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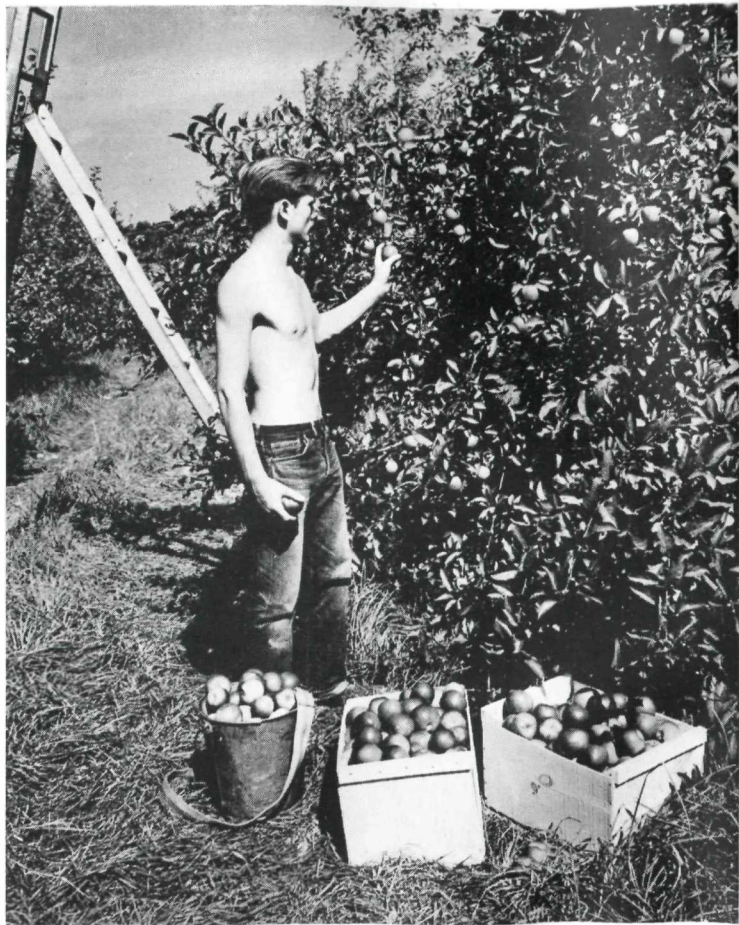
The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR



September 1944

NEW HAMPSHIRE
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HAROLD ORNE

A schoolboy helps out on the labor shortage of a Hampton Falls apple orchard. The soil, climate and growing season in New Hampshire produce apples that are unequalled for color, flavor and keeping qualities

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 AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SUBSCRIPTION: 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

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COUNTRY AUCTIONS

by Cornelius Weygandt

THE COUNTRY AUCTION that held place in public interest throughout New Hampshire with county fair, circus and town meeting is all but passed. It is following musters of militia and barn raisings, the moving of houses on skids drawn by oxen and corn-huskings on threshing floors, meetings of neighborhood literary societies and singing school into the no man's land of forgotten things. Old Home Day has come into being, and local historical societies, and larger activities for country high schools, and arts and crafts exhibits, and the movies and radio, but nothing has arisen to take just the place the auction in a farm or village home held in the life of yesterday.

In all these gatherings there was the joy that lies in a crowd, or in talks with friends seldom met, or in picturesquenesses or pageantry, or in the fun of trading. There is an intimacy of human appeal, however, in the selling off of the treasures of a home, that no other sort of country gathering possesses. What people must sell on mov-

ing or to settle an estate tells you what they lived with, what they valued, what they were like. Weaving was the heart's delight of one household, books of another, jellies and jams and sauces of a third. Here are coverlets; there Thomson's *Seasons* and Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and a first edition of Poe's *Tales*; and yonder currant jelly and plum jam and red astrachan sauce.

It was the code down to 1920, at auctions at homes of any consequence, for crackers and cheese and doughnuts and coffee to be served free, by the people selling, to all comers. The last such auction I attended was at a big and well stocked house on Vittum Hill above the Bear camp. Then came the day in which you could buy goodies prepared by the local ladies' aid. Now you are lucky if there is a hot dog man around.

There is heart-break in certain scenes at auctions, when, say, a pair of baby's shoes are put up, and the auctioneer reads from a tag attached: "Pet's shoes: she died February 22, 1871". Or when keepsakes of hair fall from a family Bible put up. Or when a stocking, unfinished, with needles still in it, is the item cried. In this last instance, at a farm auction under the Ossipees, a woman rushed forward and wrested the stocking from the slack hands of the auctioneer. Her aunt had been working on it in her last illness.

You will hear spicy talk in the crowd at auctions, as that I heard between sisters-in-law by Province Lake. "So the Olins are a matter of concern and consideration to you", said Miss Olin to her brother's wife. "Well, let me tell you there are Olins need no crying up, and you are not the one can cry up those that need it."

It was over fifty years ago I bought Prime's *Along New England Roads* at an auction of the books that had come in for review to a Philadelphia newspaper. That book was a record of driving, with a pair of horses, up into the White Mountains, and of stopping at the roadside when the spirit so moved the handler of the reins. It was there I read my first account of a New Hampshire auction. That reading whetted the interest aroused by my father's talk of his



DORIS DAY

"The Drovier's House," North Sandwich, Dr. Weygandt's summer home for the past twenty-five years

many vacations in "The Presidentials", to which he travelled via Alton Bay, Center Harbor, Piper's and North Conway. His visits reached back into stage coach days. It was not, however, until I came on "Country Sale" by Edmund Blunden, that English poet whom Thomas Hardy liked best of his contemporaries, that I found a description to the life of such vendues as I have known. It might have been a sale I attended twenty years ago in Tuftonboro that he was recounting instead of one in his native Sussex. There were more old men at this Tuftonboro sale that were cast in the mould of John Bull than in that of Uncle Sam. They were red checked, heavy paunched, largely jovial.

What an auctioneer loves is to get two bidders determined to



BERNICE PERRY

Mt. Monadnock from Peterborough

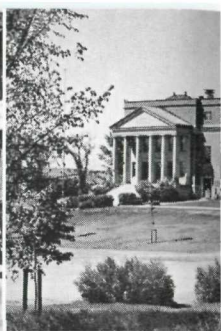
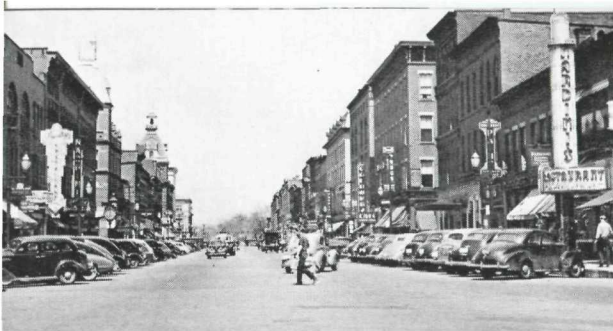
have a certain article. Near Moultonboro Falls I saw two men bid up a milking stool worth no more than a dollar until the more stubborn of the two paid \$9.50 for it. At Ossipee Center, I bought an iron trident with a long wooden handle, and eel spear, and was hailed as Father Neptune by the irreverent as I carried it back to my place in the crowd. Over at Kezar Falls the auctioneer threw me the wooden works of a shelf clock, on which I had not bid, and said: "Mr. Weygandt, you have bought that for twenty-five cents." I took the works home, where my son found in them a wheel that fitted into the works of a clock made in Bristol — Bristol, New Hampshire, not Bristol, Connecticut. It is ticking away, that clock that was once Alvie Batchelder's medicine chest, on the mantel piece of the room where I write.



T. C. ELLIS

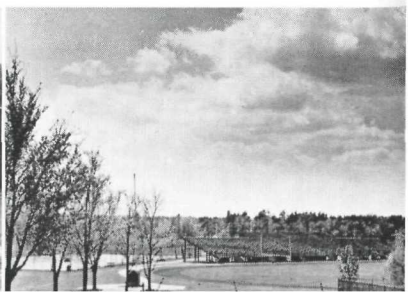
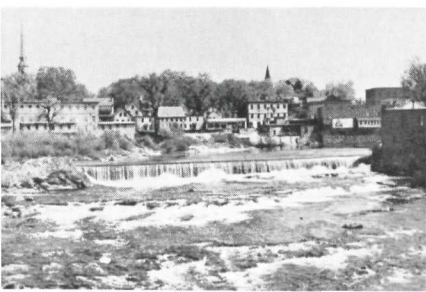
Pulling contest at Sandwich Fair

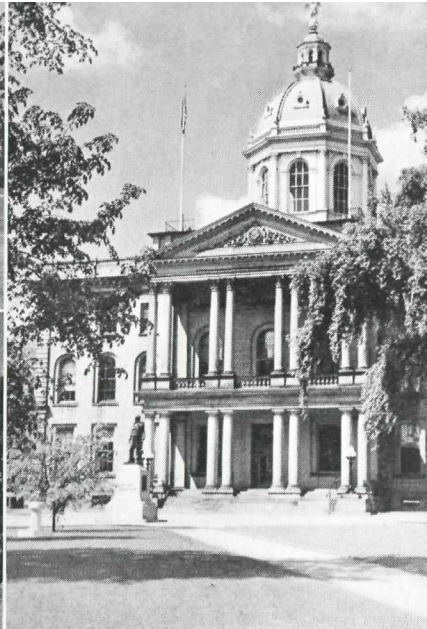
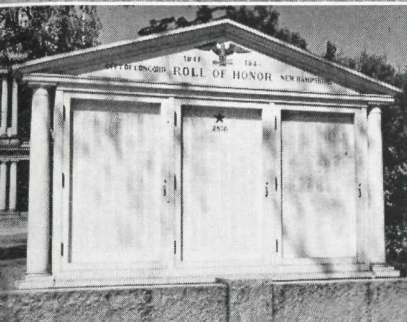
I have gotten few bargains at auctions, but many little things that have interested me: the miniature of a charming small girl, in "The Ragged Mountains"; a mould carved out of wood so it leaves the figure of a fish in relief on a cake, on the hill south of Meredith; old diaries that reveal the detail of life of a century ago in Shadagee in Sanbornton, in the levelled town of Hill; a felt strainer for maple sap used as a fool's cap in school, in North Sandwich. Better than any little treasures, though, are the talks I have had with friends in the crowd, and my memories of rich speech I have heard from Frank Bryer, now with God, past master of the rhythms and picturesquenesses of expression in our mountain English. There is a joy, forever gone out of life now that we shall never again hear him begin his crying of an auction with "Say, Folkse!"



SCENES IN CONCO

Left to right: 7. Business section, Main St. 2. High School. 3. State House. Built 1816-19, enlarged and remodelled 1864-66 and again enlarged 1909. 4. White Park. 5. City Y.M.C.A. 6. Roll of Honor in front





D — *The Capitol City*

of State House. 7. Penacook, Ward 1 of Concord, and a part of Bos-
 cawen. 8. Memorial Athletic Field. 9. City Library, dedicated 1940.
 10. Upper end of Main St.

Pictures by Fred W. Davis and F. R. Wentworth



HOME

by *H. Sheridan Baketel, M.D.*

You ask why I have returned to New Hampshire. — New Hampshire is *my* State.

To be sure, I was born in Ohio but since 1877, when my dearly beloved father, the Reverend Dr. Oliver S. Baketel, was transferred to Newfields, I have been a 100 per cent Granite State man. Every inch of the state, from Coos to the sea, — all belongs to me in affection.

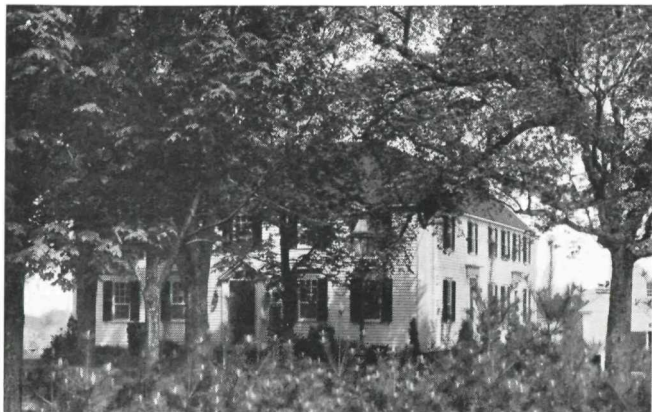
For more than 40 years, New York or contiguous New Jersey has been my temporary abiding place, but my real home has been in the Greenland-Portsmouth area, even though I owned no property there. Home is where the heart is, and for more than six decades I have looked on that section of Rockingham as my actual abode. Nine delightful years in the formative period of my youth were spent in Greenland and Portsmouth.

Education goes far toward determining the future of the individual, for in the classroom, boys and girls dream dreams and see visions. If their teachers impress on them love of town and state and country, it becomes fixed, even to the extent of being an obsession, as in my case.

My instructors at Brackett Academy, Portsmouth High School, Phillips Exeter and Dartmouth must have been lovers of New Hampshire, for my earliest recollections are of the virtues and grandeurs of our commonwealth, revealed to us by the pedagogues.

We were taught to believe that the grass is greener, the mountains grander, the valleys more peaceful, the lakes and rivers more placid, picturesque, and the seacoast more beautiful, than in any other section. I believed it then and I do now.

The countryside of England, with its regularly patterned fields,



A. A. PETERSON

Home of Dr. Baketel, Greenland

its lakes, hills, and famous estates; the view across the Bay of Naples from the Vomero on a moonlight night when Vesuvius is erupting; the ancient glories of Rome and Florence; the revealing delights of the Côte d'Or by the blue waters of the Mediterranean; the trip down the castle-lined Rhine; the flat canal-bisected lands of the Low Countries; the never-to-be-forgotten peaks and lakes of Switzerland, from whence came some of my forebears in 1725 — all these scenes have gladdened our eyes during the many trips that we have made abroad. But wherever we were the thought was ever present — “this is wonderful but it is not New Hampshire.”

I will stake the peaceful beauty of The Parade in Greenland, on which we live, against the charms of any English or French village.

No more perfect marine picture has even been painted than the view of the Isles of Shoals from New Castle or Rye on a clear day.



HAROLD ORNE

Spectacle Pond, Croydon

The Alps are stupendous and awe-inspiring, but to me the scene from the country home of my son, Sheridan, Jr., on Sawyer Hill, Canaan, is more soul-satisfying — looking down the hill a mile or more to Goose Pond, a lovely lake, and then up the wooded slopes of the Moose range.

And beyond the ridges of the Moose lieth Hanover, loveliest village of the plain — nestling to its tree encircled breast the college of Webster and Choate, the institution which fixed its place in the hearts of college men when Webster said, "Dartmouth is a small college, but there are those who love her." Oxford — Cambridge? Medievally superb, but there is only one Dartmouth.

It is my hope that from my Greenland home I can continue to look out over life calmly and steadfastly, until the world for me loses itself in the twilight of time and eternity.

AUTUMN FOLIAGE

by *Maj. W. J. Lincoln Adams*

As IF to compensate us for the falling leaves of October, which will soon leave the branches bare, Nature paints her autumn foliage with a loveliness of color unknown at any other time of the year. The breath-taking beauty of these exquisite hues, particularly in the golden light of an October afternoon, is beyond all description. They grow mellow as the sunlight wanes until, at twilight, they have softened to delicate pastel shades.

At this season of the year our fair, sunlit days are presaged by mists in the valleys, in the early morning, lying there like lakes of cloud, which in truth they are, until the mounting sun dispels them with its increasing warmth. The hillsides are brilliant, however, in their autumn coloring under cloudless skies, even while the river valleys are still shrouded in the morning mists. But before long the entire face of nature, valley as well as hillside, is smiling in the genial sunlight of an October day.

Nights are frosty and clear at this time of the year, and the constellations swing close to the earth; the vault of Heaven seems near. You breathe the keen, fresh air from the north and you realize that summer is past. Next day, however, in the mellow sunlight you feel that winter is still far away.

This is the season of magical colors. Vivid-hued foliage against backgrounds of somber greens; blue skies, the whitest of clouds, and a golden sun. At night, iridescent stars in a purple heaven, and in due time the great-orbed hunter's moon. The nightly frosts, falling softly on grass and bush, are transformed to glistening robes of diamonds and pearls in the morning light. Is this Paradise, you wonder; or can it be you are still living on the earth?

FRONT COVER: A country auction. Kodachrome by F. R. Wentworth.

BACK COVER: Franconia Range and Pemigewasset River from Woodstock. Photo by C. T. Bodwell.

NK

At the suggestion of Sgt. Joseph R. H. Camire of Manchester, now in Iran, we are starting a series of pictures of the eleven cities of the State. On pages 8 and 9 of this issue are pictures of Concord; in the next issue we will show Manchester. These are chiefly for the benefit of our boys and girls in the Service but we hope they will be of interest to our readers generally.

NK

The storekeeper in one of the rural towns inquired of the wife of a man who had been reported as "ailing," how he was getting along. "He ain't hard sick," she replied, "but he's considerable poorly."

NK

On being assigned to a Naval hospital in this Country after two and a half years' work in a Naval hospital in North Ireland, Lt. Comm. Ralph W. Hunter, son of Edgar M. Hunter, Chairman of the New Hampshire Public Service Commission, shipped to his Han-

over home a pedigreed Irish setter which he purchased soon after reaching Ulster. Three weeks later when the crate was opened at his new home Bernie Boy, alias Ginger, stepped out, sat down in the driveway and solemnly held out his right front paw to Mr. Hunter, Sr. When that had been shaken heartily he stood up and put his paws on Mr. Hunter's shoulders. That settled everything; Bernie Boy, alias Ginger, "took over" and when his master arrived three weeks later everything was well under control, still is, and there is every indication, admit Mr. Hunter, Sr. and Mrs. Hunter, that the situation is likely to continue permanently.

NK

TEMPLE, Aug. 25 — (AP) — Tomorrow is Good Roads Day for this hilltop village town.

Annually, men from all sections of this community turn out with tools, teams and trucks and improve some piece of road for the benefit of everyone. Townswomen prepare and serve elaborate dinners and the event is a community reunion in which everyone participates.

Good Roads Day, town officials point out, is a survival of early days when "everyone got together and worked for the common good."

DUNBARTON, July 2 — (AP) — When Town Moderator Louis H. Holcombe bangs his gavel Wednesday night at a special town meeting, this town's 500 citizens will consider a matter of importance.

The question to be acted on is what color to paint the Town Hall.

"Let the people rule," says Holcombe, as he explains why the special town meeting was called. One group of citizens wants the Town Hall painted white, while another favors gray.

Selectman John G. Pride, William Merrill and Donald Montgomery claim they don't care what the color is so long as the building is painted.

NY

New records in both total sum and number of contributors were established by the 1944 Dartmouth College Alumni Fund with a fine total of \$284,251 from 13,499 contributors. The total received is 114 per cent of the \$250,000 goal set for this year, while the proportion of givers to living graduates is 89 per cent, not counting more than a thousand gifts from the classes of 1944, 1945, and 1946, still regarded as undergraduates.

Contributions from the more than 8,000 Dartmouth men now in

New Hampshire Troubadour



Merton C. Leach of Westmoreland, N. H. and his team

uniform were again a feature of the 1944 campaign.

The bulk of this year's Dartmouth fund, raised by the Alumni Council, is expected to be added to the College's postwar reconversion reserve, started last year with \$190,000 from the 1943 Alumni Fund and now totaling about \$275,000.

NY

The tax rate for Monroe and North Monroe has been established at 65 cents, the same as for last year. This rate is the lowest in the memory of the town's oldest residents, and is brought about by the fact that two large power developments, the 15-Mile Falls plant and the McIndoes station, are located in the town limits.

— *Littleton Courier*



WHENCE COMETH MY HELP

by P. L. Montgomery

Here, on these hills, no sense of loneliness
Touches my soul. When the long days are fine,
And I can see, for miles on miles, the line
Of far-off mountains where their summits press
Against the arching azure of the skies,
Or when the rain blots all objects out from me
But the dim outline of the nearest tree,
And little sounds so strangely magnifies,
I am content. Peace on my soul descends.
No unfilled longings rise in me to choke
My will. I smell the fragrance of damp sod
Whose pungency with forest odors blends,
And from my shoulders, like an outworn cloak,
My troubles fall, so close to me seems God.