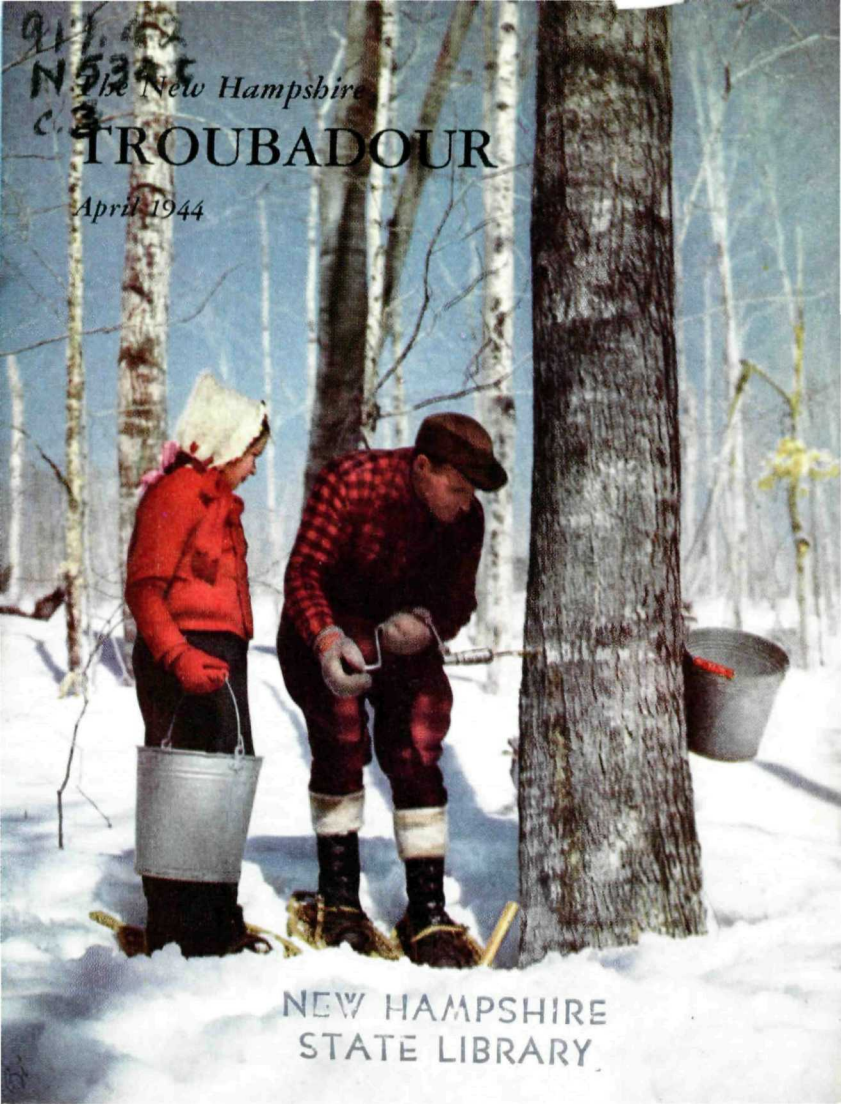


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The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR

April 1944



NEW HAMPSHIRE
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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. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SUBSCRIPTION; 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

VOLUME XIV

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NUMBER 1

SPRINGTIME DOWN HOME

by Alfred Evans

IT'S SPRINGTIME DOWN HOME!

No, I didn't look at the calendar. They're usually a little off-season, anyway. To really know spring you've got to feel it way down, deep inside. It's like love; there's no mistaking it when at last it comes. And it seems as though each spring is more beautiful than the last, for we have not only the loveliness of the present, but also fond memories of past seasons.

It seems as though there were always a million ways of recognizing springtime down home — ground hog's shadow, grandma's "roomytiz," and so on. But I think the youngsters had about the surest way of telling the true signs of spring. From Ground Hog's Day sometimes until the first of May we'd watch for those signs on our way to school.

The most logical thing to look for was signs of the ice breaking up, down at the old swimming hole. That was the sure sign. No doubt about it; spring had really come — even if there should be a



HAROLD ORNE

Keene, a city of thriving factories and beautiful homes, was granted by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1733 as Upper Ashuelot and incorporated in 1753 as Keene in honor of Sir Benjamin Keene

blizzard or two — we knew spring had come. And soon the ice would entirely break away and float down stream. Then from the hills above the timbers would come bobbing down on their course to the mills in the Valley below. Watching those logs, listening to their thunder was a thrilling experience to all of us.

Sometimes the robins and bob-whites would be singing from the trees and rails before the first thaw. We used to go over into the woods across the way from Uncle George's place to watch them build their nests — the same woods where the gypsies camped year after year. Once one of their women folks came toward us, and we ran like the devil, for we had been told that gypsy women "stole

white children and dunked 'em in t'bacca juice" in order to make gypsies out of them.

Yes, sir, it seems as though we were all glad to see spring. The fact is, we were so eager that sometimes we'd dig our boots into the ice to see if it would crack — just itching to be the first to yell: "It's spring! The ice is 'most broken up. Hey, folks, it's spring!"

But spring didn't come only to the woods and the young. It meant renewed activity to everything and everyone. While the women folks were head over heels in house cleaning, the men began preparing for the planting season. That was when the rafters of the old barn fairly rang with the sounds of spring. Chains jangling, leather squeaking, rusty machinery whirring, and above it all — men shouting, sometimes cursing, sometimes singing an old hymn! And out behind the barn there was the unmistakable bawling of Aunt Josephine with her sixth calf. And there's Nellie looking as though her colt would be along anytime. And then there's "Papa Ferdinand" stomping his "highland laddy" jive, just to let "them young heifers" know that he was with them — in spirit, anyway.

And I can't remember one single spring when old Dr. Belcher didn't come driving by some early morning to say, "It's a boy at the Hopkins place! — A ten pound, red-headed little devil — looks like Tim. . . ."

And Uncle George would spit clean through the front gate. "An' just as no account, he'll be, no doubt."

"Oh, I don't know," Doc would say. "Tim's a right good hand."

"I 'pecker' so. . . ."

Ice a-breaking, timbers a-splashing, birds a-singing, kids a-yelling, women a-cleaning, men a-shouting! Horses a-foaling, cows a-calving, chicks a-hatching, the child a-coming to the rejoicing! That's springtime. . . . It seems as though all the world's a-singing one great love song. And I always feel as though it's God's love song when it's springtime.

"Hey, folks, it's springtime down home!"

MORE "SMALL TOWN STUFF"

by Deane Southworth Smith

IF YOU say "Main Street" to anyone, there will come a picture to his mind of his particular Main Street in some small town where he lives, be it East or West. To each one of us comes a cherished picture, for no matter where that small town is, Main Street means pretty much the same thing to him.

"Main Street" will forever be to me, no matter where I am, Water Street in Exeter, New Hampshire. There is the dignified and imposing Town Hall at the head of the street, then the Bank, and the Newspaper office. Across the street there is the A & P, and the Drug Store, and the Dry Goods Store, and because it's Exeter, there is a Gift Shop and the Book Store. If you are a woman, you go out to do your marketing about nine o'clock in the morning, and almost every morning in the week, you will see almost everybody you know! It is a bit like one of those large tea parties where people gather, and you see somebody you know across the shoulders, or around somebody's back. On Main Street you stop to talk to Mrs. Brown, and you see Mrs. Smith on the edge of the crowd, and there's Mrs. Trask in the tail of your eye.

You find out the very latest news on Main Street. Not by any ticker-tape method, but because you met Mrs. Hall who always knows the very last word about everybody. You know too, before you reach the Bookshop that the new books have come because Professor Black calls it out to you. Mr. Sampson the Agricultural Agent has been ill for quite a while, but you know he's back in his office because his huge dog who everybody knows is lying on the threshold of the building where Mr. Sampson has his office.

There's Helen crossing the street. You hoped you would see her to tell her about the meeting yesterday. It will save a long telephone



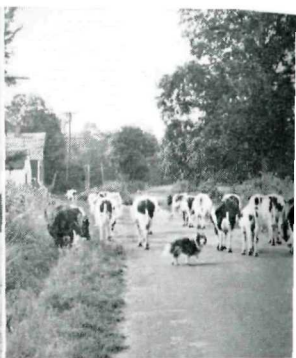
A. L. BELCHER

Exeter, home of the famous Phillips Exeter Academy, was settled in 1638; this territory had previously been known as Squamscott Falls. Exeter was the state capital during the Revolution, and the state legislature met here frequently until about 1800

conversation. If you see Mrs. King, you'll tell her you can surely go to the Garden Club meeting in Durham on Friday.

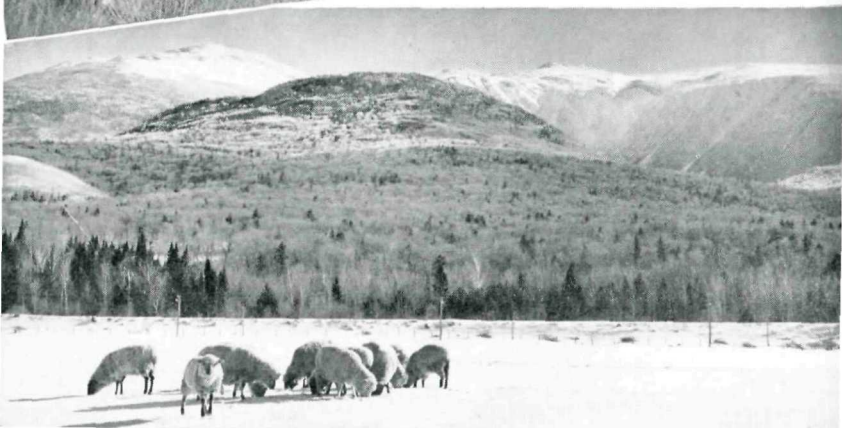
You chat yourself down the street. You inquire about the health of somebody's elderly mother. You admire Jane's new baby who is out in his pram for the first time. You hear that old Mr. Thompson is very low. You go into the drug store, and while you wait for Mr. Peaver to wait on you, you have a soda with somebody you know, who is waiting, too. The druggist thanks you for the card you sent on Christmas, and inquires for your son's cold.

You go into the Bank, and Jr. Jones waves and smiles from his cage. The President himself will bow and smile as you pass his desk. Out in the sunshine again, you pass Dr. Martin, the dentist,



NEW HAMPSHIRE .

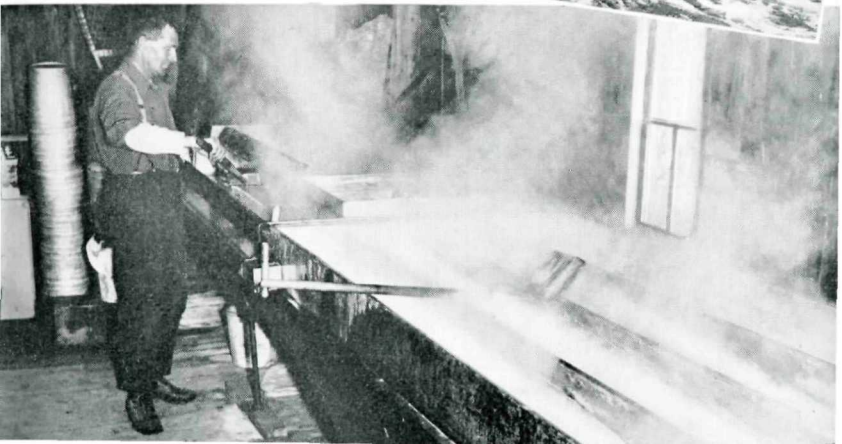
A few scenes selected specially for our boys and girls in the armed services. Top row, left to right: Sailboats on Rust Pond, Wolfeboro (Orne); Road near Walpole (Orne); Spring skiing at Tuckerman (Pote). Middle row; Horseback riders at Camp





. THE HOMELAND

Ossipee (H. D. Barlow); Alton Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee (Orne).
Bottom row: White Mountain sheep settling their early spring food problem, Mts. Madison and Adams and King Ravine from Randolph (Pote); Boiling maple sap into syrup (Pote).





HAROLD ORNE

Springfield Town Hall and Church. Granted in 1769, the town was first called "Protect-worth"; incorporated in 1794, the name was changed to Springfield

and you smile ruefully, both of you knowing that you'll be seeing him this afternoon.

If it means anything to you to feel yourself a part of the Town, to feel that you fill a most special place in it, that you are important to people, that there is that feeling of security which comes from being known to many, and if you love that warmth that comes from being liked, and one of that important whole, you will know that you are a part of Main Street, and it is a part of you.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S STEAMBOAT

by *George C. Carter*

IN 1793, fourteen years before the *Clermont* appeared on the Hudson River, Captain Samuel Morey successfully operated his steamboat on the Connecticut. His father, Colonel Israel Morey, with his wife, an infant in arms and several other children, including Samuel, then four years of age, made the journey to Orford, N. H., from Hebron, Conn. in January 1766 with his ox team. The way was through a trackless forest and unbroken wilderness, but was accomplished without accident.

Israel Morey was a man of great mental force and physical vigor. Samuel developed similar characteristics and although devoted to his lumbering and saw mill, operated for the benefit of the settlers, also became an engineer and did well his part in the development of the Walpole, N. H.-Bellows Falls, Vt., area.

In 1780 he began an intensive study of the application of steam power. He was in frequent conference with Professor Silliman of Yale and contributed articles to the *Journal of Science*. He was sure the future of shipping was with the development of steam power.

January 29, 1793, a patent bearing the rugged signature of Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State, was issued to Captain Morey. The invention was for a turning spit to be operated by steam. In 1799 he received a patent for a new water engine over the signature of John Adams, and November 13, 1800, there was another signed by Adams and Lee.

July 14, 1815, Morey took out two patents signed by James Madison, President, and James Monroe, Secretary of State, for tide and water wheels. April 1, 1826, Morey received a patent for a gas or vapor engine, signed by J. Q. Adams as President, and Henry Clay, Secretary of State.

The patent covering steam navigation was issued in 1795 and is



HAROLD ORNE

A poultry farm in Durham specializing in "New Hampshires," a distinctive breed that has won wide recognition in both North and South America in recent years

now lodged with the New Hampshire Historical Society. He made the boat, built the steam engine, added the necessary machinery and made many trips up and down the Connecticut River.

At the suggestion of Professor Silliman of Yale, Captain Morey went to New York with a model of his boat and with his patents. He was frequently in conference with Chancellor Livingstone and Robert Fulton. They were most enthusiastic and took copious notes.

These conferences finally resulted in an offer of \$7,500 for the patents and all rights pertaining thereto. Captain Morey had previously made a price of \$15,000, saying he would take nothing less. The two interests never got any nearer together and on the last visit Morey reported that enthusiasm had turned to coldness.

He promptly returned to Orford and removed all the machinery from the boat to utilize it in his lumbering and construction business. The boat itself was taken across the river to Lake Morey and sunk, thus ending a dream which he thought was never to come true.

But Captain Morey, businessman, prophet and genius, built better than he knew because when the *Clermont* made its successful trip up the Hudson it was found to include many of the suggestions and some of the patented ideas which had been brought out by Morey some years earlier. Captain Morey built a stately mansion for himself, another for his daughter and still another was added later. Visitors to Orford on the Connecticut are entranced by these monuments to the ability and energy of a New Hampshire pioneer.

NY

New Hampshire members of the armed forces throughout the world will be able to vote in the coming election, as a result of action taken by a special session of the New Hampshire Legislature.

The Secretary of State will send a ballot on any informal request made by a veteran or by someone else in his behalf if the address is given.

Three bills were passed to make the necessary changes in provisions for absentee voting and to advance the date of the state primary election from September 12 to July 11. The bills also facilitate voting by members of the merchant marine and citizens serving abroad with and attached to the armed forces in the American Red Cross, the Society of Friends, the Women's Auxiliary

Service Pilots, and the United Service Organizations.

It is estimated officially that the interval between completion of ballots and election day on November 7 will be 85 days, almost double the minimum of 45 days set by the War and Navy Departments.

The special session, called by Governor Robert O. Blood, opened on March 21, and the legislative program for soldier voting was completed by the Legislature on March 28. The Governor signed the bills on March 29.

Two additional bills, adopted to amplify existing veterans' legislation, provided poll tax exemption for widows of World War II, and property tax exemption up to \$1,000 for World War II veterans.

FRONT COVER: Tapping a sugar maple for the sap that is boiled down to maple syrup and maple sugar. (Kodachrome by Winston Pote.)

BACK COVER: A modern New Hampshire farm at Walpole. (Photo by Harold Orne.)

Rockingham has been handed reports of the police officers of the town of Exeter from the year 1824 to 1856. In the earlier days the police were evidently a legislative body which met frequently and proclaimed many rules for the conduct of the citizens, some of which appear to us very amusing. A few are as follows:

“June 5 (1824) William Marsh has leave to drum for four months from this date on Wednesdays and Saturdays from three to five o'clock in the afternoon in his father's field and not within eight rods of the publick highway.”

Exeter, June 28th, 1824

Permission is hereby granted to Capt. Daniel Gilman & the company associated under his command to use martial music on the evening of Wednesday, Friday and Monday at any time after sunrise and between that time and sunset

and also to practice firing at those times.

Police of Exeter.

Exeter, March 9th, 1835

Police met at the house of John Dodge to advise and instruct those who, when appointed to assist the police in preserving order and prevent any disturbance which may be contrary to law on Tuesday, March 10th (Town Meeting day).

The following gentlemen were appointed by the Selectmen to assist the Police:

Retire M. Parker
John Wentworth
Dan'l Rundlett
Nathl Tailor
Jacob Elliott
John Moulton 2

The police wish each one of you to use your best endeavors to quell any riot or disturbance which you may see in the streets tomorrow and if any riot should be commenced to arrest the ringleaders or any others in the same and take them over to the gaol and commit them, they also wish you to be on hand day & evening for the purpose.

EBEN PEARSON, *Secretary*

—“ROCKINGHAM'S RAMBLES,” in the
Exeter News Letter

One season one of the early settlers, Philip Jordan, had such a meager larder that he had to dig up the potato seed already planted to keep starvation from the door. Soon berries came and these, with milk, helped to keep his family alive. Mr. Jordan was always calm and self-possessed, let what would happen, and it was related that he was quite a hunter. One winter he killed 17 moose. The best of the meat was kept and eaten fresh through the winter or dried for the summer. The skins were useful for chair bottoms, snowshoe "filling," floor mats, and when tanned served to cover the children in their beds, while the moose's stocks were worn in place of boots and shoes.

— *From History of Coos County*

A distributor of religious tracts — known in earlier days as a colporteur — walked through some freshly fallen snow to the front door, unused during the winter as was the custom in those days, and rang the squeaky doorbell. After some delay the owner shuffled to the door in his carpet-slippers and, after a battle with the lock and bolt, succeeded in opening it. "Good morning, sir," said his caller

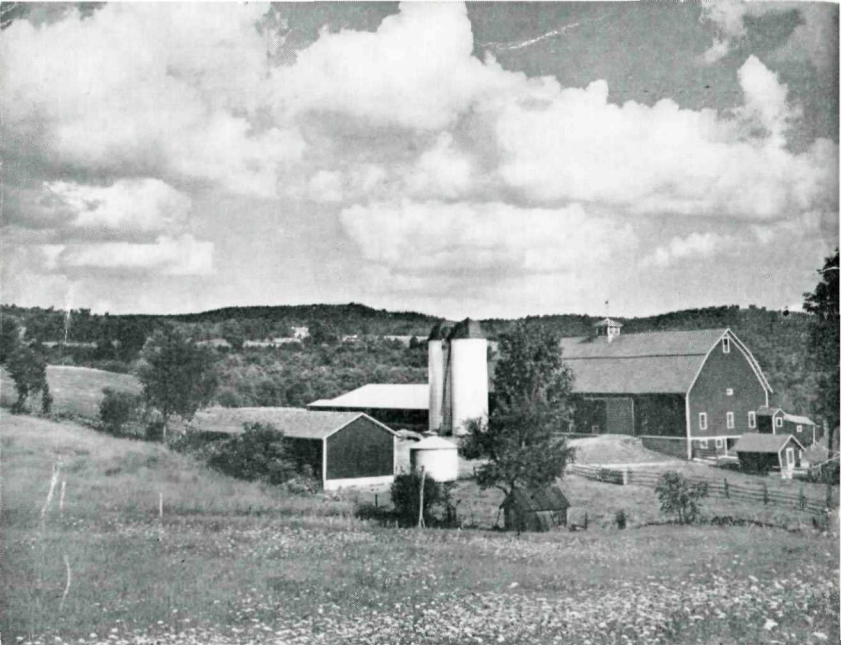
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obsequiously, "would you mind if I left a few tracts here?" "Not if the toes are all pointed toward the gate," remarked the host as he slammed the door.

The forest fire hazard is felt to be especially critical this year because of the manpower shortage and other conditions. For that reason the State Forestry and Recreation Department is urging motorists, sportsmen, and others who have occasion to be in or near the woods in New Hampshire to be especially cautious and thoughtful during the coming spring and summer season.

If you are considering the purchase, either now or later, of country real estate for year-round or summer home or a farm, send for our free illustrated book, "A Home in New Hampshire," and for a real estate specification sheet, upon which you can easily indicate what you would like to find. Our real estate bulletin service will bring you offerings without expense or obligation.

Spring skiing is now at its height; write us for information.



TO A SOLDIER, RETURNING

These fertile acres wait his ministry;

God grant the frost be gone so he may till
His land again . . . Let his returning be

When winds blow clean and warm across the hill
And let his hand be firm to guide the team

He had relinquished to another's hand.

With springtime sowing, sow a sweet, new dream

Deep in his soul and let him, smiling, stand
As tall oaks stand . . . as one who knows the worth

Of simple things, who stands where forebears stood
And in close fellowship with sky and earth,

Walk down his furrows knowing life is good;

Let him reap harvests, soil and spirit-sown,

In deep-lunged peace he fought to make his own!

— INEZ CLARK THORSON in *Washington Star*.