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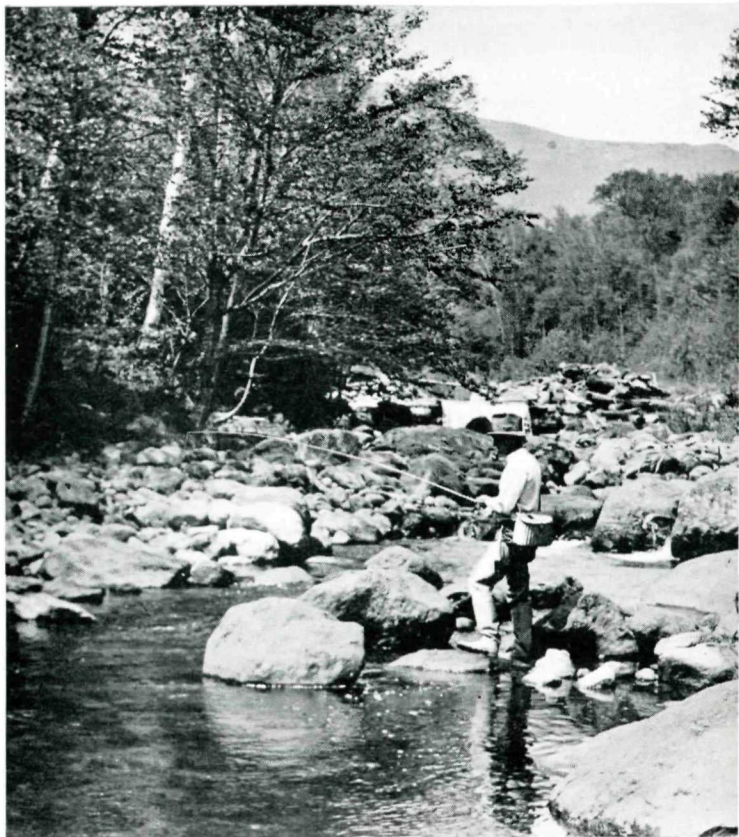
The New Hampshire

# TROUBADOUR

June 1944



NEW HAMPSHIRE  
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WINSTON POTE

*"Only an idle little stream,  
Whose amber waters softly gleam,  
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,  
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream."*

— from an Angler's Dream by Henry Van Dyke

# *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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VOLUME XIV

June, 1944

NUMBER 3

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## TROUTING

*by Mrs. Rollo Potter*

AS ONE looks out on the landscape here in New Hampshire on this Monday morning, April 24, it seems as if old Mother Nature will have to speed up considerably to rid the woods of the deep snow still remaining if the water in our brooks is to warm up enough to guarantee *light* lines to the followers of Izaak Walton when the first yellow streak of dawn will produce the annual activity along the brooks on opening day next Monday.

This long winter reminds one of what "Samule" had to say about our winters in the book, "Sense of Humus" — "Looks ter me 's ef 'twas winter round here from September ter June and durned good sledding the rest of the time."

It surely has been a good long winter for the sportsmen to pursue their hobby of fly-tying and to be well prepared to cast their first honest-to-goodness feathered lure made by themselves. In Great-Grandfather's day he used to rig up his pole with the black horse-hair line he had made himself, then selecting a few threads of

colored yarn from his bright scarf and a few feathers and hooks from his pocket, proceed to tie his own flies.

No member of the trout-fishing fraternity in good standing can hope to remain in good standing unless he gets out on opening day. It doesn't particularly matter if he doesn't bring home a creel full of trout for home frying, it doesn't even matter if he gets shut out without a single trout. He was out there whipping the stream on the opening day!

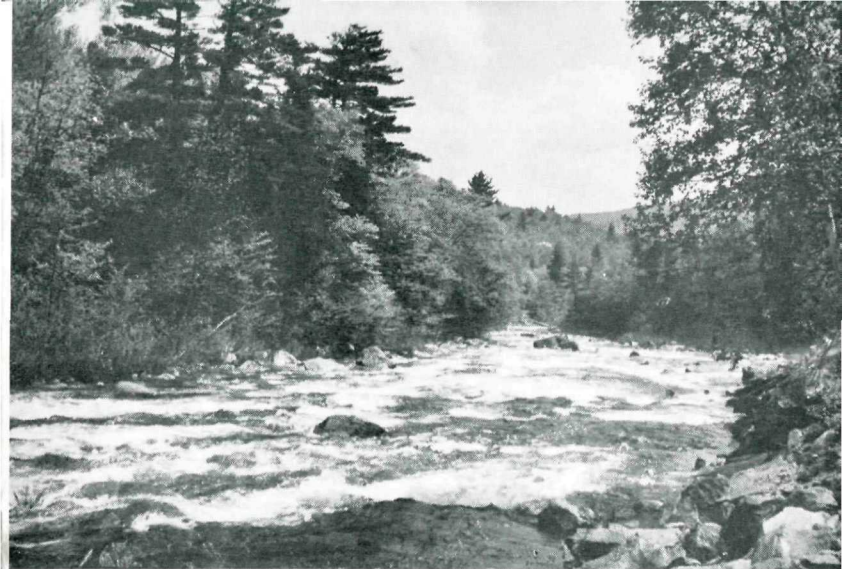
I once read of a trout fisherman who worried about only one thing. He feared that one day he would have to go before his Maker and confess: "I failed to wet a line, once, on opening day."

A trout is the handiwork of God. If the Master Painter painted the flowers to decorate our fields, isn't it just as logical to suppose He painted our trout to beautify our brooks?

By the letters received from some of our boys overseas, where Spring recalls to their minds the New Hampshire brooks, good spring smells of wet, green grass, warm earth and Mayflowers, and the sounds of pounding brooks, peepers peeping, and birds singing. One boy wrote from England: "The leaves are about the size of squirrels' ears, and if I were HOME and weather conditions were the same as here — Well! look out, trout! Spring run of salmon is on over here, but as yet all I have been able to do is to watch their jumping steely blue backs and silvery sides as they leap clear of the water. Could I use one of my trout rods right now?"

Regardless of what the future has in store for these boys now in Service, who are missing out on the opening season this year, they have their pleasant memories of other years, and dreams of the future when he is HOME once more trouting in the rippling brooks of New Hampshire. Just one more of those things "worth fighting for."

Right now, even our beautiful New Hampshire seems a hazardous world, where everyone from the smallest to the greatest must carry a load, and there seems so little security of body, mind, and fortune



WINSTON POTE

*Swift River, Albany Intervale, White Mountain National Forest*

for any of us. If the load gets too heavy and you cannot see your way clearly, and find it so hard to continue carrying on, *get out the fish rod!* Fishing is a grand medicine for body, mind, and soul.

I wish everyone might read ex-President Herbert C. Hoover's article in a recent issue of *Colliers* entitled "Let's Go Fishin'." In part he says, "Recently I made some suggestions for an economic and social tidying up of our country in preparation for the return of our boys from overseas; as I wrote I was depressed by the thousand mournful voices chanting daily of 'post war problems' in such powerful terms as recovery, reconstruction, and regeneration. Civilization, however, is not going to depend so much on what we do when we are on the job, as what we do in our time off. When the

guns cease firing and gas comes on again, *some of us are going fishing!*

"We American men and boys (and some women) are born fishermen, twelve million of us. We have proved it by the annual licenses we took out.

"Meanwhile I suspect Mother Nature is making the fish bigger and more plentiful by way of preparing to celebrate peace — and her paternal government is doing its duty to solve our post-war problems by running the fish hatcheries full blast, turning out billions of infant fish, and trying to decrease infant mortality.

"The human animal originally came from out-of-doors. When Spring begins to come he just must get out again.

"To go fishing is the chance to wash one's soul with pure air, with the rush of the brook and with the shimmering of the sun on blue water.

"It brings a quietness to hate, a rejoicing that you do not dare to decide a darned thing till next week. It is the break of the waves in the sun, the joyous rush of the Brook."

So, to you boys overseas, in our camps, and defense plants: Keep on with your memories of the past, knowing your New Hampshire brooks are as eager to welcome you back as you are to again relax on the quiet, peaceful banks and be soothed into forgetfulness of all the horrors of war.



## MEMORIES

by *M. G. Clarke*

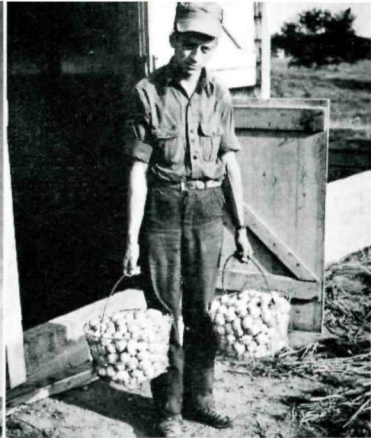
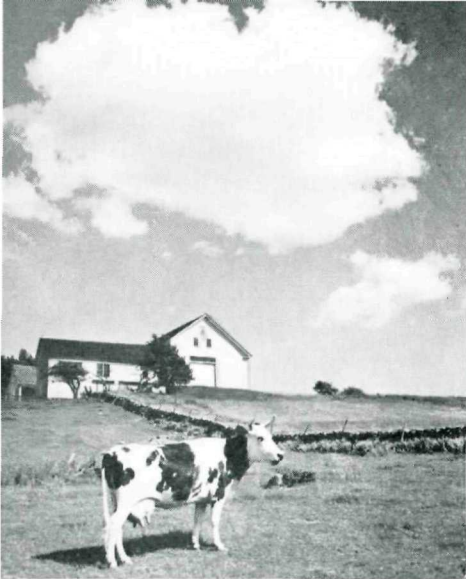
"I WISH I was back in New Hampshire." The exclamation startled me, and I turned to look at the speaker, a young man of twenty-one, clad in the uniform of the Canadian Rifles. We were seated in the Vladivostok, Siberia, Y.M.C.A. The time was March 1919, a period



HAROLD ORNE

*Spofford Lake at Chesterfield in the Monadnock Region*

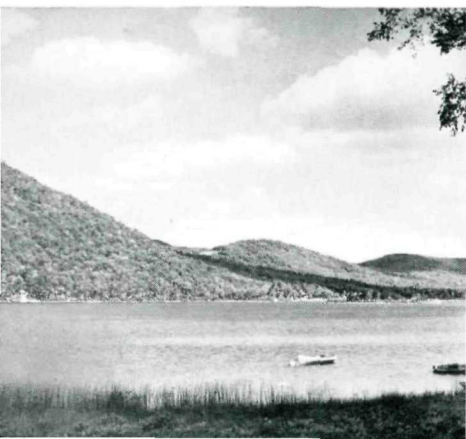
of uncertainty in North East Asia. Dick Beresford's choice of English left much to be desired at times, but he was the soul of sincerity, and one of the most dependable men in my platoon. His exclamation came as a surprise, so I asked what had come over him. With a faraway look in his eyes, he told me that, though born in Ireland, he had lived for some years in New Hampshire, and had fallen in love with it. "Why, do you know," said he, "New Hampshire's the finest State in the American Union!" "You intrigue me," I replied, "for I lived in New Hampshire for a number of years, and I never noticed anything beautiful about it. For that matter, I



## *Summer in Ne*

Top row, left to right: Near  
Poultry Farm, Durham, Orne;  
Wentworth; Early June Mowing

Bottom row, left to right: Lak  
Rust Pond, Wolfeboro, Orne; La  
Orne; Mt. Chocorua, Orne.



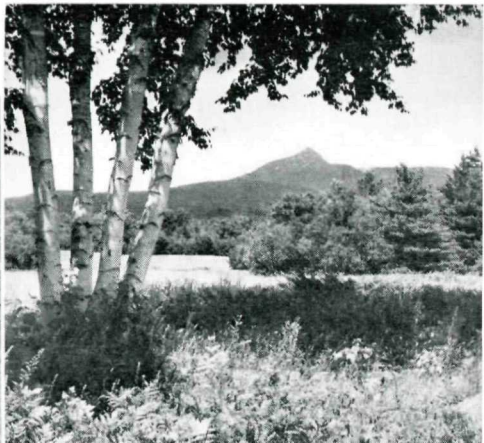




## *ew Hampshire*

Half Moon Pond, Alton, Orne;  
Belgian Draft Horse and Colt,  
at Alstead, Orne.

Massascum, Bradford, Orne;  
Lake Shore Park, Winnipesaukee,





WINSTON POTE

*Spring skiing near summit of Mt. Washington. Looking east down the "east slope" across the Alpine Garden and cloud-filled Pinkham Notch. Huntington Ravine at the left.*

recall distinctly hearing a New Hampshire farmer refer to his State as a God-forsaken wilderness of granite hills and sand dunes." Beresford's reply was a gem. "New Hampshire people don't appreciate their State, until they've gone to live elsewhere!" Later on, he told me that, from a hill top, a few miles south of Lake Winnepesaukee, he had seen a very moving sight, and suggested, if I wanted to see something finer than I had seen before, to go there, as he had done. He described the place, but couldn't recall the nearby towns.

The years rolled on, until 1930. In the summer of that year, I visited New Hampshire, and spent a few days at the beaches, travelling via Concord and Dover. My companions were natives

of New Hampshire. As we travelled on, young Beresford's words came back to me. It was as he had said; beautiful country! The splendid roads, and shimmering waters, neat villages and verdant farm-lands; well-kept gardens and beautiful flowers. My thoughts flew back to England, and I saw again a little old lady in black. She had told me of her travels, in twenty-seven States of the American Union. "You know," she had said, "I felt simply bored with some of them; keenly interested in others, and fell in love with one. It was New Hampshire. I suppose the names of the towns helped, for there were Portsmouth and Plymouth, Dover, Manchester and Newport. It's a beautiful State, with its lakes and its mountains, its neat villages and its flowers. I adored its flowers." We said good-bye in Manchester, and her last words were, "Don't fail to visit Mount Washington!" I thought on these things as we rolled towards the sea. Could this be the place referred to as a "wilderness of granite hills and sand dunes"? I looked at my companions. They had been along this road so often that its beauty meant nothing to them. But how could they know the effect it had on me? I came away from Hampton Beach, feeling it was the finest on three continents. The splendid sweep of the beach, and the firm, clean sand. The superb bathing! On the way back, we saw literally millions of roses. Little wonder my English friend had fallen in love with New Hampshire. Later on I was to sail on Winnepesaukee and gaze on the mighty mountains beyond. Later still, I was to swim in a lovely lake near Bradford,\* the name of which I do not recall. However, I had not, as yet, found the spot Beresford had referred to.

September, 1933, found me once again in New Hampshire, and at dusk one evening, I stood on a hilltop near Canterbury. In a lake below the hill, fish jumped for flies, and afar off a dog barked. Looking around I felt instinctively that this was the place for which I had been searching. My thoughts went back through the years and over the miles. The great moments of my life passed in review.

\* Lake Massasecum.

Only once before, in England, had I felt the peace that now enveloped me. The scene opening out before me was one of grandeur and of peace. There were roscate tints, and a misty haze afar off; there was also a hint of great distances, producing a feeling of awe and of rest. I felt thankful to Beresford for telling me of this place, for had he not pointed out the way to me, at least in part? As I gazed on the unforgettable scene, my thoughts went back to Vladivostok, and I asked myself, "Was it worth waiting for?" yet I felt that it was. For a few moments, the trials and tribulations of life slipped away, and I felt as Browning so cogently expressed it, that God was in His Heaven, and all was right with the world. It's a feeling that comes to few humans, and it came to me on a New Hampshire hilltop.

*NX*

## MT. CHOCORUA

*by J. Sgt. Norton R. Bagley*

LIKE a great placid Indian Buddha, the mountain sits holding in its lap the lakes of silver that the sunset turns to shining jewels glistening in colors of flame. The head of the idol is bleak and bare, with the granite rock telling of ages of battles with the elements. The green forests of its robe are pulled tight over the fullness of the body revealing the mastery of the sculptor that carved the limbs from the rock in glacial times. The green of the robe is varied, never the same in any two places nor in the same place twice. Light, darkness, the shadows of clouds driven by an adoring wind, and the reflection from the water below change its beauty and heighten the mountain. Tell me, Great One of the Mountains, do you remember the Indian lovers who kept their tryst with you? Do your trees still whisper the old Indian love songs sung as their birch bark canoes rippled the water of the crystal lake?

I walked again last night in dreams  
Among my hills,  
I was after Mayflowers  
Among the brush and smell of early spring.  
Above me, stretched a slope  
Of blackened stumps  
Softened by the new-green everywhere.

I sat, in dreams,  
Upon an aged, tumbled wall  
And watched again  
The slipping sun touch fields and barns  
Upon a hill  
A mile of virgin air away.

I felt an evening breeze,  
From the trees below,  
Steal a breath of pine for me.

I knew again in dreams  
The shivery dampness  
Of early spring at dusk,  
And heard once more  
The hidden gurgle  
From a bank of melting snow.

I heard the peepers  
And a whip-poor-will  
So clear and close  
As I have heard before.

  \* \* \*  
And I awoke,  
And felt the humid closeness  
Of rows of sleeping men,  
The sounds and smells  
So foreign to my dream.

I felt so far away  
And for that moment  
All alone,  
Yet grateful that it's  
Spring again at home.

T/SGT. FRED A. FRANZEIM

FRONT COVER: Hampton Beach and Great Boar's Head. Kodachrome by F. R. Wentworth. Color plates courtesy of Rumford Press.

BACK COVER: Mt. Israel and a portion of the Sandwich Range as seen from Sandwich. Photograph by Harold Orne.

*NY*

There was quite a bit of excitement at Shawtown Pond on Monday morning. Shawtown Pond is generally a quiet and placid place. But not last Monday morning, for there assembled the piscatorial enthusiasts (pardon the time-worn phrase) it being the opening day of the trout season in Carroll County.

Among those present were Clerk of Court Robert Sawyer of Ossipee, accompanied by his brother, Dr. Howard Sawyer, noted Fall River physician and now of Brookfield, where he has purchased a large home place.

With the other fishermen, the brothers Sawyer were out on the pond, casting their lines for trout. During the process one line caught on a limb. Paddling their canoe close to shore they stood up to retrieve the line just as a gust of wind hit and the canoe was out of balance.

There followed two loud splashes. Willing hands fished them out, built a fire and loaned them clothes while their own slowly steamed and dried in front of the cheery blaze.

A group of fishermen went to salvage the Sawyer canoe and fishing tackle. The canoe was righted and pulled ashore. When one of the rods was recovered, the rod that was NOT snagged in the trees, a heavy weight pulled on the line. Skilled investigation showed that a two-pound trout was securely hooked. The trout was landed, the rods retrieved, the canoe tipped and drained and the brothers Sawyer dried out — everyone was happy, except, possibly, the trout.

— Carroll County *Independent*

*NY*

The New England Council has recently announced some interesting facts about the six New England states: They contain 2% of the area of the U. S. A.; have 6.3% of the total U. S. population; 11% of the capital resources in U. S. banks; and 18% of the savings deposits in the U. S. New England makes 9.2% of the war supply contracts and employs 11% of the U. S. industrial workers, and receives 11% of the value of estimated recreational expenditures in the country.

I have replied to as many of your letters as possible, but again I must ask hundreds of you to accept this as an acknowledgment and deep appreciation of your kindness in writing us such splendid letters about the *Troubadour*. If the pictures and articles and poems bring home a little nearer to you; if the little magazine helps to prove to you how much you are in the thoughts and prayers of the home folks; and if we can help a bit now and then in smoothing out some of the rough spots — we're repaid many times over for the very little it is our privilege and pleasure to do for you.

Be sure to keep us posted on any change of address and to tell any New Hampshire girl or boy that, if they are not getting the *Troubadour* and would like it, a post card bearing their address is all that is necessary. The Legislature has taken care of all the expense.

With warmest greetings and best wishes,

DONALD TUTTLE

An elderly woman, treasurer of a ladies' society in a Vermont town, left the bank the other day looking extremely displeased. She had gone in to deposit the organization's funds, and had casually remarked to the clerk that it was the "aid money." The teller thought she said "egg money," and pleasantly replied, "Remarkable, isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days!"

— From "Mountain Mussings,"  
by Jack Colby

One of our wandering reporters tells us about an interview he had recently with an 83-year-old Yankee who said that a feller had tried to interest him in a factory war job. "Fust off," he commented, "I said I wan't int'rested in no sech work, that I had plenty to do here; but thinkin' it over, I may change my mind. It might help Uncle Sam a bit and the money might come in handy later on when I git to be old."



## POOR HUSBANDRY

*by Frederick W. Branch*

I have a field where brown-eyed Susans grow  
And goldenrod foretells the Fall,  
Where mayflowers first dare the melting snow  
When Spring sits on the pasture wall.  
Prim Queen Anne's lace spreads its medallions there,  
Rank Devil's paint brush dots it bright,  
And through the grass, when June is in the air,  
Swarm buttercups and daisies white.

I know just what the men who cleared this field  
Would say if they returned today,  
Remembering old mowings and their yield  
Of high-heaped loads of fine, clear hay.  
They'd tell me that I ought to lime and plow  
And kill the weeds that blossom so,  
But my old field seems so contented now,  
I think I'll let the flowers grow.