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The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR

May 1951

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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. State Planning and Development Commission, Concord, New Hampshire. One dollar a year. Entered as second-class matter, May 31, 1949, at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ANDREW M. HEATH, *Editor*

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I KNEW IT WAS MAY

by Grace Wight Buckle

I knew it was May — the shadbush burst
In a riot of white overnight, and the sun
Spread wee, yellow five-fingers, one by one,
All over the pastures, gray.

It was May by the wild bird's note a-float
On the still, soft air of a fair, young morn,
And the scent of violets newly born
In a garden over the way.

It was May by my heart and its pulse a-start,
Like waves that glitter the foaming sea —
And by happy hopes that awoke in me —
I knew, O I knew it was May.

ENJOYING LIFE THOREAU-LY

by Lois Grant Palches

Osterville, Massachusetts

(Also Acworth, New Hampshire)

HENRY THOREAU, the iconoclast of Concord, has a great many enthusiastic disciples over the world, practicing his independence, his social heresies, and his love of nature. I would not call myself an ardent disciple, but I would like to use his most serious person for a little play on words as I say that when vacation time comes I want to enjoy life Thoreau-ly.

Why I wait for vacation is hard to explain. All too infrequently can days be ripped away from their fellows like words out of context or verses out of scripture to be used for the soul's good, but when the family can get away into the foothills of New Hampshire for two weeks or a month the earth and its processes become important to me.

Sunrise and sunset become noticed. Dawn and sunrise gift-wrap the day and present it to us for living. Sunset gives it equally colorful beauty as it become ours for remembering. It is easy and normal to be on hand for both presentations when one is in the country. After one mountain sunrise, with its tonic value, there is a desire for more of the same thing. The colors affect the attitudes with which the work or play of the day is undertaken.

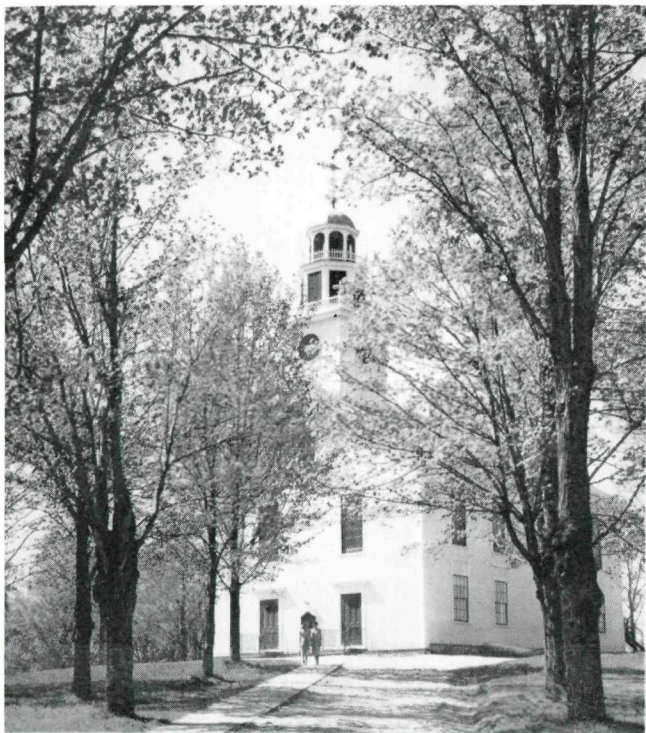
Hunger is likely to be the alarm clock in the mountains. Early bedtime and the sound sleep brought on by physical weariness and the lighter air make early rising a natural thing. With only one eye open the thought of a mug of coffee, with a plate of bacon and eggs, and toast made over the coals of a

quick fire, entice with the force of a well of water on the desert.

Fire, though perhaps not properly called one of earth's processes, is a most important element in the enjoyment of out-door or cabin living. A wood fire is a luxury in our thermostatically heated homes. The fireplace, the mantel and the fire are included for aesthetic value, while in the camp or cabin fire is a basic necessity. Wood comes to be appreciated for its character. Old sumac can be relied upon for quick heat, the dry pine

Spring at the church and town hall at Greenfield.

ERIC M. SANFORD



for crackling intensity, apple wood for the coals that are nearly smokeless for slow cooking or broiling; oak, maple, birch and ash make the evening fire, started with plenty of kindling and burning on until bed-time.

In the years of tent camping before we built our vacation lodge our fireplace was a carefully laid pile of rocks. Later we made a semicircular monstrosity which we call our mausoleum because it has contained the ashes of so many trees. A barbecue was made on the left side, a cupboard for wood and picnic supplies on the right, with the wide center left for our evening fires. At dusk when camp was made ready for the night, the food checked to see that nothing was left to tempt rodents, the beds and their mosquito tents arranged, the fire was started.

Lobster fishermen of Seabrook and Hampton at Hampton Harbor, just in from hauling the lobster pots.

DOUGLAS ARMSDEN



Fire affects persons variously, according to temperaments and the times. It may loosen tongues or it may bring on a meditative spirit. It may light up the corners of the memory into which we have tucked incidents of the past so that we see them again, vividly or dimly, for delight or for regret.

When one sits in front of an out-door fire, the stars and planets become important. How seldom we notice them even in village life, let alone the town and city. The variability of the sky's lamps and candles is full of wonder and fascination to the watcher. Without a knowledge of astronomy, even, all of us become psalmists at heart when the heavens are our most visible neighbors.

With the building of our lodge, fire continued to hold its position of top-rating. On fall vacations temperatures have fallen to a low of eight above zero, and we have found ice in the wash basin in the sink. At such times The Man must get up early to get a fire roaring, and only when we have listened to its crackle for some time and are assured of a warm semi-circle in which to be comfortable do we exercise the privilege of dressing by the fire. On such mornings the electric stove is spurned in favor of getting breakfast at the fireplace. More than breakfasts were cooked there this past September. Garden produce was still available, and we found corn especially delightful cooked in its husks over the coals. One rainy noon we put potatoes into the coals and cooked our corn and steak over them. Cucumbers and tomatoes completed the main course, while blueberries from our late-bearing bushes furnished our dessert.

In the autumn walking becomes our favorite recreation. Each year we tramp over our own sixty acres, noting the encroach-



WINSTON POTE

Cherry blossoms and a farm at Lancaster.

ment of the forest, as they are not used for farming. After our own place has been thoroughly visited, we walk neglected roads to come upon abandoned farms. Hearing that a near-by acreage was for sale, we set out to find and explore it. It was a climb worth taking, even though we passed an area from which lumbermen had cut the largest of the trees, the cream of the trunks taken away, leaving the skim milk of upper branches and brush to make for disorder. We found the air downright nourishing. There was a lingering odor of berries and we

occasionally picked a last red raspberry from a bush by the roadside. Pine odors were strong, and there were mushroom caps poking through the rotting oak stumps and pine needles. When we reached the top of the hill we were rewarded with a view of a deep valley with Monadnock rising on the horizon. Some one had abandoned a home on the hill-crest and silvery boards and beams lay helter-skelter tumbled into the foundation, with a jagged broken chimney standing smokeless in the sun.

Bouquets and the making of dish gardens took much of my time. For the first time we saw the closed gentians and used

them in our vases with the plentiful golden rod. The gentian has a blossom that looks like several blue Christmas bulbs fastened inside their four long and pointed leaves. One bouquet remained fresh and beautiful for ten days.

While The Man was getting in the wood supply I took my basket in search of mosses and ferns, berries and ground pine. These oddments for dish gardens provided gifts for neighbors and relatives whom I wished to remember in a small way on our return. There were the numerous varieties of moss, the checkerberries with their waxen leaves and red berries, the partridge berry vines; the grey-green fungi growing wherever rotting vegetation would give it food; the parasitical growth which resembled tiny red flowers; the seedlings of maple and birch in their two-inch beginnings; all these would live for weeks in our own home and in the homes of our friends. Just once I came upon two freshly risen purple mushrooms which lasted in a moss garden for ten days, giving an oriental touch to the whole.

What a queer load of baggage we carried home on the September trip! The moss gardens were made up and put on the floor of the car's rear seat. There were apples from our neglected orchard. From one tree we picked bushels of small but delicious Roman beauties, remarkably free of worms. Cooked in their skins and strained, they were to give us tasty pink apple sauce for weeks to come.

Together The Man and I had cut and prepared several bundles of white birch logs for Christmas presents and donations to our own church fair. Chosen for lovely markings, sawed into measured lengths, washed and tied with red ribbon, they make splendid gifts. With them we tucked in several logs of lilac



LUCY G. LOEKLE

Spring scene at a roadside near Richmond. Mrs. Loekle writes:

"As a frequent visitor to New Hampshire I have taken many photographs, especially kodachromes, of its beauty spots and also the home life of your sturdy people who live so contentedly in the rugged folds of the Granite Hills.

"Among things that are especially noticeable is the well fed plumpness of your farm animals — no 'austerity' there! — I have not seen their equal in any of the surrounding states. It is one of the pleasures of visiting New Hampshire to find this unchanged aspect of once thriving, happy rural life.

"In the vicinity of Richmond last spring I made a portrait of 'Two New Hampshire Beauties' on the roadside as I could not resist carrying away with me this memory, as I think it portrays so well the animals of your state, reflecting as they do also, the character of the owners."

wood which we like to use a little at a time in our fires in the Franklin stove. Though our God demands no incense, that is no reason to leave it out of our living, and lilac is the most fragrant wood for burning.

The simple chores of carrying water and cutting and stacking firewood, the clearing of the fallen trees from the living, all have significance and delight for vacationers who live in a highly conventional situation the balance of the year. I handled a buck saw for the first time last fall, and now that the aching muscles are a thing of the past, the achievement of cutting through a log remains an exciting memory.

The rustic life, as readers may have guessed by now, does something for me. May it always be my privilege to spend a portion of the year, however small, in the country, enjoying life Thoreau-ly.

REFLECTIONS ON A MAY MORNING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

by Helen Claire Wills

THE STILLNESS OF THE DAWN, on that first May morning in New Hampshire, was comparable to a baby's breath in slumber when, simultaneously with the rising of the sun, a bluebird's song announced the arrival of the day.

With the bluebird's song came the sunrise — a picturesque melody of smoky gray and burnished gold — the gray gradually becoming obliterated by the more lustrous rays from the sun's reflection. Then, in turn, the lake outside my window, caught up the golden glints in its slight undulations brought about by the early morning breeze. The dew-drenched leaves on the trees shimmered like butterfly wings in the sun.

No one could possibly resist the magic of such a New Hampshire morning — nor, would anyone want to! I know I didn't, consequently I found myself wide awake, and dressing hurriedly, with the sense of expectancy that always accompanies the spring. The dogs came bounding at my call and we took off for a brisk walk along the lakeside.

The pine trees on either side of the road are beautiful at all times of the year, but that May morning there was added beauty, it seemed, in the newly opened chartreuse leaves of the maple, and the soft green of the birches and poplars, in contrast to the dark, rich green of the pines and spruces. As I sauntered along my attention was caught by the soft murmur of rushing water — first to my right, and then to my left. I looked closely to find miniature waterfalls, partially hidden from sight, busy spilling their newly released waters into the

lake . . . Even a capricious little trout leapt above the water all unaware of the fate that was awaiting it — not too far away — in the shape of a fishing enthusiast!

As I continued walking I heard the songs of bluebirds, about-to-depart for the summer chick-a-dees, and song sparrows, joyously mingled together where, a moment before, there had been silence except for the murmuring of the water. Looking up I saw some little chick-a-dees in the tree directly above me and one brazen little fellow, as he saw me put my hand in my pocket, flew down and lit on my shoulder! As I withdrew my hand and opened it, palm upwards, disclosing sunflower seeds he flew from shoulder to hand, and took his own good time picking out the biggest and best seed before he flew off again to his perch in the tree. For those unacquainted with the epicurean taste of a chick-a-dee I should probably mention that they are inordinately fond of sunflower seeds and, during the winter, are bribed by year 'round residents into almost complete trustfulness.

Although the sun, despite the early hour, was warm the air was invigorating and conducive to rapid striding, so I started off again and it was heart warming to be greeted with a cheerful "good morning" — for I was a newcomer to New England — by a native also out to enjoy the May morning.

We exchanged pleasantries, and then it seemed to me from the way she said, "Come, I've something to show you," there was a special treat in store for me — and, so there was. We walked together down the road to her cottage where, as if on parade, dozens of tulips and daffodils were nodding in unison, to the sun, against a background of pink and white apple blossoms. A May Morning's floral tribute to New Hampshire!



BOUCHARD

Fishing for trout and salmon at Pleasant Lake, New London.

BOY AND FISH

He leaned and felt the line go slack
And prickled up and down his back,
Waiting to feel the sudden run
And see the fish arc to the fun.
He could not breathe nor move at all
And yet he felt himself grow tall
Enough to handle scale and fin
Enough to bring a strong fish in.
The pull came sharply and he stood
As one who finds a moment good,
Bracing and reeling head to toes.
Watch sunlight bless him as he goes,
Man-tall and surely three years older,
His first fish swung across his shoulder!

— Anobel Armour
in the *Washington Star*

FRONT COVER: Lilacs at Governor Benning Wentworth estate, Portsmouth. Color photo by Douglas Armsden.

BACK COVER: Fishing the Israel River at Jefferson Notch in the White Mountain National Forest. Photo by Winston Pote.

FRONTISPIECE: Apple blossoms at Pittsfield. Photo by Eric M. Sanford.



NEW HAMPSHIRE BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Democracy Fights: A History of New Hampshire in World War II, by Philip N. Guyol, published for the State of New Hampshire by Dartmouth Publications, Hanover, N.H., \$3.00. A highly readable account of the military, governmental, economic, and cultural aspects, illuminated by charts, diagrams, and 32 pages of photographs, with many sidelights on the story given in detailed notes;

and a most attractive volume of 350 pages as to all production details — design, paper, presswork, and binding.

Dublin Days, Old and New, by Henry D. Allison of Dublin, New Hampshire, Exposition Press, Inc., New York. An informal history of a typical New England village, embodying authentic Americana and informative "ruralia," ancient and modern traditions that give it a universality and timelessness. While the ordinary farmer and villageman of the past two centuries gave Dublin and the Monadnock Region their essential spirit and character, the fact that Dublin has had many permanent and temporary residents of prominence in art, literature, education, and business gives the volume added interest.

Keith Jennison's *New Hampshire*, an arrangement of photographs and pithy comments, has been reprinted. Henry Holt and Co., Inc., New York, \$2.95.

As reported by the Manchester *Union-Leader*:

The Newbery Award, given each year to the author of the nation's best children's book, has been won by Mrs. William McGreal of Peterborough.

Mrs. McGreal, who writes under the name of Elizabeth Yates, is the author of *Amos Fortune — Free Man*, a story based on the life of a Negro slave who purchased his freedom and then made his home in Jaffrey.

MSH

Summer visitors in New Hampshire this year will notice signs marking scenic roadside areas. Sections of the highways have been designated for scenic improvement by the New Hampshire Voluntary Roadside Improvement Committee, which was organized last year to help solve the important problems of keeping attractive what the motorist sees as he travels. The voluntary effort is

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intended to help bring about general improvement of roadsides and adjacent premises. Complaints and suggestions may be sent to the secretary of the committee, care of Supervisor of Highway Marking, Department of Public Works and Highways, at Concord.

MSH

A new edition of the *New Hampshire Recreational Calendar*, giving dates of spring and summer events, opening dates of tourist attractions, and other information, will be sent to anyone wishing it. Just ask the State Planning and Development Commission for a copy.

MSH

The sixth annual New Hampshire Folk Festival is to be at New Hampshire Hall, University of New Hampshire, Durham, May 25 and 26. Features are contra, square, and folk dance demonstrations, folk singing, crafts demonstrations, and exhibits of resource materials.



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