in August was by far the most successful one yet, both in attendance and in sales.

NS

The 1940 fair season in New Hampshire ends on Columbus Day, October 12, with the famous Sandwich Fair.

NS

Our Roving Reporter who "specializes in irrelevant and disconnected happenings" notes that at a big outdoor picnic he recently attended, the 50-yard dash for men was won by the husband of the woman who won the rolling-pin contest. He thinks it was merely a coincidence but submits it for our consideration.

NS

New Hampshire will celebrate Thanksgiving Day on November 28.

NS

The annual autumn foliage show is now on and will continue until the middle of the month and in some sections of the State even later. This office is again issuing weekly autumn foliage bulletins showing the condition of the foliage in various parts of the State.

An exhibition called "Design Decade in New Hampshire" will be held at Carpenter Galleries, Hanover, from October 1 to October 31, under the sponsorship of the Department of Art. Its purpose is to exhibit sketches, plans and photographs for the dramatic presentation of the progress made in New Hampshire for the past decade in designing buildings, bridges, manufactured products, recreational facilities, community layouts, and other subjects in the field of useful arts.



The National Shut-In Society was started sixty years ago by three invalid girls who wrote each other cheery letters. Ten years later it was incorporated and it is now a national association with headquarters in New York City and members in forty-six states. The Society does not give material aid to its members, who are those crippled or bedridden or blind, but sends them literature and letters of sympathy and encouragement. The State Representative of the Society, Mrs. Glaydis S. Little, 623 Belmont Street, Manchester, New Hampshire, will be glad to tell you how you could help along this wonderful work.

New Hampshire Troubadour

Home Thoughts

By ODELL SHEPARD

October in New England,
And I not there to see
The glamour of the goldenrod,
The flame of the maple tree!

October in my own land. . . .
I know what glory fills
The mountains of New Hampshire
And Massachusetts hills.

I know what hues of opal
Rhode Island breezes fan,
And how Connecticut puts on
Colors of Hindustan.

Vermont, in robes of splendor,
Sings with the woods of Maine
Alternate hallelujahs
Of gold and crimson stain.

The armies of the aster,
Frail hosts in blue and gray,
Invade the hills of home — and I
Three thousand miles away!

I shall take down the calendar
And from the rounded year
Blot out one name, October,
The loveliest and most dear.

For I would not remember,
While she is marching by,
The pomp of her stately passing,
The magic of her cry.

From: The Home Book of Modern Verse—Stevenson

