

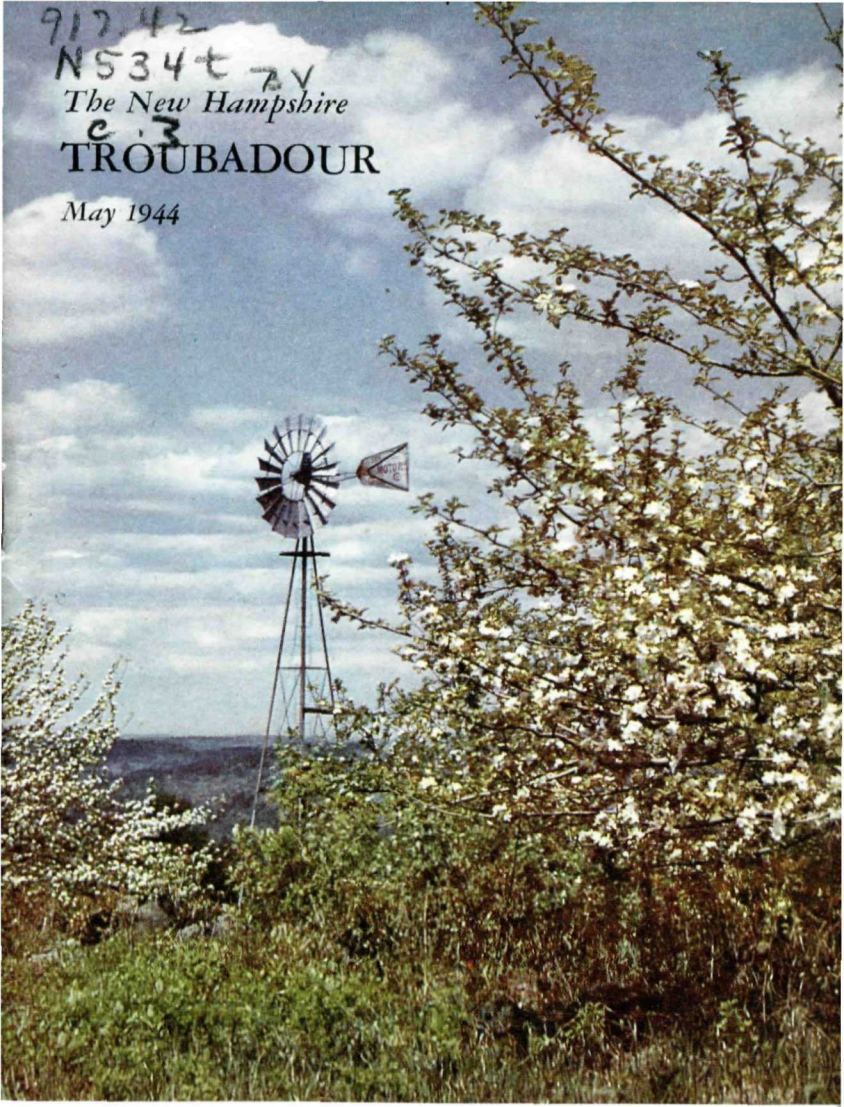
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The New Hampshire

c. 3
TROUBADOUR

May 1944





GRANITE STATE STUDIO

**MRS. LAFELL DICKINSON OF KEENE, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL
FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS**

At the annual meeting of the Federation at St. Louis, April 26-28, Mrs. Dickinson, the State of New Hampshire and the General Federation were all honored by her unanimous choice as President. A former President of the Keene Woman's Club and of the New Hampshire Federation; a service of fifteen years to the General Federations as Chairman of the Rules and Budget Committees, Treasurer, Second Vice President and First Vice President; possessed of a gay and friendly personality and of outstanding ability as a speaker, Mrs. Dickinson is ideally qualified to be the President of this great organization of 2,500,000 members. A native of Winchester, N. H., her home has been in Keene since her marriage to LaFell Dickinson, President of the New England Box Co. She is an alumna of Mt. Holyoke College, and her daughters June and Lucy are the fourth generation to carry on that family tradition

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 2

ONE VILLAGE

by Kenneth Andler

THE BOYS in the armed forces, we are told, think of home more often than anything. But just what, specifically, are the things about an average New Hampshire town that come to their minds in the perspective lent by distance and foreign scenes? As likely as not it's the peculiar little things, the miscellaneous oddments which take one town, so superficially like its neighbors, and distinguishing it with revealing side lights, set it apart in a man's mind.

In our town for example, there's the matter of the fire alarm, locally referred to as the "blat" or "blatter." It's not a whistle, it's a bellow and sounds exactly as a cow would sound performing over a public address system. Years ago when it was installed and tried for the first time it created considerable excitement. One farmer on the outskirts of the village started hurriedly out of his house to locate his bull which, by the sound, seemed to be going berserk. Another man, living in a cabin on a back road, diagnosed



THE SAWYER PICTURES

The Wentworth-By-the-Sea, New Castle. Closed the past two seasons because of war-time conditions this large, fine seaside hotel will re-open this season

the noise as that of a moose and taking his rifle struck out into the woods. Those dogs unfortunate enough to be near the fire station scattered in panic, never to be the same again.

When the alarm is forced to blow longer than its compressed air lungs will comfortably stand, it produces the most ludicrous noise imaginable, sounding like an asthmatic cow which had just run up a steep hill and was trying to bellow a warning. At such times the urgency in its tone is unmistakable, but its out-of-breath wheeze produces in the populace not the reaction of startled awe it usually evokes but a ribald laugh.

Before the present alarm was installed we used a bell. We still have it and it is tolled during a fireman's funeral procession. This bell, formerly in the belfry of the old Unitarian Church, has a tone like nothing in this world. It may be that it has acquired an overtone, so to speak, in the minds of those of us who as youngsters heard it ring for fearful fires in the night, and that this lends a powerful effect to it, but I believe the tone itself has a definitely mournful quality impossible to duplicate. When it is being tolled for a departed fireman, there is no one within its hearing who can mentally escape its funereal atmosphere. For a tolling bell it has no equal.

The bell of the town clock can be heard throughout the village giving each old hour a respectful send-off into local history and each new one a welcome into town. When the lad who tended the clock went into the Army the clock went on a strikeless strike. Of course we got along all right: it was really no hardship, you understand, yet somehow or other it seemed as though the heart beat of the village had been stilled. No one seemed to be able to persuade the clock to strike. Then one day the clock's young master came home on a short furlough which he largely invested in reprimanding and correcting the old clock. To the amazement of people on the street who never before had seen such a thing the great hands raced around the dials in an almost indecent manner — like an old lady doing the rumba. But he fixed the clock. It strikes faithfully. The heart beat of the village has been restored.

Speaking of bells, the one at the South Church is always rung during a fire alarm. For more than thirty years the sexton who lives near by has never failed to rush to the church, any time of day or night, rain, shine or forty below, and to start the warning clamor for all citizens at that end of the village to wake up and see what goes on, and for the volunteer firemen to depart posthaste for the engine house.

The fire company is a very good one and is led by a banker who



WINSTON POTE

The Presidential Range in May as seen from a Jefferson Highlands pasture. From left to right: Mounts Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Monroe and Franklin

has been a member for sixty-five years. A few years ago in the golden weather of Labor Day the boys put on an exhibition on the Common with the hand pumper, made in 1813, of the type seen in Currier & Ives prints. The firemen pumped furiously on each side of the ancient machine, up and down, up and down, in an increasing tempo amid encouraging cries from the spectators, and to the astonishment of all concerned they shot a stream of water over the tip of the Baptist Church spire. Our modern equipment of hydrants

and boosters could do no better. Home town shows like that, while not perhaps on a par with Madison Square Garden, satisfy us.

Just what things our boys in distant lands visualize when they think of the old home town it's impossible to say. Perhaps the odds and ends above described. Possibly the ball grounds and how, when you really connect with the "old apple," it goes through a fringe of trees and brush into the river for a sure homer; perhaps the old swimming hole on the South Branch, or skating on the Common; maybe the mountain ski trails or a favorite fishing stream.

But probably all the boys from here picture vividly one thing peculiar to our town: the view you get of it at night when you come over the high hill which forms the western ridge of the bowl in which the town lies. The lights of the village are strewn upon the valley floor and like dewdrops sparkling on a cobweb are strung in tenuous chains up the encircling hills in a display which never fails to impress one. Then and there, from that hill, you know that, queer or beautiful, it's home you're looking at.

NY

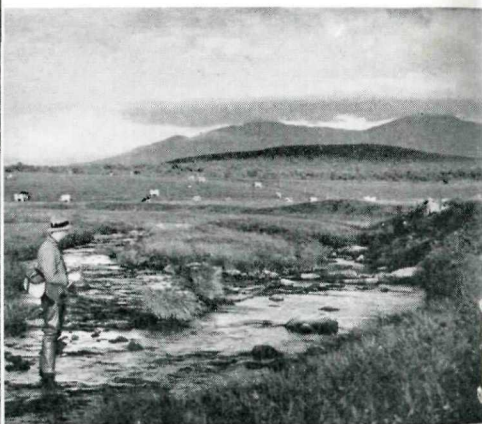
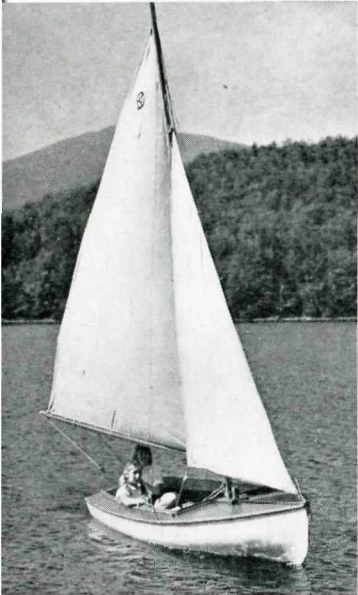
"LADY OF THE MOUNTAINS"

by Pauline Saroka Chadwell

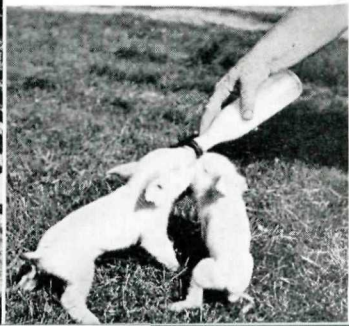
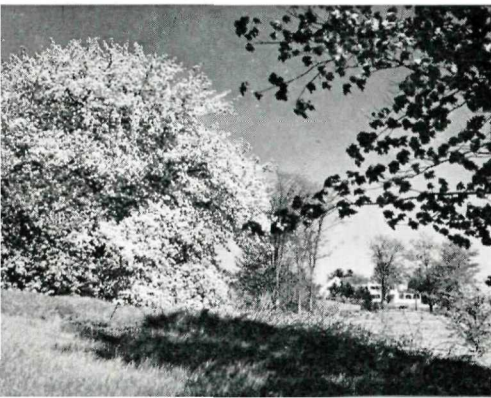
HE HAD just returned from his fifth trip abroad and said to me, as we stood on the edge of Lake Sunapee's sun-spangled water at Georges Mills, one afternoon, "I have yet to find a spot that appeals to my sense of scenic beauty as does this tranquil, changeless view of the lake."

That was more than ten years ago; and, although I have for-

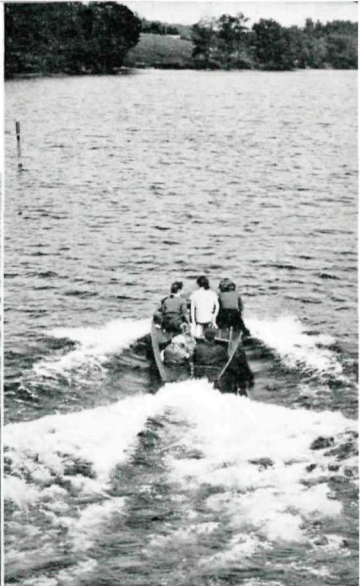
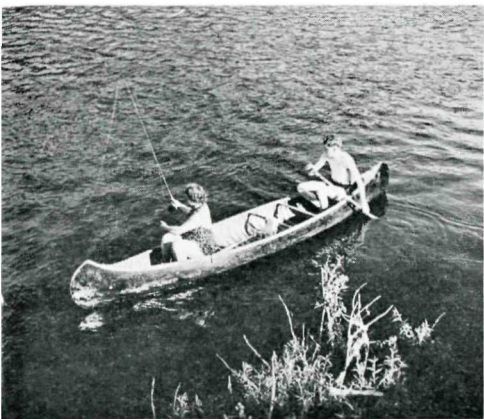
NEW HAMPSHIRE .



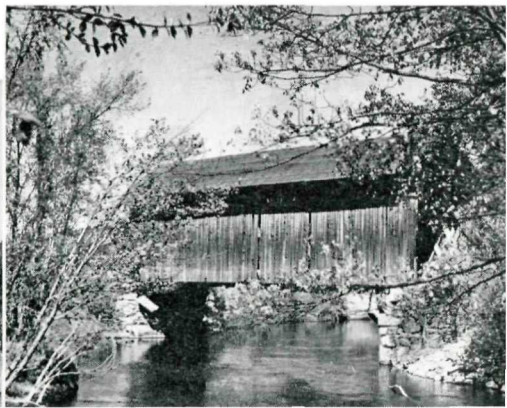
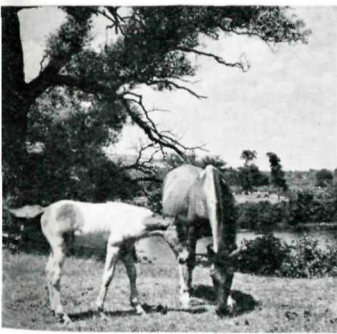
Top row: Sailing at a summer camp for girls, Andover (Wm. F. Howe). Cpl. Jack Boothman of Randolph, now "somewhere in the North Pacific," tries out a White Mountain trout-brook (Winston Pote). Peggy and Ford Sayre of the Hanover Inn test the fishing in the upper Connecticut (A. N. Bouchard). A motor boat party on Little Squam Lake



. . THE HOMELAND



(Harold Orne). *Bottom row:* Apple blossoms at Gilmanton (F. R. Wentworth). A small pig (er, beg pardon) doing his best to make a hog of himself (Walter S. Colvin, Editor, *Merrimack Monthly Messenger*). Meanwhile, this mother instructs her offspring in better table manners (F. R. Wentworth). One of New Hampshire's most treasured antiques



gotten the man's name, I shall never forget the words that came so warmly from the heart of a successful writer.

It had been my first summer at the lake which had so completely enthralled me; and I, whose judgment of nature's world-wide beauty was naïve and limited, was thrilled to hear a seasoned traveler voice the deep sentiment that I, too, felt so keenly.

Since that day, I have been in every part of this country, including Mexico and Canada. I have lived in the gay, tropic vividness of Florida, have looked up at the awe-inspiring Redwoods of California, and have known the brilliant majesty of the great Northwest.

But I came home longing for the gentle beauty of Lake Sunapee which never loosened her hold on me — the quiet, lovely "Lady of the Mountains" whose countless memories will always tug at my heart.

How well I remember participating in the merry swimming regattas in August, the sharp thrill of speedboat racing, and the friendly campfires at night around which we sang, our eyes following the moonlight, bright as day, etching the clear outline of scalloped shores.

The silver vapor of September nights, the cry of the loon flung across the water, the numerous sandy coves with their clusters of snowy birches — and always, the mountains in the distance, long ago, gave me their promise of permanent beauty.

The loveliness and tranquillity of life, that I have always sought subconsciously, has become crystallized, at last, in the symbol of Lake Sunapee.

It is true that youth is impressionable. This may be one of the reasons that I have never forgotten the exciting details of my meeting with Lake Sunapee; but, the "Lady of the Mountains" did the rest herself in keeping me forever interested in her natural charm.

A BATTLE PRAYER

BY PFC. IRVING E. PEASLEE, U.S.M.C.R.

Dear Lord, we take a prayerfull pause
Bodies alert — lest we lose the cause
For which we fight.

Thy will be done: Yet for earthly peace
For religious freedom — lest they cease
We needs must fight.

Be with those, Lord, who from their heart
Loved, yet sacrificed a part
To this sad fight.

Add cheer to hearts of broken men:
Give to them faith that they again
May rise to fight.

Encamp those men on Heaven's Mall
Who paid supremely in the call
To join the fight.

Bless us with your presence, Lord:
We, who yet life's path must trod:
Who still must fight.

In those that err, if it be Thy will
Faith and Goodness please instill
And end this fight.

Temper victories won through Thee
Bless the world that it may see
No other fight.
Amen.

SOMETIME IN THE NEXT SIX HUNDRED DAYS

by Jack Loomis

DON'T think I'm taking my citizenship too lightly when I say this. But this war IS going to end. Mind, I don't say when. But I think it is just as un-American to gloom about it and overestimate the required time as it is to expect peace by next Tuesday afternoon



just before supper time. Superb progress is being made. We have the best team in the world, and the best coaches. Sometime in the next 600 days, in my very unimportant opinion, we shall win. Conclusively!

And one of the first and most important jobs to be undertaken thereafter concerns several thousand fine Americans who have helped accelerate that happy conclusion at the expense of real danger to themselves. And this time I don't mean men in uniforms. Let me give you a case history, which seems quite typical.

Jim Scudder is a business man, just past 50. He wore a uniform in the last war, and tried to in this one. Age and physical irregularities blocked him. So he stayed with his firm and set out to help get more essentials to his Government faster, and at lower cost. He soon gave up going home Saturdays, and began putting in one or two evenings a week at his office. Sundays he dove into his brief case at home. Just for three or four hours. He found time to take a couple of war work committee jobs in his home town, and once a week he took a trick with the Aircraft Warning Service.

A couple of times his doctor told him he had to ease up. Burning

himself out too fast. But Jim took 2 of those vitamin tablets a day instead of one and found time to help in the War Bond drives.

His kid is in the Navy. Junior grade lieutenant on a destroyer somewhere in the Southwest. Jim sort of smiles when he hears one of these radio transcriptions saying that we people at home don't realize we are at war and that we have to buckle down and put shoulders to wheels and things like that. Jim told me last night he hadn't had his fishing gear out in 22 months.

Jim Scudder is tired clean through and before he can throw his enthusiasm into this postpeace transition business, something has to be done to Jim to give him back the quickness of his smile and the crinkle at the corners of his eyes. Unless something pretty substantial is done, I'm afraid Jim's doctor is going to be right. But I know what the answer is.

Two words: New Hampshire.

Get Jim's kid back home and let the two of them overhaul that fishing gear and come to New Hampshire for three or four weeks. Let 'em climb where it's high, and sleep where the air has never met oil smoke, and canoe on water so clear you have to look twice to see where reflection stops and shore begins. Give Jim a month of that, and you'll see a new man come piling back into his office to lay plans that will put his business back in peace paths at a pace it never before knew.

There are thousands of Jim Scudders, and their need for physical and mental renaissance is critical. And so, in the interests of their families and their businesses, I hope they — and all their sons and nephews now in uniform — can come to New Hampshire — sometime in the next 600 days.



FRONT COVER: Apple Blossoms at Putney Hill, Hopkinton. Courtesy of Rumford Press. Kodachrome by Fred W. Davis.

BACK COVER: Scene near Mt. Kearsarge, Warner. Photo by Harold Orne.



We are indebted to Mrs. J. William Peaslee, mother of PFC Irving E. Peaslee, Plaistow, N. H., for permission to reproduce on page 11 her son's poem, "A Battle Prayer." She writes: "This is something that ran through Irving's mind when he was on watch Christmas morning as the sun was just coming up somewhere in the Southwest Pacific."



SPRING COMES

The home folks know it, but today many of our readers are far away in the fighting forces. So we'll tell them Spring arrived in New Hampshire this week, all of sudden.

There are patches of ice in the shady spots, the lawns are showing green, mayflowers are in bud, the robins hunt worms in the grass, the evening air is fragrant with the smoke of bonfires. Soon trout fish-

ing begins, and the ball team starts practice Sunday.

Through the winter, perhaps, we felt a touch of envy for you who were in milder climates. Now it is your turn to envy us.

Spring, in New Hampshire, is very lovely.

— *Milford Cabinet*



When the town of Nelson found it was \$140 short of its quota for the Red Cross fund the Chairman of the drive, Mrs. Rolfe Floyd, offered to donate cord-wood on her property if the townspeople would cut it. Plenty of volunteers came forward, 14 cords of hardwood was felled and cut into firewood size and the proceeds cleared the deficit.



Tells Funeral Home,

"Come and Get Me"

Special to The Union:

LACONIA, April 1944 — "I'm all ready; will you come and get me right away?"

That's what a popular local young woman asked over the telephone here, believing that she had been connected with her home.

She was taken aback when an unfamiliar voice on the other end

of the wire informed her that she indeed was not ready — yet. She had, it developed, been accidentally connected with a local funeral home.

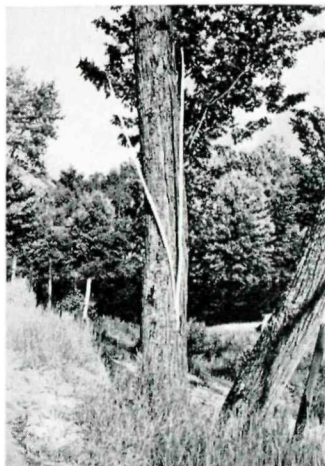
MW

Announcement has just been made by Doubleday, Doran, of the publication of a new book, "How To Live in the Country Without Farming — Planning and Establishing a Productive Country Home," by Milton Wend of the Daniel Webster Birthplace, Franklin. "It is a practical book that describes in detail the many technics that need gradually to be mastered in order to live in the country successfully and happily." (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 316 pages. \$2.50.)

MW

It's a long way from Tripoli to the Cannon Mountain aerial tramway in Franconia Notch, but not far enough to keep Army buddies from meeting again. . . . Over the week end "Bill" Gordon of Rock Pool, Lisbon, home after being wounded in the Ambulance service in North Africa, was lounging in the Valley station of the Tramway when another skier walked in and the two caught each other's attention. . . . In the con-

New Hampshire Troubadour



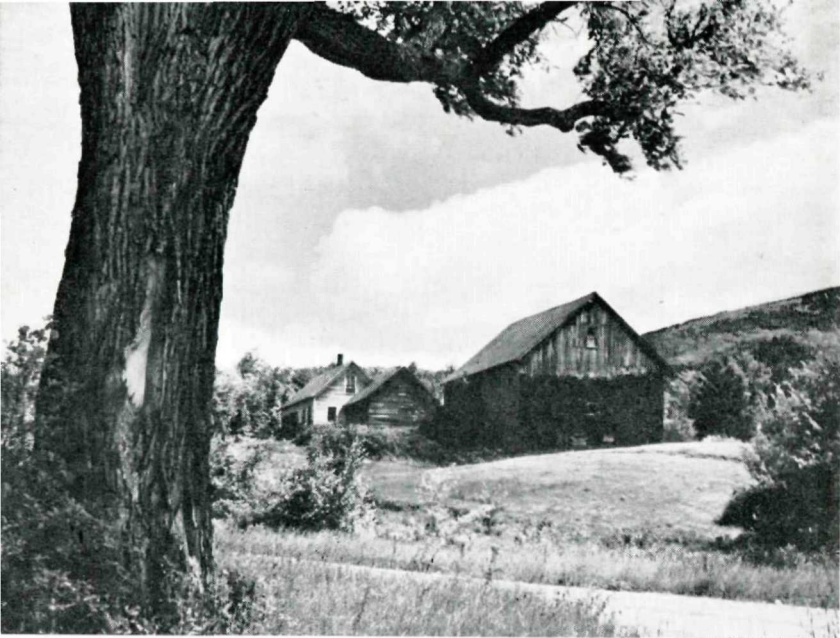
I. A. DINERMAN, M.D.

A bolt of lightning tore off these two strips from the trunk of a tree and left them hanging in the form of a huge "V"

versation it developed that the newcomer was Paul Moffett — who was located in the barracks across from Gordon when the two were in Tripoli two years ago! They hadn't seen each other since, and they recalled Saturday that one of their pastimes in Tripoli was constructing a *model Cannon Mountain Tramway in the sands of Tripoli.*

— JACK COLBY, in Mountain Musing Column, *Littleton Courier*

15



I WILL GO BACK A LITTLE WHILE

by Nancy Byrd Turner

I will go back a little while, and be
With old, untroubled things. There was a hill
Where huckleberries grew, there was a tree
No wind could harm; they both are standing, still.
There was that high, pure star I loved the best;
It still walks down the west.

No peril can befall them; they are part
Of everlasting loveliness, and fold
Their peace around the far-returning heart.
I will go back and find them as of old,
Then, fearless, face whatever storms may come,
Having been home.

—from Ted Malone's "Between the Book Ends."
In "Good Housekeeping" Magazine