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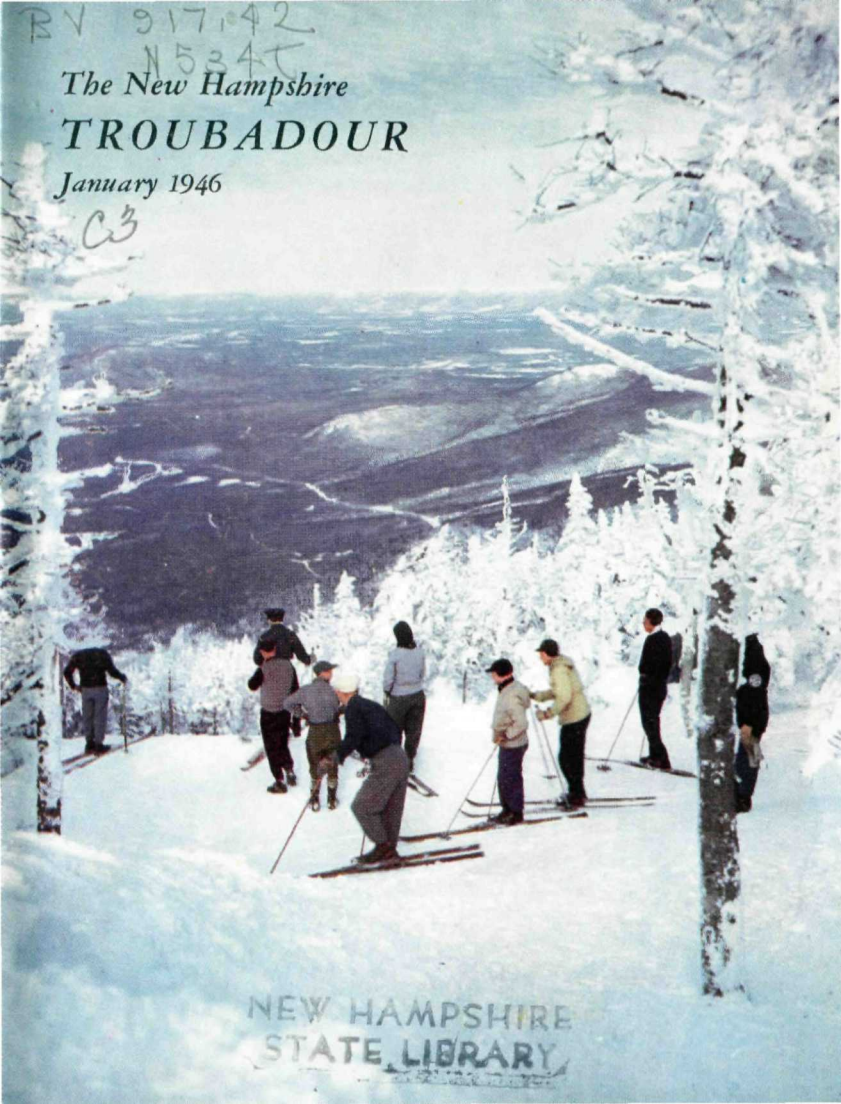
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*The New Hampshire*

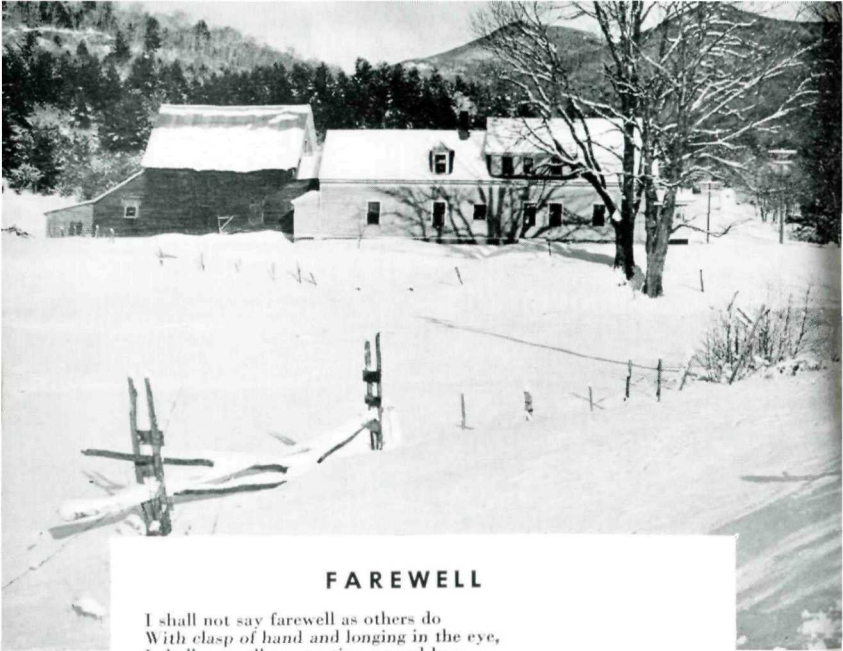
# TROUBADOUR

January 1946

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STATE LIBRARY



## 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*

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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, FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

VOLUME XV

January, 1946

NUMBER 10

## DONALD D. TUTTLE

May 29, 1879 — December 21, 1945

Publicity Director, State of New Hampshire Publicity Bureau and successor agencies, the State Development Commission and the State Planning and Development Commission.

July 1, 1925–December 21, 1945

Editor, *The New Hampshire Troubadour*

APRIL 1936 THROUGH DECEMBER 1945 ISSUES

*The poem on the opposite page, a favorite of Don Tuttle's, is reprinted from the July 1944 issue of The New Hampshire Troubadour.*

## THE TROUBADOUR HAS A JANUARY

IT IS with sorrow that *The New Hampshire Troubadour* makes its rounds this month without the name of Donald D. Tuttle as editor. His death on December 21 makes it necessary for *The Troubadour* to have a new beginning — a January — with this issue.

Don Tuttle, as he was widely and affectionately known, had been director of New Hampshire publicity for twenty years and editor of *The Troubadour* for nearly a decade — since the issue of April 1936.

Don Tuttle brought a unique combination of qualities to his work. He somehow caught the spirit of the best that is New Hampshire and embodied it in everything he did. Editing *The Troubadour* was perhaps the task which he enjoyed most.

It is hoped that, as it continues to sing the praises of New Hampshire, *The Troubadour* of the future will be a worthy successor to *The Troubadour* of the past, maintaining a spirit of good cheer, a beauty of word and illustration, and an aptness in reflecting the good things which give New Hampshire her high place in the regard of so many people.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PLANNING AND  
DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION



**DON TUTTLE**

IN THE death of Don Tuttle, New Hampshire has lost a great and good friend. His affection for the state, its traditions and its future, was not passive. Instead, it was expressed in terms of constructive activity over a long term of years. The welfare of the Granite State was both his vocation and his avocation.

Don had been intimately associated with New Hampshire progress ever since the beginnings of what is now the Planning and

Development Commission. He grew up, as it were, with that early program directed toward making the state known for its advantages. As the field responsibility grew in order to meet the demands and needs of changing times, his own niche in departmental affairs became all the more well designated.

At the time of his death Don Tuttle was publicity director of the commission, a multiple-faceted position calling for, among other responsibilities, the editing of *The Troubadour*, that altogether distinctive harbinger of the New Hampshire scene. *The Troubadour* sings the praises of the state charmingly and effectively, so charmingly and effectively, in fact, that its monthly appearance is awaited in all parts of the country. The good-will it has created is priceless — and measureless.

That was true, too, of Don himself. No one ever had more friends. He was a veritable dynamo of good spirit — and of energy. He never was too busy to lend his knowledge of the state to those in need of it; he never was visibly bothered by interruptions. His smile was sincere; so was his handshake. And his fund of stories, mostly based on his own understanding and appreciation of New England character, was well-nigh limitless.

The Planning and Development Commission will miss Don Tuttle. So will the state and the people as a whole. A familiar face has gone from us; a good and trusted friend and counselor has left us — for the last time.

— The Manchester, N. H., *Union*



## DONALD D. TUTTLE

FOR twenty years Donald D. Tuttle and New Hampshire state publicity have been synonymous. Perhaps more than any other individual in the state service Don signified the friendship of New Hampshire to all its multiple lovers, both resident and non-



HAROLD ORNE

*The Ellis River at Jackson eludes winter's icy grip and flows on to make the central attraction of a charming winter landscape*

resident. Thousands of these Granite State devotees Don knew personally. To thousands of them he had written letters. To other thousands of them he was known as the long time editor of the most popular of all state publications in this nation — *The New Hampshire Troubadour*.

Donald D. Tuttle was never a high pressure salesman for New Hampshire. He stuck to the truth, and let that sell the state. There was nothing spectacular in the process, but it did have a personal touch which appealed widely. His letters were not brief, nor patterned to a form. He wrote chattily, and at length, and he tried to give detailed answers to all who sought help and advice from his department, and thousands did every year.

Mr. Tuttle was a hard worker. He travelled much. Many of his

nights at home were devoted to dictation. He did more than he was expected to do, always. He was likable, and the state never had a better personal representative. It will have great difficulty in filling the place of this pioneer, and it will miss his cheerful devotion to its interests.

—The Concord, N. H., *Monitor*

## BOOKMOBILE SERVICE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

by *Catharine Pratt*

You may still read best sellers even though you live in rural New Hampshire. You may still pursue your hobby, study in your chosen field during the long evenings while the snow drifts across your carefully shoveled paths. Through the winter months the two bookmobiles operated by the New Hampshire State Library continue to bring supplementary service to small libraries and to furnish books to communities without libraries. This service has been developing since the spring of 1938 when the first trips were made in the area around Conway. One bookmobile is stationed at Littleton and travels through the northern part of the state, the other (the gift of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs) uses the State Library in Concord as its base to visit outlying communities. Each is a panel truck whose rear doors open to display revolving bookshelves.

The routes are not restricted to black-topped roads but wind over the North country hills and the side roads of other parts of the state. Occasionally is heard the comment, "Of course, you do not come in the winter." Of course, the bookmobiles do come in the winter, for that is the time rural residents of New Hampshire find the greatest opportunity to read, with the release from the activities of the other seasons. While not adopting the slogan



*The Bookmobile in action*

“Books must go through,” the bookmobile librarians carry out the winter schedules with surprising regularity.

Libraries and communities are visited about every two months. Notices are sent out in advance so that local librarians assisted by readers may select the books they wish to borrow.

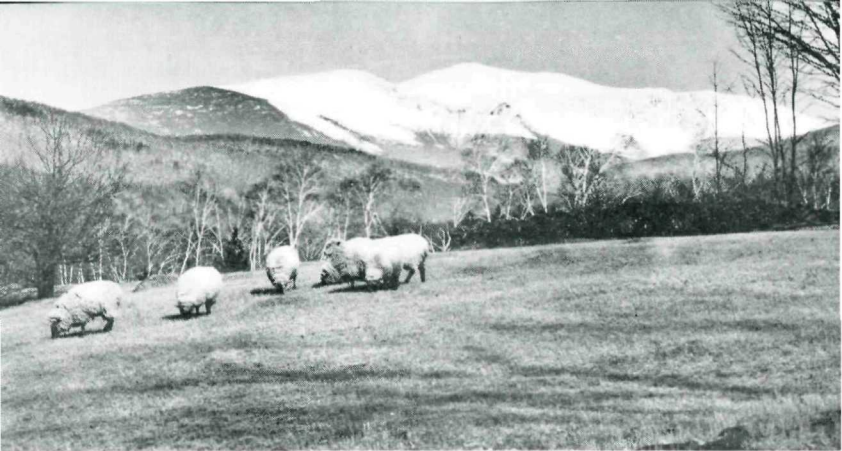
In communities without libra-

ries, some resident assumes the responsibility. Books borrowed circulate as any other library books, in the interim between schedules.

Librarians are always in charge of the bookmobiles. From the resources of the General Division and of the Extension Division of the State Library (some 200,000 volumes) they select books to satisfy the interests of the adults and children who will be the public on the itinerary of the week. There will be serious books for the serious readers, travel, biography, fiction for others. Children's books will include those for first graders up through junior and senior high school levels. Readers make their own choices, assisted when necessary by the librarians. Requests for material on special subjects are noted and filled later from the State Library itself.

In this way the State Library brings to the country residents the same books which their city friends are reading. It furnishes to their children the same up-to-date books as well as attractive editions of older titles. It may supplement even the bookmobile service by mailing books direct to libraries, and to individuals situated where local library service is inadequate. Already it is being proved that living beyond the limits of the town or city need be no handicap in keeping the family's reading up to date, and carrying on either new or established interests.





WINSTON POTE

*Mt. Washington, ten miles away, is the backdrop for this late April scene in the Jackson valley. At that time the mountain is still white from winter snous and fresh snow of April "showers."*

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. WASHINGTON

"THE first mention of the White Mountains in print, occurs in John Josselyn's *New England's Rarities Discovered*, printed in 1672. . . . It is to Darby Field of Pascataquack that the credit is now generally assigned of being the first explorer of the White Mountains." (From *The White Hills*, by King.)

"June 1642 . . . One Darby Field, an Irishman, living about Pascataquack, being accompanied with two Indians, went to the top of the white hill. He made his journey in 13 days. His relation at his return was, that it was about one hundred miles from Saco, that after 40 miles travel he did, for the most part, ascend, and within 12 miles of the top was neither tree nor grass but low savins,

which they went upon the top of sometimes, but a continual ascent upon rocks, on a ridge between two valleys filled with snow, out of which came two branches of Saco river, which met at the foot of the hill where was an Indian town of some 200 people. Some of them accompanied him within 8 miles of the top, but durst go no further, telling him that no indian ever dared to go higher, and that he would die if he went. So they staid there till his return, and his two Indians took courage by his example and went with him. They went divers times through the thick clouds for a good space, and within 4 miles of the top they had no clouds, but very cold. By the way, among the rocks, there were two ponds, one a blackish water and the other reddish. The top of all was plain about 60 feet square. On the north side there was such a precipice, as they could scarce discern to the bottom. They had neither cloud nor wind on the top, and moderate heat. All the country about him seemed a level, except here and there a hill rising above the rest, but far beneath them. He saw to the north a great water which he judged to be about 100 miles broad, but could see no land beyond it. The sea by Saco seemed as if it had been within 20 miles. He saw also a sea to the eastward, which he judged to be the gulph of Canada: he saw some great waters in parts to the westward, which he judged to be the great lake which Canada river comes out of. He found there much muscovy glass, they could rive out pieces of 40 feet long and 7 or 8 broad. When he came back to the Indians, he found them drying themselves by the fire, for they had a great tempest of wind and rain. About a month after he went again with five or six in his company, then they had some wind on the top and some clouds above them which hid the sun. They brought some stones which they supposed had been diamonds, but they were most crystal.” — *History of New England from 1630 to 1649* by John Winthrop.

*Note:* Governor Winthrop's description of the lakes, seen by Darby Field, probably refers to banks of fog.



A. N. BOUCHARD

*Dartmouth Outing Club winter cabin at the summit of Mt. Moosilauke, used as an emergency shelter when the summit camp is closed*

## THE LITTLE THINGS

THE little things of life: there are so many of them that very often when we take account of stock in the storeroom of experience, we just let them fall out of our hands. They get lost under the bulky furniture of our daily living and roll away into crevices and corners where they are forgotten. It is so easy to let them lie there, so easy to ignore their potential value. And yet, the man who lives most richly and well is he who has cultivated a sharpened awareness of the sweetness and significance of trifles.

We all know them, these little things that have the power to send a flood of new courage pouring through our veins, that recreate youth in us for a few brief moments, and sometimes change the tone



HAROLD J. PIPER

*East side of Phelps open slope at the Belknap Mountains Recreation Area, Gilford,  
a popular skiing center*

of a whole day from drab to rainbow hues. It may be the twitter of the first robin, perched on a bare branch, early on a windy March morning. It may be the ancient gallantry in the greeting of an old, old gentleman whom years and a rough road have not deprived of a graciousness learned long ago in kindlier days. It may be the miraculous beauty of the morning sun, shining on the trunk of a white birch tree, or the wonder of a lone pine, stark against a brilliant sunset sky. All small things. But they prick us awake, and our quickened eyes catch fleeting visions that transmute the humdrum ways that we must go, and lend strong, swift wings to our hitherto earth-bound thoughts.

Indifference to the small things of life is like letting the coppers and nickles and dimes slip through a hole in your purse, while you take care only for the quarters and fifty-cent pieces. And that, you know, isn't good business.

## DANIEL ABBOTT'S ESCAPE

DURING a raid upon Concord by the St. Francis Indians, a boy by the name of Daniel Abbott was among the captives who were compelled to journey to Canada. By spurning all tasks that belonged to the drudgery of squaws, and engaging with spirit in everything that was considered manly by his captors, the boy won the esteem of the Indians to such a degree that they promised to adopt him into their tribe and to make him a chief. Little did the Indians realize that Daniel was deceiving them by his bravery or that he longed for his home and hoped to find a means of escape.

Years passed, before this opportunity presented itself. One day in winter while hunting on the shore of Lake Champlain, several pair of skates were brought to the wigwam by Indian braves who had been on an expedition among the white men. As Daniel, a skilled skater, observed the clumsy efforts of the Indians in their attempts to master the use of these new implements, a resolve came to his mind.

As was his custom, he too tried the experiment of skating with no apparent success. When the suspicion of the Indians was in no sense aroused, he fastened the skates securely to his feet, disappeared around a point of shore and then, using all his strength, he sped like the wind down the lake. Before his departure was noticed, so great a distance was covered that his captors were unable to overtake him although they sent their swiftest arrows speeding after him.

Incredible as the story seems, without food or protection in the bitter winter's cold, Daniel was able to make his journey the length of Lake Champlain, then down the streams to Albany and finally back to his home in Concord. There he became a successful land owner and farmer and produced a family of eighteen children.

— *Mrs. Eva Abbott Farnum, West Concord, in New Hampshire Folk Tales*

FRONT COVER: Skiers on Cannon Mountain looking east from the top of the Cannon Mountain Ski Trail, Franconia Notch. Kodachrome by Winston Pote.

INSIDE FRONT COVER: A peaceful winter scene at Intervale. Photo by Harold Orne.

BACK COVER: Mt. Washington from Mt. Surprise, Kearsarge. Photo by Frederick C. Bourbeau.

*NW*

In 1925 when New Hampshire established a State Publicity Bureau with Don Tuttle as its head, John Winant was New Hampshire's Governor. The letter below was received from Ambassador Winant by Mr. Tuttle a year ago.

EMBASSY OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
1, Grosvenor Square  
London, W.1

January 21, 1944.

Dear Don:

Always I get the *Troubadour* and always it means so much to me. I pass my copies on and that has brought pleasure to many other people and some understanding of the loveliness of New England, by our friends in "Old England."

I never see it but I do not think of you and with a sense of gratitude

for what you did when we worked together, and for never allowing the good things to die which we began when we were trying to serve New Hampshire.

With all good wishes for the New Year,

Sincerely,

JOHN G. WINANT

Mr. Donald Tuttle  
State Planning and  
Development Commission  
Concord  
New Hampshire

*NW*

Modesty prevented the late editor of the *Troubadour* from identifying the house shown on the August 1945 front cover as his own home. The view included a beautiful rainbow.

*NW*

"There's no limit to the good a man can do, if he does not care who gets the credit." A card bearing these words has been on display for years in Don Tuttle's office, both as a guiding principle for himself and as a suggestion for some others who might see it.

*NW*

New Hampshire will have an exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show at Boston February 2-10 and at New

York February 17-24. Representatives of the State Fish and Game Department and secretaries of the New Hampshire regional associations, the latter on behalf of the State Planning and Development Commission, will be there to answer questions and to distribute printed information.

*NH*

For attention of those in the armed services:

If you have been receiving *The New Hampshire Troubadour* and would like to continue to receive it after your discharge, just send information of your change to civilian status with your new address, and the *Troubadour* will be sent to you for six additional months, with the compliments of the State of New Hampshire.

*NH*

At least 47 ski lifts of various types are operating in New Hampshire this season, and there are fourteen ski schools at ten winter sports centers.

*NH*

Here are a few winter carnival dates: Dartmouth College winter sports week-end at Hanover Feb. 8-10; University of New Hampshire, Feb. 15-17; Colby Junior

College, New London, Feb. 22-24; Newport, Feb. 2-4; Jaffrey, Feb. 22-24; Derry, Feb. 8-10; Claremont skating carnival, Feb. 9-10.

*NH*

Some of the outstanding ski meets: Gibson trophy race (giant slalom for qualified men and women skiers) at Cranmore Mountain, North Conway, Feb. 3; Ski jumping, cross country, and combined championships of the U. S. Eastern Amateur Ski Association at the Belknap Mountains Recreation Area, Gilford, March 9-10; Annual downhill race of the Appalachian Mountain Club on the Wildcat, Summit E, trail at Pinkham Notch March 10; New Hampshire ski jumping, cross country, and combined championships at Lebanon Feb. 10.

*NH*

The New Hampshire Recreational Calendar, 1945-1946 winter edition, listing ski schools, winter events, and places to stay, has been issued by the State Planning and Development Commission. If you wish a copy, it's yours for the asking. The Calendar supplements information given by the previously issued New Hampshire Winter Map.



## HIS STEPS LIKE MUSIC

AVIS TURNER FRENCH in "*Wildfire*" Texas

Sometimes I stand within a forest lane  
While silences grow deep and thrilling me,  
Till through my waiting heart responds again  
A hush from greatness felt, and I am free  
From petty ways and turmoil, hushed to peace,  
Enclosed by joy, by wholesome gracious things,  
Wherein there are no doubts or ills to cease,  
But only perfect love and thoughts with wings.

For God is there among the quiet moods,  
His steps like music through His solitudes.