

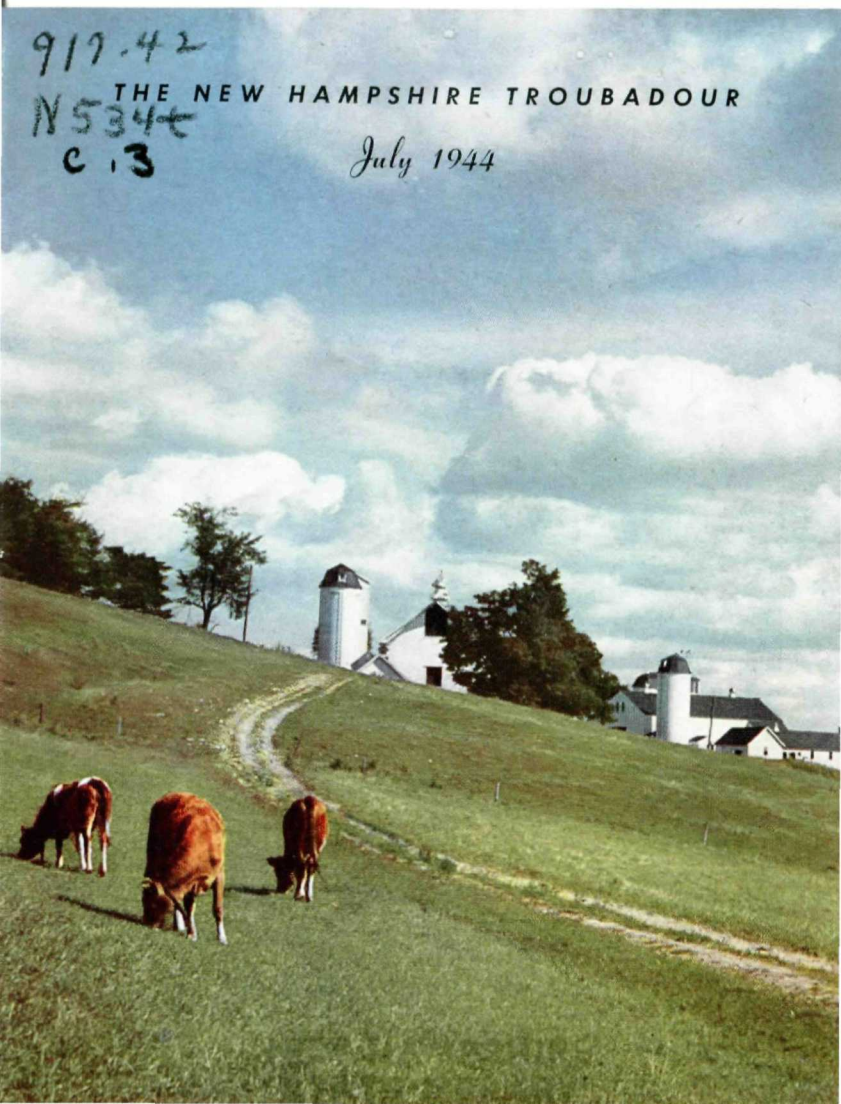
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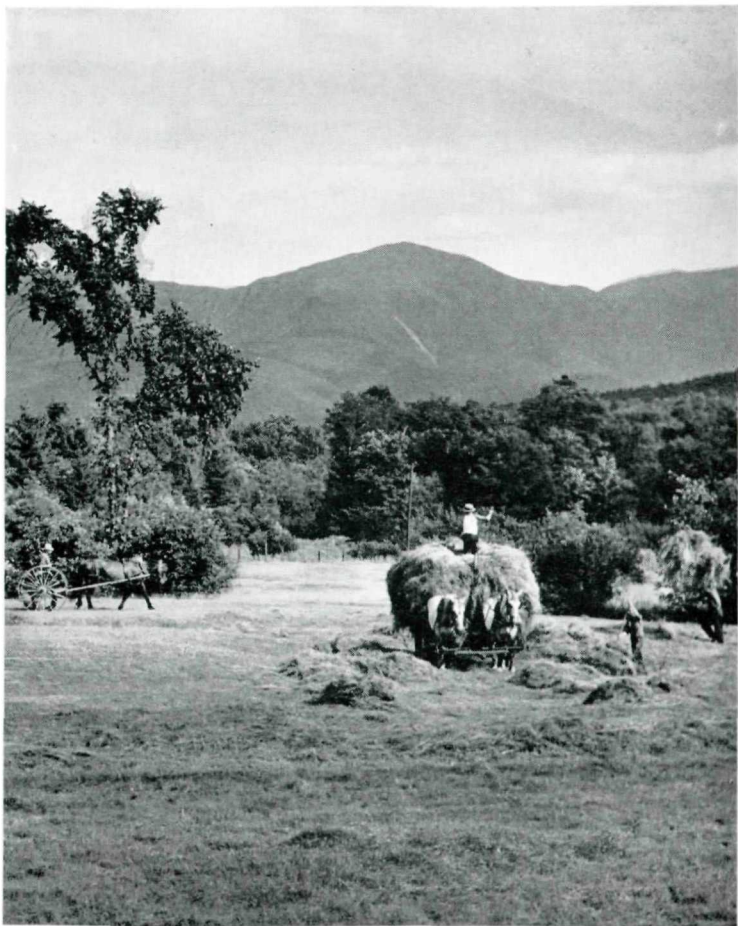
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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR

July 1944





WINSTON POTE

Haying at Jefferson under the shadow of the Presidential Range of the White Mountains

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

July, 1944

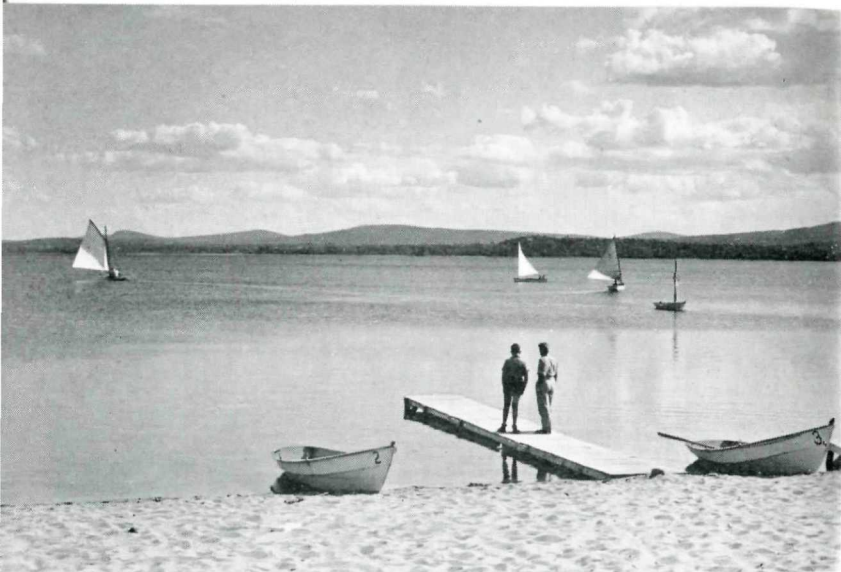
NUMBER 4

AUDUBONING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

by Muriel S. Kendrick

FORTUNATELY for us who each spring eagerly await their coming, the robins that winter in Tampa, the purple martins which fly back from Brazil, the tiny humming birds that cross the Gulf of Mexico do not need ration cards to get back to New Hampshire. The first fat robin soon becomes a commonplace, however; and, although the cerulean flash of the bluebirds is always breathtaking, they, too, lose their first excitement. Nothing surpasses, or even rivals, the coming of the warblers.

While we await their arrival, we check on the northward passage of the Canada geese and the migratory ducks. The honking wedges of geese fly north and come down in Maine to await that mysterious word that the ice is out of Canadian waters. American mergansers preen their glossy feathers in the cedar-green mirror of Smith River or float with the current down the Pemigewasset, requiring two looks to be sure they're not bits of ice. In flooded meadows the black ducks alight on temporary ponds. The American golden-eyes



H. D. BARLOW

Ossipee Lake in the towns of Ossipee and Freedom bears the name of a local Indian tribe. It has a shore line of over eleven miles on which there are many summer homes and camps

whistle over Winnisquam in great flocks. A little later the most beautiful one of all, the wood duck, comes to our forest streams; and rewarding indeed is a look at his array of colors.

The great hawks come. The red-tailed and red-shouldered circle in the sun. The osprey hovers above the Merrimack, to power dive and come up with a fish in his talons. The white-rumped marsh hawk skims the meadows looking for unwary field mice. Higher than Chocorua's famed peak soars the bald eagle.

The "little brown birds" (which is all some people ever know to call them) scurry in the dead leaves. One of the earliest arrivals is the song sparrow, with his striped coat buttoned tightly against

wintry winds. On his journey north the white-crowned sparrow drops down for a day or two. The white-throat sings his thin "Peabody, Peabody" from the brush piles.

The red-wings' epaulets glint in the marshes where the big blue heron has arrived early, too. The phoebe tilts his tail and utters his weak "phee-bé, phee-be'" from the fence rails. The tree swallows do gymnastics overhead, their white breasts gleaming in the sunlight.

Now the stage is set for the most thrilling arrivals of all. The red maples put forth a scarlet frieze of blossoms. The elms are lacy against the sky.

First of all the warblers to arrive are the palm and the pine. Pine is shy and stays high in the conifers; yellow palm is friendly and cocks his little red cap at us as he flashes golden in the sun. Then there is a wait, one week, maybe two, before saucy black-and-white and abundant myrtle appear. Then they are everywhere: black-throated green, chestnut-sided, parula, blackburnian, magnolia, yellowthroat, black-throated blue, redstart, black-poll — their colors and their habits as fascinating as their names. Since they are smaller than the summer leaves and ideally camouflaged as well, the period in which many of these may be seen is brief. After the leaves are full grown, the warblers are little more than a shrill call and a flicker of shadow and sunlight.

This time of the warbler migration (a little before the middle of May) is the height of birdtime. The brilliant-plumaged birds: baltimore oriole, scarlet tanager, indigo bunting, rose-breasted grosbeak — all arrive at once.

Off in the woods the thrushes call their liquid notes. The cat-bird mimics the robin: and his cousin, the brown thrasher, rivals the Southern mockingbird. In the meadows the bobolinks call their names. The chewink scratches in the leaves like a dappled chicken and invites any listener to tea. The ovenbird never fails to recognize our approach, calling "Teacher! Teacher!"

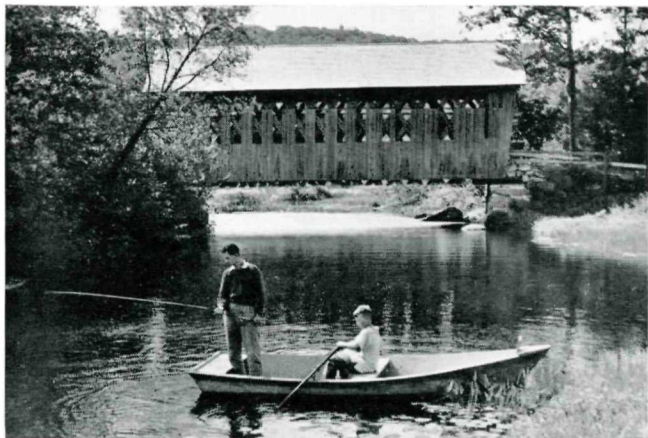
The spring and summer arrivals are full of excitement for the bird lover, but we do not belittle our year-round friends: the junco, in his neat gray and white: the goldfinch, who doffs his buttercup-yellow for a more sedate gray in cold weather: the purple finch (though he's best in spring with his bubbling carol and his lovely courting dance); the woodpeckers and nuthatches, the bluejays ("barking like blue terriers") and the friendly, curious, up-side down little chickadee — all of which visit our feeders all winter.

In central New Hampshire it is easily possible to identify at least 125 different kinds of birds in a year. Just as there is no end to the names of them, there is no end to the enjoyment this hobby provides.

The harbor at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, New Castle

F. W. DAVIS





HAROLD ORNE

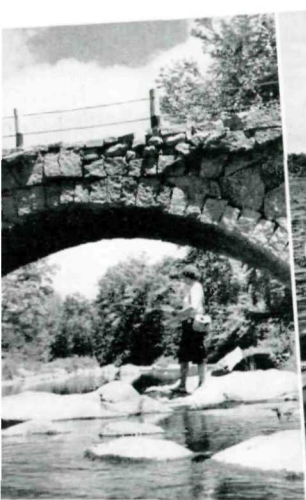
Covered bridge over the Blackwater River at Andover

COVERED BRIDGE APPEAL

by Adelbert M. Jakeman

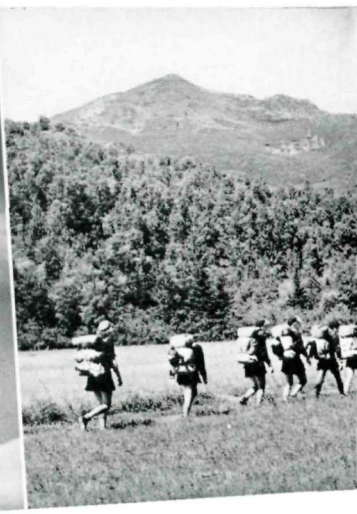
DESPITE the disapproval of antiquarians, old covered bridges are steadily vanishing from the pastoral landscape of New England. However, New Hampshire's romantic spans of yesterday are being publicized and perpetuated in various interesting ways.

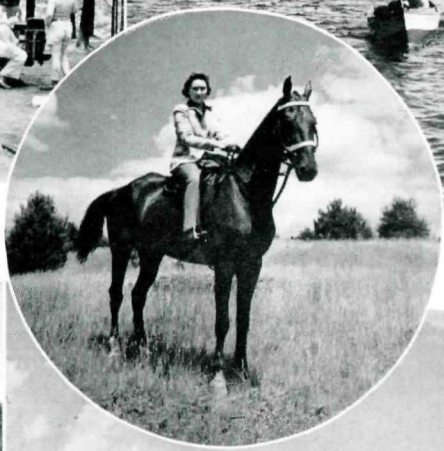
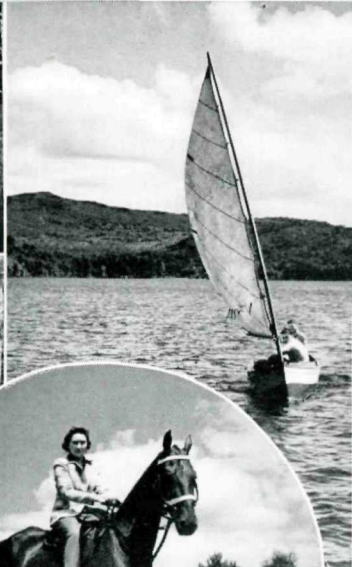
In the first place, some of the bridges, left standing when new straight highways cut them off from the old curving thoroughfares, are being saved for posterity. One such specimen can be found in Bartlett. Others are being reconditioned to do service for generations yet to come. In Hancock, an entirely new structure has been



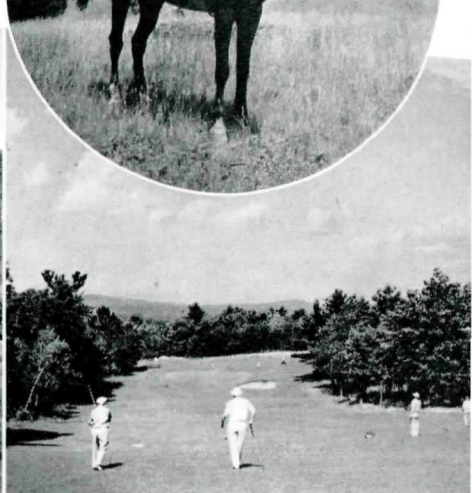
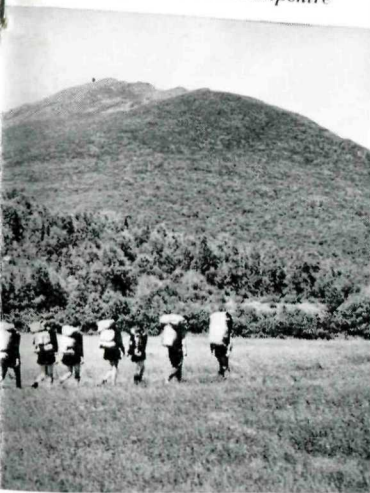
Somewhere in
NEW HAMPSHIRE

*Fishing, Swimming, Boating, Picnicking, Sailing,
ing either on foot or by the Aerial Tramway or Ski
ing — pick your kind of a vacation and you'll find*





Horseback Riding, Mountain Climbing, Golfing, Photography, Painting waiting for you in New Hampshire





HAROLD ORNE

Monadnock as seen across Gilmore Pond, Jaffrey

built over the Contoocook River, replacing a predecessor that was washed out by flood. In still another place, Sweatt's Mills, a retired school teacher has created an inviting summer home of a covered bridge.

Then, their virtues are forever being recalled in poems, in books, and in literature in general.

Many, though, are being preserved by more conveniently tangible, but perhaps less impressive, means. Of course, photographs, paintings, and even Christmas cards have long featured the

hooded relics. But beyond these popular areas, there are evidences of nostalgic appreciation of Granite State covered bridges. Here are just a few examples.

The historic Ledyard Bridge, dear to the collegiate heart of Dartmouth alumni, is illustrated unfadingly in appropriate green in the center of one of the twelve plates in the Dartmouth set. The beautiful representative in the Flume, at Lincoln, is reproduced in miniature, and can be obtained at craft shops throughout the state. A national magazine, not long ago, showed one of these in a full color advertisement picturing a comfortable living room, the model resting on the colonial-style mantel. There are also very diminutive replicas of a number of others available.

A kodachrome still, only last fall, adorned the monthly calendar-blotter of one of the country's larger business establishments. It carried the caption, "The America We Love," with the following tribute beneath it: "Covered Bridge, N.H. — When America was younger, covered bridges were vital links in transportation. This structure across the Ashuelot River is one of the last of the old landmarks." More elaborate calendars, as well as other advertising media, frequently emphasize a bridge motif.

Rather uniquely, an assortment of New Hampshire covered bridges can readily be recognized among the series of cheaper jigsaw puzzles now on display in the five-and-ten-cent emporiums in this corner of the country. At least one of them is located over the Saco River, near Redstone, between Conway and North Conway.

Though these picturesque spans may still be seen in comparative abundance elsewhere, no state outside New Hampshire has been the object of so much favorable attention in this respect. It is refreshing to note that, especially in days of catastrophic turmoil, the appeal of the sterling simplicity of another age, as typified in the surviving old covered bridges of New Hampshire, is not being forgotten. "Phantom steps may cross" — but they are reminiscent of a time when peace came "dropping slow."



SHOREY STUDIO

The Mt. Washington Hotel, Bretton Woods, where the International Monetary Conference is being held this month to discuss post-war financial problems. Delegates are present from 42 countries and the French Committee of National Liberation

AN INDISPENSABLE MAN

by Frank Cushing Allen

IN RECENT YEARS we have heard a good deal about the indispensable man. I wonder how many native sons of New Hampshire, to say nothing of the millions of visitors to this state, realize that seventy-eight years ago the indispensable man, so described, was a native son?

Salmon P. Chase the brilliant Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln and later, by appointment of that

President, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was born in Cornish, New Hampshire.

Mr. Chase was exceedingly temperamental, and frequently disagreed with Mr. Lincoln's policies. It was his habit at such times to resign his position in the cabinet. Immediately the great bankers and business men of the North beseeched Mr. Lincoln not to accept the resignation as the presence of Mr. Chase in the government was indispensable for the future successful conduct of the war.

Mr. Lincoln yielded to these petitions until yielding ceased to be a virtue. Another break, another resignation and Mr. Chase, temporarily, became a private citizen.

Mr. Lincoln looked for a worthy, competent successor and selected William Pitt Fessenden, at the time Senator from the State of Maine, but who had been born in Boscawen, New Hampshire. The selection was approved and the Nation survived.

"Long Tom" Carrier, known by sportsmen everywhere, inspects the day's catch at Camp Otter, Pittsburg

FRED DAVIS



FRONT COVER: Steele Hill Farm, Sanbornton. From kodachrome by F. R. Wentworth.

BACK COVER: Near Alstead. Photo by Harold Orne.



"I share my copy of the *Troubadour* with three other New Hampshire boys on this ship, so there is no need to send more; send them to other New Hampshire lads on other ships and areas. Most of your mountain pictures hit close to my home and they sure bring back memories. Can wait until I get back home same as any other guy. I've been banging around in some pretty hot country; it was interesting at first, but is now quite dull. We are lucky in New Hampshire to have the change in seasons; all four seasons there are different and equally interesting. Here there is nothing but heat, sun and rain, all in one season."



Pres. Edward E. Chase of the New England Council told this story recently in an address before the Fifth Annual Institute of Labor:

In an army hospital a marine sergeant, recovering from wounds, was playing Canfield solitaire. An orderly came along and, looking

over the sergeant's shoulder, began to make suggestions regarding the play. The sergeant grunted in acknowledgment, but did not follow the suggestions; and the orderly, becoming aware of the lack of interest in his particular recommendations, and seeking friendly common ground in the generality, said, "Cards are a lot of fun." "Yes," said the sergeant, "and useful, too. I always carry a pack of cards in the field, in case I get lost." The puzzled orderly asked: "Why, how can cards help you when you are lost?" The sergeant replied: "When you get lost, in the desert or in the jungle, you just pull out the cards and lay out a game of solitaire. It won't be three minutes before some wise guy comes along and says: 'Why don't you play the red seven on the black eight?'"



The New London Players opened their twelfth consecutive season at the Barn Playhouse July 6. There will be two performances a week during July and August



Herbert Atwood this week discovered that crows were pulling up the popcorn planted in his home garden on North Main street in

Lisbon . . . so he was quick to take advantage of the situation when he saw two of the birds sitting on a limb of a tree about a foot apart. . . . Loading his shotgun he took aim, fired offhand and killed both marauders at 14 rods! Not bad for a man 75 years old!

—From Jack Colby's "Mountain Mus-ing" column in the *Littleton Courier*.

NY

The meeting house near Thetford has seats of the movable form or benches. One parishioner by the name of John Osman was an abominable sleeper in the house of God. On a very warm Sabbath, Osman was seated on the end of one of those benches next to the aisle. He was facing the aisle, and in order to find secure repose placed his elbows upon his knees, folded his arms and leaned forward. In this position he fell into a profound slumber. At length Osman lost his balance and pitched his whole length onto the floor, where he lay in the middle of the aisle, sprawled out like a spider. The shock with the audience was electrical; men sprang upon their feet and some females shrieked. . . . But it proved a specific in Osman's case, for he was never known to sleep in meeting after that event.

—From *History of Coos County*

New Hampshire Troubadour



Wolfe Saltzman, who died recently at the age of 75, was the last of the old-fashioned horse-and-wagon peddlers in Carroll County. He was born in Latvia and came to the United States at the age of 21, settling at Wolfeboro. Every three weeks he took a trip of 130 miles through the southern part of the County selling tinware, dry goods and clothing. He never owned a truck but always drove a big, well-cared-for horse. He was kind, honest and generous, and never forgot a friend.

NY

"Old Home Week" has been observed in New Hampshire every year since it was established in 1899. This year it will be observed during the week of August 19-26. For full information write to Andrew L. Felker, Secretary, State House, Concord.

15



FAREWELL

I shall not say farewell as others do
With clasp of hand and longing in the eye,
I shall not call my parting a good-bye,
A separation from the things I knew;

For I shall bear the image when I go
Of every stick and stone and pasture gate;
Milkweed and flocks of bluebirds lingering late,
Tall stately elms and corn stacks in a row;

And I shall carry with me, locked away,
Old quiet farms, leaf-shadowed in the sun,
Gray sagging barns and little brooks that run
Under the willows like a child at play.

We cannot say farewell to soul and heart —
So are these hills that never fail their tryst,
These winding roads and mountain's purple mist
Of my own self an everlasting part.

— Ethel Fanning Young in *Driftwind*