

# NEW HAMPSHIRE

## *Profiles*

APRIL 1952

THE PICTURE MAGAZINE  
▶▶ OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



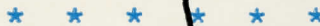
NEW HAMPSHIRE—ANGLERS' PARADISE • PROFILE DOLLS • LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL  
HEART OF A TOWN • TWICE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY • ART COMES TO THE PEOPLE  
OLD NUMBER FOUR • PHOTO CONTEST • Other New Hampshire Features ▶ 35 CENTS

# "There Is Nothing So Powerful As Truth"

—DANIEL WEBSTER



**E**VERYBODY is reading New Hampshire's state newspapers these days—and there's a reason. You hear folks quote them from Coos to the Sea; you hear them quoted nationwide. There's a reason for that, too, and a good one: It's because these newspapers speak fearlessly for the best interests of all those who live in the Granite State. And they are being heard. Read them; read them regularly for the best evidence of this statement.



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## *An Easter Message*

The Right Reverend CHARLES F. HALL

*Bishop of New Hampshire*

**T**HE most vital question our generation can ask and answer is quickly given. How can you fail to believe in Easter when you live in a world like this?

It is hardly necessary to itemize the tensions and fears that run their gamut today from home to nation and beyond. As St. Paul so briefly said it: "We have all fallen short." Nevertheless — and that is a great Christian word — nevertheless, we have God's word that this life on earth is only the beginning. We are also citizens of another world as eternal as the earth is time-bound.

That fact becomes most apparent when tragedy lashes our lives. A bomb exploded near two American soldiers on duty at the Korean front. Only one of them survived but as he stood he saluted his dead buddy and said "I'll see you later." He could never have said that if he had not believed in Easter. Our Lord "abolished death" by His Resurrection. You can deny that if you dare and take the consequences. Communists deny it. But

for that matter so do millions of people who are bitterly opposed to Communism. Our greatest hope depends upon Christians who will affirm their victorious faith.

The truth that Christians must proclaim in these demanding days is the violence men and nations do themselves by denying Easter. In that faithless action we surrender our God-given claim to a purpose that outlives life itself. We were created for eternal living and we have no earthly right to surrender our heavenly claim.

The first Christians could face life at its hopeless worst and still say to each other, "Nevertheless, come what may, I'll see you later!" They went to their daily assignments with unyielding faith and continuing joy because they knew beyond the shadows of all doubts that Christ had given them the truth about life. Because He lives we shall live also. That is the Easter faith. Christians will know the truth of it and live accordingly now and forever.

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# NEW HAMPSHIRE *Profiles*

VOL. I, NO. 4

APRIL, 1952

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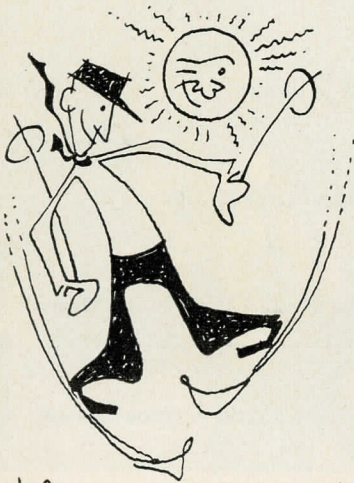
PHOTO CREDITS — An Easter Message — Douglas Armsden; Ike Walton's Ghost — Uel A. Gardner, Frank H. Hill, Wesley M. Kretschmer, Courtesy State Planning and Development Commission, and State Fish and Game Department; Old Bonney Tavern — Carl T. Smith; Art Comes to the People — Bernard Paul, Blackstone Studios, Inc., New York City, The Camera Shop, Manchester, Courtesy New Hampshire Art Association; Twice Daily Except Sunday — David K. Johnson; Those Popular African Violets — Douglas Armsden; Friend of Thousands — The Eames Studio, Manchester, Eric M. Sanford, Courtesy WKBR; "Batter Up!" — Philip's Portrait Studio, Portsmouth, Paul Lacaillade; Knighthood Flowers — Herb Follansbee; Heart of a Town — Dorothy E. Morrison; Railroad Town — photos supplied by the author.

This Month's Cover — Cooking the Catch after a Good Day's Sport — Scene at Back Lake, N. H. — Photo by Wendy

Published monthly by NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles, Inc., at Portsmouth, N. H. Editorial, circulation and advertising offices at One Pleasant Street, Portsmouth, N. H. Entered as second class matter January 8, 1952 at the Post Office at Portsmouth, N. H. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Concord, N. H. Publication, reproduction or any use without the express permission in writing of any text, manuscript, editorial or photographic content in any manner is prohibited. All rights reserved. Subscription price, U. S. and Possessions, \$3.50 per year. Canadian subscriptions, \$4.00 yearly. Other foreign subscriptions (except those to APO addressed), \$4.50 per year. NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles assumes no responsibility for unsolicited photographs, art work, or manuscripts. Single magazines will not be sent until bulk mailing at end of month unless accompanied by 10¢ for postage and handling cost. NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles is published in the interest of the people of New Hampshire.



Don't bury those  
skis yet!



There's still great  
Spring Skiing in

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

Yes, skiing in New Hampshire reaches its full glory in the Spring! First, try the sun-filled slopes of Mt. Sunapee—the ideal area for all the family. Then, later in the season, swing up to Cannon Mt.—where good snow conditions usually prevail well into April. Yes, there's still thrills on New Hampshire hills. Plan on it!



FORESTRY AND  
RECREATION DEPARTMENT  
CONCORD, N. H.

## Letters to the Editor

### Strong Protest

Dear Editor:

Re: White Water Canoeing, Page 23 — March Issue, Vol. 1, #3.  
We earnestly protest the name used in this article, for what is well known as one of the most Scenic Rivers in New Hampshire, "The Piscataquog" not Piscatasqua.

Very truly yours,

WADE H. KNOWLTON

Goffstown, New Hampshire

(Mr. Knowlton's letter and those of several other inquirers were submitted to the Sanfords who prepared the story on White Water Canoeing. Below we print their reply — Ed.)

"You don't always know what you read in the papers (variety of Will Rogers expression). Your readers have certainly named the river correctly. However, we took our information from the largest New Hampshire newspaper and apparently were wrong. However, og or qua, it was still a lot of fun." — Eric M. and Virginia Sanford.

### Ancestors Came In 1630

Dear Editor:

I was delighted with my Christmas gift of the NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles.



My ancestors came from England and settled in New Hampshire as early as 1630, and I dearly love New Hampshire. I like to travel over my native state, and to read about it. I wish to know it better.

I am sending a picture of a fisherman at Massabesic Lake in Manchester, New Hampshire. He was so intent upon his work that he did not know I was taking his picture.

I would like to have you print stories about Hooksett, Barnstead and Amherst sometime.

Sincerely,

ANGELINE M. ACKERMAN  
Hooksett, New Hampshire

### Praise In Verse

Dear Editor:

Lines on NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles

"New Hampshire Profiles hits the spot  
For all the places we've forgot  
And helps us once again to see,  
The records of antiquity.

"These Profiles we should ne'er forget  
In fact we owe to them a debt  
For they our ancestors gave cheer  
And banished laziness and fear.

"And so I write these simple lines  
To praise your effort which refines  
Our knowledge of these ancient days  
Which we shall always want to praise."

EDWARD RAMES

c/o The Blue Door, Gilmanton, New Hampshire

### Fine Piece of Work

Dear Editor:

We Everetts now subscribe to both the *Shoreliner* and the *Profiles* and enjoy both very much. The new *Profiles* is a fine piece of work.

Yours very truly,

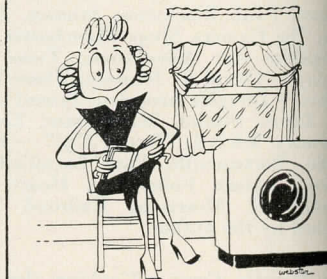
PHILIP E. EVERETT

New York 27, New York



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and  
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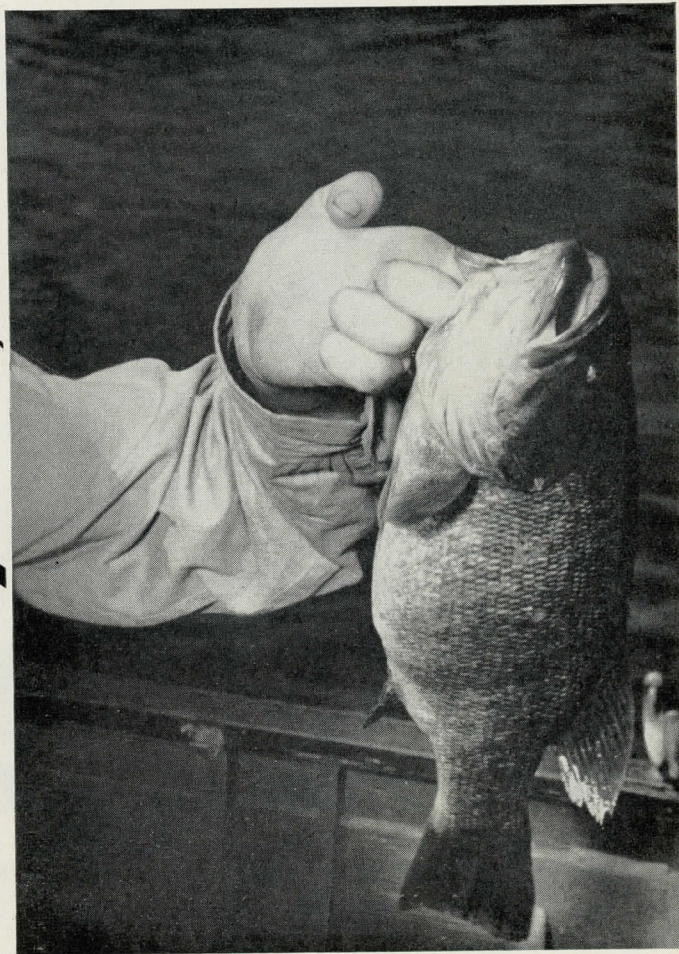
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*New Hampshire Profiles*



## IKE WALTON'S GHOST

# GOES GALLOPING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



by JOHN E. DODGE

**B**ILLY RANSOM wasn't acting normal. It wasn't like Billy not to pay attention in class — to be gazing out the school-room window where leaf buds on the trees were breaking open and the bank-full river rushed by with cloud shadows stealing across its dancing foam-flecked waters. His mother couldn't understand having to call Billy three times to get him down from his room for supper; generally he couldn't wait for her to get it ready. For a healthy, teen-age youngster he was behaving mighty peculiar!

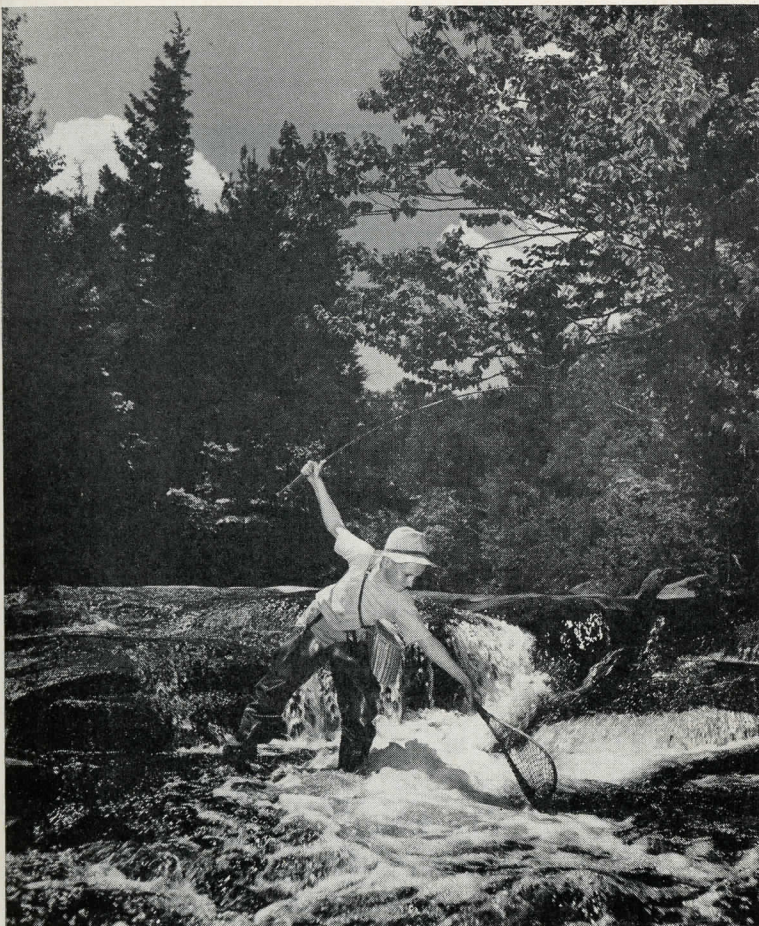
Mysterious malady? First love? Spring fever? Well, you might call it any one of these, but the situation was under control down there in Wilton next morning as the calendar flipped over a new leaf. What came up was the magic words — MAY FIRST.

Down the back stairs on tiptoe, Billy was extracting a fat mudworm from his bait can and poking his steel pole through the alders before dawn broke. There the tiny brook flooding down through the pasture paused in a deep pool. The impaled mudworm wriggled spasmodically as it slid under eddying foam caught by an old log. Billy felt his heart pounding, and some of his soul ran down the cheap black line to join his mudworm.

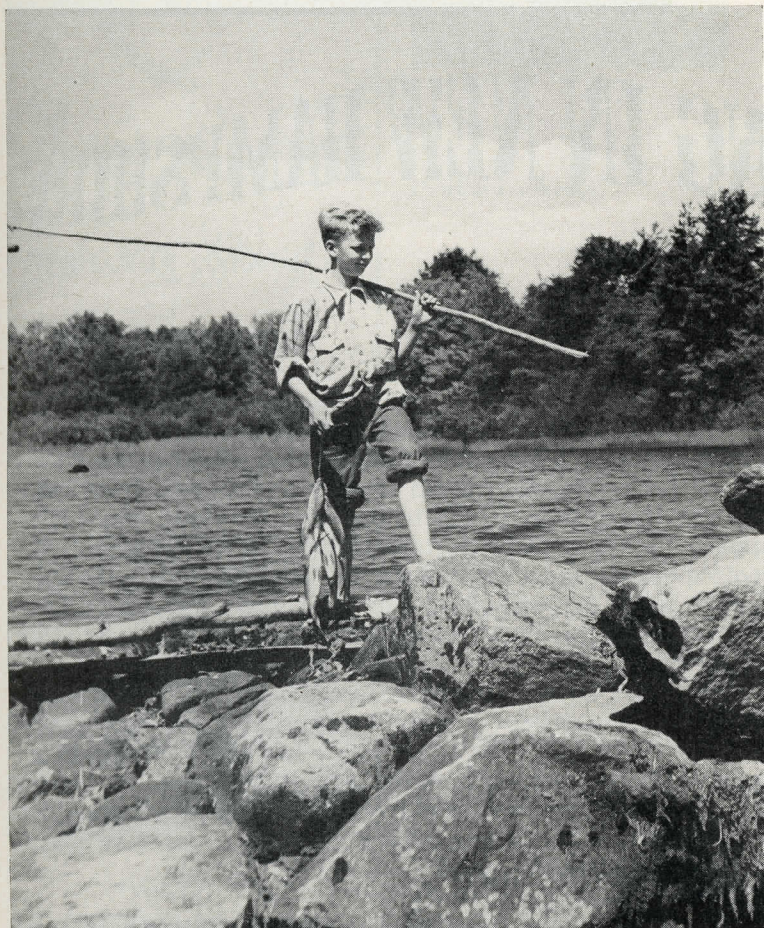
At first it was as if the hook had caught on a branch and motion stopped. Then came a purposeful, solid tug, and Billy set the hook. The steel arced sharply and a great trout came hurtling through the brush to flop in the swamp grass as he applied his ruler. Only thirteen inches? In its iridescent, red-spotted beauty under the new sun the fish looked like a monster. Would he be big enough to win the contest announced by a weary-wise teacher for when she opened school an hour late that morning?

Billy didn't know — but there were more magic pools waiting down the old pasture — and trout grew big and fat there — and there were two hours left to go. Breakfast didn't matter. Sheer joy that almost hurt was bursting through him, and Billy wasn't taking any chances on that contest. Most likely his teacher was out somewhere too, trying for a prize catch, if he knew her as well as he suspected. . . .

Mike Audevitch unstrapped his car-top boat at Lucas Pond in Barrington. Already, at 5:45 A.M., there were more than forty craft on the water. Driving up the two hours from Worcester,



*With bent rod and yawning net, the smiling young Izaak Walton seems quite sure now that friend fish is only a short way from capture*



*The plowman may "homeward plod his weary way" but the young fisherman, his day's catch on a string, proudly strides toward home and dinner*

Mike had thought that it didn't matter if you spent your days recapping tires — with the stink of the rubber burning, and the heat, and the Boss yakking about more production — you had the cash-on-hand to buy good tackle and go fishing, didn't you?

Trout were biting. Plenty of 'em, and the kick he got out of capturing five nice heavy specimens in the first half-hour of fishing was marred by watching the guy in the next boat come up with a four-pound brute of a rainbow. The limit was ten — or five pounds — but you had a right to take the last fish, no matter how big it was! . . .

And the Governor of the State of New Hampshire went fishing, too. In disreputable old boots and battered felt hat and pants that had seen many seasons in the woods, the Chief Executive — with his wife and kid along with him — spent a couple of early hours opening the season on a remote pond where they could get away from crowds. Maybe the warmth of a spring morning and the magic thrill of a good fish rising to age-old lures made the wheels of state turn a bit more smoothly. . . .

Malcolm Cornish had been tying flies. His wife, Eva, resented the evenings spent in February and March when they might have been dancing or playing bridge, and the litter in the living room with Mal's vise screwed to the Duncan Phyfe table and the jungle cock and chenille and tinsel scattered on the rug. It had worried her that her spouse should be so anti-social, preferring to spin threads and hackles around a tiny English hook and create wispy extravagances.

But now they were out together, waist-deep in waders in Souhegan River, and Eva clamored for assistance. A hundred yards away and downstream a two-pound rainbow was doing handsprings. Making use of the boiling current and riff, the big trout wouldn't seem to come to terms. Despite herself, Eva wanted above everything to capture that fish. Sawing his way across the river, he would catapult into the air in successive leaps — each one making her heart crowd her tonsils in the fear that he had broken free. Malcolm would approve; she would have won her spurs; but why in merry golly didn't he wade down and help her net the beast before it was too late!

May first. Opening day for New Hampshire's trout season. At least fifty thousand fishermen from in-state and out racing each other to break the winter's fast — to test their bait and lures and flies, their wiles and know-how against a recurrent challenge. A brand new episode in a time-honored pattern which has haunted and hocused men and women down through the ages since Izaak Walton pronounced his definite document on angling as "Compleat."

The day when city dwellers and country folk, businessmen



*Even the pup looks proud of his part in the taking of these pound and one half squaretails, from a mountain lake*



and factory workers, politicians and farmers merge their hopes and desires with school kids in a common pursuit and a common fascination. The day when a thousand types of business and occupation defer to a time-honored custom and shut up shop — because they have no choice. The day in the year that men pre-empt to follow their primitive instincts.

What is the story behind this weird time lapse in the frantic pattern of our twentieth century society? What do these tens-of-thousands of latter-day fishermen expect to find in our streams and ponds? What *will* they find?

That is where the modern science of fish culture and fish management come in — with a stage setting of a state like New Hampshire that boasts more than fourteen hundred fishable lakes and ponds, thousands of miles of teeming streams, and a natural terrain that makes it easily Number One among the angling probabilities of our Northeast States.

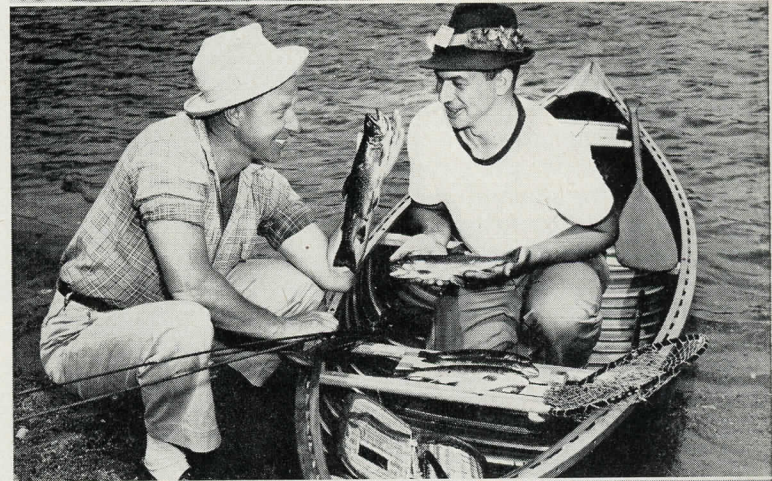
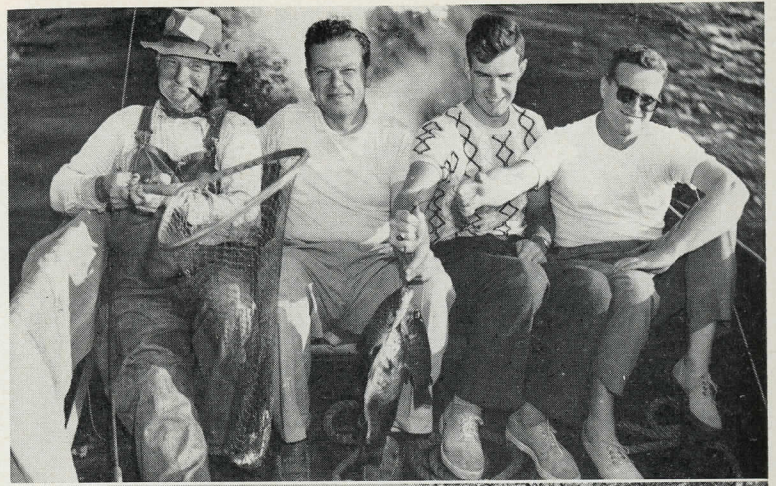
The tale isn't even well started when you consider nine major hatcheries and rearing stations that devote their efforts to keeping our waters stocked with more than a million legal length trout a year — to say nothing of many more millions planted smaller to grow up wild. It is a human interest yarn of men with different backgrounds but with a common purpose and a common faith — faith that under intelligent handling our state has the natural potentials to provide more and better fishing as the years roll on.

First among these comes Harry Hubbard — old-timer at the helm of the hatchery system whose lifetime in the business began after his dad sat up day and night on a box car to nurse the first shipment of Eastern Brook Trout all the way to Oregon. Since 1940, Ralph G. Carpenter, 2nd, well-to-do Wolfeboro sportsman, has directed the activities of New Hampshire's Fish and Game Department, building it up into one of the most progressive of such agencies in the country. Wildlife Biologist Hilbert Siegler, picked from a distinguished roster of nationally-noted experts, has been responsible for initiating and guiding a program of biological research on our lakes and streams. Currently, Fisheries Biologist Bernard Corson has returned from a front-line command position in the Pacific Air Forces during World War II to undertake the administration of the new streamlined Division of Fisheries in his native state.

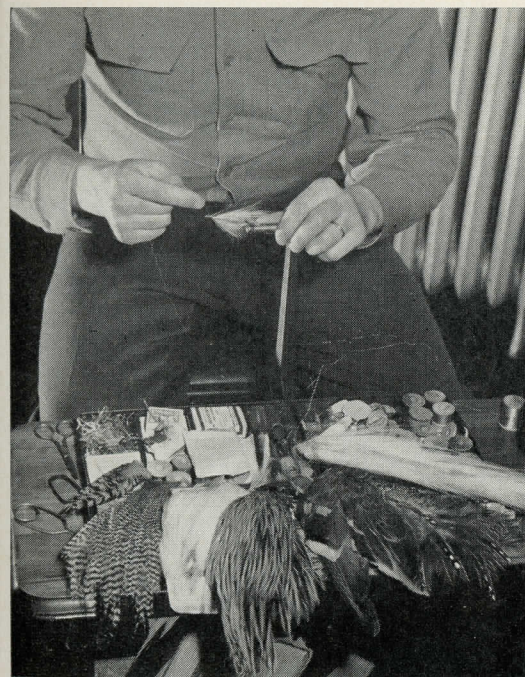
Under Corson's regime, the keynote has been to provide bigger and better fish actually waiting in our waters for the angler's lure. Clues to progress toward this goal lie in integrating three phases of the Department's activities — (1) hatchery propagation, (2) planting the product, (3) manipulating the take.

Guided by the group judgment of some thirty conservation officers who act as front-line observers to take the pulse of their fishing clients and their ponds and streams in each district, propagation targets for 1951 were zeroed in to dovetail the output of all hatcheries and rearing stations toward providing salmonoids of larger size for stocking and catching in the 1952 season. Success of this program is best measured in actual statistics. From Corson's desk comes the welcome news that by January 1, 1952, 51,149 pounds more had been planted than during the previous year, and trout averaged more than an inch-and-a-half longer.

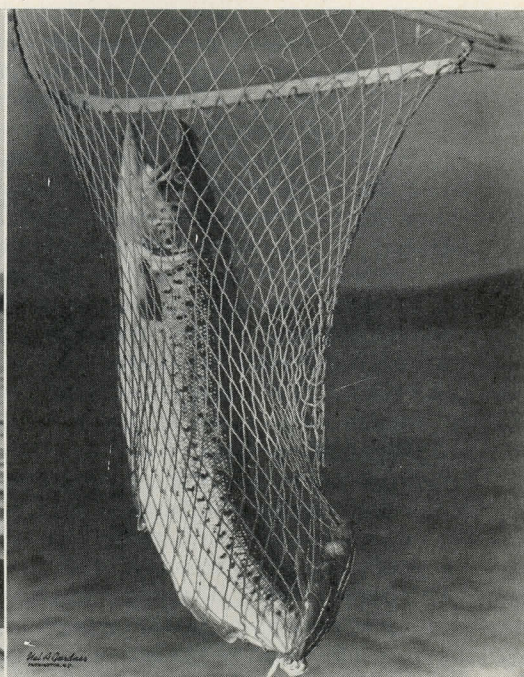
For weeks now, since the winter's snows sloughed off, aerated tank trucks have been rolling on the roads — through rain and sleet and axle-deep mud — to distribute full quotas of trout to every stretch of stream in Southern New Hampshire. Most ponds received their initial stockings last fall, since in these the trout will "winter over" in good shape. Department policies call for equal treatment of all trout water open to public fishing in proportion to their size, character, and use. Co-ordinating this planting program under Corson's office, research-trained Supervisor of Fish Distribution, Robert Knowlton, bases his quotas and delivery dates on results of an exhaustive biological survey of all waters of the state, supplemented by annual conferences with each conservation officer about the special needs



*The lure of the finny tribe draws the devotees of Ike Walton's descendants to New Hampshire's many fishable spots. Her myriad lakes and streams hold aquatic riches more valuable than a gold mine, and visitors know they can find trout or bass within easy access of any vacation spot*



*Fly-tying, a labor of love, leads to catches seen at center and right*



*Nine-pound landlocked salmon from Merrymeeting Lake, New Durham*

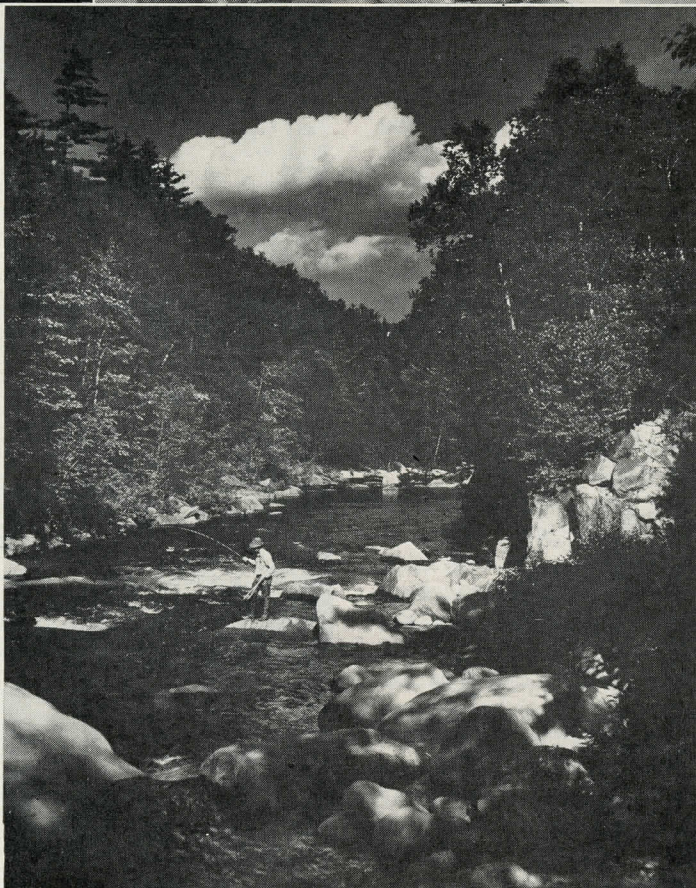
of his own district. To insure maximum survival and best locations, planting crews are supervised on-the-spot by conservation officers who have kept a daily check on the flow and temperatures of their streams, and on the fishing pressure which each receives.

Just as the manager of a luxury hotel spends the winter months stocking and refurbishing to see that the every need and whim of his guests will be satisfied when he opens for the summer, Department specialists fit together the pieces of their jigsaw puzzle, some which have to be cut out more than a year ahead, in anticipation of the May 1 opening. Then as spring conditions creep northward, the battle line advances up the state. . . .

"But you said better fish, as well as bigger ones!", challenges angler Joe Doakes, "I don't see why all hatchery trout aren't just alike."

It's a good question, and we think the answer is a good one, too. Special gimmicks employed to turn this trick derive from a judicious mixture of biological know-how and horse sense. One is based on the principles of selective breeding. Fisheries Chief Corson is now growing a special brood stock by saving the best and strongest of our native trout. Millions of eggs annually laid down in our hatcheries will then come from superior parentage to replace run-of-the-mine eggs bought from commercial hatcheries.

By the use of artificial lights, based on experiments of more than ten years duration, many of these brood fish can be induced to spawn months earlier than their customary October period



*Another salmon, from eight to nine pounds, from Lake Winnepesaukee (above). (Below) Swift River, near Passaconaway*

in natural waters. Starting from this "early strain" the baby trout hatch early in the winter and get a head start which enables them to reach really large size in a single growing season. Planted in our ponds that fall, they produce some notable fishing the next spring.

That's right, Joe Doakes. There's more to this business of providing the best possible fishing than just building more hatcheries! To grow fast, any critter you can mention has to eat plenty of the right food. Nowadays all of us hear lots of scientific talk about diet needs for people, but did you realize that modern fish culturists are making even more rapid progress along this line — and saving money on food bills in the process? Then, too, if you'll stay with us, we have a special report on almost incredible results obtained by some of our scientists reclaiming and fertilizing ponds to grow wild trout at better-than-hatchery speed. But we'd like to save that

for another page, because right now we want to turn the clock back and bring you a yarn about Newfound Lake. . . .

The date was April 26. The week before, down at the Explorers' Club Ralph Morgan had told the gang that it couldn't happen — that he was just going along for the ride, and to please Bill Smith. It just wasn't on the cards for a fellow who'd killed bright salmon on The Tobique, The Margaree, The Restigouche, to get fun out of fishing landlocks in New Hampshire! But what could you expect within a few hours of New York City? It just proved, thought Ralph, that you should know when to say "no!"

Then came the flash of silver, and lead gray waters parted in a churning swirl as the big salmon broke. Ralph's angling instincts snapped into high gear and warning drums began to beat in his head. But despite half a lifetime of experience, it took every jot of his self-control not to strike — to wait . . . wait . . . wait until he felt the fish make contact with the orange streamer.

As Ralph's wrist came up to set the hook with an automatic reflex, the world he knew shattered into fragments, whirled crazily, and slid back into new focus in a split instant. Out there a hundred yards from the canoe a jet-propelled, six-pound female salmon cavorted on her tail, running out his backing while the reel sizzled. Up inside him welled a kaleidoscope of supreme moments with other salmon hooked in world-famed pools — richly remembered nectar for the palates of men and kings. There had, of course, been bigger salmon, but for sheer dazzling brilliance of performance this was the size! Ralph's six ounce bamboo flyrod was taking all the pressure it could stand. The present quarry need not apologize to any fish he'd ever hooked!

And for wild beauty of setting, Newfound Lake in spring could well compete with spots a thousand miles up-country, Ralph realized, as his fish took off on a fresh, frenetic run. In his ears was the endless whispering and clinking of ice crystals as they sloughed off the remaining floes to disappear by magic in lake water which had only broken its bonds last week. Around him were a ring of snow-clad mountains wrapped in mystery as the late light let down stage by stage and fingers of cold reached out from shore to freeze the line guides. His breath caught sharply as he realized that he, Ralph Morgan, with an income no longer in five figures, could still kill salmon, and darned good ones, every spring. Good old Bill Smith had been responsible for the reprieve.



*Honorable Sherman Adams, Mrs. Adams, and son, Sam, with a nice catch of trout taken during a few hours' respite from the Governor's duties*



*Back to the days of "barefoot boy with cheeks of tan" go the butcher, the baker, the banker, and practically everybody else, come May 1st in New Hampshire. In addition to the thrill of the catch, there's always the clean waters, mountain peaks, and the peace that only at "Fishin' time" comes to men's souls*

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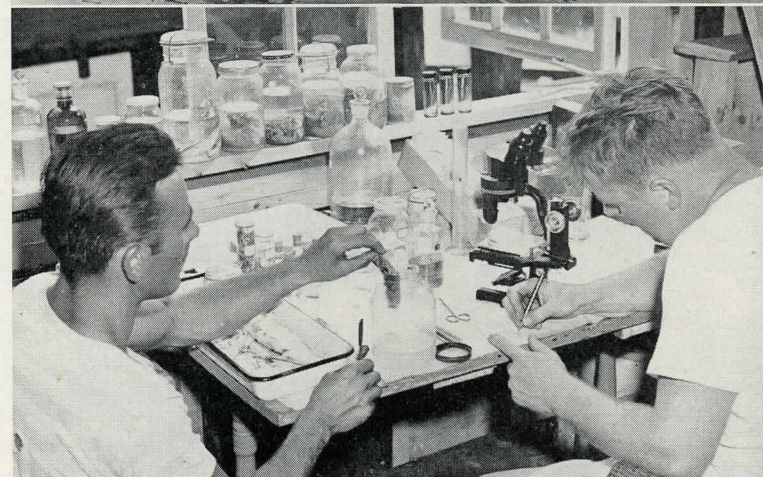
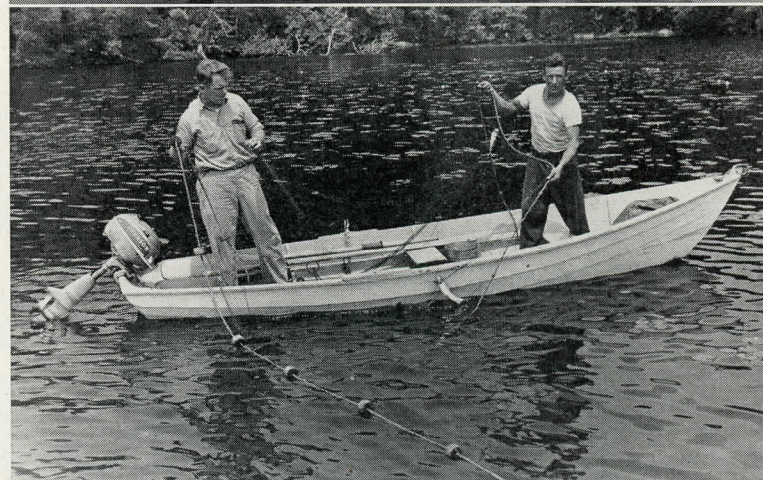
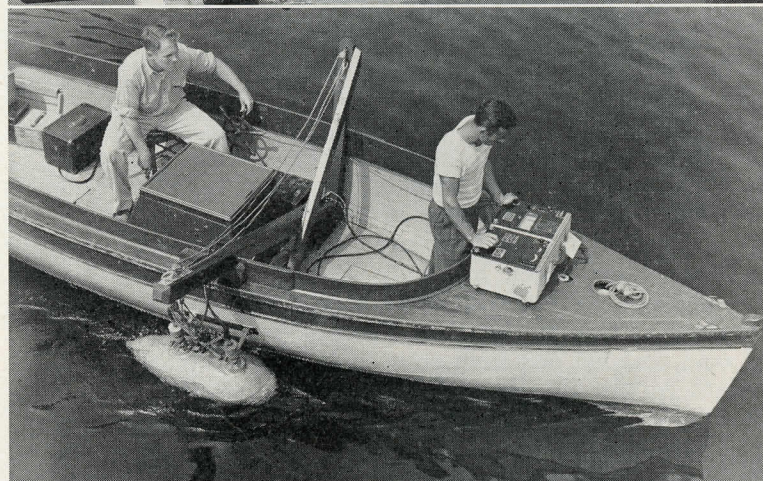
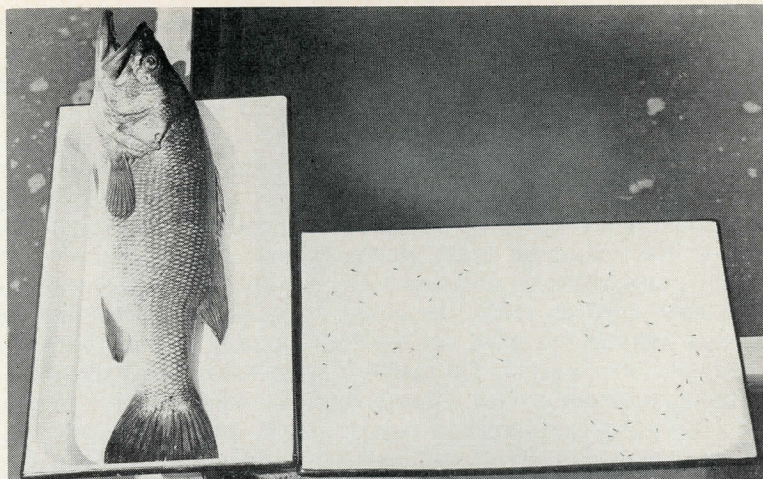
ON LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

*Salmon and Trout*

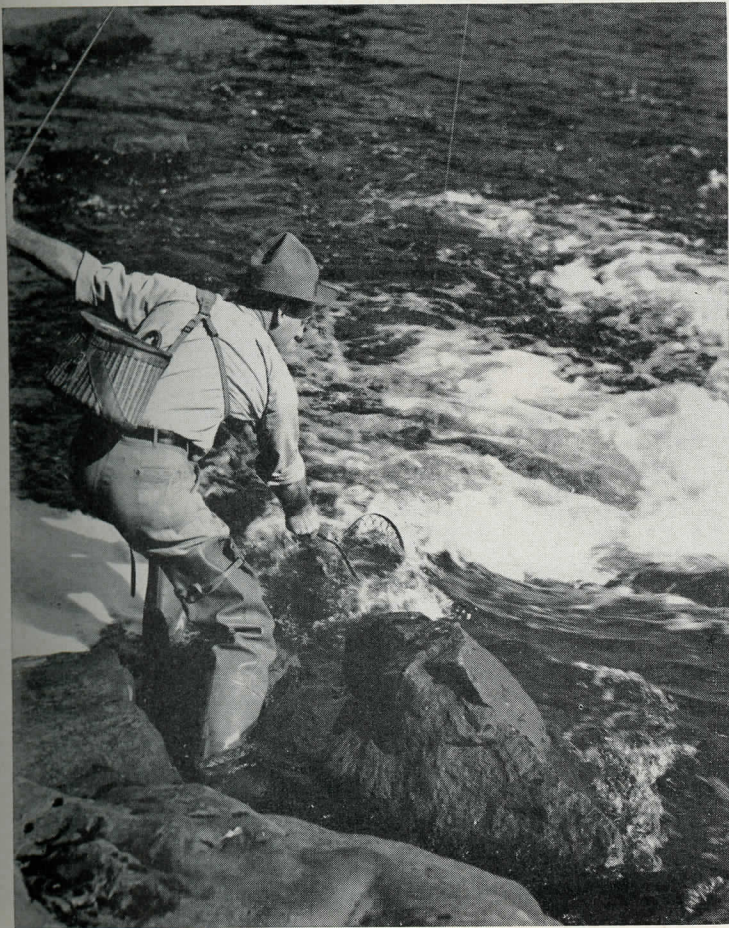
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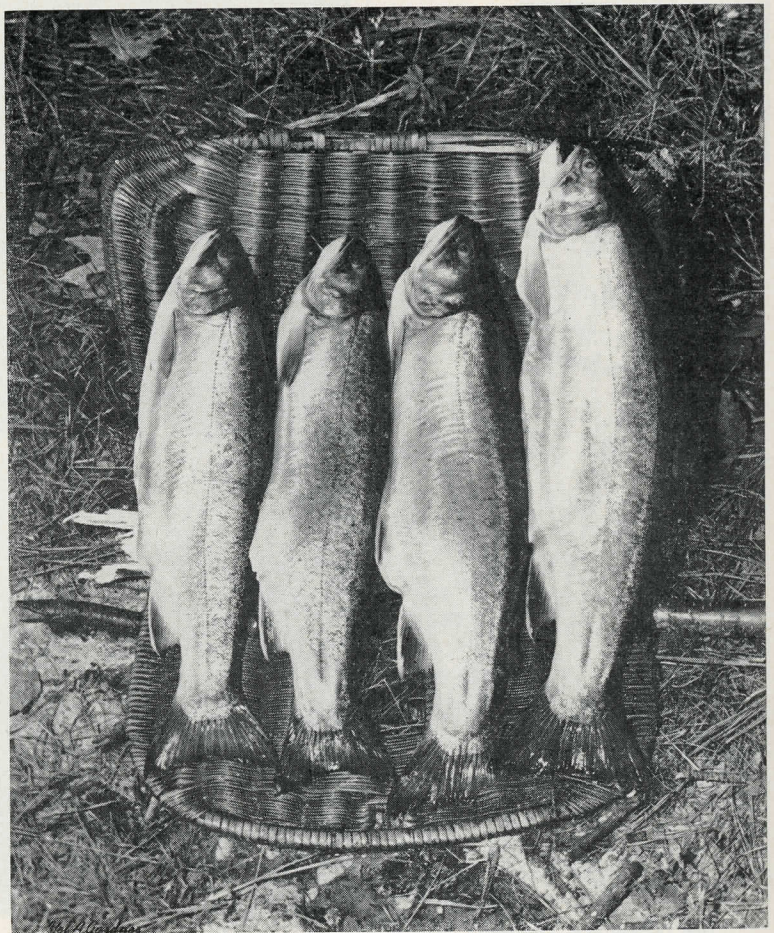
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Trout fishing along the Saco River provides all the thrills the angler dreams about, and calls upon all his skills to net his twisting adversary



Four that didn't "get away," taken from a favorite lake. Without modern methods, many spots would long since have been "fished out"

But what in heck was Bill doing back there in the rear seat? As the canoe canted sharply and recovered, Ralph split his attention to glance back. True, he'd noted subconsciously those tiny "pimpling" rises which meant that other salmon were sub-surface feeding in the bay, but hadn't sensed that his partner let fatal seconds lapse before retrieving his own cast.

Action exploded with random ferocity as the second salmon felt the sting of the hook and leaped. As if by mental telepathy, Ralph's fish cleared water by a full three feet and plunged forward into the new battle zone. Slowly, Ralph's weathered face broke into the grim smile of the seasoned warrior testing his skill against ultimate odds. This was it! — the moment of which great anglers down the ages have dreamed and dreaded — the spot in which Morgan had found himself just once before, and met disaster — the nightmare struggle when two frenzied members of that species of finny meteor known as *Salmo salar* discover they're tethered to fly lines in the same water at the same instant! . . . So this was Newfound Lake, toward which he'd been looking down his nose!

Sunapee, Newfound, Squam, Winnepesaukee, and Merry-meeting. A battery of five great lakes that break across the land map of New Hampshire amidships like ragged sentinels, and later on in the season, the Connecticuts up north. A saga of the most renowned sport fishing on earth repeated a thousand times between ice-out and July by fishermen who don't have to be millionaires or experts. Trolling lures or live bait or streamers, or casting their flies upon the crystal waters of these mountain lakes, which seem ever to replenish inexhaustible supplies of great game fish. And in most of these a mixed grille — togue or lake trout to break the spell when salmon aren't biting.

In Sunapee, that unique species of salmonoid close kin to the Arctic *charr* of Iceland, christened Aureolus for his spectacular red-gold hues in fall — which has been shattering world's rec-

ords the past several years. Record sizes? A mere ten or eleven pounds, because *nowhere else on earth* is he known to exist on such a scale. Anglers from all states and the antipodes write to ask us whether they can hope to tangle with a still bigger specimen. And the answer comes back, "Yes, indeed!" — without any soul-searching; for we've already had a preview. But that's another story . . .

You'll trigger us off to tell it if you ask the question, "Why don't supplies of these big fish peter out with so many fishermen after them?"

It's a tale of Yankee ingenuity co-operating with that marvelous capacity for self-reproduction with which nature has endowed all fishes. Landlocked, possibly after the ice age, these three great species of salmonoids — Aureolus, togue, and Atlantic Salmon — have adapted themselves as best they can to spawning in whatever places our glacial lakes provide — and a good female carries more than two thousand eggs. But laid under adverse conditions of hit-or-miss fertilization, buffeted by wind and wave, and subject to voracious attack by predators, she is lucky indeed if 2% of these ever grow up to fishable size. While this might suffice to keep our lakes well filled in primitive times, they cannot meet the demands of all the anglers who converge upon them nowadays.

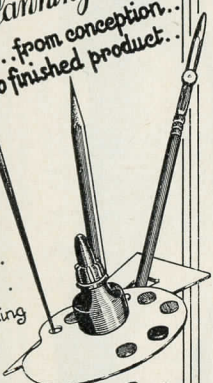
To meet this challenge fish specialists have devised two effective measures, each calculated to break a bottleneck in the production chain. One consists in stringent protection of fresh-water smelt populations in our big lakes, to assure ever-abundant supplies of the staple food for these species. The other depends upon taking the eggs, fertilizing them manually, and guarding their welfare to maturity in the hatchery. Two years later the net result is 30% instead of 2% — of strapping ten-inch progeny to go back in the lakes.

And here is where the preview part comes in. Our brood stock

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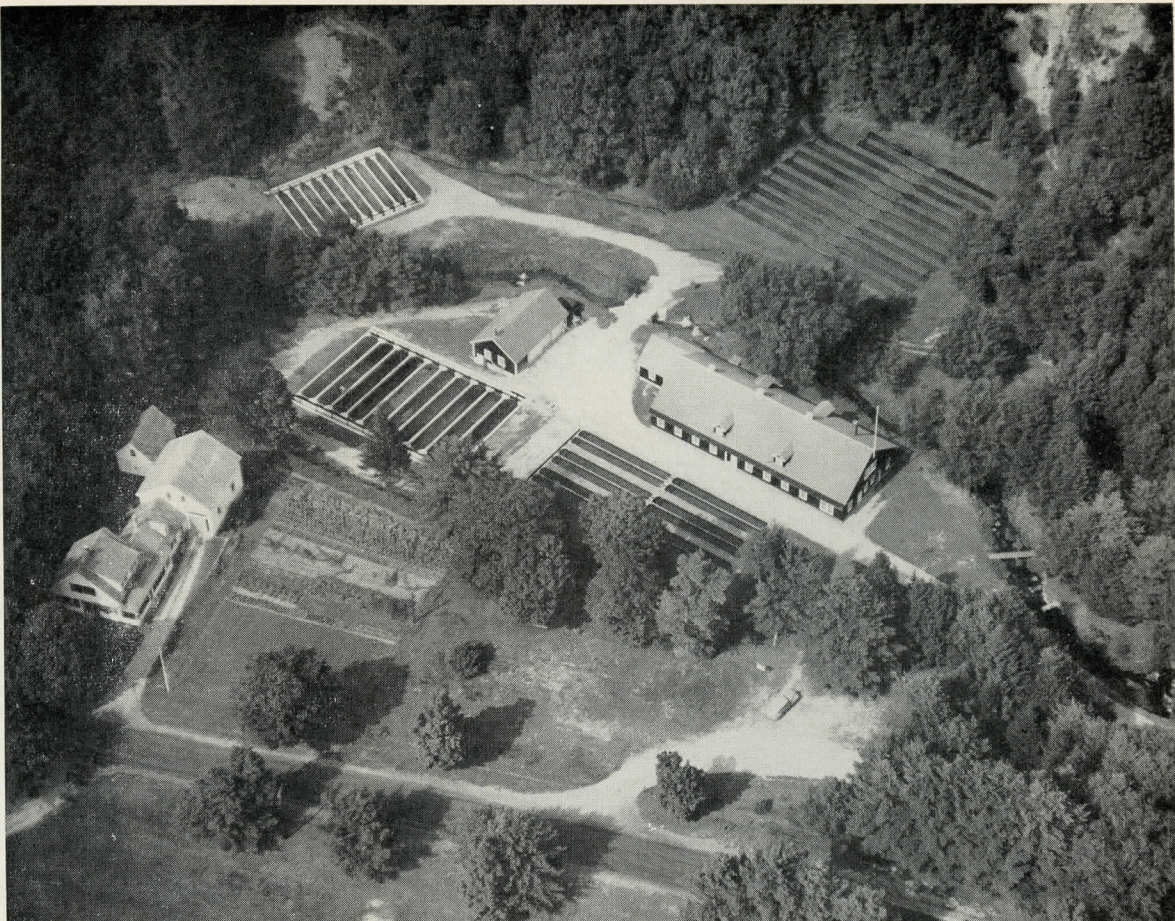
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*"Playing Hookey?" Whether she was or not, the smiling young miss (left) seems to have what it takes, for she has her day's catch lined up before her. (At right) typical fish checking station where anglers are asked to record details of their catch to provide data that help the Commission keep New Hampshire's fishing waters up to par and well stocked*

is supplied by some of the very same fish that anglers are capturing this spring. Stripped of her eggs, which are fertilized immediately under controlled conditions, each female is returned to her natal lake uninjured. Last fall, as usual, an ardent group of anglers gathered to watch these spawning operations. The spectacle of several hundred huge fish milling about in the holding pens while they wait their turn at the stripping table appears to rouse atavistic instincts in these latter-day Waltonians! And at Sunapee spectators bore unimpeachable witness to more than one Golden Trout crowding eleven pounds — plain evidence for our statement that new world's records are waiting to be caught! But how did *we* come by them?

It began on a night in October. Somewhere down in the depths of "The Hedgehog," a hundred feet beneath the surface of Sunapee, a big female golden stirred, moved by some primordial compulsion. A thrust of her powerful tail set her in motion despite the great freight of eggs in her belly. With steady strokes she swam squarely toward the spawning reefs where she'd been born six years ago. Hard in her wake came a bright male, resplendent in incredible fall colors like the gaudiest of sunsets. As they climbed the under-water Alp for more than a mile, other goldens appeared from nowhere to join the procession, until they moved like an invading army.

Aloft, as Orion wheeled over Kearsarge toward the zenith, the fishing dory waited amongst tangled reefs off the isolated Loon Island Light at mid-lake. Both occupants were clad in layers of wool and rubber to stay the biting cold. From long practice their gill nets were set accurately across the south faces of the reefs — each a hundred-foot invisible barrier floated by corks and held down by leads.

Abruptly, a flurry of splashing broke the night's stillness as the first wave of the invasion hit the nets. One of the men tossed away a cigarette and armed himself with searchlight and dip net in the stern, while the other backed the boat into position. In a moment a six-pound golden had been dipped, freed from the net and was swimming in the floating crate beside the dory. Fifteen minutes of fast work cleaned the nets and collected a dozen fish.

So at last the run had started! Until long after midnight the golden horde would charge the nets in intermittent waves — refusing to be deflected from their natal reefs. Old friends would appear — great wise old fish that had survived the perils of the angling season and come back for the third or fourth spawning, identified by tags with serial numbers which the men had fixed in their fins. For the first night even these seasoned fish culturists felt the thrill of being back at the old stand to watch nature's fall miracle repeat itself. But there would be more nights, many upon many of them, and still colder, before the year's catch was completed . . .

Meanwhile, over at Melvin Bay on Winnepesaukee, a similar



*A couple of Vermont anglers, Tom Stafford of Proctor, and Bob Holden of Brandon, find that fishing New Hampshire's waters is fun and fruitful*



*Fishermen in the Granite State are assured that specimens like these are to be taken, thanks to "stocking" practices of our Fish and Game Commission*

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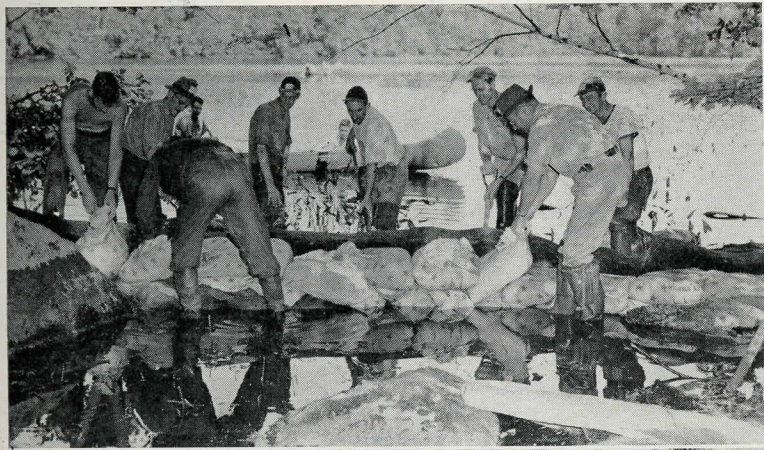
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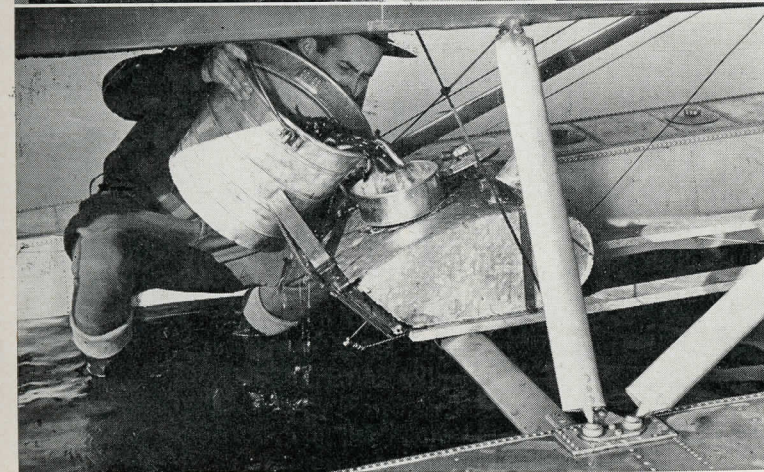
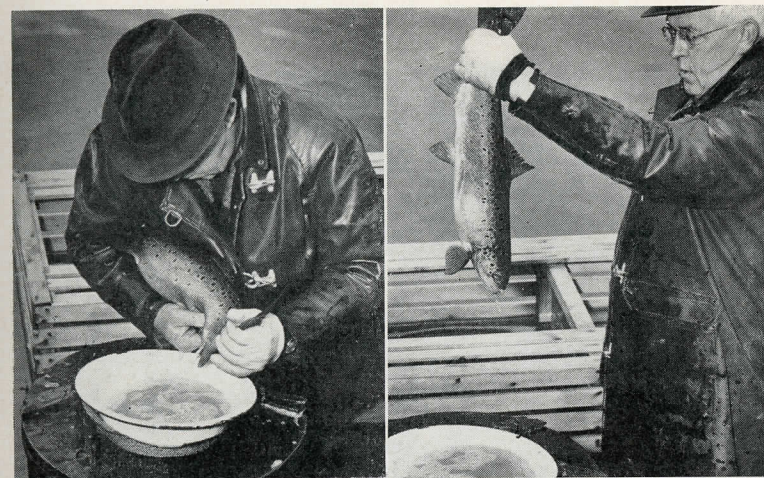
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Sportsmen, Fish and Game Department personnel dam up pond (above) so that spraying operations (below) may kill off undesirable fish, thus allowing for natural growing power of water to be devoted to one species



Manual propagation (top) improves upon the natural propagation of salmon and returns brood stock unharmed for fishing or to spawn again next year. Planes (below) are used to plant fingerling trout in remote ponds

drama was running its course with the salmon. Latent instinct impels these landlocks to seek streams for spawning, but in most of our glacial lakes these are all too few and puny for the purpose. So a good trick has been borrowed and adapted from the book of the commercial fishermen on salt water. "Traps" built of a complicated maze of netting attached to long driven stakes are set up at the edge of the shoal which salmon must cross to reach the river, and "leaders" which run from shore to trap force the fish to follow in. There they wait for the morning pick-up and trip to the holding pocket. Still another useful device has been a weir built in the river itself.

With the new propagation program calling for increased production of these larger salmonoids, it has been extremely satisfactory to discover that we are capturing larger numbers of bigger brood fish each year. This spells good news indeed, both for the larger take of eggs, and for the fisherman who wants to make certain that the process actually produces more fish for him to catch. Obviously, it does!

Back in May, 1951, an angry conservation officer rubbed his beard, swore to himself — and smiled benignly on his customers. This was up in Carroll County — Emily Post restrains us from naming the exact spot — and the customers were two happy anglers from Vermont. Their offense was having captured a couple of nice squaretails; one weighed two pounds and a half, the other three!

What griped the officer (let's call him Jake) was that apparently somebody must have been tampering with his pet trout pond. The history of this pond had been one of failure to produce much of anything worth catching. At Jake's request department biologists had surveyed it — finding a mixed population of trout, warm-water fish, and smelt, with physical and chemical conditions favoring trout. So they'd recommended reclamation with rotenone. Jake had seen to this, bringing in volunteers from his local sportsmen's club to help build a dam and spread the chemicals. Thus the pond had been cleaned of all competing species, and of trout too. Then, when the chemicals had dissipated themselves, he'd supervised the planting of fingerling squaretails that averaged four-and-a-half inches. Now, only two years later, he was getting back the big stuff — trout it would have taken three years to produce in the hatcheries!

So somebody must have mixed up the babies — planted a few big trout without his knowledge to make the results look good! A quick visit to the Concord office next morning convinced him that he was wrong. These remarkable fish were the direct result of high-powered fertility induced by the new process. And what's more they kept coming. All spring his fishermen were catching limits of trout that shouldn't have been there. Moreover, this wasn't the only place; they were getting this extra-special fishing in other sections of the state.

The research boys had grinned appreciatively and told Jake a few facts of life. As a matter of fact they might mosey up to Jake's country themselves to try a little fishing when they got a day off. The story was that in the past few years they'd surveyed and reclaimed more than fifty trout ponds. That's why they were asking him to set up a checking station and get actual figures on the results. Good returns were to be expected when you took a genuine trout pond and set it back to neutral so there were no competing species to gobble up the feed. Any fish you killed just added that much more natural fertility — like a garden.

Basically the story was this: in southern New Hampshire there was a shortage of potential trout waters as compared with those which would grow warm-water fish. Hence the policy had been set to create new trout ponds wherever the biological survey showed the water was suitable and the local people wanted one. Results had been phenomenal.

While you can't expand the physical area of a state or the number of ponds, you can adapt the use of the waters you have to

(Continued on page 56)





## OLD BONNEY TAVERN

THE reputation of Old Bonney Tavern at Penacook grew by leaps and bounds as a result of Mrs. Hannibal Bonney's culinary feats. Out of respect for that tradition, and for the lady herself, subsequent owners chose to retain the name. The history of the building goes back much further in time, however.

Captain John Chandler built the hotel in 1787 and was landlord for thirty-one years, ownership then being transferred to his son-in-law, Reuben Johnson. Reuben held the property for some twenty-two years, passing the deed to his son, Luther. The hotel changed hands several times after that between 1850 and 1862, at which time Hannibal Bonney bought the building and ran the Tavern for about fifty years. Hannibal's son, William, was proprietor of the hotel for a short time after his father, and then Fred Fellows became the next owner. Mr. Fellows eventually sold out to William Shaw, and later Mrs. Shaw managed the Tavern until it was torn down in 1937.

Prior to the destruction of the building, however, Eugene W. Clark of Durham became interested in it for its historic value and its colonial architecture. With two students from the University of New Hampshire, Mr. Clark recorded measurements of the building, from which drawings were made, for the Historic American Building Survey. When the drawings were completed they were then sent to the Library of Congress at Washington. At that time some of the original flooring could still be seen. Beautiful paneling, mouldings, and dadoes could be found throughout the house; original fireplaces (some with

flanking Dutch ovens and quaint side cupboards), an exquisite staircase in the hall, and doors with H and L handmade hinges that were put together with wooden nails also were on view.

During the early years when Old Bonney Tavern first began to flourish, such places were congenial social centers for weary travelers, village loafers, story tellers, and general gossips. Here they met to talk politics, match wits, and swap their spicy tales with a mixture of pranks and good humor. The tavern-keepers and storekeepers of that era came to be known for their sharpness in dealing with the chicanery and dishonesty of some of their wastrel customers. On one occasion a regular customer, famous for his shrewd bartering with storekeepers, was somehow hoodwinked into buying a razor for \$1.40, only to find out its cutting edge was worthless. He returned the razor one afternoon, having worked himself into a lather of fury, and demanded that his money be returned. As soon as his complaint had been entered formally, the villagers present gathered in a circle around the defendant tavern-keeper and the plaintiff, determined to hold a mock-trial right at the tavern, listening to both sides of the story very carefully. After much heated debate and elaborate prevarication from both sides, it was finally settled that the plaintiff had no real grounds of consequence. It was observed by this village "jury" that since the customer had known the tavern-keeper for many years, he should have been a better judge of character and shrewder in his dealings than to have trusted the man in the first place!

# *Art Comes to the People*



*New Hampshire has always had an appeal for artists.*

● AN ALERT, ACTIVE AND ENTHUSIASTIC  
NEW HAMPSHIRE ART ASSOCIATION  
LEADS THE WAY TO A MORE WIDESPREAD APPRECIATION  
OF THE ARTS IN THE GRANITE STATE

*Above — New Hampshire Farm and Environs by Herbert Waters*

SOME of America's best known painters were members of New Hampshire's White Mountain school, attracted by the picturesque countryside since the mid-1800's. Asher B. Durand, John P. Kensett, George Inness, and Albert Bierstadt were a few of that school's outstanding members.

Despite the activities of these artists and the existence of many art colonies in the State during the last century, however, it was not until as late as 1940 that any art organization of enduring qualities was formed in New Hampshire. In September of that year the New Hampshire Art Association had its beginning, and since that time its progress has been steady.

The Association is comprised of a united group of artists whose object is to advance the interests of art in the Granite State, and its effectiveness in bringing the public and the artist into a closer relationship and in developing a greater general appreciation of contemporary painting has been truly remarkable. Its many members are gratified to find that the Association has become an important influence in the cultural life of New Hampshire, and hope that within the near future, by further enlarging its scope, they may establish a deeper idealistic and aesthetic bond with neighbors and friends and give them more of the treasure that art alone possesses for use and satisfaction in their daily lives.

Many of the State's outstanding artists are listed today as professional or associate members of the Society. Professional members are artists who have been awarded recognition from museums, galleries and dealers, while associate members are artists of ability whose work has not yet received significant recognition. Among other activities, the Art Association provides opportunities for these associate members to effectively exhibit their work.

Requirements for professional membership stipulate that a resident of the State must be a painter, sculptor, or graphic artist whose work has been accepted in a major exhibition, or



*Lois Bartlett Tracy, who first conceived the idea of a New Hampshire Art Association and, with the aid of fellow-artists, founded the group*

who has a recognized dealer in the Fine Arts, or who has such other qualifications as the Executive Board determines to be sufficient. Requirements for associate membership state that a New Hampshire resident painter, sculptor, or graphic artist who cannot meet the qualifications required of the professional members may be elected through the action of the Membership Committee. There are also Patron Members who contribute financial and other support to further the aims of the Society.

Full credit for conceiving the idea that resulted in the formation of the Association should be given to Lois Bartlett Tracy and the far-seeing group of enthusiasts to whom she presented her idealistic plan. Mrs. Tracy's clarity of vision and directness of approach, combined with her wide experience as an organizer and artist, gave fire and life to a star which otherwise might have remained cold and dead indefinitely.

What might be called the first meeting of the Association took place in the fall of 1940 when Mrs. Tracy conferred with Andrew Heath, at that time assistant publicity director of the State Planning Board. Before her interview with Mr. Heath was concluded, an advisory committee consisting of Mr. Heath and David Campbell, director of the League of Arts and Crafts, was appointed. Arrangements were also made for a meeting of all artists within the call of the Planning Board.

The first assembly was held during December of that year at the State House Annex. It was a dusky, ominous day, but at that initial gathering about forty artists from every corner of the State met and discussed plans for a permanent New Hampshire art fraternity. It was a lively meeting, and many of the artists spoke freely about their experiences with other art societies. Mr. Heath and Mr. Campbell were at that time officially named on the Advisory Board, and a slate of officers was elected. George Lloyd of Barrington was chosen president; Cornelia Cunningham Schoolcraft, of the University of New Hampshire, secretary; Mrs. William A. Foster, of Concord, treasurer.



*At left, four members of the Executive Board of the New Hampshire Art Association enjoy a brief discussion with President Rosmond de Kalb before a board meeting. Left to right, John W. Chandler, Etta M. Merrill, Omer Lassonde, Mrs. William A. Foster, Mr. de Kalb. In right photo, members snapped during an exhibition included (seated) Mrs. Norma Smith, Mrs. Cornelia Huffer, Mrs. Alice Stevens, John Hatch, Joseph Perrin. Standing, President de Kalb, Edwin Schier, Vice-president Lassonde, George Thomas*



(Top) *Waterfront, Portsmouth*, by Rosmond de Kalb, won the first award of the Portsmouth Art Association in 1951.  
 (Side) *The Nashua Dam*, a work of Rosmond de Kalb



Before the meeting adjourned a date for a second was set, to decide upon a fitting and suitable name for the Society, establish its objectives and make arrangements for having the constitution and by-laws written. At this second meeting, plans were made for the Association's initial schedule of exhibitions, which included Dartmouth College and the University of New Hampshire.

In 1942 the second president of the Association, Fiske Boyd, associate member of the National Academy, and one of the State's most prominent and colorful artists, was called into his Country's service, along with other important figures in the Society. During the war period the membership decreased markedly; in fact, it reached a level so low that the Society was in danger of extinction. However, through the valiant efforts made by Mrs. William A. Foster and the two Presidents of the period,



(Above) Opening tea for the exhibit of the New Hampshire Art Association held at the University of New Hampshire in January, 1951. (Below, right) *Victorian Illusion*, work of Omer Lassonde, has been shown in National Academy of Audubon Artists, New York City, and New England Museum

John W. Chandler, assistant director of the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, and Arthur Schmaltz, instructor of art at St. Paul's School, and a handful of others, the Association was kept alive until most of its members returned from service.

There was much rejoicing at a meeting in 1946, which really marked the renaissance of the Association and the election of new officers. Among them were Lois Tracy, president; John Chandler, vice-president; Grace Scott, secretary; Mrs. William A. Foster, treasurer; Omer Lassonde, chairman of exhibitions; George Draper, chairman of finances; Mrs. Conrad Lonza, chairman of social activities; and Mrs. Norton Foster, chairman of publicity.

This group of officers and their vigorous committee members, with the full co-operation of the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, Dartmouth College, and the University of New Hampshire, has made possible the recent advance in New Hampshire's art development. Annually for the past five years, the Currier Gallery has presented an exhibition of paintings by members of the Association and has awarded generous prizes. Highly successful, these shows have increased the general public interest in art materially.

In 1947 and '48, the ripening bud unfolded and revealed the beauty of the mature flower. During these two constructive years the Society showed in its exhibitions an important advance in aesthetic universality and philosophic reality. This contribution opened a road leading to the consummation of the Association's main objective—the democratization of art through enlightenment.

As a result of the idealism and energy that were given so generously by the founders of the Society, and by the zealous, intelligent, hard-working officers who succeeded them, the New Hampshire Art Association has attained its peak during the past year. The present officers are Rosmond de Kalb, president; Omer Lassonde, vice-president; John Chandler, secretary; Mrs. William A. Foster, treasurer; Omer Lassonde, acting chairman of exhibitions; Etta Merrill, membership chairman; Grace Scott, chairman of social activities; and Bee Parfitt, publicity chairman.

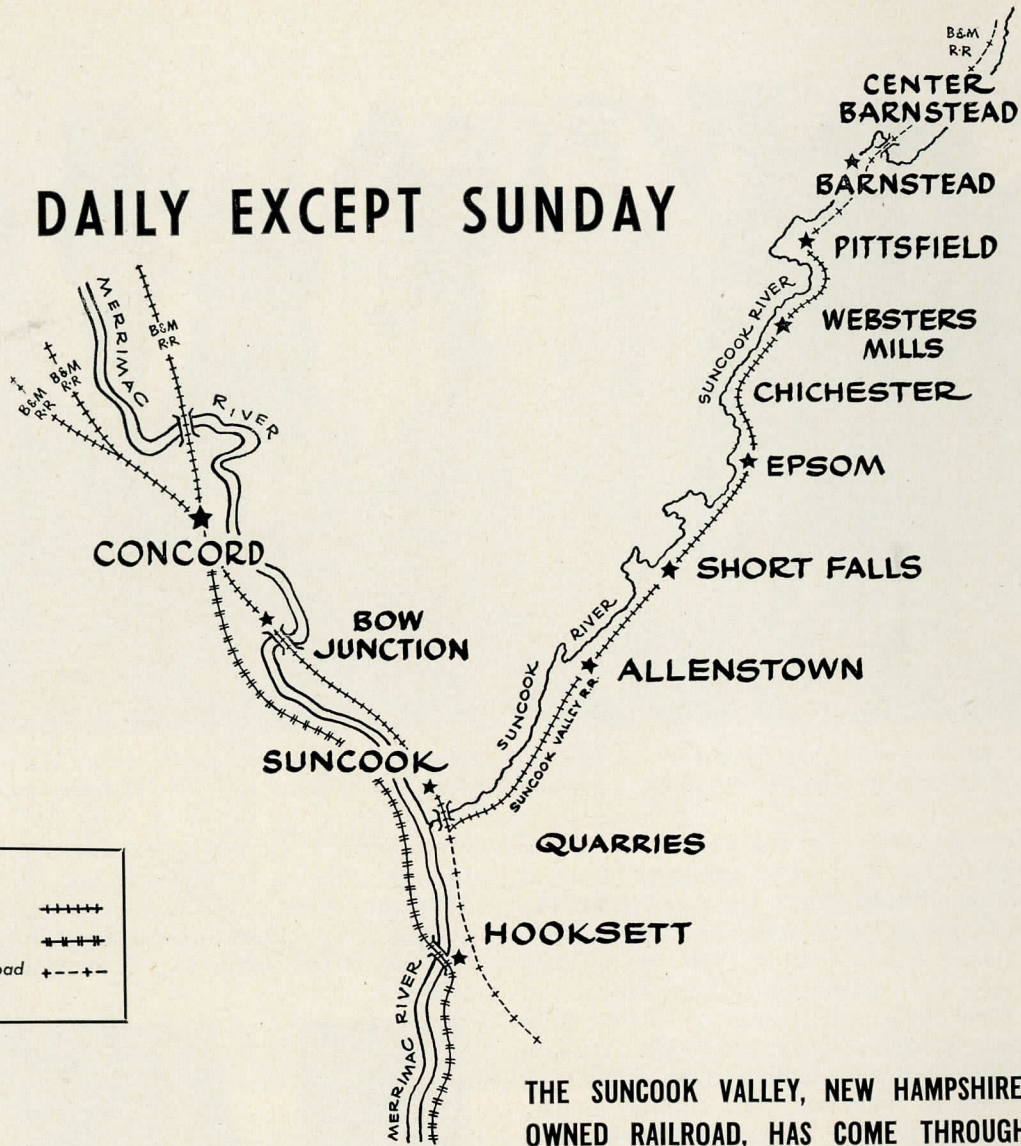
Since last June the Society's membership has increased remarkably and now numbers more than 90 professional and associate members. The sale of pictures has climbed to its highest

level, and the number of exhibition centers has been extended to new galleries beyond the boundaries of New Hampshire. Most important of all, though, a new high has been reached in general art appreciation throughout the State, an interest on the part of the public that is extremely encouraging to serious artists.



# TWICE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

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**THE SUNCOOK VALLEY, NEW HAMPSHIRE'S ONLY HOME-OWNED RAILROAD, HAS COME THROUGH SOME BITTER STRUGGLES, BUT SEES BETTER DAYS AHEAD**

by DAVID K. JOHNSON

A FEW miles east of Concord on U. S. Highways 4 and 202, in the village of Gossville and the town of Epsom, the auto traveler passes a railroad grade crossing; and again, on the Daniel Webster Highway on the Suncook by-pass within a mile of the double deck bridge across the Suncook River, the motorist drives through a railroad underpass.

To some folks these are just more railroad crossings; to others, tracks that might belong to the various branches of the Boston & Maine which at one time or another criss-crossed the southern part of the state. But to people who live in the Suncook Valley and to certain outlanders known as "rail fans," these weaving rails are almost sacred. For they belong to the only railroad in the Granite State that is New Hampshire owned and operated — the sturdy and valiant Suncook Valley Railroad.

Since we were in knee pants, we have often wondered what kept the Valley road going, what its trains were like, where it went, what it carried, who the folks were who earned their living running these trains, and how it tackled and solved the problems that all railroads, big and small, face every day. We even wondered why it was built in the first place, and we wanted to uncover some of its history, much of which is unwritten and to be found only in the memories of some of our oldest citizens.

It was with all these questions in our head that we set out

one cold winter day not long after a heavy snowfall to visit the Suncook Valley, to talk with the people who make it run, and perhaps to ride on a train. We had previously found out from the B & M timetable, which carries a Suncook Valley schedule deep within its pages, that Pittsfield was the place to go and that E. J. Stapleton, the General Manager, was the man to see. Upon arrival at the Pittsfield depot (pronounced deé-poe, please!) we were informed that Mr. Stapleton was in Suncook and that he would probably be there all day or at least until the line was completely plowed out. So we took off for Suncook, only to arrive there just as the snow plow was being set on the turntable so that it would be faced in the right direction for its trip into Concord.

Right here it might be well to explain why the plow had to be turned around. As can be seen from the map just above the line comes into Suncook from Concord, so that a train approaching Suncook from either end of the line in a normal, or forward, manner must be in a reverse, or backing, position in order to continue its trip. This situation is known as a "switch-back" and was used because it was the easiest and least expensive means of getting tracks over the steep grade from the Merrimac valley to the higher ground of the Suncook valley.

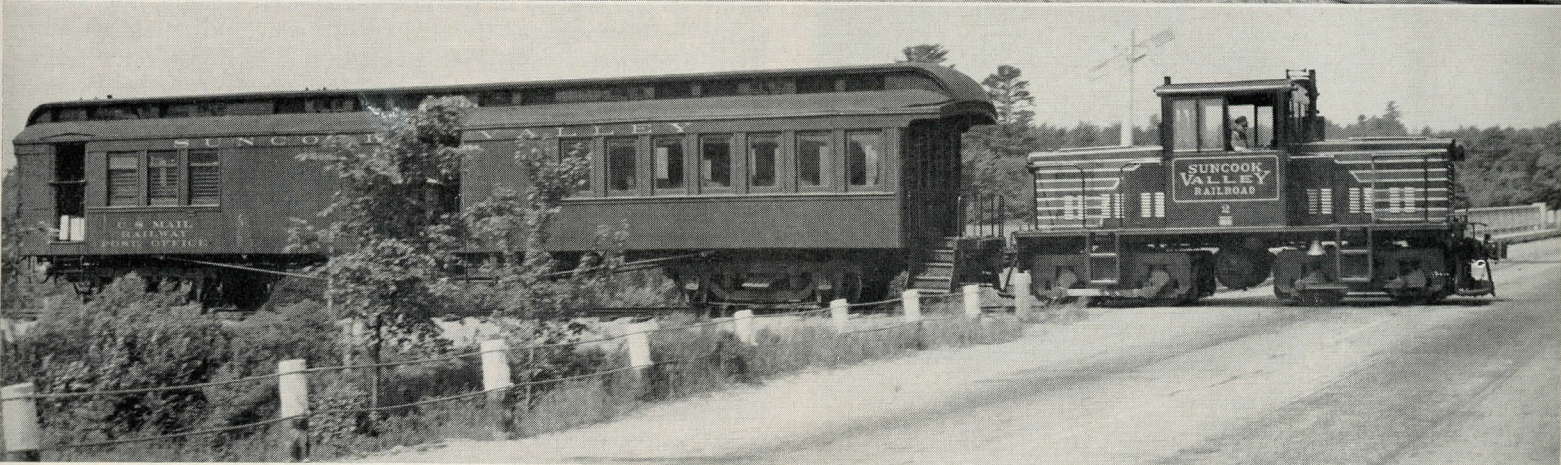
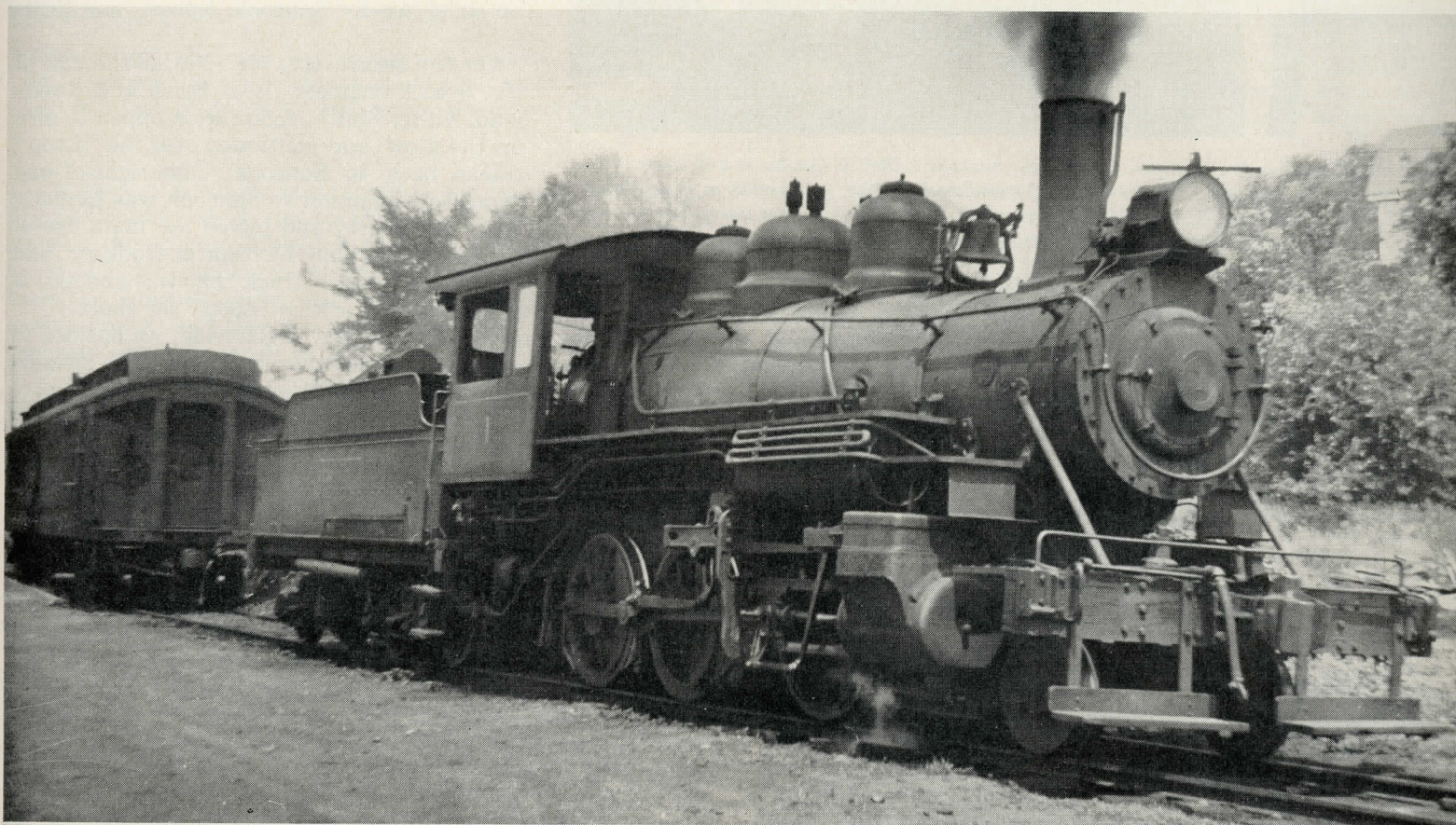
A switchback is not uncommon in the mountainous terrain of the Colorado narrow gauge roads and in South America and other similar areas. In these parts, however, it is unusual and this is undoubtedly the only one in New England, if not in the whole eastern United States. Even with this arrangement, the grade over the Pittsfield section of the switchback is 3.5%, or two to three times the normal maximum gradient on most railroads. Since this is the steepest grade on the road, it is known as the "ruling grade" and limits the tonnage that can be hauled over the line. Aside from limiting the tonnage, the switchback also makes it necessary for the locomotive and "combine" (part passenger, part freight, part post-office car) to change positions in Suncook on both "up" and "down" trips.

While the plow was being turned around, we had a few minutes to chat with "the Boss," as Ed Stapleton is referred to by the train and track crews. We could see that this was no time

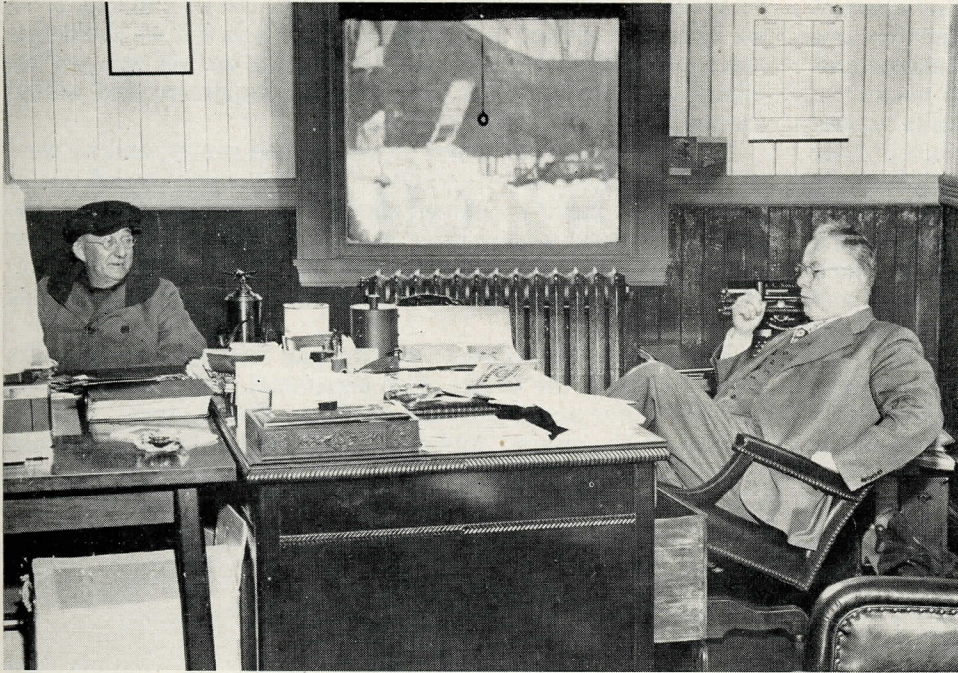
to bother him with all the questions we had in mind so, since we had never ridden in a snow plow, we asked if we could ride the plow on the trip to Concord. Since the answer was yes, we climbed aboard with our photographic equipment and waited for the "highball," or go ahead signal.

Number 3, the road's new diesel, pushed gently, and we were off into the "wild white yonder." As we gently nosed out of the Suncook yard, we gained speed, and when we came to the end of the already plowed-out section, we hit 16 inches of snow with a fury that blew the white fluff all around us like the spray of waves breaking on the rocks at Wallis Sands ahead of a brisk east wind.

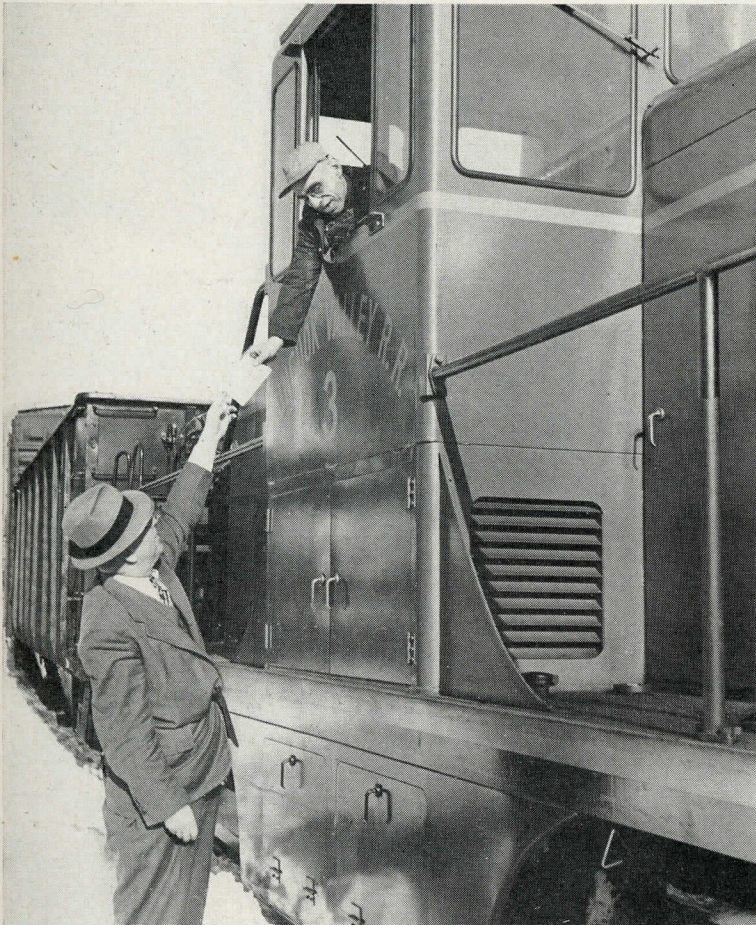
For the next five miles we sailed along through a sea of white, broken only by the tracks of an occasional rabbit and a hunter or two. It was an eerie feeling to sit up there in front, some 20 feet above the ground, and see no railroad tracks. Just to make



*The One Spot on the Suncook Valley (above) as she looked in the summer of 1947, patiently awaiting the boarding of her crew to set her on her way for the regular weekday afternoon run to Concord, and return. "Outshopped" by Baldwin in 1927, Number One had to retire in 1948 at the tender age of 21 when spare parts became unobtainable. She was of the 2-6-0, Mogul type. In lower photo is the Suncook's only piece of revenue rolling stock, crossing highway 202 at Epsom in the summer of 1951, and slowing to a stop for a mail drop-off. Number Two was a GE Locomotive, acquired from Birmingham Rail and Locomotive Works in 1947, and sold to the Kalamazoo in 1951, just before the present Number Three took over the load*



*"The Boss," popular Ed Stapleton, came to the Suncook Valley as Conductor and since 1943 has been General Manager ("because nobody else would take the job"). His office in Pittsfield is a popular meeting place for townsmen, who may drop in to discuss many interesting topics. It serves also as yard office, freight office, and bus waiting room*



*General Manager E. H. Stapleton hands a waybill to Engineer Oscar Brien as the S. V.'s No. 3 gets set to roll down the valley to Suncook and Concord. Brien is a veteran of 15 years on the Suncook Valley*

until we were startled by a loud "hsssst." Omar Boisvert, foreman of the snow-plow crew, had opened the air valve which lifts the flanges at switches and other between-the-rail obstructions as he was to do several times before reaching Bow Junction, that point 2 miles south of Concord where the Suncook Valley's tracks meet those of its big brother, the B & M.

Before reaching the junction, however, we crossed the three-span bridge over the Merrimac River. This bridge is wide enough for two sets of tracks, and once carried the rails of the Concord & Manchester Electric Railway alongside those of the Suncook Valley. Just beyond Bow Junction, our plow was put off on a siding and the train continued into the Concord yards to set off its cars and pick up eight cars for Suncook, Epsom, and Pittsfield.

On the return trip we rode in the cab of No. 3 with engineer Oscar Brien and Brakeman Walter Smith. Again we stopped to pick up the plow, and continued over the "Loop" tracks back to Suncook. The right-of-way from Bow Junction to Suncook was formerly B & M property and joined the main line of the New Hampshire Division at Hooksett, and it is this stretch of track that was and still is known as the "Suncook Loop," or the "Loop" for short.

Since it was late when we arrived in Suncook, we decided to call it a day and come back some other time to get the answers to the many other questions we had in mind and take some more pictures.

◇ ◇ ◇

The next time we saw Ed Stapleton was in his office in the Pittsfield depot some three or four days later. In addition to being his office, it is also the waiting room, baggage room, express office, and general gathering place for the local citizenry where anything from the weather to railroads is discussed. Ed Stapleton is fiftyish, of medium height, and sports a full head of grey hair; and his ruddy complexion and friendly and talkative manner give some hint of his background of 40 years of railroading. He started his railroad career in 1912 with the Rutland as station agent at Manchester, Vt.; returned to his native Bellows Falls in 1916 as "brass pounder" (telegraph operator) with the B & M until 1918 when he entered the Navy. Upon his return to the B & M in 1920 he did a hitch as relief operator all along the Connecticut River division from Springfield to White River Junction. In 1924, the year the B & M released its interest in the smaller road, Ed took six months leave to help out on the Suncook Valley until they could get things going. The six months leave, however, turned out to be permanent, and he has been with the road ever since, serving first as conductor and since 1943 as general manager, "because," to quote him, "no one else would take the job."

The first thing we wanted to know was some of the history of this little-known pike. We found out that it was incorporated as the Suncook Valley Railroad and built in 1869, the first train running in early December of that year as far as Epsom. As soon as it was built it was leased for 50 years to the Concord Railroad, which road operated and maintained it until the Concord itself was absorbed into the Boston & Maine system in 1895. The line into Pittsfield was completed in 1870, and the five mile extension to Center Barnstead in 1874 by the Concord Railroad. The original plan was to continue the line to Alton to connect with the Cochecho Railroad from Dover but, like many other dreams of early railroaders, this plan was never realized.

sure we were still on this earth, we slid open the side window and looked back along the tracks to be certain our train was still with us. The wings wide open, the flanger scooping the snow out from between the rails and the neat pattern of their furrows beside the track held our interest for a few moments





The morning "down" train on the S. V. arrives at Suncook with the cars ahead of, rather than behind, the engine. This unusual situation occurs because of the "switchback" one mile south of the Suncook station, by which the road negotiates the grade to higher ground. After backing into Suncook, the locomotive (No. 3) changes places with the combine, and continues into Concord. On the "up" trip, the procedure is repeated, and the train backs up to the switchback

The Boston & Maine had inherited the original lease of the Suncook Valley which ran to 1919. In that year, the B & M renewed the original 50-year lease for an additional five years, but in 1924 left the line to operate for itself. During all these 55 years the Suncook Valley had been operated with the lessors' motive power, and the little pike didn't have a locomotive or one piece of rolling stock to its name.

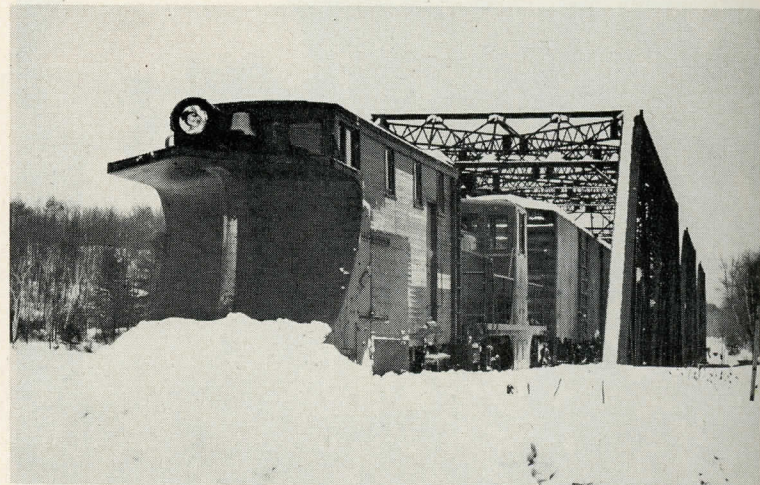
To start operations, a coach, a combine, and a snow plow were purchased from the B & M, and a locomotive was borrowed from the larger road until a new one could be ordered and delivered. In 1927 the new engine arrived, the "One Spot," a handsome 2-6-0 Mogul type outshopped, or built, by Baldwin especially for the Suncook Valley. For 21 years this gallant girl did yeoman service hauling her tonnage up and down the valley, and the merry toot of her whistle became as much a part of the life of the valley folk as their daily chores.

The life of Number 1 was cut short in her prime, however, when it became next to impossible to obtain replacement parts for her. The mighty B & M, upon whom the Suncook Valley depended for parts, started to withdraw its Moguls from service in the Concord terminal area in the late 1940's, and something had to be done if the Suncook Valley was to continue operating. So, in 1948, a small GE industrial diesel switching engine was purchased third hand from the Birmingham Rail & Locomotive Works, and Number 1 was sold for scrap. The diesel became Number 2 and the wheels of the Suncook Valley continued to roll. "But," said Ed Stapleton, "she was not really what we required. However, she was all we could afford at the time, and we strung along with her until we could afford what we needed."

It was not to be long before the Suncook Valley could get the new power it wanted, and she is known today as Number 3, a 44 ton 380 hp General Electric B-B type road-switcher delivered in late July, 1951, less than 6 months after the order was placed.

There is a little story about Number 3; she is the first and, so far as is known, the only locomotive to be financed by her builder, General Electric. In addition, the road's roster of equipment includes a combine bought in 1928 to replace the original equipment which was destroyed by fire in that year, a snow plow, and two section cars used by track crews. With this equipment the road maintains substantially the same schedule as it has for 25 years: twice daily except Sunday from Pittsfield to Concord; one round trip in the morning and one in the afternoon. Passengers, when there are any, ride in the combine,

(Continued on page 54)



When that famous New Hampshire "white stuff" arrives, it covers little railroads as well as big ones, and that's why the Suncook Valley runs its own plow. Above, north end of the Merrimac Bridge, about 100 feet from the connecting point of S. V. and the B & M Railroad



Summer of 1951 found a track gang at work, between Epsom and Short Falls, on part of the road's extensive tie replacing program. Used ties were bought at low cost from the B & M to replace "sleepers," many of which had not been renewed in 25 years. The present year should see the completion of this project

*Those popular*

## AFRICAN VIOLETS

by ESTHER T. LATTING



*Mrs. Edna Roberts, African Violet fancier, took up the raising of Saint Paulias when illness forbade further outdoor gardening. Her greenhouse, converted from a chicken house, is complete with thermometer (left) which rings a bell in her home when temperature drops or rises beyond desirable point*

WHEN Baron Walter von Saint Paul discovered the modest little flower that bears his name in the hilly regions of eastern Africa, he had no way of foreseeing its tremendous popularity. In the 59 years since its introduction at Ghent, Saint Paulias — more commonly known as African Violets — have swept over both Europe and America. They are undoubtedly the most popular house plant in this country with an African Violet Society of America and a National Annual show as well as many local ones devoted exclusively to their study and exhibition.

Once bitten by the bug, African Violet enthusiasts do not rest until they have acquired all available varieties which number many hundreds. One's house becomes crowded and one's family must move about with caution for fear of breaking the brittle leaves or knocking over the pots. Enthusiasts who have known each other for years won't know anything about the other's human family but will be able to name each other's African Violets and tell of their performance.

Methods of caring for and displaying African Violets vary widely, with each grower claiming his or her method is the only way. Oddly enough, this may be true. If you have had success with one method, don't try to change; you may lose all your plants. For that reason, advice in this article is strictly for the beginner or one who has had no success and would like to try again.

Going back to Baron Walter, we learn that he found plants growing in two situations, both woodsy. So, to begin with, we find the African Violet needs shade. That is why it is so well suited to north and east windows and, if grown in south or west windows, should be far enough from the window that it will not get the full strength of the sun. Better still, it should have either a thin curtain or other plants between it and the window.

Africa is a warm country and recent experiments here prove the plant prefers a temperature around 70 degrees. Lower temperatures during the winter, sudden chilling, or drafts are some of the causes of non-blooming. The plants will survive a short drop to near freezing but prolonged temperatures as low as this will kill them. It will take the plant a long time to overcome chilling, however, so do everything possible to avoid it.

In their natural habitat, the plants grow in fissures in the rocky ledges — both granite and limestone. The soil is very rich, being almost pure humus. With this as a guide, we should use a mixture of leaf mold and sand with a little dirt to give it more body for potting soil. The general rule is a third each but if you don't overpot the plants, you will find  $\frac{1}{2}$  leaf mold,  $\frac{1}{4}$  coarse sand, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  good rich garden soil will give excellent results and do away with the necessity of feeding.

The size of the pot is another disputed point among African Violet fanciers — but remember, these plants grew in crevices in the rocks, which would seem to indicate a smallish pot. Of course, as your plant increases in size, you will move it to a larger pot which will give it the added food it needs without the danger of souring the soil.

Watering is one of the most controversial points in the raising of African Violets, and the best rule is to use common sense. The plants should never be allowed to dry out enough to make them wilt, nor should they be left standing in water. Personally I believe the safest method is watering from the bottom. When the surface soil is dry, fill the saucer with warm water — warm because the African Violet resents chilling. In an hour or two, pour off any surplus water and don't water again until the plant needs it.

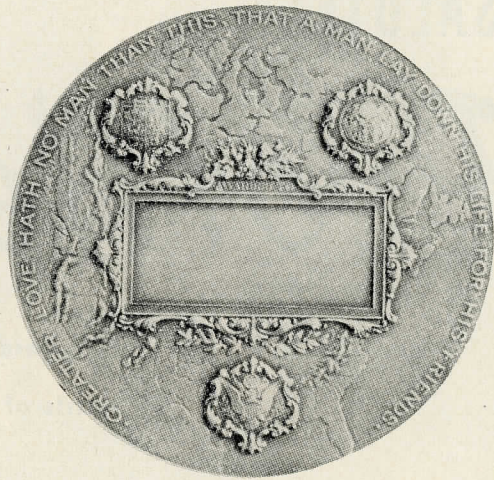
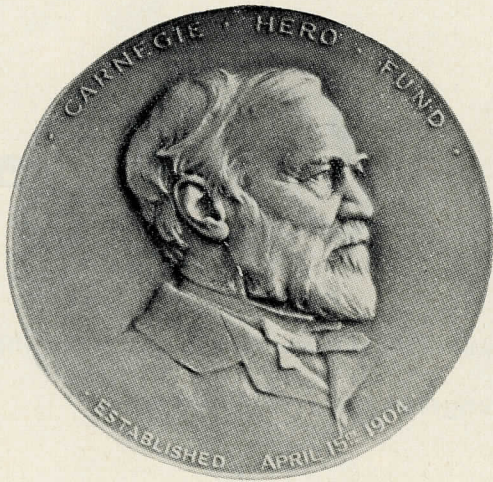
The atmosphere in the African jungles is humid and, to do their best, African Violets need humidity in the air around them. This may be provided by standing the pot on pebbles in the saucer and keeping water to just below the base of the pot. Saucers of water placed among the plants will serve the same purpose. Or you may spray the plants daily with a very fine spray of warm water. If you do this, be sure the sun doesn't shine directly on them while the leaves are wet as the water will act as a magnifying glass and spot the leaves. The more plants you have, the less you will have to worry about humidity as the evaporation from the sides of the pots and respiration from the leaves will give you all you need.

African Violets may be propagated from seeds, divisions, or leaf cuttings. They are prolific plants, but seeds must be fresh. They are very tiny and rather difficult for the amateur to handle. They should be sown on top of finely sifted leaf mold, the pot covered to keep a humid atmosphere, and watered only from the bottom. The seedlings will appear at first like green moss, and when large enough to handle should be potted up in small clumps or individually. Keep an inverted glass over the small pots to guarantee the humid atmosphere necessary.

Dividing the plants takes courage. You will find many plants with multiple crowns, so let them get a little dry before you divide them. The leaf stems won't be quite as brittle and the dirt and roots will come apart more easily. You can either cut

*(Continued on page 63)*

# ★ ★ ★ GRANITE STATE HEROES ★ ★ ★



by HENRY F. UNGER

**E**RIC OBER, treasurer of a manufacturing company, was walking leisurely alongside the Suncook River Canal when he saw the six-year-old lad topple into the water.

Racing forward, Ober's mind recognized the danger — the water of the canal ten feet deep and running between vertical walls six feet high. As Ober reached the canal's edge, he realized that the current, at a three-mile or better rate, was carrying the boy toward the gate opening, under a floor of the gate house that crossed the canal.

There was no time even to doff his clothes, Ober knew, if anything was to be done to aid the struggling boy. He leaped into the waters, reached the lad in a moment, and, with the youngster struggling, tried to swim with him to the canal's edge.

But the current was too strong. Inexorably, rescuer and victim were held in its drift. Despite short, powerful strokes, Ober went under the surface and continued to drift twenty feet, through the four-foot wide gate opening.

Once past the opening without damage, Ober and the youngster, still struggling, rose to the surface, with the man trying desperately to fight his way to the canal's side. Progress was slow, almost negligible, and his strength was ebbing. Alone, he knew, he could have made it, but the thought of abandoning the lad never entered Ober's mind.

After the pair had drifted more than eighty feet, Ober's struggles finally attracted the attention of a man on the bank. A line was found and tossed to Ober. It was a tough struggle to cover the few feet between the end of the line and his grasping hand, but Ober finally made it.

Gripping the rope as firmly as he could

with one hand, Ober kept the lad's head above water with the other. Slowly, the man on the shore drew the rescuer toward the side of the canal. To have pulled too hard would have caused Ober to lose his grip.

Slowly, slowly — and then Ober, almost exhausted, lost his hold on the rope!

By this time, however, more men had gathered on the bank; others had gone to fetch a ladder. One of the men, lowered head first, reached down and forward, gripped firmly the wrists of the boy as Ober, treading water, thrust the lad forward. Thus the boy, Donald Gagne, was drawn to safety.

The exhausted Ober, relieved of his charge, had strength enough left to tread water and keep himself close to the bank of the canal. The men above shouted words of encouragement, that help was on the way. After what seemed like hours, the ladder arrived and was lowered to the man in the water.

Swaying like the pendulum of a clock, the ladder eluded the hands of Ober despite the efforts of the men above to hold it steady. Finally, with a last desperate lunge, Ober grasped the lowest rung. Holding on for a moment, he felt the surge of hope and slowly, steadily pulled himself up the ladder and to safety.

Gasping, with most of his strength sapped, Ober collapsed. He was rushed to a hospital, revived and, after rest and treatment, recovered from his ordeal. Today, the Honor Roll of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has inscribed on it the name of Eric Ober, along with other courageous Granite Staters.

Next month, *Profiles* will tell the story of the gallant action of teenager Ralph Allen Kelley, of Nashua, which led to his Carnegie award.

## ANDREW CARNEGIE

*Andrew Carnegie who founded the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has described Eric Ober, whose story is told here, and others who have performed feats of courage, as "heroes of civilization."*

*In the 48 years since the Hero Fund was set up, more than 3,300 persons have been rewarded with bronze, silver or gold medals. More than 38,000 applications have come in from hopefuls eager to record their deeds and win medals and cash awards, but standards of eligibility remain strict, and only about eight per cent of the cases reported are worthy of awards.*

*Cash awards, which are given to needy heroes, are paid out in regular installments, as pensions, in irregular installments or in one sum, according to the need. The original grant of Andrew Carnegie for this Commission was five million dollars in first collateral 5% bonds of U. S. Steel Corporation and the Commission was founded in 1904.*

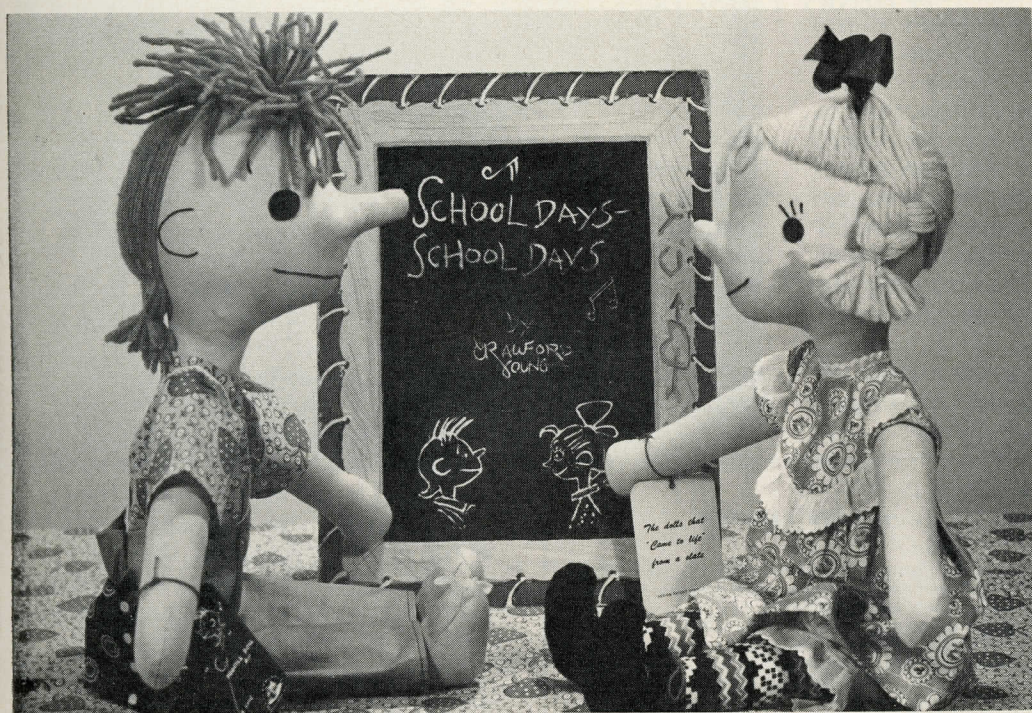
*So that no "fake" rescues may be foisted upon the Commission, agents of the Commission, generally newspaper men with college training, are used to recreate the rescue as agents. These agents convene at the beginning of each year to consider new applications which have come to the attention of the Commission, either through a personal application, that of a friend of the "hero", or through the press. A board, after sifting the tests of the agents and other factors, decides who is to win the medal and cash awards. The annual meeting of the Commission occurs on the fourth Wednesday of January each year.*

## PROFILES SALUTES

# Profile Dolls

Crawford Young Associates make products that are winning the hearts of youngsters all over America

by PEARLE G. COVEY



two daughters had a notepaper and toy manufacturing business, my mind went back to an exhibit in a downtown window over a year before, where these Profile Dolls were exhibited. At that time the thought had gone through my mind that I should like to meet the one clever enough to dream up these very different rag dolls.

Stuffed with cotton they are, and with yarn hair. But here the similarity to ordinary rag dolls ends, for the Youngs' dolls have *profiles* — noses that really protrude, and chins. One wonders it wasn't thought of before, but don't think that you can go out and copy these dolls, for Mrs. Young is enough of a business woman to have them all "sewed up" with patent rights in Washington.

Cy and Cynthia are dolls that represent the red schoolhouse era. Cy is a gangling boy with carrotty red hair and lovably

funny features. His high-water pants are held up by fancy galluses, and from a hip pocket flames a red bandana. If you are tempted to remove it, you will find that it is attached by an elastic. Cy also has a bandage in the vicinity of his bare toe.

Cynthia is really *pretty*. With her golden hair and tip-tilted nose, you just know that the boy who sits behind her in school spends his time trying to tease her. Her clothes, too, as well as Cy's shirt, are all handmade of bits of quaint story-book materials. Cynthia wears shoes and stockings and lace-trimmed pantalettes. It is in the selection of clothing materials that the Youngs vary the monotony of making Cys and Cynthys.

One great advantage of the Profile Dolls is that they are better stuffed than any stuffed toy you ever saw. There is absolutely no going limp, and they look most professional. The material used for skin is such a wonderful flesh tone that you might think it was colored — but no. They searched until they found

**Y**OU might say a little bird told me about the Youngs. I didn't see the bird. In fact only Mrs. Young saw it, as it ate sunflower seeds on her back porch in Concord. Recognizing it as a rare one in this section — an evening grosbeak — she thought others might like to hear about it, and so an item appeared in our local paper.

I had been enjoying flocks of these gay, yellow-breasted, big-billed birds with the broad white V on their backs, as they fed in the sumac across the way from my breakfast table window. Having been told that they must be the rare evening grosbeak, which is a more northerly bird, and wanting to confirm the identification, I called Mrs. Young on the telephone.

I don't know why, but I half expected an elderly person — perhaps because she had time for birds. Upon hearing Mrs. Young's voice, I knew she was youngish (no pun), and when she told me in the course of our conversation that she and her



*When mother and daughters who make up Crawford Young Associates go to work (above), you'll find embryo Profile Dolls in all positions as arms, legs, hair, stuffing and other essentials get needed attention. Daughter Gail (below) rounds out the figure of a budding Profile, surrounded by examples of the variety of materials which avoid monotony of appearance in the finished product*



Mrs. Crawford Young and daughters, with slate drawings for planned book, "School Days," which were the inspiration for the now flourishing Profile Dolls, popular in all parts of the country

material of just the right tint, and right here in New Hampshire! Oh yes, they buy all their materials, wholesale, right here in New Hampshire as far as they can.

The Youngs are great boosters for New England, and especially for New Hampshire. Charlotte Crockett Young was born in Minneapolis, but her grandparents came from Maine, and she thinks it only natural that she should have drifted back east. She remembers that as a child in Minnesota they always had Boston baked beans and brown bread on Saturday nights. Clam chowder and oyster stew were familiar dishes made from Grandmother's recipes. Charlotte says she will never forget ordering clam chowder in a New York restaurant and being brought the Manhattan version with tomatoes in it. "This isn't clam chowder!" she declared. Now she knows that to get the real McCoy, you have to say, "New England clam chowder!"

In New York, she worked as a stylist and fashion writer in some of the big stores, and it was there that she learned about such things as patents and manufacturers' agents. It was also in New York that she met and married Crawford Young, the successful cartoonist, whose work was being bought up by a syndicate and appearing in newspapers all over the country, and in such magazines as *The New Yorker*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Collier's* and others. He originated the character, "Clarence," which ran in *The New York Herald Tribune*.

Crawford Young being an independent worker, it didn't matter where they lived, and so they saw many places — California, the southwest, and the Bahamas. Once they lived in Boston and that is where the younger daughter, Marcia, now in Junior High, was born. Gail, now out of high school and working,

is Library Assistant at the New Hampshire Historical Society, was born in New York City, and so can claim to be one of the few *born* New Yorkers. Charlotte says that most New Yorkers came from somewhere else — that while you live there if you meet a new person, the question is, "Where did you come from?" (And according to Gail, some of those few born there go somewhere else to live.)

One summer a friend loaned the Youngs a camp in New Hampshire. After that they couldn't wait until they found a place of their own in Northwood near Bow Lake. During the war they were living in Westport, Conn., and due to gasoline shortages couldn't come to New Hampshire, and they missed it very much. When the war was over they came back to New Hampshire to make it a permanent home.

It was in Northwood that Mrs. Young studied birds. One day during migration she listed with pencil and paper seventy-five different kinds. "And that," says she, "was counting only the ones we could identify — there were others we didn't recognize." The whole family including the colored maid were watching for them.

One gathers that theirs was a successful and happy life, working and playing together, and with their little daughters growing up. "Having Crawford at home was never a case of someone under foot," says Charlotte. "We *thought* so much alike." And a mutual friend speaking of him says, "Crawford was a sweet person whom everyone loved." Perhaps he was needed in Heaven, for in 1947 God called him Home.

Crawford Young Associates had already been started, and Crawford himself had drawn the Little Red Schoolhouse which appears as their trade-mark. "Red Schoolhouse because it is so American, so simple and homespun and educational," is the explanation. That is what they meant their products to be also — simple, educational, but withal something to make people *happy*. Mrs. Young lists among her favorite poets, Rupert Brooke, and she quotes his, "They laugh uproariously in youth." She wants her toys to make children laugh.

One of their notepapers is a collection of lovely New England scenes done by Crawford with a lithograph pencil. Then cuts were made, and they are printed by a New Hampshire printer. The Youngs pack the boxes themselves at home. Another paper, "Blue Horizon," has a masted ship drawing at top and a stylized border or semi-border of the same blue. Mrs. Young says the Caribbean Sea is just that color, and she stood by while the printer mixed inks — blue and black — to just the exact shade she wanted.

After her husband's death she started a line of children's paper, again from his drawings of animals. She cut from calico the outlines of heads of tigers and lions and others, and pasted them on the papers, while daughter Gail, taking art at Concord High, drew in the feature lines with artist's ink. That was laborious, and finally the printer made cuts from photographs of the calico heads, and you can't tell the difference.

Crawford and Charlotte had started a book for children called, "School Days," the cover of which represents an old-fashioned slate with its laced felt binding. On this slate are school-boy drawings of a boy and girl — his work. Her work was to write the story. After he had gone, Charlotte sat looking at this slate one day and suddenly came the inspiration for Profile Dolls. "It was as though they came alive for me," she said. Today the dolls bear tags that look like miniature black slates announcing them as "the dolls that came to life from a slate," and on the other side, "made with love by Red Schoolhouse."

Enlarging the drawings and cutting patterns was fairly easy. Cutting them out and sewing them up was not too bad even with a limited knowledge of sewing. Then came the stuffing with cotton. But that was the hitch! Stuffed, the dolls lost all resemblance to the original drawings. Weird and peculiar they were. She tried again and again and failed, and Charlotte still has these first failures. Many would have stopped right there

*(Continued on page 51)*

"Friend of Thousands"

## CONNIE STACKPOLE



SHE drives a red car, owns a red house, and possesses a personality as vivid as her favorite color. Her name is Connie Stackpole, known and loved by thousands of New Englanders and heard daily as the Radio Home Economist of the Associated Grocers of New Hampshire. Her programs — at 9:30 A.M. weekdays over the six-station Granite State Network and over Manchester's WKBB at 4:30 P.M. — are as much a habit to the New Hampshire housewife as breakfast coffee. Now representing more than 175 AG Stores of New Hampshire, Connie is busy from morning till night, preparing scripts, visiting grocers, mailing out recipes, answering consumer queries and, best of all, making new friends.

One of the main reasons for Connie's popularity is her talent for preventing anything from coming between her and her listeners. Though surrounded by stop watches, microphones, and scripts, she sees only her audience and thinks only of them. As a result they feel the full force of her personality, and Connie is not merely a voice issuing from a radio set, but rather a very real friend who has dropped in for a visit. Connie and her listeners laugh together and plan together, exchange recipes, housekeeping tips, and shopping suggestions. She chats with them about her personal activities to the point of revealing what she bought at a local auction or ate at a recent church supper, and her listeners love it, for she is sharing life with them and intensifying life for them.

This spontaneity which gives her shows so much realism has also given Connie some moments she will never forget.

Once, when the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were stopping over in Boston, for example, Connie was among a group of radio and press personalities being presented to the famous couple in the extravagant ballroom of the Ritz Carlton. All was progressing with quiet dignity until Connie came face to face with the Duchess. Then a strange thing happened. Observers saw Connie murmur to the Duchess, turn her around slightly, then proceed to give her what appeared to be a pretty snappy spanking. Instead of starting an International crisis, however, this spontaneous act brought forth a grateful handshake from the Duchess and a courtly bow from the Duke. Later, Connie explained to bewildered friends, "Well, the Duchess of Windsor had lint on the back of her suit. I didn't think she would like that, so I brushed it off for her!"

Probably very few — in radio or out of it — hold the distinction of having dusted the *derrière* of so famous a figure.

Another feature of Connie's radio programs is her ability with interviews. Radio interviews can be harrowing for all members involved, but for Connie and her guests they are stimulating experiences. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that Connie refuses to use a prepared script when interviewing her guests.

Instead, she talks with them casually for about ten minutes before broadcast time, usually not so much about what they will discuss on the air, but rather about themselves. By broadcast time she has relaxed the tense and turned the shrinking violets into happy, loquacious individuals. Once on the air,



Radio Home Economist of the Associated Grocers of New Hampshire, Connie Stackpole is shown with officials of the group during first broadcast over WKBR, Manchester, and the Granite State Network. With Connie are (center) Henry J. Turcotte, manager, and Romeo Champagne, president of the group comprising 175 stores throughout the state. Her 9:30 A.M. weekday show and her 4:30 P.M. WKBR show, have become a habit to New Hampshire housewives



Home Economist for WLS, in Chicago, Helen Joyce, and WKBR'S Connie Stackpole talk shop and exchange ideas and experiences at the Jackson and Perkins Rose Festival at Newark, New York



Always alert to civic and humane causes, Connie joins with staffers Bob Schulz, Norm Bailey, and Dick Piper (plus pup, Sailor) in a March of Dimes show, to conduct a most successful "on-the-street" collection

Connie simply asks them questions which anyone would wish to know about the profession or subject involved. The result is an informal but informative show enjoyed by all.

Once, though, this technique didn't have a chance. The guest was the famous author, Charles B. Driscoll, who was going to discuss his latest book. Connie had read the book, but had never met the author. It was only two minutes before broadcast time. Mr. Driscoll had not appeared in the studio. One minute before air time . . . he appeared . . . but what an appearance! With a box of cough drops in one hand and a box of Kleenex in the other, the great author explained that he had a severe cold.

Worse than that, he had decided he shouldn't appear on her show because he couldn't stop coughing and sneezing. By this time Connie's theme was playing. There was no turning back. Quickly she gave Mr. Driscoll a reassuring pat, pushed him into a chair and said, "If you feel like coughing or sneezing, just crawl under the table and do so!"

With that, the two strangers went on the air for what Mr. Driscoll later described in his column as the best interview he had ever had. Incidentally, Connie's suggestion struck him as so amusing that he lost all fear of sneezing or coughing.

Connie's ability to cope with almost any situation grows from her keen interest in people plus years of experience in the entertainment field. Her father always claimed that his "Stancy" was destined from birth to become a part of that field, and this would seem to be true, though music rather than broadcasting was always indicated. Connie's first cries at birth, for instance, were accompanied not by an awed silence but by the boisterous orchestration of a military band, part of a parade winding its way through the streets of New York City that June morning.

Though Connie does not, naturally, recall this event, many of her earliest memories are associated with music. She still laughs as she tells of the evening when her father, a charming Frenchman, more artistic than practical, came home after pay day with a weighty bundle of sheet music under his arm. Connie's German mother, not at all artistic, but most practical, looked at her four daughters waiting for their supper, then at her husband, finally at the music. Without a word she grabbed the music and hurled it into the wood stove. Then with hands





*Fannie Hurst, famed novelist is a visitor to the Stackpole microphone (left); one in a constant parade of noted visitors Connie has introduced to her radio audience. One guest, who had never met Connie, arrived with a cold and a fear that he couldn't go on. Told blandly "if he felt like coughing, to go under the table and do so" he carried on, for what he termed later "the best interview he ever had." The Stackpole smile was in evidence even years ago when she was in training to become a nurse (right) at Loomis, New York*

on hips and tears of anger in her eyes she cried out in faltering English, "There, you spend all your money for music. We cannot eat it, but we keep warm by it for a while!"

Despite such conflicting temperaments, Connie and her sisters did not starve during their early years. Though their father loved music, dramatics, art, and literature, he also had a true Frenchman's love for food. In fact, Connie has often said, "It seems to me that Dad could make a succulent stew from little more than a lettuce leaf."

Connie sang her way through childhood, picking up fragments of arias from her father and folk songs from her mother. She sang in junior choirs and in school operettas. At fifteen, while living in Pleasantville, New York, she so attracted the interest of Mrs. Manville by her exquisite voice that Mrs. Manville offered to take Connie abroad for musical training in Italy. Much to Connie's disappointment, circumstances prevented the trip.

Shortly after this, Connie and her family moved to Mt. Kisco, New York. Here Connie joined a civic and dramatic organization and frequently sang duets with another person who predicted a great future for her as a singer. In fact he went so far as to arrange an audition for her in New York City. This Connie cancelled, for the date coincided with her entrance into Nurses training in Loomis, New York. However, she has never forgotten that enthusiastic man — whose name was Graham McNamee!

In 1922 Connie interrupted her nursing career to marry Arthur Stackpole, a young newspaper man from Malden, Mass. who had recently returned from service with the army in France. In 1926 they had a daughter, Marolyn. During her early years of married life, Connie was active in several little theater and musical groups in Lowell, Massachusetts. She also satisfied her fascination for dietetics which had been stimulated while in training at Loomis, by annually beating the neighborhood record for canning and preserving fruits and vegetables.

It wasn't until 1938 that Connie took the step which eventually was to lead her to an exciting pinnacle in radio. In that year she became associated with a Boston Home Demonstration Club. Her job consisted of lecturing and demonstrating food products which the club served to women's groups invited there for luncheons. At one of these luncheons she was heard by a

Webster Thomas Company representative who, attracted by the power of her personality, suggested she go into radio, not as a singer, but as a woman broadcaster. A few months later she was heard over WORL in Boston on her own program which she had sold to the station. In 1940 she created a similar program called "Connie's Corner Cupboard" which was heard over WHDH. From there she went to Boston's WAAB with "The New England Cupboard," and that same year The Cupboard moved to WNAC and the Yankee Network where it remained for seven happy and successful years.

Connie retired temporarily from broadcasting in 1947 to join the sales force of station WEEI. By this time, however, another very strong interest was vying with radio for Connie's time and attention. The "rival" was a cozy little red brick house nestled among numerous barns and sheds in a grassy hollow on Meredith Neck, New Hampshire, overlooking Lake Winnepesaukee. Connie would spend week days working in Boston and weekends working on her home in her beloved New Hampshire. But each glorious New Hampshire weekend made returning to Boston more difficult.

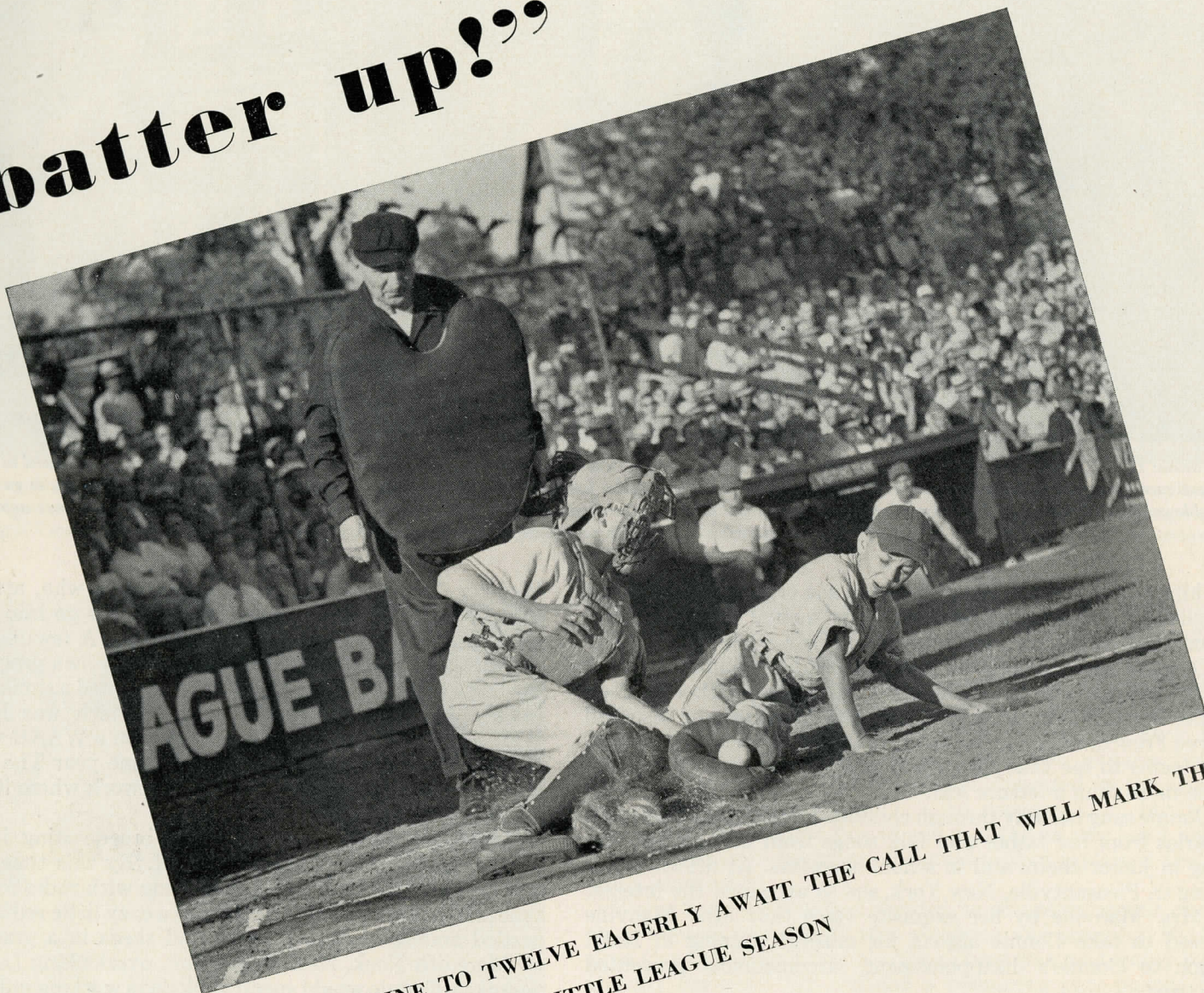
Then the perfect solution presented itself. Connie was invited to join the staff of Station WKBR and the Granite State Network with her own show. So delighted was she with the prospect of being able to remain permanently in New Hampshire and so impressed was she with the friendliness of the WKBR personnel that on February 14th, 1950, after completing a brief Television commitment in Boston, she joined the Granite State Network with "The Connie Stackpole Show."

In January, 1952, after several weeks of negotiation, The Granite State Network (WKBR, Manchester, WTSV, Claremont, WTSL, Hanover, WTSA, Brattleboro, WWNH, Rochester, and WHOB, Gardner) completed arrangements with the Associated Grocers of New Hampshire to have Connie as their home economist. Thus, after just two years building her New Hampshire audience, Connie became the subject of the largest radio contract in the state, the affiliation of 175 or more fine stores with the state's most widely listened-to woman personality.

Connie spends her winters in Manchester and her summers in Meredith. In the summer her home becomes a guest house,

*(Continued on page 64)*

“batter up!”



LADS FROM NINE TO TWELVE EAGERLY AWAIT THE CALL THAT WILL MARK THE OPENING OF THEIR OWN LITTLE LEAGUE SEASON

by JOE BARNEA

“PLAY BALL!”

It may be a bit early; but hundreds of Granite State youngsters are already thinking about the first of June, when they will head for abbreviated diamonds to participate in Little League Baseball. This is an organized youth movement that has expanded with amazing success to all corners of the nation since it was first instituted back in 1939 by Carl Stotz. Stotz was then chief clerk of a Williamsport, Pa., bottling concern; today he is National Commissioner of the Little League.

The Little League baseball program has spread like wildfire throughout the country since its beginning and New Hampshire has been no exception. In 1950, when the fascinating boyhood movement first came into being in this state, less than 150 boys were performing in two leagues. This summer, nearly 700 enthusiastic youngsters will participate in 10 leagues directly connected with the national organization. In addition, another

135 boys will compete in two circuits playing under Little League rules, but not franchised by the national body.

Concord and Manchester were the first two New Hampshire communities to join the fast-growing youth movement in 1950. Last year, Portsmouth and Keene came into the picture, and beginning this June leagues will also be operating in Somersworth, Nashua and possibly Claremont. In addition, unofficial teams will be in operation in Lebanon and in five towns in the Antrim area.

The growth of Little League baseball in New Hampshire echoes the national trend. During the past year, the program showed a phenomenal increase of 150 per cent with 776 leagues operating in 38 states and in six other nations and territorial possessions.

In his annual report during the past winter, Commissioner Stotz — who started the first league 13 years ago in Williams-

port, Pa., in an effort to provide recreation for his two nephews — said the 776 leagues compared with a total of 306 leagues which were franchised for operation in 1950.

“On the basis of reports from our field representatives, it is estimated that in 1952 more than 2,000 leagues will be franchised with approximately 250,000 players operating under Little League rules,” the commissioner revealed.

The remarkable growth of one of boyhood’s most fascinating movements is best seen in Manchester, the Queen City of New Hampshire, which first issued the call for young candidates in 1950. One four-team league was in operation during the initial year of the program. The following spring, Little League headquarters — following a national custom — permitted the Queen City group to operate with one six-team league for a single year with the stipulation that it would have to produce two four-team leagues in 1952 or revert back to one four-team circuit.

Optimistic officials of the Queen City program went to work during the winter and not only came up with sponsors for the two leagues but also procured four additional backers for a third loop. So, when Little League time rolls around in Manchester two months from now, three circuits will be attracting small fry diamondmen — two on the east side of the Merrimack River and one in West Manchester.

Last year, under national rules which allowed an 18-man roster, a total of 108 boys were playing organized baseball in the six-team Manchester league. This year, with regulations altered to permit only 15 players to a team, 180 youngsters, some of whom in a few years may be wearing the uniforms of major league teams, will be cavorting around the three Manchester diamonds.

In Concord — where baseball for all age groups has always flourished — indications are that two complete leagues will be swinging into action in early June. Little League baseball first hit the Capital City in 1950 and the following year 108 youngsters were performing on the diamond in a six-team circuit. As was the case in Manchester, Concord officials must procure the necessary sponsors for two four-team leagues in 1952 or revert to one loop, but there appears little doubt that that feat will be accomplished in the near future. It’s almost a sure bet that Concord will be providing pint-sized baseball for 120 boys this season.

Keene and Portsmouth, which first tasted the fruits of Little League baseball in 1951, are about in the same boat for the coming campaign. Fielding four teams in their respective leagues last year, officials in both communities are hard at work rounding up two additional sponsors for six-team circuits in 1952. Indications are that both programs will realize their goals this summer.

Both Nashua and Somersworth will come up with four-team loops this season and civic-minded officials are busy working out plans for a similar operation in Claremont.

Although not directly associated with the national program, but with the possibility of official sanction in time for the 1953 campaign, five towns in Southwestern New Hampshire — Antrim, Hancock, Greenfield, Bennington and Francestown — probably will be playing in one five-team league under national rules this summer. Additional youngsters will be given similar opportunities to learn the fundamentals of baseball in Lebanon, while Salem, N. H., is expected to become part of the Little League setup in nearby Lawrence, Mass.

New Hampshire czar and No. 1 man among the state’s various league presidents, coaches and umpires — all of whom donate their time and services — is Ernest A. (Sam) Harris of Manchester, who goes under the title of State Tournament Director.

A former star collegiate and semi-pro baseball player, Harris was instrumental in bringing the first Little League to Manchester. He played for the St. Anselm college baseball team in 1911, 1912 and 1913, which were generally regarded as the



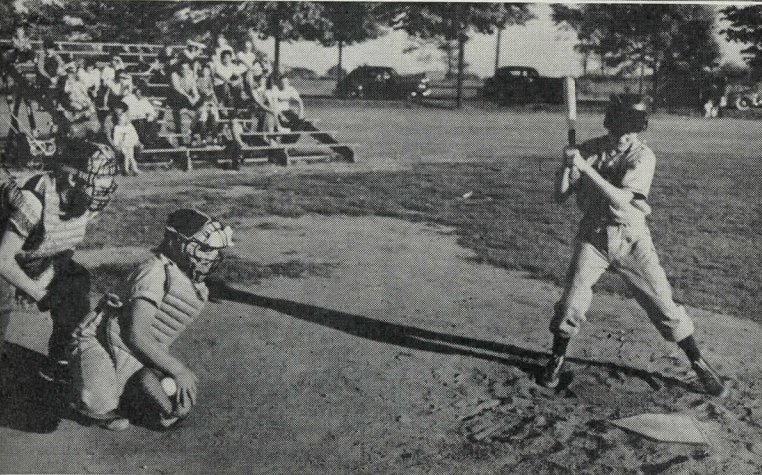
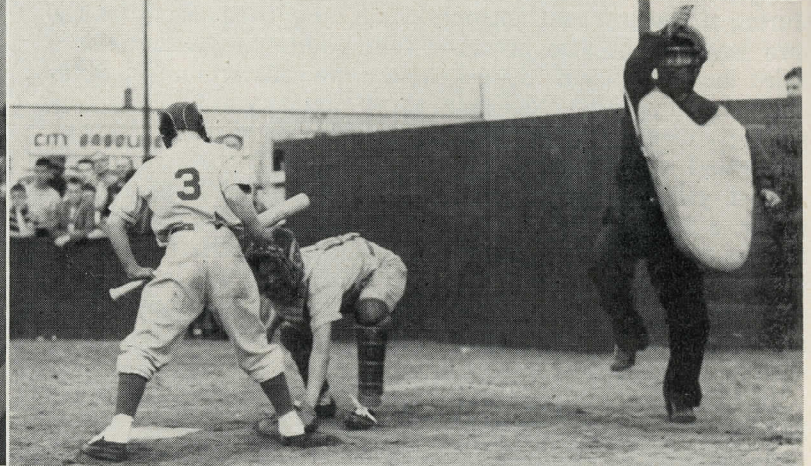
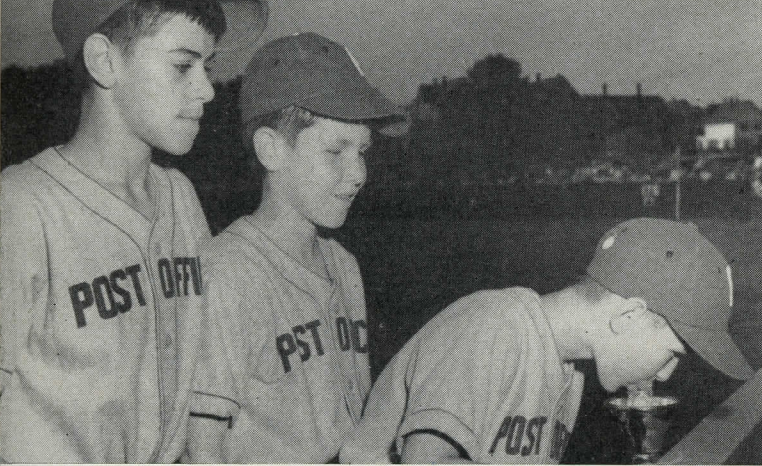
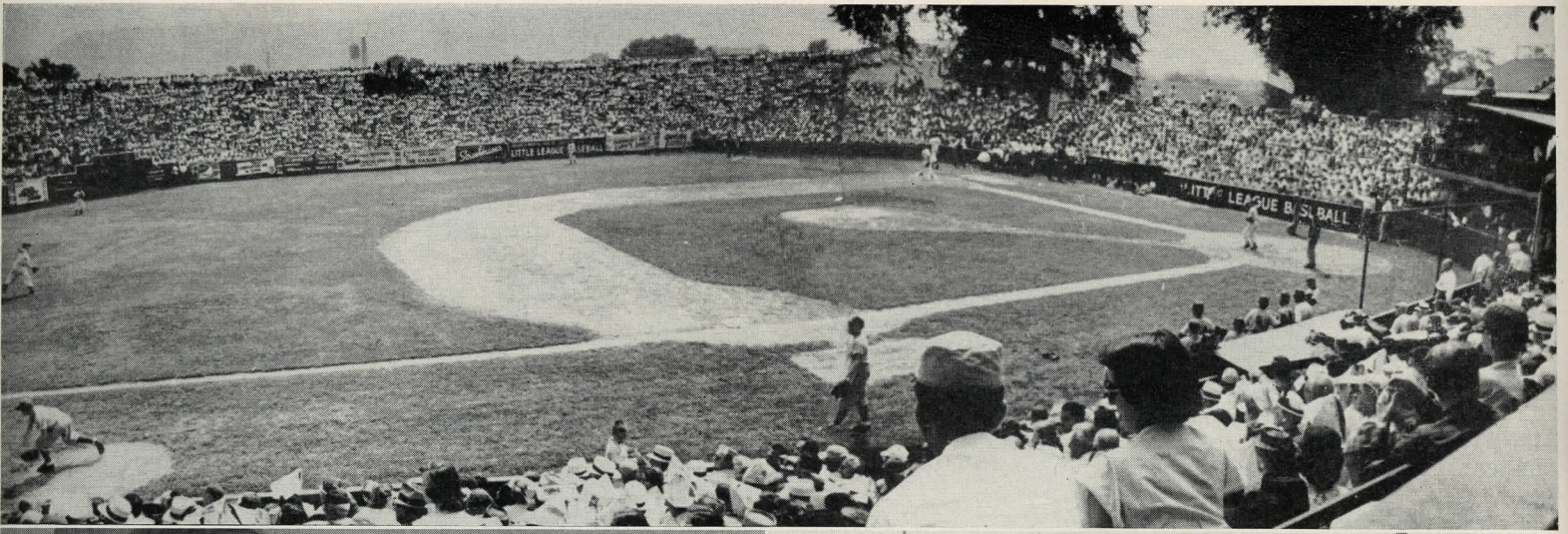
*C. Y. O. Representatives in 1951 Portsmouth season included (left to right), kneeling: M. Jackson, J. Dailey, P. Clark, R. Dorley, L. Bohley, M. O'Brien, E. Beevers; standing: B. Loughlin, B. Ouelette, F. Daniels, Coach A. Johnson, G. Pomerleau, J. Splaine, M. Gould, and J. Stone*



*George Strout managed the 1951 Moose entry in the Port City's Little League, represented by (left to right), kneeling: D. Murray, B. Service, N. Jones, L. Moquin, and J. Hartwell; standing: G. Strout, G. McComb, F. Howell, B. Hjort, D. Record, D. Fate, J. Moynahan, T. Papageorge and W. Murray, Ass't Coach*



*Little Leaguers sponsored by the Lions Club, Portsmouth, in 1951 (left to right), kneeling: P. Evans, A. Goodrich, J. Ellis, F. Glover, D. Howe, D. Chisholm, J. Vinciguerra; middle row: J. Hudson, A. Clark, A. Johnson, H. McLane, L. Lariviere, S. Winslow, B. Scully, and D. Kelsey. Top left: G. Kelsey, Ass't Coach and (right) B. Perham, Coach*



Action, drama, crowds — all the thrills of big league ball on a scale adapted to the physical and emotional stamina of youngsters from nine to twelve — these are the keynotes that have brought Little League Baseball to its popular pinnacle. Action shots above were taken in Manchester, N. H., and Williamsport, Pa., during last season, with umpires, as well as coaches and managers, devoting their time and talents to help youngsters who love the game learn how to play it. At top, scene during Little League World Series at Williamsport, Pa., bottom, part of the crowd watching a game at Manchester

finest in the history of the Queen City college, and later saw service with some of the classiest semi-pro diamond teams in Northern New England. Despite his duties as shoe cutter with the J. F. McElwain Shoe company in Manchester, Sam still manages to find plenty of time to direct the New Hampshire leagues and aid communities in launching their own circuits.

During the last season, the state was divided into two districts for tournament competition. Manchester and Portsmouth comprised District No. 1, while Keene and Concord made up District No. 2. The new leagues will have to be included in the district arrangement for the coming season, but Director Harris is still awaiting official word from national headquarters on the 1952 setup.

Harris' two principal assistants in the state tourney picture in 1952 will be Francis T. (Babe) Mulloy, Portsmouth recreation official, who supervised District No. 1 last year, and James Ceriello, member of the Concord Police Department and director of its Boys' Club, who handled District No. 2.

Each league has its own slate of officers which is responsible for the loop's operation during the season. Harris himself retains the office of president of Manchester's original circuit, while Dr. Jules Gagnon and Shirley Collins head the Queen City's two other leagues. Dr. Carl Ekstrom, one of the state's leading golfers, is president of the Concord league and another prexy will join him if a second league is formed this year. Other league heads are: Edward J. (Weed) Hanna, Keene; Dr. Thomas McFarlane, Portsmouth; Mario Vagge, Nashua, and Atty. Leo Cater, Somersworth.

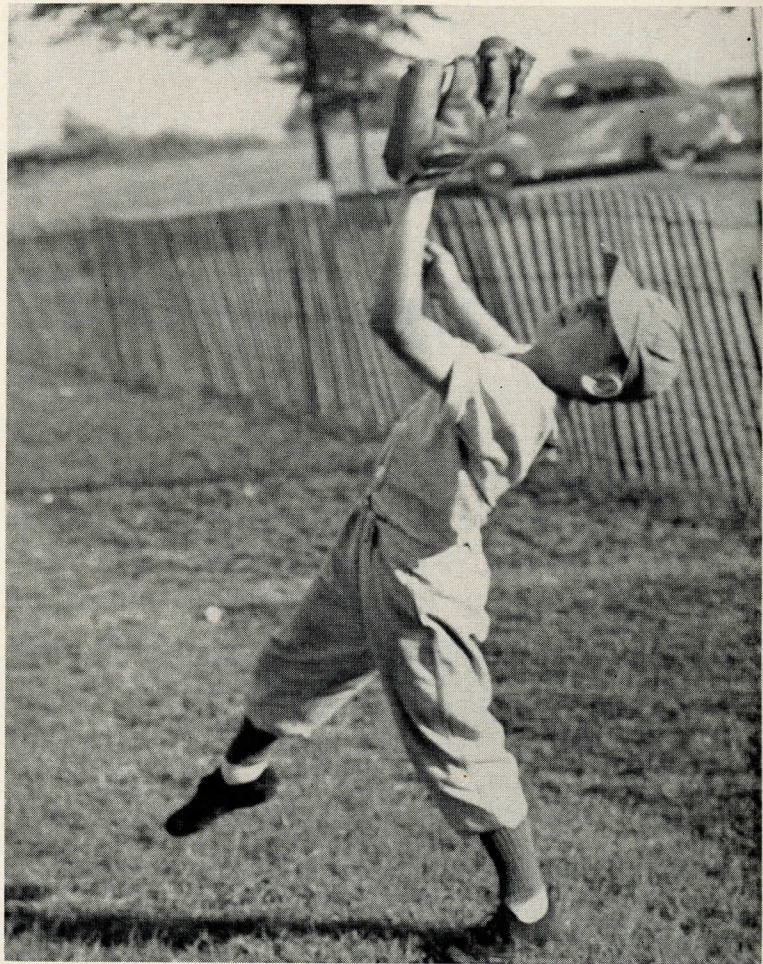
Although the district setup may be changed between now and opening day, plans call for a state tournament of all-star teams from the districts during the early part of August to decide the state championship. Winner of the New Hampshire title, as was the case last year, will meet the Maine champs in a sectional tournament, and the winner of the Maine-New Hampshire series will travel to Schenectady, N. Y., for a regional tourney. From there the winner goes to Williamsport, Pa., for the "Wee World Series" in mid-August.

Just what is this thing called Little League baseball? Actually, it is big league ball adapted to the mental and physical capacity of boys from nine to twelve years of age. It is regulation baseball with a few exceptions, necessary in order that the strength of young players will not be overtaxed. These exceptions include such things as the size of the playing field (which is two-thirds the dimensions of a major league diamond), distance of pitcher's mound from home plate, number of innings, distance between bases, and equipment.

The objective of the national program — officially known as Little League Baseball, Inc. — is to promote baseball for boys. It is old-fashioned, grass-roots Americanism in every sense of the word. So far as the boy is concerned, the application of the principles of Americanism is apparent from the first call for candidates. Youngsters from all walks of life — regardless of race or religion — report for practice with one common goal — to make the team. The social or economic position of parents has no bearing and all boys are treated alike. This means that if officials of one team want to take their players to Boston for a major league game, all of the boys on all of the teams in the league must receive the same privilege or no one goes. In Little League baseball, it's one for all and all for one.

As the teams are formed in accordance with the prescribed auction system — another feature closely resembling big league baseball — the manager has but one thought: "Can a boy pitch, field, run or bat?" And that's all that matters. The color of a boy's skin or the church he attends has no bearing on the final selection.

Little Leaguers must be properly uniformed. This is done through the procurement of sponsors from among the civic, veterans' and social organizations. Team managers must also be procured. They are chosen not necessarily for their knowledge of the inner strategies of the game, although baseball knowledge



*"I was robbed!" You can almost hear the batter in the distance muttering those sad words as he trudges back to the bench, his bid for an out-of-the-park home run thwarted by a leaping catch on the part of a future big leaguer*

is, of course, an asset. Primarily, they are picked on the basis of character because they are dealing with youngsters in their most impressionable years.

A Little League organization comprises four teams, each made up of 15 uniformed players. Four managers are chosen — one for each of the teams — and they in turn may select an assistant or coach. The team managers, together with the entire governing body of the local league, choose a "player's agent" whose job it is to conduct the intricate player selection program fairly and without favor or interest in any one candidate.

Each Little League hopes eventually to have its own playing field. Perhaps the finest example of a regulation Little League park in the Granite State is the one which was the center of all loop activities in Manchester last year. Located in the rear of Manchester's famed Athletic Field, it was the brainchild of Ignace J. Gill, superintendent of the Board of Aviation and Recreation. Two additional parks, both along the same pattern as the Queen City's original field, will be built this spring to accommodate the new leagues.

All has not been a bed of roses, however, for the Little League since its invasion of New Hampshire two years ago. Shortly before the start of the 1951 season, Commissioner Stotz came to Manchester to confer with New Hampshire officials. On the eve of his initial visit to the Granite State, two of the state's well known sports writers were engaged in a bitter verbal battle over the relative merits of the program. On the heels of that battle on paper, a prominent New Hampshire recreation official gave the program a verbal whack where it hurts most when he declared that "youngsters in the 9 to 12 age bracket are too

*(Continued on page 62)*

# King of the freight yards

**STRAY DOG WHO "TOOK OVER" MANCHESTER YARDS, KEPT CHILDREN AWAY, SCORNE PASSENGER TRAINS AND HUMANS, IS STILL THE SUBJECT OF STORY AND ANECDOTE AMONG RAILROAD MEN**

**T**RAGIC though it may be, men often forsake the world and the rest of mankind after some grave disappointment in life; seldom, however, does a dog turn against the human race with a deep bitterness lodged in his heart, manifesting an antipathy for people that suggests deep melancholy, a feeling of having been greatly wronged by the species *homo sapiens*. Such a dog was Bozo, King of the Freight Yards.

Unaware of Bozo's background, it is impossible to know what environmental influences played havoc with his personality. We may only surmise that they were indeed of the most severe nature, in view of the canine's resiliency under even extreme maltreatment by his so-called superiors.

When Bozo first came to the attention of the employees at the Boston and Maine freight yards in Manchester, he appeared forlorn and bedraggled, shivering on thin legs and trying to hide a scraggly brown coat, his long hound's ears wet and matted by the winter snows of 1940. Since that time until his death last year Bozo, to the puzzlement of the Boston and Maine employees, made his home at the freight yards, his alert eye always on the tracks to keep them free, both of children and of other dogs. Bozo shunned all close friendships with human beings during his ten years' "employment" on the railroad. He would respond when called, but he always maintained a safe distance between himself and any would-be companions.

Only one man is known to have succeeded in befriendng Bozo to the extent of patting him. Yard Helper Arthur Gilmore was the favored friend (see photo), accounted for perhaps by the large quantities of hamburger Mr. Gilmore personally fed to him. Most of the dog's diet was made possible by a fund to which the yard employees contributed liberally, but despite such a co-operative effort for Bozo's welfare the practice of patting was more tolerated than encouraged by him.

Since Bozo refused to enter trains or buildings with anyone, the yard employees decided that for his protection against the elements they should build him a dog house. The house was constructed from an old packing crate, and after much coaxing Bozo finally accepted it as his official residence. As long as possible, though, he preferred to tramp out-of-doors and to keep a close watch on the tracks. This duty that Bozo assumed was greatly appreciated by the yard men, but they double checked to make sure the dog was not derelict in his responsibilities.



One of his major chores was to rise early in the morning and follow the switcher to his post, a job which Bozo perceived was vitally important from the time he first became associated with the railroad. This was a clear indication that despite his wildness he possessed a keen native intelligence; for even after the switcher had performed his task, Bozo remained on watch until mid-morning to be certain that everything was running smoothly.

One of Bozo's idiosyncracies was the predilection he showed for freight trains, and his complete unconcern for passenger trains. There were certain freights he favored, where perhaps he had a friend in the caboose — whom he would admire from a safe distance. Much time passed before Bozo could be induced to come close enough so someone might read the name inscribed on his collar, but finally he shook his timidity sufficiently to lie in the sun beside a window of the freight office; and from inside the building the agent was able barely to read the name and address of the dog's owner.

It was learned that a man from Worcester, Massachusetts, was Bozo's master, but when a telephone call was made, the owner explained that he had no control over the dog, having lost him on a hunting trip several years before. He was perfectly willing to let Bozo remain where he was as long as he was happy and contented and as long as the railroad employees did not object. From then on, Bozo was accepted as a railroader. He was often referred to as the King of the Freight Yards, and it was with deep regret on the part of the men in the Manchester yards that a veterinary put an aged Bozo to sleep last year. There are many railroad men in and around Manchester and on the freights that run through who still recall the strange hound, sleeping on the tracks after a hard day's work; and there are many who for years to come will tell the tales of his odd ways, his wild, independent spirit.

# KNIGHTHOOD FLOWERS

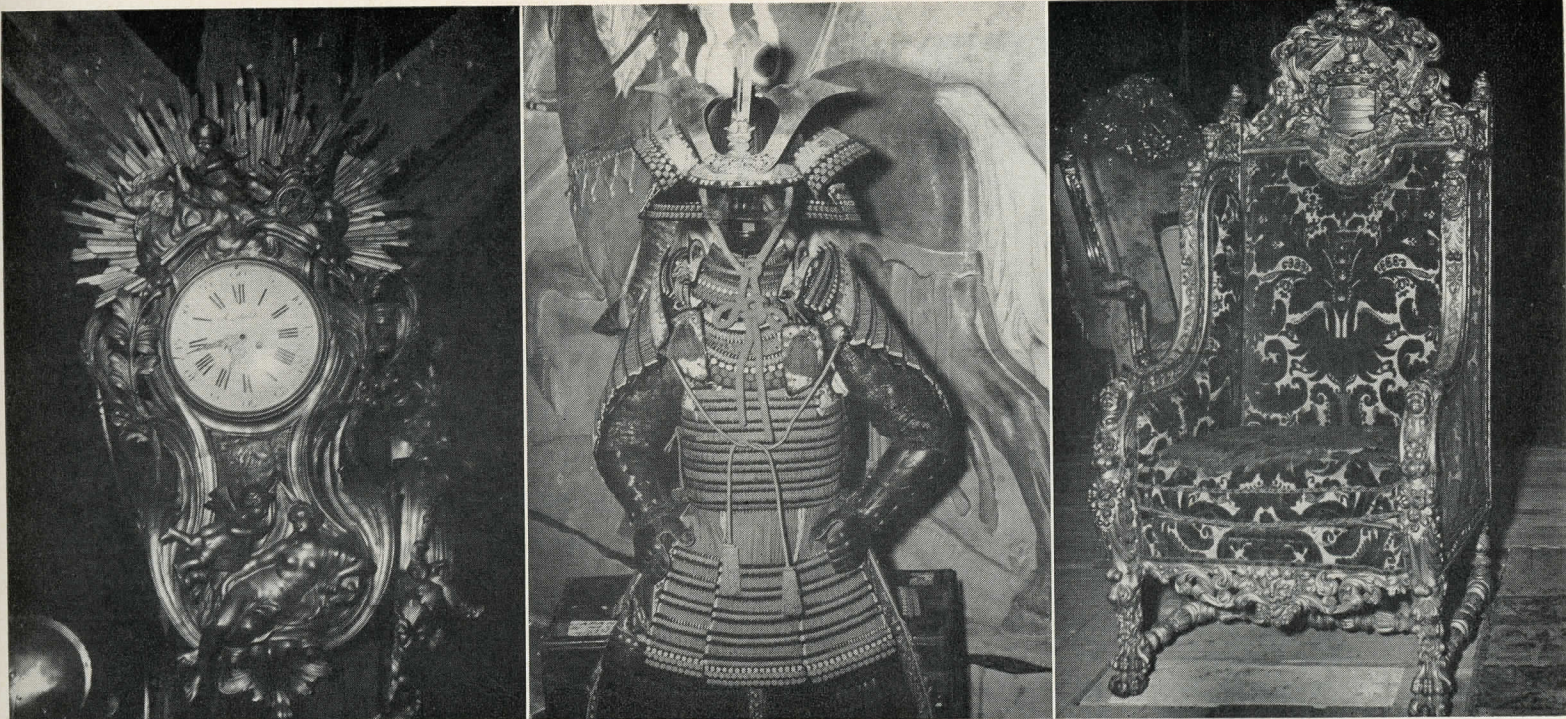
## *in New Hampshire*

VISITORS TO SCHULLER MUSEUM, IN FARMINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE, MAY WANDER AT WILL THROUGH THE PAST, VIA ONE OF THE LARGEST ARMS AND ARMOR COLLECTIONS IN THE WORLD

by JAMES C. BOVARD



*Schuller placque of Edward, Prince of Wales, at age fifteen, successfully leading the First English Army against the French at the Battle of Cressy, was exhibited at the World's Fair in New York City*



*East and West do meet at the Schuller Museum, in Farmington, as will be seen by the objects shown above. At left, an elaborately sculptured clock, which dates back to the early 18th century, and the reign of Louis XV. This is the work of Martinot, one of the more famous clockmakers of the period. Center, a suit of Japanese armor, complete with face mask, from the Komadairo-Homano collection, and made by Armorer Mischin. At right, chair reserved for state occasions, originally owned by Duke de Vieuville, treasurer to Louis XIV*

VISITORS to the Schuller Museum of Art and Chivalry may someday be startled to see before their unbelieving eyes two mounted "knights" in armor charging across the broad fields of the Schuller farm, bearing lances in the ancient jousting tradition. But that will be just one of the many activities to absorb the attention of interested spectators at this unusual museum, when the plans of Mr. and Mrs. Joachin Adolf Schuller are fully realized.

Looking out over the New Hampshire hills near Farmington, about three miles off route 11, their gaze taking in acres of their own property, the Schullers' eyes are alive with a dream. The fire of this grand German couple burns brightly, an intense faith and determination shining in their kindly faces, with the knowledge that someday their new home, in the natural beauty of its setting amidst tree-studded hills and with a vigorous brook that winds its way below the house, will be further beautified by the construction of a lake and the gradual improvement of the museum itself.

No imposing structure of elegance from the exterior, the Schuller Museum nevertheless captures the interest and imagination of visitors once they enter the rough barn that houses such a vast collection of rare objets d'art. Inside, one seems to hear muted voices of royalty from the courts of France, Spain, and Italy. A knight in armor whispers to a companion at his side. The visitor is suddenly caught up in a swirl of magic and transported to the Middle Ages by the hushed winds of imagination.

Among the many objects to be seen within the museum are such items as brightly polished suits of armor from Germany, France, Japan, and other countries, and from several periods; fourteen large English plaques of tremendous weight, sculptured and gilded, resting against the walls of the museum, and depicting scenes of knights on horseback, royalty, court ladies; seventeenth and eighteenth century palace furniture from the courts of Louis XIV and XV; two huge tapestries, one a late Gothic from the sixteenth century and the other a Flemish seventeenth century; intricately sculptured clocks two and three centuries old that still keep accurate time. One of the clocks was made by Duchesne of Paris, royal clockmaker to Louis XIV, in 1695; another was made in Louis XV's time by Martinot.

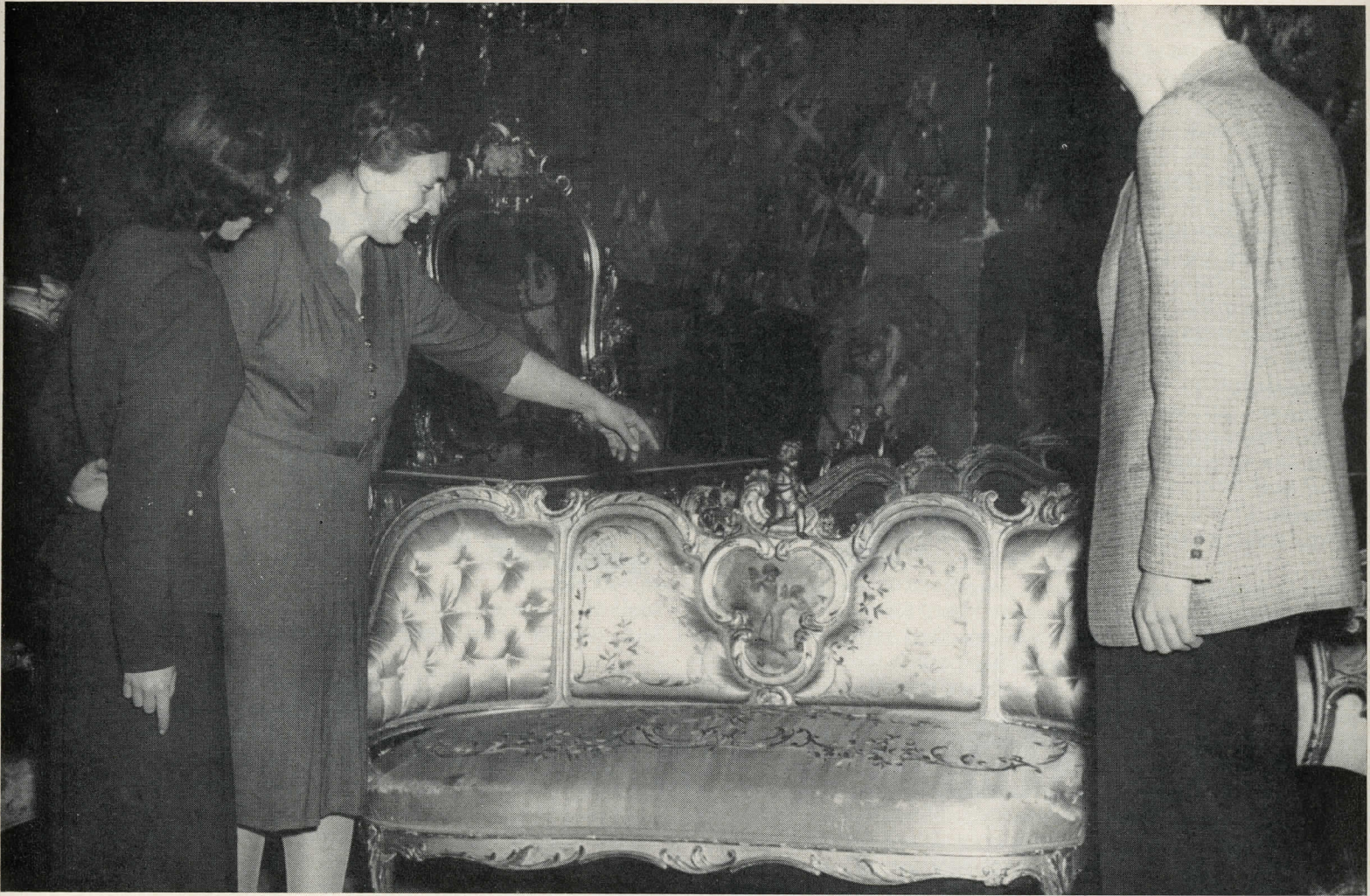
As one stands at the entrance to the museum and looks through the shafts of light sifting downward, the bright colors of the period furniture, the green suits of Japanese armor, and the silver shields of elaborate design all seem to blend in a rich mosaic of color. When the Schullers complete the museum according to plan, this scene will be even more beautified by the addition of stained windows and a more adequate lighting system. But stained windows and lighting systems cost money, a lot of money, so improvements will have to come about slowly and as the result of much hard and earnest effort.

Mr. Schuller, at one time a famous concert pianist in this country and abroad, who began making concert tours at the age of nine, has done considerable hard work in their new home already. He has done much manual labor, moving huge boulders so his fields could be plowed, digging necessary ditches on the property, and generally improving the physical condition of the property. Mrs. Schuller, too, does her share, the two of them striving in harmony toward the same goal, the same dream. Somehow, you feel, they must win. For if they do, New Hampshire will be a more beautiful place and may some day be the chief attraction for people with a genuine interest in the medieval period.

As far as the material comforts of life are concerned, they are not rich people; but in the broader sense of wealth, they are indeed people of affluence. Their wealth is an intangible spirit and love that extends to the priceless treasures of their museum and the era that produced them. Steeped in the history of the Age of Chivalry, the Schullers in their lectures on the museum's various objects of art almost seem to bring to life before the eyes of visitors the people of centuries past.

Reluctant to be photographed, they have a decided dislike for personal publicity. Mr. Schuller made it plain that the museum, as it now stands and after it has been fully developed, should be the true recipient of any admiration or appreciation extended by those with interest enough to investigate its interior. However, it cannot but be realized by a visitor that the Schullers themselves represent the energy and spirit that were a "sine qua non" to accomplish such a collection and, by their explanations, to turn the objects into vivid images that seem to live and breathe. The Schullers are characterized by an intense





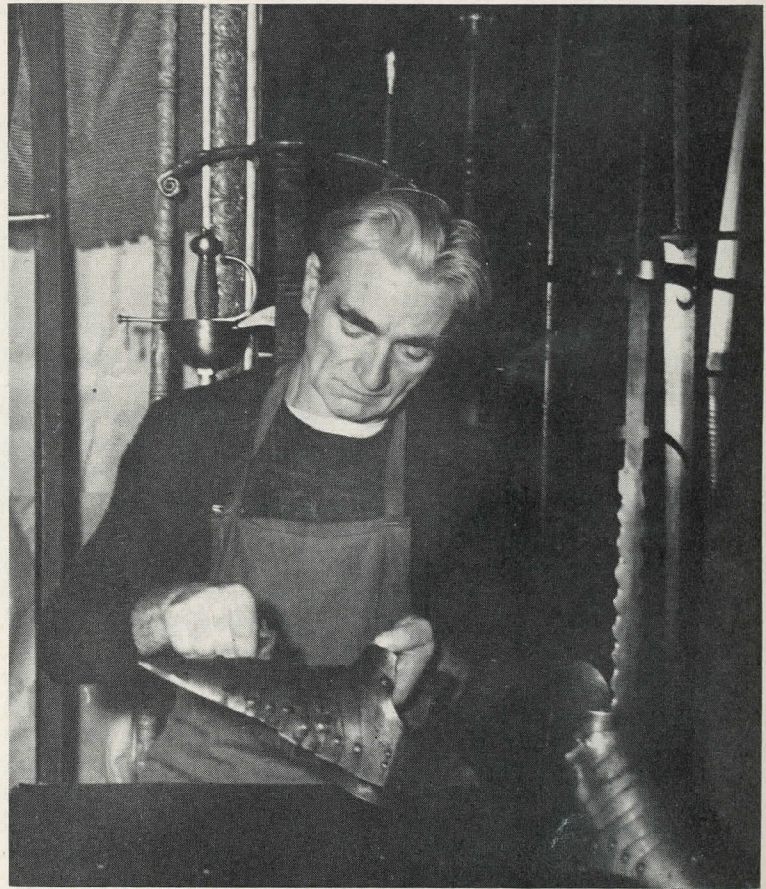
*Mrs. Joachin Adolf Schuller points out to a visitor an elaborate sofa that once belonged to Madame de Pompadour. Delicate in embroidery, rich in color, the sofa is gilded with gold and adorned with a sculptured cupid, representative of a period that favored the ornate. On such authentic period pieces as this does the imagination of visitors to the Schuller Museum feed, and travel in spirit to days long gone*

belief in the soundness of their dream — to turn the old homestead of Captain Nathaniel Horne into an art colony, a Mecca for those who can appreciate the art and craftsmanship of men who lived in a former day. In the not-too-distant future they hope the site itself will compare in beauty to the Berkshires, but so far as its exhibits themselves are concerned, it can be surpassed by nothing of its kind in New England.

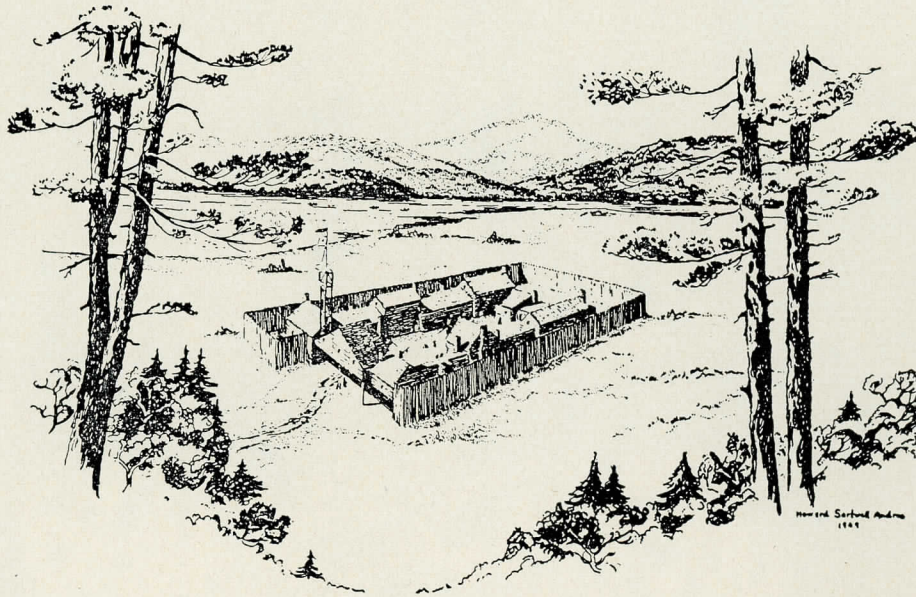
Among other items that shall eventually attract large numbers of people to the Schuller Museum are a collection of recordings and two separate libraries. The recordings are those of Mr. Schuller's performances on the piano, something which will be treasured by music lovers when the time arrives for the selections to be played. But that will have to wait, says Mr. Schuller, until the labor of getting the museum ready is nearer completion.

Book lovers will find an equal joy in perusing the extensive art library and the largest arms and armor library in the world, books with detailed descriptions and explanations of the periods and their people, with old wood-cuts and beautiful color illustrations. Many of the books are rare and long out of print, not to be duplicated anywhere in the country.

People of culture will soon learn to cherish their frequent trips to the Schuller Museum, an experience that is not only rewarding educationally and esthetically satisfying, but one which leaves the visitor with the feeling of having met two great people of grace and charm, who possess that rare gift of making others feel at ease and truly comfortable. ★



*Work is never-ending at the Schuller Museum. Dampness and rainy weather raise havoc with the high polish of steel armor, and constant care and labor are needed to prevent rust from destroying priceless treasures. Mr. Schuller (above) polishes a pair of armor shoes*



*New Hampshire Historical Society*

# OLD NUMBER FOUR

by HARRY E. SHERWIN

**F**ORTY-FIVE miles north of the Massachusetts state line stands the charming village of Charlestown, N. H., on the east bank of the Connecticut River. On the west side of its broad Main Street is a boulder with a sun-washed bronze plaque, telling the visitor that this marks the historic spot where Number Four Fort once stood during an era of colonial splendor and pride.

Between 1745 and 1763, Number Four served as an advanced outpost during two wars with the Indians — King George's War and the French and Indian War. Throughout the years of the American Revolution, from 1775 to 1781, the Fort was the rendezvous of New Hampshire militia and continentals who responded to the many alarms, expeditions, and replacements in the Hudson River, Lake Champlain, and St. Lawrence River areas. Number Four was the pivot point from which New Hampshire troops were launched.

It would require a giant volume to recount the individual exploits and adventures of courageous rangers and militia units associated with Number Four who participated in those critical epochs that presaged our independence.

The dual nature of the Indian was often puzzling to the white settlers, hitting one of two extremes. Docile and kind when friendly, the Indians were ruthless, savage, and cunning when foes. In view of those facts, and because the countryside was largely forest with trails that could be followed only by Indians or woodsmen with years of experience, it took men of special qualifications to meet the Indian threat. It was the ranger who developed these special abilities that enabled him to scout for information and outsmart his enemy. Courage, endurance, resourcefulness, woodcraft, and dependability were the major attributes he possessed. He had to know how to fight with gun, hatchet, knife, and muscle. He was required to be an expert

horseman and camper, with the knowledge of how to subsist on bare essentials. The use of skates, snowshoes, boats, and canoes was familiar to him . . . of necessity!

The origin of Number Four goes back to December 31, 1735, when Governor Belcher of the Massachusetts Bay Colony granted an area six miles square on the east bank of the Connecticut River. It was first settled in 1740 by eight men, and four years later there were only ten settled families. Three years after that the settlers voted to erect a fortified garrison to defend themselves from Indian raids. Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton, assisted by Captain Phineas Stevens of Number Four, directed the construction of the Fort. It was designed as a defense against small arms, squarely built on a three-quarter-acre tract with one hundred eighty feet to a side. Enclosed in it were five residences, called province houses, also a newly built house for barracks lined in a quadrangle. In the compound were two wells with long sweeps. It was so well planned that if the enemy gained the compound, the province houses and barracks were still protected.

On April 19, 1746, French and Indians attacked the village and captured three men, and at the close of this year, history records that residents had abandoned the village. In the meantime, an irregular frontier line from Maine to New York was drawn, and fortifications were placed at several places, located through the knowledge of the several routes by which the enemy was accustomed to approach the settlements from Canada. Number Four, forty-five miles north of that line, thus became an outpost.

Captain Phineas Stevens took command of the Fort with a force of thirty rangers in March 1747, and Stevens, one of the first settlers, was a fortunate choice. When only a lad, living in Rutland, Massachusetts, he had been captured by Indians, taken to Quebec where he was detained for a year, and then

ransomed. His year of captivity, coupled with later military and frontier training, gave him an excellent capacity and experience for the post.

This outpost was manned with rangers to protect from Indian raids the settlers of Walpole, Chesterfield, Hinsdale, and Winchester, and the towns of Northfield, Greenfield, Sunderland, Deerfield, Hatfield, and Northampton. On April 9, 1747, the Fort was assaulted by a large force of French and Indians, which the rangers under Captain Stevens' command were able to drive away, even though they were outnumbered twenty to one. In March of 1748, the garrison was raised to a total of one hundred rangers and light infantry. It was not until June of 1749, however, that the war actually ended, although a peace treaty was signed in France on October 11, 1748. When peace was finally restored, the Fort was garrisoned with twenty-five rangers; families continued to occupy the Fort until 1753 and then spread out in the township. The New Hampshire Assembly named the village *Charlestown* July 2, 1753, in honor of Sir Charles Knowles.

When the prospect of another war became apparent in August of the following year, Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire ordered a detachment of Col. Joseph Blanchard's regiment of Dunstable to report to Number Four under the command of Major Bellows. Before its arrival, however, Indians attacked Charlestown and captured eight men, women, and children.

Col. Blanchard arrived September of 1755 with a regiment of six hundred troops on expedition to Crown Point, and he was soon followed by Col. Peter Gilman with two hundred troops bound for the same destination. The troops crossed the Connecticut River by Wentworth's Ferry, the terminus of the old Indian trail from Canada and Crown Point.

Capt. Robert Rogers led a band of intrepid rangers through the trail to Crown Point on his first trip to Number Four in the early part of 1756. Rogers, then twenty-nine years old, stands out as the most brilliant ranger leader of all times, and his many scouting and fighting expeditions are familiar adventures to students of the French and Indian Wars. In May, 1756, Col. Nathaniel Meserve and Lt. Col. John Goffe arrived with a regiment of seven hundred men and remained until December. During that time they built twenty-six miles of road on the Indian trail leading to Crown Point, running through the present locations of Springfield and Ludlow, Vermont.

Early in March, 1757, Col. Meserve and Lt. Col. Goffe arrived with a regiment of five hundred troops. On April 20, French and Indians attacked and were driven off, and in early May Col. Nathan Whiting, with a Connecticut regiment of five hundred troops, performed garrison duty and was relieved in August by Major Thomas Task with two hundred fifty troops who remained until November. In the meantime Col. Whiting went through to Fort Edward.

During the summer of 1758 Lt. Col. Goffe was stationed at Number Four with a garrison of one hundred men. In August Indians attacked Charlestown, killed one man, captured a man and a woman. A little later the Fort was garrisoned by Capt. Cruikshanks and one hundred of his men. On May 4, 1759, Captain Elijah Smith took over with one hundred Massachusetts troops shortly before Lord Jeffrey Amherst, with a large army, captured

Ticonderoga and Crown Point from the French and Indians in August. Since the French had occupied Crown Point for thirty years, this capture relieved the pressure on New England.

Capt. Rogers by now had been advanced to major, and he commanded six companies of rangers. The most outstanding exploit attributed to him and his rangers had its beginning September 15, 1759, when General Amherst instructed him to wipe out the St. Francis Indians in the Province of Quebec. With a force of two companies and a total of two hundred men, he set out in bateaux from Crown Point to Missisquoi Bay and from there overland to St. Francis, turning in a job that forever stopped raids along the Connecticut River Valley settlements. When his mission was completed, he was cut off from the route of his arrival, and his rangers had to return on foot through wilderness, facing loss of men through great hardships and starvation. At the confluence of the Amonsook and Connecticut Rivers, sixty miles north of Number Four, he expected food and supplies from the Fort. Through the inefficiency of one of his lieutenants the supplies did not arrive. Rogers went back to the Fort by raft, returning with boats and food for his surviving rangers. He then led them out to Number Four, but this expedition cost him one quarter of his force.

In the course of his forays, Major Rogers detailed Lt. John Stark to build a road from Crown Point to the Green Mountains, over the old Indian trail, and early in 1760 Col. Goffe, with eight hundred men, cut a new road from Litchfield on the Merrimack River through Peterborough and Keene to Charlestown. On their arrival at Charlestown, they rebuilt the road over the old trail. Supplies were conveyed in wagons, then on pack horses over the mountains to connect with Lt. Stark's road, and while the war still continued, great numbers of troops passed and re-passed on the new road to Crown Point and through Charlestown.

Until 1761 no towns were granted along the east and west banks of the Connecticut River above Charlestown, but later eighteen charters were granted on the east bank and sixty charters on the west bank in New Hampshire. When the conflict ceased, Charlestown became an important trading post for towns as far north as Lancaster.

The settlements in the new townships north of Charlestown became well developed over the next thirteen years, and on December 28, 1774 (fourteen days after the capture of Fort William & Mary — now Fort Constitution) a convention was held at Keene. A paper was issued recommending that the towns should plan measures of preparation and requested the Boards of Selectmen to call town meetings to give the people an opportunity to plan for defense.

The year of 1776 was that eventful period in which the patriotism and bold faith of the colonists shone conspicuously. What had started as a war of defense now changed to one for independence and all temporary measures were replaced by matured preparations for a prolonged and planned effort to deliver themselves from British tyranny.

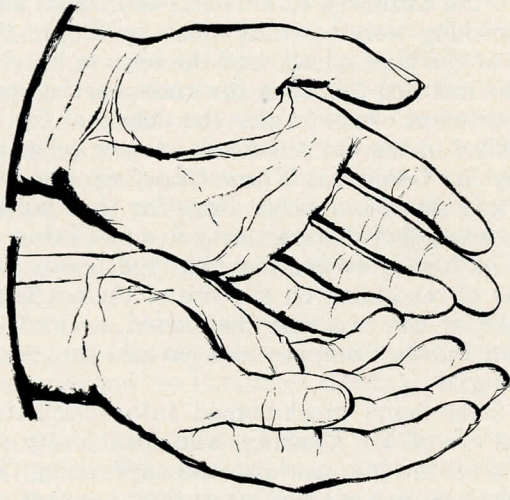
Old Number Four at Charlestown, now a post of considerable importance, was made a depository of military supplies by the New Hampshire State Provisional Government, and Lt. Col. Samuel Hunt was given command. Military units and replacements on their march to Canada, Ticonderoga, Saratoga, etc., received their supplies and equipment and were then sent on to their destinations. It also became



*Drawing by June Danforth*

*Ranger of the period, with full equipment.  
Uniform was dyed green to blend with  
foliage, for safety purposes*





# HEART *of a* TOWN

by DOROTHY E. MORRISON

GROVETON, New Hampshire, is a small paper mill town located approximately thirty-five miles from the Canadian border and boasts of some three thousand inhabitants of modest means.

It is not a pretentious looking town. In fact, it is entirely possible that those who pass through might not accord it a second glance, except for the massive woodpile adjacent to the mill. That, in its own right, stops keen-eyed shutterbugs always on the lookout for the unusual.

But our town has a beauty not apparent to the eye; it cannot be seen, it can only be felt by those who live here and know their neighbors. It has a quality that a casual observer is unable to perceive, a quality that cannot be measured — it has a heart. This was demonstrated forcefully only last fall when the worst tragedy the town has known struck so disastrously.

In the early morning hours of September 29th, fanned by a high wind, fire ruthlessly wiped out half of the family of Raymond Newton, a mill worker, as anguished would-be helpers stood helplessly watching the inferno that defied all efforts at rescue.

Raymond Newton lost four of his children and his mother in that one brief, final act of fate. Trapped were Wayne, 9; Sally, 7; Judy, 5; Douglas, 3; and Mrs. Nellie Newton, 73.

The five survivors owe their lives to the crying of a child. Mrs. Newton, as mothers will, awoke to the cries of baby Alice. As consciousness returned, she heard a roaring sound and noticed flames creeping up the south wall of the little home. Terror stricken, she cried out to the others as she hastily bundled her youngest in a blanket and made her fearful way down the sleeping chambers to the safety of outdoors. Flames reached for her and her precious bundle with their greedy tentacles and succeeded in inflicting first degree burns on both.

Sonny (Raymond, Jr.) was hard upon his mother's heels and was unharmed as he reached the outside of the building. But he suddenly remembered that his sister Rena had been behind him and he realized she was not beside him now. Dashing into the flaming structure, he found his sister lying on the floor near the kitchen range where she had apparently fallen, and could

not gather strength enough to rise and stumble out. Manfully, the plucky little seventh grader took hold of his heavier, older sister and dragged her to safety as searing flames inflicted deep second- and third-degree burns on both rescuer and rescued.

Raymond, Sr. jumped from the second story window, a drop of several feet, to safety. But when he discovered that all of his family had not escaped, he tried to force his way back into the bedroom, only to be seriously burned about the arms and chest by flames that kept him contemptuously at bay. With a despair no one will ever know, he was forced to retreat to the outside.

Sarah, his wife, smashed a downstairs window leading to the room holding her mother-in-law and one child, but that room was already enveloped in flames.

No neighbor who witnessed the holocaust, and especially those with small children of their own, will ever forget the horror of that night: the screams of the trapped; the sudden hush of death.

Kendall Brann, Selectman, and Dr. Robert I. Hinkley heard the alarm. They called the night telephone operator, Mrs. Claire Boucher, to learn the location of the fire and, upon being told, were at the scene within five minutes. Dr. Philip G. Merriam, family physician, and Miss Florence M. Wheeler, Public Health Nurse, were there soon afterward. All gave emergency first aid to the injured who were being sheltered at the homes of Alton Forbes and Forrest Maguire, before they were rushed by ambulance to the Weeks Memorial Hospital at Lancaster. Both the Knox and MacKay, and the Adams ambulances were pressed into service.

Fire Chief Clinton Fisk, upon being interviewed following the fire, stated that twenty-three of Groveton's twenty-five call men were at the fire within fifteen minutes after the alarm sounded. Dr. Hinkley, who was first at the scene from the village, said that it could not have been more than seven minutes before the fire-fighting equipment arrived. But in spite of the two 500-gallon pumbers, and sufficient water, the high wind defied all efforts to control the blaze.

Chief Fire Inspector Tom L. Kellogg, of Concord, said the blaze was caused by an exploding oil burner in the kitchen stove.



*Baby Alice, whose crying roused family on night of fatal fire, receives her bath. Curtains, made by the High School Home Economics class, are part of furnishings supplied by folks in Town with a Heart*

When the shock of the disaster finally gave way to concern for the living, the people of Groveton gathered at a mass meeting in the Grange Hall on the following Monday evening to determine what could be done for the family.

Guy W. Cushing, Superintendent of the Paper Machines at the Groveton Papers Company, was elected permanent chairman of the Newton Committee — a sound and wise choice. Fellow citizens were well aware that when Guy says he will do a job, that job will be done with all the enthusiasm and skill the man possesses.

As his co-workers, Mr. Cushing selected Ralph Hopps, George Cole, Raynold Daley, William Styles, George Martin, Philip Colby, Forrest Maguire, George Langley, Jr., James Wemyss, Jr., Rex York, and Wilson Crawford. He also appointed a committee of inspectors and trouble shooters consisting of Melroy Hayes, William Rosebrook, Sr., Ronald Moses, Raymond Hurlbutt, Walter Curtis, and Alton Forbes.

The meeting had all the flavor and spontaneity of our treasured New England town meetings. Everyone wishing to speak was heard, and Mr. Cushing welcomed all suggestions offered.

Without hesitation, and asking only the chance to help their neighbors, men rose to their feet to offer lumber, roofing, plumbing materials, furnishings, furniture, and labor, when told that the first concern was a home for the destitute family.

Slips of paper were passed around to record the names of donors, the hours they could work, and the type of work they could do. The response was warm and sincere, sired by a desire to lend a helping hand to a family that could not aid itself. Such a response, witnessed on that Monday evening, is possible only in a free land.

To furnish the completed building, Mrs. Carl Craggy was elected chairman of a women's group consisting of Miss Rachel McFarland, Mrs. Rita Cole, Mrs. Eleanor Hayes, Mrs. Vernice Rice, Mrs. Louise MacKay, Mrs. Edith Stone, Mrs. Maude

Spaulding, Mrs. Charlotte Merriam, Mrs. Adelaide Cole, Mrs. Constance Martin, Mrs. Dorothy Dowling, and Miss Florence Wheeler.

Town trucks were pressed into service to collect donations. A refrigerator, kitchen stove, washing machine, and sink were quickly made available to the family, along with quantities of furniture, by residents of Groveton and by our neighbors ten miles away in Lancaster, as well. All goods were stored in the barn of Mrs. Elizabeth H. O'Neil, Postmaster, and pieces needing refinishing were carefully done by Roger Bergeron, shop teacher at the high school, and the boys in his classes.

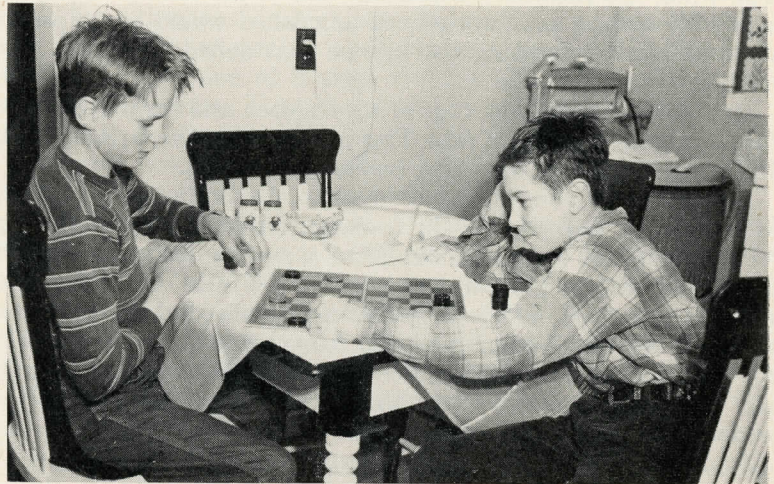
On the morning following the mass meeting, members of the fire department cleared away the debris of the fire, and bulldozers filled in the old cellar hole. A new cellar hole was excavated by Jay Gould and Wilson Crawford, who left logging jobs twelve and seventeen miles away for that purpose. The new location was selected some thirty-five feet below the old at the request of Mrs. Newton who said the family could not bear thoughts of rebuilding on the site of the tragedy. Besides the bulldozers of the two men mentioned, a third owned by the Groveton Papers Company was pressed into use to finish the excavating.

The little home mushroomed into completion under the watchful eye of Mr. Cushing, who spent every moment of his free time on the job, working and supervising. That his spirit was infectious, and spurred all to their greatest possible efforts was shown clearly in the pouring of cement for the foundation: the men had been told this work would take them nine hours; they were finished in three.

Night work was made easier by floodlights loaned by the mill and installed on utility poles by the Public Service Company. Men who went directly to the project from their mill jobs worked as late as 11 P.M., many of them putting in as many as five extra hours of labor on the little home. They had the building ready for occupancy in just 76 days — a record in which they, and all of us here in Groveton, may feel justifiable satisfaction and pride.

It would be a time-consuming and exacting task to compile an accurate list of all who had a share in this project, and in spite of the care taken, some names would be left out. Such an omission would result in deep hurt; therefore, no list is given. Each knows in his heart what he did and each feels a sense of accomplishment of which no one can rob or deny him.

But we would be remiss not to mention the foreman of the motley crew of builders who kept all producing to the maximum of varied abilities. This gentleman was 75 years old, affectionately known to the men as "Old Jess." A veteran carpenter,



*Chum Richard Scott seems to be on the losing side in a checker game with "Sonny" Newton. "Sonny," who heroically returned to blazing home, dragged out older sister, Rena. Dining room set at which boys are playing, washing machine (background) were given family*

Mr. Prince guided his force with plenty of "savvy" and humor. In addition, a first-class job of plumbing that will compare with any round about was done by Richard Shannon and his crew from the mill.

The frequent mention of the mill in this article should make it quite clear that the project would have floundered and run into extravagant costs, without the help given by the mill owners. James Wemyss, Jr. was a member of Mr. Cushing's committee and gave Guy a free hand with all equipment, tools, and materials in the building of the house. Besides the free hand mentioned, he also generously discounted the bill for materials used, which resulted in great savings in construction costs.

Our friends in Lancaster opened both their hearts and purses when they heard the news of Groveton's disaster. A committee made up of Mrs. John L. Barnes, Mrs. Enos Fay, and Mrs. Edward K. Whitcomb gathered together all contributions of food, furniture, silverware, linens, and clothing and saw them trucked to Groveton. They also sent about \$300 to be added to the Newton Fund.

Mr. Edwin Johnson, who had opened a new restaurant in Lancaster last fall, gladly donated an entire day's receipts of \$250 to the Newtons and the Lancaster Hospital, each receiving \$125.

The Newton Fund, held at the Peoples National Bank with Raymond Hurlbutt as Treasurer, contained the sum of \$2284.45 as of the first of March. Contributions came from as far away as Korea and Florida as well as from nearby towns. An article in the Manchester *Union* elicited commendation and a cash contribution from Dorsey William Hyde, former chief of the National Civic Bureau of the United States Chamber of Commerce. The men's chorus of Groveton, under the direction of William Apel, presented a good sized sum to the fund — receipts of a public concert. The money in the fund will be used to defray living costs until Mr. Newton is physically able to return to his job.

It is indeed heart-warming and comforting to know that all expenses at the Weeks Memorial Hospital, physicians' fees, and funeral expenses were canceled. Such a gesture by these professional people bolsters one's faith in his fellow men.

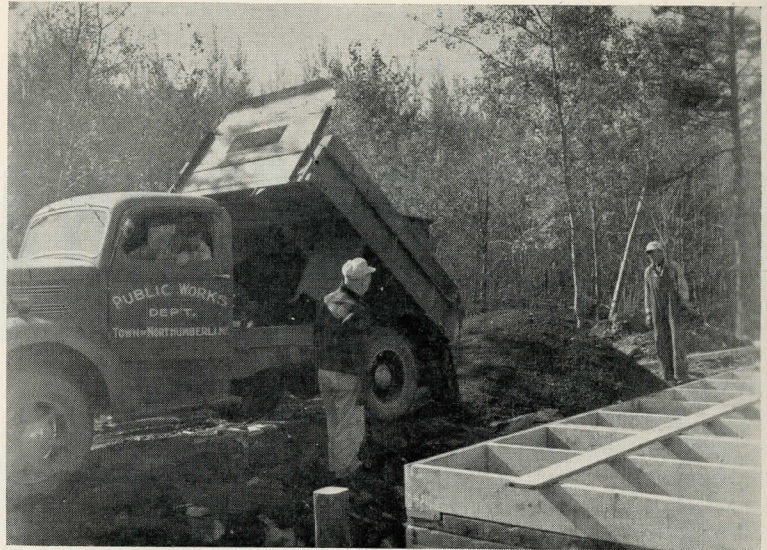
As the new home took definite shape and was being finished on the inside, Mrs. Newton visited it to make her choice of color schemes. As she went through the rooms she expressed herself to Mr. Cushing as deeply grateful for the efforts expended in behalf of her family, and stated quite simply that it was a much better home than she ever expected to have. Such gratitude, the people of Groveton feel, is ample payment for all their efforts.

All rooms in the new home are on the ground floor. There are three bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, and bath. A well insulated attic can be converted into more rooms if needed, and a porch extending across one end of the building gives protection to the entrance in winter and will be a delightful place to live in the summer.

All members of the family are home now, even Rena, who was so badly burned it was found necessary to take her to Burlington, Vt. by ambulance where she underwent plastic surgery on her back at the Mary Fletcher Hospital, and remained for several months. Though she still does not go to school, she is able to attend church regularly and to walk downtown now and again. The morning she left for Burlington, she was presented with a radio by her classmates to help her pass the pain-ridden hours. Sonny, too, had a radio given to him by his fellow seventh graders, which kept him entertained while in the hospital.

On Sunday, December 23, Open House was held at the Newton home where all might see the results of their united efforts. Judging from the exclamations and comments by visitors, it met with approval. Over 400 people signed the register and it is believed that many more were present who did not write down their names.

From the porch, visitors entered a cheerful kitchen done in  
(Continued on page 55)



*Town truck from Northumberland dumps cinders used for fill around foundations. Under supervision of Guy W. Cushing, Machines Superintendent, Groveton Papers Company, foundation, expected to take nine hours, was poured in three*



*Typical of volunteer workers who erected new home in 78 days were General Chairman Guy Cushing, Ronald Moss and James King who, among others, worked on carpenter crew under direction of able veteran "Old Jess" Prince, who guided his force with both "savvy" and humor*



*Nearing completion, the Newton home stands on a little hill just outside Groveton, the town that showed it had a heart when it came to the aid of a family unable to help itself. Everyone gave, did what he could, in the way of materials, labor and skills, on a voluntary basis*

# RAILROAD TOWN



PART TWO of four instalments . . . comprising the annals of a New Hampshire village of long ago

by THOMAS L. MARBLE

THE Glen House of the 1880's was a large summer hotel situated at the very base of Mount Washington, and many persons of distinction sought its hospitality. William H. Vanderbilt was there in the summer of 1883. Mr. Vanderbilt was not the sort of rich man who pinched his pennies, for when he left the hotel in the fall he drew his check for three thousand dollars to be distributed among the thirty student waiters there employed. This contribution by whatever standard judged can scarcely be deemed a niggardly tip. The editor of the *Mountaineer*, extolling this act of generosity, declared that Mr. Vanderbilt had established a bank account in the hearts of those thirty students that would bear interest at twelve per cent.

Josh Billings, the humorist, was a frequent visitor to the Glen House, and among the celebrities of the stage who spent vacations there were Annie Louise Carey, the singer, and Henry Clay Barnabee, the operatic comedian, who later created the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham in DeKoven's *Robin Hood*.

Many of the Glen House guests, finding the drive to Gorham attractive, came to town not infrequently either for recreation or for the purpose of making small purchases. This of course

gave us humble village folk a chance to rub elbows, as it were, with urban elegance and fashion. The following item appears in the *Mountaineer* of August 17, 1883: "The Vanderbilts have been swinging round Gorham the past week. They have behaved just as prettily as the best of us."

The smart equipage from the William Kromberg Aston estate with its prancing, bobtailed horses, driven to Gorham quite regularly during the summer season, gave the villagers still another glimpse of wealth and luxurious living. Today the Aston estate has become the Shelburne Inn with the usual appendage of roadside cabins, and the structure in which those prancing horses were once stabled is now a dance pavilion patronized by night-blooming youth from miles around.

The Glen House was burned to the ground on October 1, 1884,

THOMAS L. MARBLE, retired Chief Justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, continues in this second instalment his tale of the old days in Gorham when, in addition to its attraction for tourists and artists, the former "Shelburne Addition" was a "Railroad Town."



and was rebuilt the following year. The new house was three hundred feet long and three stories in height with a veranda four hundred and fifty feet in length. The stable contained a hundred horses and forty cows. This second hotel was burned in 1893 and was never rebuilt. However, a much smaller hotel conducted by the E. Libby and Sons Company of Gorham and called the Glen House, now stands near the site of the old hotel.

Glen Cottage, a few miles south of the Glen House, was once a convenient oasis in the long pull up the Glen road from Gorham. Here the drivers of the old Concord coaches used to stop to water their thirsty steeds before driving spiritedly into the hotel grounds. A gleaming field of goldenrod now marks the spot where the original Glen Cottage once stood.

☆ ☆ ☆

No picture of the Gorham of those bygone days would be complete without some reference to that interesting development, commenced in the autumn of 1881, over on the heights across the river — a development which shed down upon the town a faint aura of Western romance.

Far up on the side of Mount Hayes the Mascot Mine was flourishing. The boarding house was filled with workmen (sixty at times), shafts had been sunk, tunnels dug, and a tramway constructed — a tramway which ran from the highest level of the excavations down the steep slope to the shore of Mascot Pond.

And this was no wildcat promotion!

Lead ore in sizable pockets and in paying quantities was

actually being mined from the heart of the mountain and shipped over the Grand Trunk to far-off markets. Occasionally, on a Saturday night, a group of honest-to-goodness miners would ramble down the old wagon road, cross the suspension bridge at the foot of Alpine Street, and seek an evening's diversion in the town.

The West was at our doors!

The mine prospered for five or six years and was then abandoned. A long scar on the side of Mount Hayes, visible today from the valley below, indicates the place where the old tunnels and drifts were located.

☆ ☆ ☆

A community whose wildest fancy couldn't have visualized an automobile, an airplane, a motion picture, or the radio, wasn't at all averse to furnishing its own amusement. Hardly a Fourth of July passed without an appropriate celebration. And what gorgeous celebrations they were!

The church bells rang at midnight of course, and on the summit of Soldiers' Hill, then a veritable wilderness, a cannon was fired at sunrise. (The name of this hill was prettified after residences were built there, and it is now called Prospect Terrace.) There were ludicrous fantasies in the forenoon — fantasies, it must be confessed, that were not always free from ribald suggestion — and there were resplendent fireworks at night.

Elaborate plans were laid for the celebration of 1881, and when the day arrived an air of tragic suspense heightened the



Street scene, Gorham, New Hampshire, in the year 1906



In the late nineteenth century, when boys were bashful, wore short trousers, and hid from photographers

excitement of the occasion. For Garfield had been shot on July 2, and everyone was waiting anxiously for the latest reports of the President's condition.

The orator of that day was Alfred R. Evans, a young lawyer not long graduated from Dartmouth College and later to become Judge of Probate for the County of Coös. The young orator's address is preserved in the columns of the *Mountaineer*, and some of his words, particularly those voicing alarm at the influence of Russian thought, have a decidedly modern ring.

"Today," he said, "we meet under saddened circumstances. This, my friends, is one of the dark days of our history. The news from Washington is of a nature to strike terror to the bravest hearts. The spirit of assassination stalks abroad. The trusted Chief Magistrate, in a public depot, in the full blaze of day, is stricken down in the very capital of the nation. Thank God, Garfield yet lives, though life hangs on a slender cord. We do not know the particulars of this sad event. We can only divine the cause. It is time, however, for us, it is time for the country, to pause and ask the question —

"What prompted this mad and atrocious act? What spirit of lawlessness is abroad in our land? Is Russian nihilism on American soil to work its schemes of terror and blood? Have we in opening our harbors to the oppressed of all climes nourished in our bosom the serpent which is to destroy that which gave it life? Or is disappointed ambition to avenge itself by destroying what it cannot control?

"These are serious reflections. Ideas, which the sad, stern logic of events press home to all thoughtful minds today."

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As might well be expected, Gorham and the beauty of its encircling hills did not escape altogether the attention of artists.

Ann Whitney, renowned for her statues of Samuel Adams, Charles Sumner, Harriet Martineau, and Leif Erikson, was well known to the people of Gorham, for she owned and occupied for many years a summer home in the town of Shelburne. It was there in the autumn of 1884 that she entertained Mary A. Livermore, the famous advocate of temperance and woman's suffrage.

(An ardent group of temperance workers was active in Gorham in the 1880's. The *Mountaineer* of November 3, 1882, states: "The last temperance meeting was in some respects the most interesting that has been held. . . . And the discussion of the Tobacco question was very warm and earnest.")

William Louis Sonntag, landscape painter and member of the National Academy of Design, spent several seasons in our vicin-

ity. Champlin and Perkins in their *Cyclopedia of Painters and Paintings* mention a few of Mr. Sonntag's landscapes, and of the number there mentioned the following represent scenes in or near Gorham: *Morning in the White Mountains* (1881), *Fog Rising off Mount Adams* (1882), *Mascot Lake* (1885), and *On Glen Road to Mount Washington* (1886).

The *Mountaineer* of September 26, 1884, contains an account of a visit to Mr. Sonntag's summer studio and a description of what was then his latest work.

"We had," the visitor states, "the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sonntag's beautiful painting *A Wild Woodland Sketch* last Sunday. The view is from a point on Peabody River, about two miles above the Glen House, looking mountainward. Tuckerman Ravine is seen in the distance. Peabody River is presented in the foreground and the 'Pool,' which has delighted the visitors at the Glen, with its shadowy phantoms of the forest, the towering crags and peaks and the wild shrubbery that fringes its borders, is so natural that the beholder gazes transfixed and imagination becomes reality."

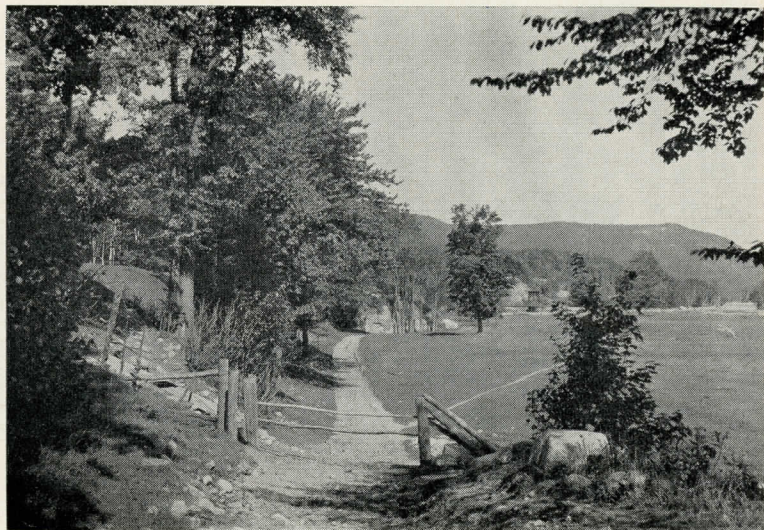
If Mr. Sonntag, as he painted that picture, could have looked into the Tuckerman Ravine of the distant future, I wonder if his credulity would not have been severely taxed at the sight of hundreds of skiers, on a winter's morning, toiling up the steep trail to the head walls of the ravine while below them, bordering each side of the highway, stretched the long lane of "horseless carriages" by which these enthusiasts had been conveyed to the base of the mountain.

A crude little cabin then stood where the Pinkham Notch camps are now located, and this cabin was known as Ben Osgood's castle.

Ben, who was a citizen of Gorham, had a workshop in the village where, during the long winter days, he made ornate and serviceable mountain staffs to sell to summer visitors.

On June 20, 1884, the *Mountaineer* had this to say concerning Ben's activities:

"Ben Osgood, who, for the last twenty-eight consecutive seasons, has been the head porter and guide of the Glen House, will be found in his Castle by the side of the stage road leading from the Glen to Jackson, near the entrance of the path to Crystal Cascade, where he will have on hand, for sale, one of the largest and most elaborate stocks of rustic canes and Alpine staffs there is to be found in any place of resort, also a good line of choice candy, tobacco and cigars, mountain views, and various other articles. Summer tourists and picnickers will find a place of convenience to sit down where they can be comfortable, which will be free to all; also hitching places and feed



Idyllic spot, and popular path for tourist walks, was this roadway leading to the old bridge at Gorham

boxes for their horses. Give Ben a call."

Many years after the second Glen House had burned and old Ben had left his earthly castle for the castles in the sky, another resident of Gorham presided for several summers over a cabin and shop built on the site of Ben's palatial establishment. This person was nicknamed "Pete."

The revenue from the shop was meager, but Pete wasn't concerned on that score, for he had already accumulated a bit of property and regarded his seasonal sojourn in Pinkham Notch as an economical vacation close to the mountains he loved.

One summer he entertained a very distinguished guest. It must have been in 1899 or 1900. At any rate, it was before 1905, for, according to the encyclopedias, Pete's distinguished visitor died in that year at the age of seventy-five. Pete delighted to tell of the quiet hours he had spent with this celebrated character, and his narrative ran somewhat as follows:

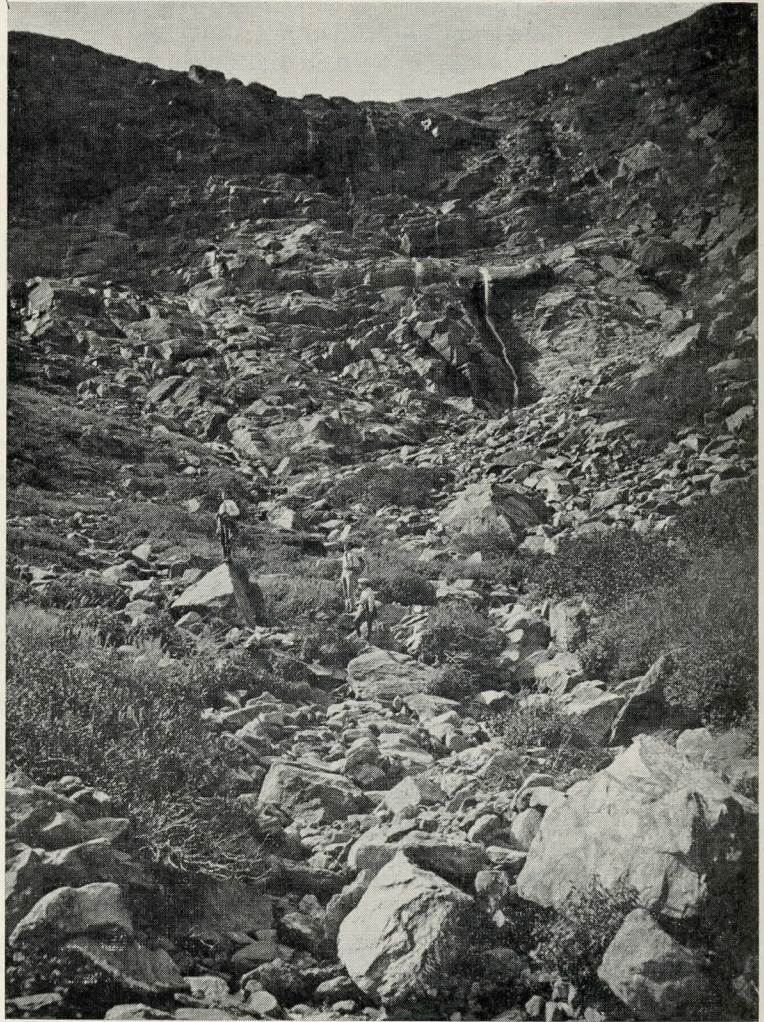
"One day an old codger drove up from Jackson, got out of his buckboard, hitched his horse to a tree, and walked into the shop. 'Fishing any good around here?' he asked.

"'They catch a few trout up the brook a piece,' I told him.

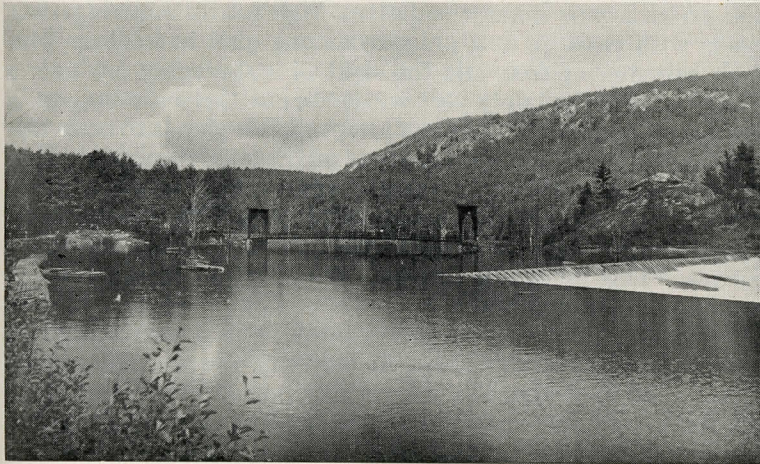
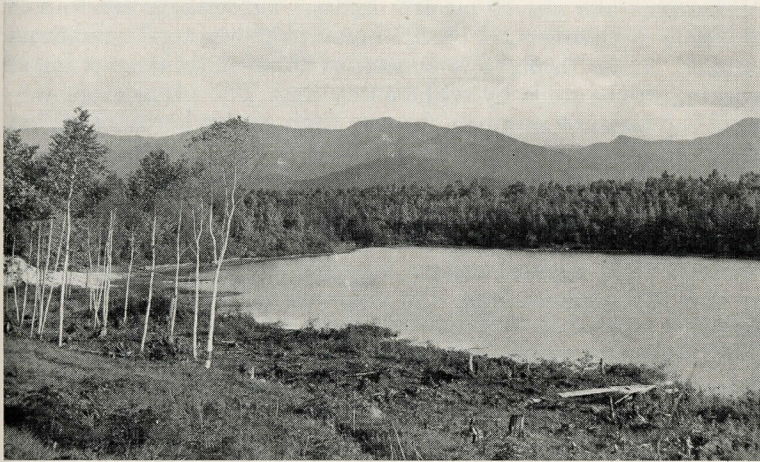
"He said if that was so he guessed he'd get out his tackle and try his luck. Which he did. About an hour later he came back down the brook pretty much tuckered out. I'd strung a hammock up between two trees back of the cabin and I invited him to lie down and rest. He accepted the invitation quick enough and lay there snoozing most of the afternoon.

"Before he drove away he thanked me for my hospitality and said he'd be back; told me he was staying at a hotel in Jackson and liked to get away from the crowd.

"Well, sure enough, back he came next morning — and back he came 'most every morning during the whole month of August. He didn't talk much (I did most of that) and he didn't



*Most famous in this age and season for the expert skiers who annually test their skill, Tuckerman Ravine was, even in the late nineties, a favorite spot for hiking enthusiasts*



*Mascot Mine Pond (above) and bridge across the Androscoggin River at Gorham, as it looked in 1903. These and many other locales in the area offered ideal settings for the many artists who found the beauties of the region a stimulus to their creative efforts*

fish much — just lay there in the hammock and slept or looked at the sky.

"He was mighty companionable, though, and I hated to see him leave for good when his vacation was over.

"And I think he hated to go. Anyhow, he said he'd had the time of his life and declared he'd never forget that hammock or the yarns I'd spun for him. It wasn't till after he'd left that I realized I'd never asked him his name. I just called him 'Gramp' and let it go at that.

"About a week passed when one day a lot of sports rode up from Jackson on short-tailed, high-stepping horses and asked if old Joe was there. I said if they meant the old gentleman who'd been coming to the cabin right along — why, he'd said good-bye to me a few days before.

"One of the sports looked at me kind of curiously. 'You called him the old gentleman,' he said. 'Don't you know who he was?'

"'No, I don't,' says I. 'Who was he?'

"'Well,' says the fellow, 'if it means anything to you, he was Joe Jefferson, the actor.'

"'Cripes! it meant a lot to me, for I'd seen Joe Jefferson act once in Boston. And, man alive, didn't it gripe me to think that old Rip Van Winkle had been sleeping in my hammock all summer, and I never knew it!'

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From the time when the railroad first brought Gorham "out from the greatest obscurity," the people of the little community were far from impervious to new ideas.

The "select" children of the village attended a private school

conducted by Miss Isabella Soule, who came to Gorham trailing clouds of innovation from the Hub of the Universe.

Miss Soule's school was located in the house which is now the Gateway Tourist Home. She was a somewhat eccentric individual, and before much is said about her it seems wise to reverse the usual cautionary note and state, in the interests of verity, that all persons portrayed in this narrative are real and that any resemblance to characters of fiction is wholly coincidental. Indeed, these annals are presented to the reader in the firm conviction that memory, though sometimes a "grand artistic liar," as Anne Green asserts, is in the present instance reasonably observant of truth.

Miss Soule had taught in schools in or near Boston and was reputed to be well versed in the latest educational devices, one of which was the singing of the multiplication table to the accompaniment of a wheezy melodeon. She cultivated the purple lilac, later to become the state flower of New Hampshire, and she called her school and residence Lilac Lodge.

She wore cloth-topped and flat-heeled shoes, a military cape, and a hat with a wide, flopping brim. She believed that the living could communicate with the dead, and she read with faith and avidity a magazine devoted to Esoteric Buddhism.

She did not succeed, I am sure, in teaching her charges to believe in reincarnation or the joys of Nirvana, but one, at least, of her former pupils, whenever the complexities of arithmetic confound him, finds himself singing, as he did in his earliest school days, "Five times five are twenty-five," and so forth, to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.

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The Gorham *Mountaineer* made its initial appearance on April 6, 1877. Its editor and proprietor was Virgil V. Twitchell,

**Quality**  
THROUGH  
THE  
YEARS

1790 1952

**CALDWELL'S**  
OLD NEWBURYPORT  
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A NEW  
HAMPSHIRE  
FAVORITE  
for Six  
Generations

A STRAIGHT  
New England RUM  
90 PROOF

A. & G. J. CALDWELL, INC., Newburyport, Mass.

a cultured and intellectual gentleman who, like the seers and sages of the old storybooks, trimmed his jet-black beard into a long goatee and covered his sparse locks with a black silk skullcap.

Through Mr. Twitchell's circulating library, which was established in 1885 with nine hundred volumes, the townspeople had access not only to numerous standard editions but to many of the best sellers of the period, among which, I remember, were the novels of E. P. Rowe, Augusta Evans Wilson, and Mary Jane Holmes.

The want which Mr. Twitchell thus endeavored to supply led eventually to the founding of the Gorham Public Library, and it was in the newspaper quarters on Exchange Street where the old circulating library had existed that the public library was originally housed.

Mr. Twitchell's journalistic creed is set forth in his first editorial as follows:

"The proper aim of journalism is to stimulate material interests, diffuse intelligence and advance morality.

"With this end in view our paper has been founded. It will be our object to make the

*Mountaineer* an exponent of the wants and an advocate of the welfare of the Androscoggin valley. We shall earnestly strive to make its weekly visits welcome in the homes of our subscribers. We shall avoid sectarianism, but inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule.

"We shall not advocate the claims of any political party or clan, but give to all who honestly differ the credit of equal sincerity and a common patriotism.

"Upon such a platform and by close attention to the local claims of the section, and a zealous championship if its rights, we hope to merit a generous support."

But although Mr. Twitchell eschewed politics as practiced by the two leading political parties, he did not hesitate to assail any movement which seemed to him to menace the security of the body politics. And some of the problems discussed in his editorial columns are vital issues today. Witness the following editorial comment of August 3, 1887, which was prompted by the termination of the great railroad strikes of that year:

"Communism must not gain a foothold in this country. It is in direct opposition to our material interests and the spirit of our institutions. If we would have a nation of which we can boast we must see to it that no communistic theories are fostered, but at once and forever exterminated."

The *Mountaineer* was not unmindful of the advancement of science and invention. "Our readers are hardly aware," Mr. Twitchell proclaims in the issue of January 9, 1880, "that there is a Telephone Central Office System in New York City, where more than 500 telephone wires enter from different parts of the city and adjacent cities. A man in Brooklyn wishing to speak with a man in Yonkers has only to speak in his own telephone to the Central Office asking to be connected with the Yonkers man, which is done at once, when they converse with each other as long as they please, after which by a peculiar signal the conversations cease."

"Berlin Falls has 10 electric lights," subscribers are told in the issue of October 27, 1882, "equal in power to six thousand candles. So far as light is concerned it is quite as convenient working in the mills by night as by day. The proprietors estimate the expense as much cheaper than gas or kerosene. What next?"

Nor did this lively little weekly fail to keep its readers informed of changing fads and fashions. *How Ladies Go to Bed* is the headline (March 25, 1881) of an intimate description of women's night apparel written by one Clara Belle and borrowed by the *Mountaineer* from the columns of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Coquetry in night clothes," the vivacious Clara asserts, "is as much indulged in as ever. The coy maiden is often as careful as a bride in arraying herself for sleep.

"The day of the night-cap is completely gone. Few old women and no girls now make themselves frightful by covering their heads with caps. A new practice among girls is to sleep with their hair flowing free, and the sight of it spreading out over a white pillow is certainly very winsome; but there are tangles in the morning to pay for it, and a more sensible plan is to use a net.

"Pink and blue ribbons in knots at the shoulders, baby fashion, is one of the new kinks; and the extreme of absurdity is reached when a nightgown is discarded altogether, and the arms, legs and bosom are left bare all night by a mere apology for a chemise. This nonsense, however, is not much indulged in by respectable women.

"A novel night robe shown in the stores is a modification of the much-ridiculed chemiloon. It has both sleeves and trousers attached to its body. The wearer gets into a slit up and down the front, and then buttons herself in. The cut is jaunty, the trimmings elaborate, and the idea seems to successfully combine taste and utility. It is cut to fit the figure, and if the figure is reasonably good, the effect ought to be quite entrancing."

Then Clara Belle, unabashed, concludes her bedroom revelations with this disclosure: "A not inconsiderable number of

wealthy New York families seize eagerly upon foreign customs, and they have now taken up the one-in-a-bed idea."

The practice of professional manicuring seems to have struck Mr. Twitchell as a bit unusual, for in the *Mountaineer* of February 16, 1883, he declares: "We were told today that there is a woman in Cambridgeport, Mass., who includes among her servants a 'Professor of Digits' and pays him \$2.50 a week to clean and trim her finger nails."

Short items of local interest were assembled in the *Mountaineer* under the caption, "Mrs. Gorham's Bandbox." Through these items the daily events of the town, whether humdrum or exciting, are disclosed.

"The squirrel hunt by the young men of this village, last Saturday, resulted in a count of about 2700 for the successful side, with about 100 less for the other. The hunt wound up with an Oyster Supper and a fine collation of other edibles at the Gorham House, in the evening."

This item appears in the issue of October 24, 1879. The figures of course did not represent squirrels but points, a definite number being awarded the hunter for the kind of game shot.

Sensible of the fact that railroad news was always of interest to her townfolk, Mrs. Gorham on August 30, 1880, contributed this paragraph to the contents of her bandbox:

"An extra train passed Gorham Tuesday about 7 P.M., containing about 850 excursionists. They came from Montreal and were en route for Portland and the Islands. It took fourteen cars to accommodate them. Cushing's Island has become the handsome part of Montreal and the people like to come down and see their summer suburb."

It was customary for Gorham's railroad employees to give each newly married couple a rousing send-off, and this was accomplished by placing signal torpedoes on the track when the bride and groom departed on their honeymoon. With knowledge of this custom, one can read understandingly an account of a local wedding (October 1, 1886) which concludes with the statement that "as the train moved out of the station the torpedoes which were placed on the rails exploded." ★

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## Profile Dolls

(Continued from page 28)

and said it couldn't be done. Modeling in cloth and cotton is not unlike modeling in clay; and finally, using clay to help work out her patterns, she got them right.

And right they are, enough so that McCutcheon's in New York ran a large color ad of Cy in House and Garden. The dolls are exhibited in showrooms in Boston and New York; Arts and Crafts has them in Concord. The Youngs hope to make enough to put them in all the New Hampshire Arts and Crafts shops soon. After the fair in Gilford last summer, a western gift shop sent a neat order for the dolls.

Both girls help with the work, cutting stencils, stuffing, and doing all the other tasks in this real Mother and Daughters Business. When they get real busy, as before Christmas, they call on a corps of outside women to do certain parts of it.

Gail, whose hobby is working in "Red Schoolhouse," helps to work out new ideas. An exciting new toy is almost ready for the market now, and there is still another being worked out. "Operation X," they call it, and that, too, is most hush-hush until it is complete.

Crawford Young Associates hope that some day they'll find an old barn or an unused schoolhouse that they can buy, in order to have a larger place for manufacturing, as their small apartment gets pretty crowded with it all. "And a showroom!" say the girls.

"Yes, but not out of town," adds gregarious Marcia. ★

April 1952

# NEW HAMPSHIRE PROGRAMS

for

# NEW HAMPSHIRE PEOPLE



## ★ *Sunrise Serenade*

with

Tom Power

6:00-8:30 A.M. DAILY

## ★ *Your Shell Reporter*

12:15 P.M. DAILY

## ★ *Martin's Sportsfolio*

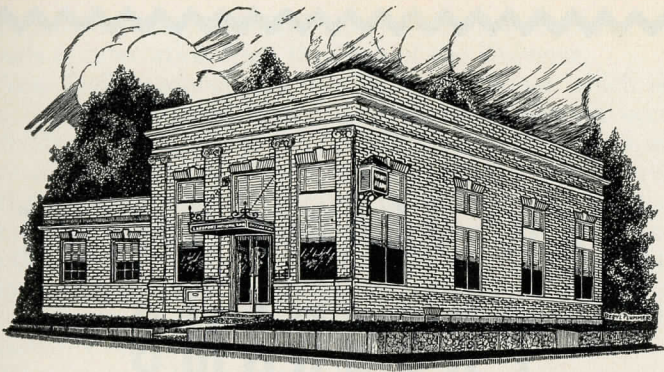
6:30 P.M. DAILY

FIRST ON YOUR DIAL AT 610

# WMUR

MANCHESTER

*The State Station*



## INTEGRITY and SECURITY

... are human establishments

They are also the traditional bases on which our early leaders built the institutions that have contributed to the growth of our country — a nation of free people with an intense love for independence.

Individual security ... adherence to traditionally high standards in ideals ... and united effort to promote America's strength ... are the basic means by which that independence shall be preserved and advanced.

This bank intends to always be a leader toward the attainment of this goal.

**The Lakeport National Bank**  
**LAKEPORT, NEW HAMPSHIRE**  
*Member of the Federal Reserve System and  
 the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.*

*discriminating people  
 prefer*

**VANITY FAIR**

*Facial Tissue*

**VANITY FAIR**

*Bathroom Tissue*

*Groveton*

*Papers Company*

GROVETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

## new hampshire

### GENERAL FISHING SEASONS AND LIMITS

**BROOK, RAINBOW, BROWN TROUT** May 1 to Aug. 31, and with artificial flies only during September in lakes and ponds and a few designated streams. Not more than ten (three of which may be albino) or five pounds, six inches in length.

**LAKE TROUT** Jan. 1 to Aug. 31 and fly fishing in September. Fifteen inches in length, two fish per day whether lake trout or salmon.

**SALMON** April 1 to Aug. 31 and fly fishing in September. Fifteen inches in length, two fish per day whether lake trout or salmon.

**SUNAPEE or GOLDEN (Aureolus) TROUT** April 1 to Aug. 31 and with artificial flies only during September. Four per day 12 inches in length.

**BASS** July 1 to Oct. 31. Five fish or seven pounds per day, nine inches in length.

**PIKE-PERCH** ten inches in length, **WHITE PERCH** (no limit) and **HORNED POUT** (25 per day except 40 in Coos County) — May 28 to Oct. 31.

**WHITEFISH** (shad) Jan. 1 to Aug. 31, six per day.

**PICKEREL** May 28 to Jan. 31, ten fish or ten pounds per day.

**YELLOW PERCH** and **CUSK** — open season where fishing is permitted. No limit.

### LICENSE FEES

**NON-RESIDENT:** Season fishing \$6.25. Three-day fishing \$2.75. Season hunting \$20.25. Minor's hunting \$20.25. Bow and arrow hunting, season hunting license plus \$3.00, or \$10.00 for ten-day pre-season only without season license.

**RESIDENT:** Combination hunting and fishing \$4.00. Fishing only \$2.50. Hunting only \$2.50. Bow and arrow hunting, regular hunting license, plus \$2.00.

### LISTS OF FISHING WATERS

#### SALMON LAKES

Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee	Pleasant Lake, New London
First Connecticut Lake, Pittsburg	Second Connecticut Lake, Pittsburg
Merrymeeting Lake, New Durham	Squam Lake, Holderness
Newfound Lake, Bristol	Sunapee Lake, Sunapee
Nubanusit Lake, Nelson, Hancock	Winnepesaukee Lake

#### LAKE TROUT LAKES

Big Greenough Pond, Wentworth's Location	Squam Lake, Holderness
First Connecticut, Pittsburg	Tarleton Lake, Piermont
Newfound Lake, Bristol	Winnepesaukee Lake
Second Connecticut Lake, Pittsburg	Winnisquam Lake, Laconia

#### BROOK TROUT PONDS

Back Lake, Pittsburg	Middle Pond, Pittsburg
Beaver Lake, North Woodstock	Millsfield Ponds, Millsfield
Big Brook Bog, Pittsburg	Mirror Lake, Whitefield
Caldwell Pond, Alstead	Moody Pond, Weare
Carr Pond, Clarksville	Moose Pond, Pittsburg
Catamount Pond, Allentown	Morey Pond, Andover
Chapin Pond, Newport	Mountain Pond, Chatham
Chapman Pond, Sullivan	Mount William Pond, Weare
Clarksville Pond, Clarksville	Munn Pond, Errol
Cole Pond, Enfield	Nash Bog, Odell
Conner Pond, Ossipee	Newell Pond, Alstead
Devils Washbowl, Odell	Phillips Pond, Odell
Diamond Ponds, Stewartstown	Pleasant Lake, New London
Dublin Lake, Dublin	Profile Lake, Franconia
Dudley Pond, Deering	Rands Pond, Goshen
Echo Lake, Franconia	Round Pond, Pittsburg
Fish Pond, Columbia	Russell Pond, Woodstock
French Pond, Henniker	Saltmarsh Pond, Gilford
Greenough Ponds, Wentworth Location	Scotts Bog, Pittsburg
Hall Ponds, Sandwich	Session's Corner Pond, Dummer
Harris Pond, Pittsburg	Shawtown Pond, Freedom
Hogback Pond, Greenfield	Simmons Pond, Warner
Hothole Pond, Loudon	Sky Pond, New Hampton
Hutchins Mill Pond, Effingham	Smith Pond, Washington
Ledge Pond, Conway	Spectacle Pond, Groton
Lime Pond, Columbia	Stone Pond, Marlboro
Little Pond, Sandwich	Stonehouse Pond, Barrington
Lonesome Lake, Lincoln	Stratford Bog, Stratford
Long Pond, Benton	Success Pond, Success
Long Pond, Errol	Trio Pond, Odell
Long Pond, Croydon	Upper Moose Falls, Pittsburg
Lucas Pond, Northwood	Whites Pond, Ossipee
March Pond, Hill	White Lake, Tamworth
Meador Pond, Warren	Whittemore Lake, Bennington

# fishing information

## BROOK TROUT STREAMS

- Ammonoosuc River, Bethlehem, Carroll  
 Androscoggin River, Errol  
 Baker River, Warren, Wentworth  
 Beebe River, Sandwich, Campton  
 Chickwolnepy Stream, Cambridge  
 Clear Stream, Errol  
 Cocheco River, Rochester, Farmington  
 Cold River, Acworth  
 Dead Diamond River, Dartmouth College Grant  
 Ellis River, Jackson  
 Gale River, Franconia  
 Indian River, Canaan  
 Indian Stream, Pittsburg  
 Israel River, Lancaster  
 Kimpton Brook, Wilnot  
 Mad River, Waterville, Thornton  
 Mohawk River, Colebrook  
 Mollidgewock Stream, Cambridge
- Nash Stream, Stratford, Odell  
 Peabody River, Gorham  
 Perry Stream, Pittsburg  
 Phillips Brook, Odell  
 Pine River, Ossipee  
 Saco River, Jackson  
 Simms Stream, Columbia  
 Smith River, Hill, Danbury, Alexandria, Grafton  
 Stoney Brook, Greenfield  
 Sugar River, South Branch, Newport  
 Swift River, Albany  
 Swift River, Tamworth  
 Swift Diamond River, Dartmouth College Grant  
 Upper Ammonoosuc River, Kilkenny  
 Warner River, Warner, Bradford  
 Wild River, Bean's Purchase  
 Wild Ammonoosuc River, Bath, Landaff, Easton

## RAINBOW TROUT PONDS

- Abbot Forest, Stoddard  
 Back Lake, Pittsburg  
 Back Lake, Stewartstown  
 Center Pond, Nelson  
 Club Pond, New Durham  
 Cobbetts Pond, Windham  
 Crystal Lake, Eaton  
 Fish Pond, Columbia  
 Hopkins Adder Pond, Andover  
 Hothole Pond, Loudon  
 Hunkins Pond, Sanbornton
- Lake Francis, Pittsburg  
 Loon Lake, Freedom  
 Lucas Pond, Northwood  
 Meader Pond, Warren  
 Merrymeeting Lake, New Durham  
 Mount William Pond, Weare  
 Orange Pond, Orange  
 Perch Pond, Lisbon  
 Rands Pond, Goshen  
 Spectacle Pond, Groton, Hebron  
 Whittemore Lake, Bennington

## RAINBOW TROUT STREAMS

- Ammonoosuc River, Lisbon, Littleton  
 Androscoggin River, Errol  
 Baker River, Warren, Wentworth  
 Connecticut River, Pittsburg, Colebrook, Columbia, Stratford  
 Isinglass River, Strafford
- Mascoma River, Lebanon (below Mascoma Lake)  
 Smith River, Hill, Bristol  
 Souhegan River, Wilton  
 South Branch Piscataquog River, New Boston  
 Stinson Brook, Rumney

## BROWN TROUT PONDS

- Big Island Pond, Derry, Atkinson, Hampstead  
 Christine Lake, Stark
- Hothole Pond, Loudon  
 Pleasant Pond, Deerfield  
 Round Pond, Errol

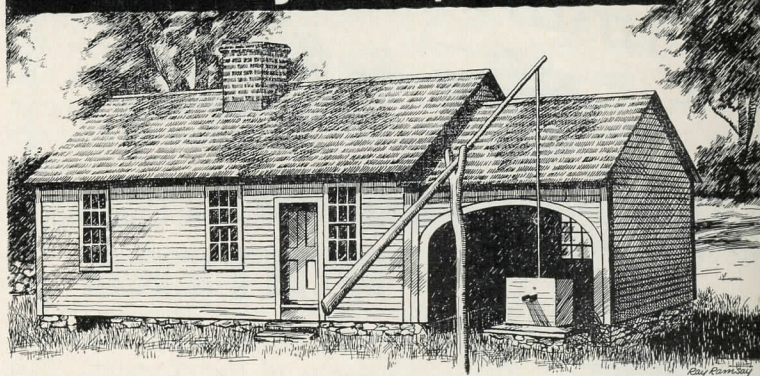
## BROWN TROUT STREAMS

- Ammonoosuc River, Littleton, Bethlehem  
 Ashuelot River, Marlow, Gilsum  
 Cocheco River, Farmington  
 Connecticut River, Pittsburg  
 Exeter River, Exeter  
 Isinglass River, Strafford
- Mascoma River, Lebanon  
 Suncook River, Pittsfield  
 Soucook River, Loudon  
 Souhegan River, Milford  
 Sugar River, North Branch, Croydon, Grantham

## BASS WATERS

- Armington Lake, Piermont  
 Ashuelot Pond, Washington  
 Ayers Pond, Barrington  
 Baker Ponds, Upper and Lower, Orford  
 Beaver Lake, Derry  
 Blackwater River, Lower  
 Blaisdell Lake, Sutton  
 Bow Lake, Strafford  
 Bradley Lake, Andover  
 Chesham Pond, Harrisville  
 Cole Pond (Crescent Lake), Acworth  
 Connecticut River, Lower Part  
 Contoocook Lake, Jaffrey, Rindge  
 Contoocook River, Contoocook  
 Conway Lake, Conway  
 Cooks Pond, Brookfield  
 Country Pond, Kingston, Newton  
 Crescent Lake, Wolfeboro  
 Crystal Lake, Enfield  
 Crystal Lake, Gilmanton  
 Duncan Lake, Ossipee  
 Frost Pond, Dublin, Jaffrey  
 Gilmore Pond, Jaffrey  
 Gould Pond, Hillsborough  
 Grafton Pond, Grafton  
 Great East Lake, Wakefield  
 Gregg Lake, Antrim  
 Guinea Pond, Gilmanton  
 Halfmoon Lake, Alton, Barnstead  
 Halfmoon Pond, Hancock  
 Harvey Lake, Northwood  
 Haunted Lake, Frankestown  
 Highland Lake, Andover  
 Highland Lake, Stoddard  
 Hubbard Pond, Rindge  
 Hunts Pond, Hancock  
 Island Pond, Atkinson, Derry, Hampstead  
 Island Pond, Washington  
 Jenness Pond, Northwood, Pittsfield  
 Kanasatka Lake, Moultonborough  
 Kezar Lake, Sutton  
 Knowles Pond, Northfield  
 Kolemeok Lake, Springfield
- Kusumpe Pond, Sandwich  
 Long Pond, Lempster  
 Lovell Lake, Wakefield  
 Massasecum Lake, Bradford  
 Mendeums Pond, Barrington  
 Merrimack River  
 Mirror Lake, Tuftonboro, Wolfeboro  
 North River Pond, Northwood, Nottingham, Barrington  
 Northwood Lake, Northwood  
 Norwood Pond, Hancock  
 Opechee Lake, Laconia  
 Ossipee Lake, Ossipee  
 Otter Lake, Greenfield  
 Pawtuckaway Lake, Nottingham  
 Perkins Pond, Sunapee  
 Phillips Pond, Sandown  
 Places Pond (Sunset Lake), Alton, Gilmanton  
 Pleasant Lake, New London  
 Pleasant Pond, Danbury  
 Pleasant Pond, Frankestown  
 Post Pond, Lyme  
 Province Lake, Effingham  
 Rust Pond, Wolfeboro  
 Silver Lake, Belmont, Northfield, Tilton  
 Spofford Lake, Chesterfield  
 Squam Lake, Holderness  
 Sunapee Lake, Sunapee, Newbury, New London  
 Suncook Lakes, Barnstead  
 Tarleton Lake, Piermont  
 Thorndike Pond, Dublin, Jaffrey  
 Waukewan Lake, Meredith  
 Webster Lake, Franklin  
 Wentworth Lake, Wolfeboro  
 Whitton Pond, Albany, Madison  
 Wickwas Pond, Meredith  
 Willard Pond, Antrim  
 Willey Ponds, Strafford  
 Winnepesaukee Lake  
 Winnipocket Lake, Webster  
 Winnisquam Lake, Laconia  
 Winona Lake, Ashland

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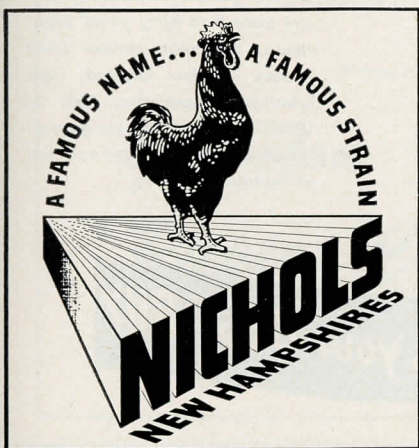
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## Once upon a time . . .

as a matter of fact, it was way back in Biblical times, poultry raisers discovered that by moving their flocks to the Northward, the vigor of their breeding stock would automatically be renewed.

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FARM

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New Hampshire

## Twice Daily Except Sunday

(Continued from page 23)

where there is also a railway post office. In addition to mail and passengers, express is also handled in the combine.

If a motorist should happen to be at one of the road's highway crossings when the train passes he might see something like this: at the head end would be the new diesel, Number 3, followed by two or three box cars and perhaps a hopper car loaded with coal, with the combine bringing up the rear. On occasion, trains are as long as 10 or 12 cars, and in the box cars there might be grain for the Farmers' Exchange in Epsom, new automobiles for some dealer along the line, or lumber for the Emerson Mfg. Co. in Suncook. One of the cars might even be an empty, ordered by a shipper to send his wares to market. Principal products shipped out by the road include lumber, pulpwood, wooden boxes, and furniture, while coal, oil and raw wool are also hauled in limited quantities.

Many of the questions we had about the Suncook Valley had now been answered; how it operates, what it carries, who the people are who operate it, why it was built, and something of its history. But surely a railroad of its size, or smallness, has problems, and we still wanted to know how things looked financially.

Back in 1943 when Ed became "the Boss," the road was saddled with a \$50,000 debt, and handicapped by a certain degree of apathy on the part of the public, plus a roadbed that was in a sad state of neglect. Derailments were everyday occurrences and the future, at best, was dim if not completely blacked out. By the sale of land and borrowings from banks the \$50,000 debt was pretty much taken care of, for the time being, at least. Then in 1945 permission was granted by the then Public Service Commission to abandon service on the 5 miles of line between Pittsfield and Center Barnstead. The rails on this stretch were taken up and sold for \$17,000 which went a long way towards getting the road on its feet. One of the first jobs to be done was to get some of the worst ties replaced and to straighten out the wobbly rails. This work went on slowly, yet steadily, as earnings permitted, and things looked slightly better.

But in October, 1949, the roof seemingly fell in. The B & M declared the bridge over the Suncook River in Suncook to be unsafe for its cars to cross and for that reason slapped an embargo on delivery of all cars to the valley road. (It will be well to point out here that the B & M owned the tracks into Suncook from Concord and owned the bridge in question, too.) However, the Suncook Valley, by a previous agreement, had leased the track from the B & M and was responsible for the maintenance of the track and bridges. Now, with no cars coming in, the wheels would stop turning unless something could be done to repair the bridge and lift the embargo.

Most of the residents of the area recall how the towns of Suncook and Pittsfield came to the rescue in answer to Ed Stapleton's plea for help; and in three days \$12,000 was raised for the bridge repairs. With bridge crews borrowed from the B & M, the work was rushed to completion and the embargo was lifted in late November.

Simultaneously with the embargo, Manager Stapleton entered into negotiations for the purchase of the "loop" as far as Bow Junction. This was done because, as he explained, "I had an idea that the Boston & Maine would petition for abandonment of the 'loop' and if permission were granted, the Suncook Valley would be left without a rail outlet and therefore would be out of business." But before a deal like this can be consummated, the wheels of the Interstate Commerce Commission must go into motion and it was 13 months before a decision was ground out in favor of the transaction. So it was, in December, 1950, the Suncook Valley added 5 miles of line to its 18 miles of original trackage. Today the road owns 23 miles of line with trackage rights over an additional 2 miles, plus 9 miles of sidings.



Despite all these vicissitudes the Suncook Valley now finds itself in probably the most favorable position it has enjoyed since its beginning. With an average of 150 loads per month, the road in 1950, for the first time in over a decade, showed a modest profit of some \$6,500 out of total gross revenues of about \$83,000. 1951 figures are not complete at this writing, but General Manager Stapleton feels that while revenues may be near \$100,000, the profits will be off somewhat because of large expenditures on bridges and roadbed improvement. The current year, however, should see the completion of the tie-replacing program which will have included practically every tie under the line's 23 miles of main track. From there on only normal maintenance expenses will be required.

Gone are the romantic days of yesteryear when the world of railroading in New Hampshire included such names as The Concord & Claremont; New Hampshire Central; Contocook Valley; Great Falls & Conway; Concord & Montreal; Northern; Profile & Franconia; and many others which were all absorbed into the Boston & Maine system. Of all the old names, only one survives as a separate operating entry: the Suncook Valley.

What of the future of the route of the Blueberry Special? Manager Stapleton will say no more than that the road's objectives are to pay off its obligations, give good service, and pay its bills. But after seeing and riding the diminutive pike and spending the better part of two days with "the Boss" and his co-workers, we predict that as long as folks like these are around, who firmly believe in the railroad as a superior and efficient means of transportation and really make a genuine effort to prove it, the Valley of the Suncook will resound to the clatter of the flanged wheel on the rail of steel for many years to come.

◇ ◇ ◇

### A Man's Needs

A man must have friends to love, but he also need a few enemies to laugh at.

## Heart of a Town

(Continued from page 45)

green with a white trim. They noted its ample cupboard space, the modern equipment, attractive dishes, and furniture.

A step from the kitchen into the living room brought them into a bright area with three yellow walls and one of complimentary brown. Here the family can keep snug and warm with a pot-burner type of circulating heater as they listen to a large cabinet radio.

The bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Newton has a rose color scheme, while Rena's is green and Sonny's blue. It was refreshing to learn that Sonny promptly rearranged his furniture when the room was finally his!

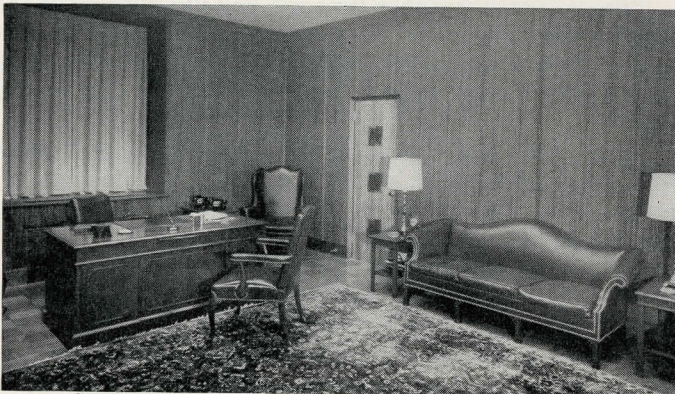
Exclamations were frequent and approving of the modern bathroom with its white tile trimmed with black, and the coral walls above topped by a sparkling white ceiling. A medicine cabinet completely stocked was presented by the Fredonwarell Post of the American Legion and seemed to be the envy of the visiting ladies, as were the stacks of colorful, fleecy towels.

Visitors dropped coins into a dish as they wandered through the house, perhaps as good luck tokens, and a sum of \$25.35 was given to Mrs. Newton with which to purchase Christmas gifts for her family.

We here in Groveton doff our mental caps to Guy Cushing and Donna Craggy for their supervision of the building and furnishings of the new home that now sits in quiet pride on the little hillside. Our caps are off, too, to every individual who had a single thing to do with it.

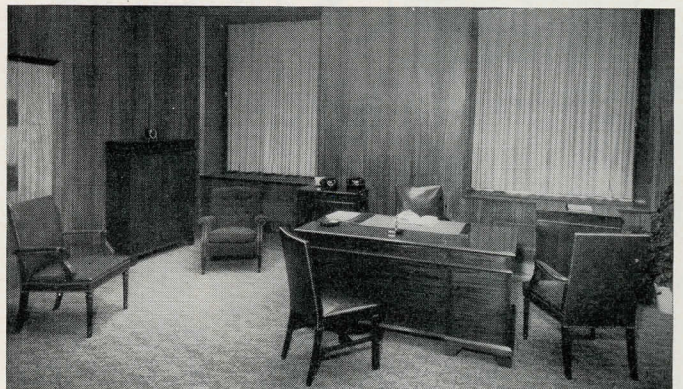
We end this account of the Newton story with a deep pride that we have been associated with those who made it possible. It happened here in New Hampshire, and truly gave our fellow citizens of the entire country a glimpse at "The Heart of a Town." ★

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## Ike Walton's Ghost

(Continued from page 14)

suit the customers. Thus the fishable potential of the state had already been transformed by almost 25% in terms of places where you could catch trout. And all this had been done by three-way co-operation between sportsmen's clubs, conservation officers, and department biologists. The boys also pointed out that after all they had been hired out of sportsmen's dollars to do the job the sportsmen wanted done — and were now using federal-aid funds to make the process cheaper.

In a development program which New Hampshire has pioneered for the rest of the nation, they had equipped planes and invented their own gear and run special studies to get it down to a science. So Jake went home, rubbing his beard some more and wondering if maybe he didn't have one or two other ponds that might stand reclaiming . . .

In the laboratory, "Buck" Corson, now Fisheries Chief, was back at his old bench, wearing a white technician's frock. He was checking over a set of test tubes and records—records which represented five years' hard work on pond fertilization studies. Buck supposed it was rank sentimentality on his part, but these test tubes and the batteries of aquaria with pond water in various stages of "bloom" up against the window behind them did represent a program of pure research which had paid dividends in dollars-and-cents fishing results. In addition to promising progress with the program for rearing trout in natural ponds, they had provided a specific answer to the Department's most crying need — for a method to make better bass fishing in southern New Hampshire. Just because he'd been shoved up the ladder into an administrative job, it didn't mean he was going to lose track of doing what the average sportsman wanted to get done, did it?

"Mr. Corson — Front office, please!" Shrugging off his white coat, Buck went out frowning to respond to the interphones. Then his face relaxed in a friendly smile as he saw who was waiting for him.

"Why, Al. Mighty good to see you. What's on your mind?"

Even in cordial company, Al Jenkins spoke slowly; he was messenger for an important Cheshire County sportsmen's organization.

"Buck. You remember that job you did with us on fertilizing Adams Pond for trout? Well, now the boys have dreamed up a new project. They've got hold of a little ice pond in Gilsum, and they want to use it to grow bass for stocking. Can you give us a hand?"

"Sure, Al. I don't see why not — provided the bass are to go in public ponds. That's just the way the Department prefers to go at it, because we've already proved that building bass hatcheries won't pay off."

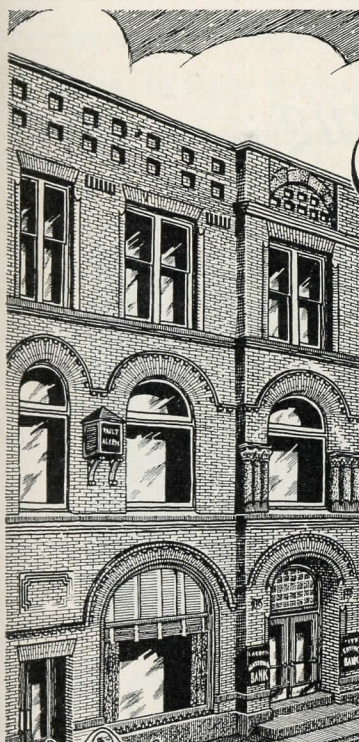
"Then you can furnish the bass fry?"

"That's right. If we can get them ourselves. But first I'll have to ask our research men to go and check on the water and your lay-out, and clear with your conservation officer. And say, do you know that the Department's going all out for bass now. We've even got a special federal-aid project started to work on brush shelters and other ways of making natural ponds grow more bass. Your boys ought to have Roger Warren down to talk at one of your meetings."

"But before we get the rearing pool started you have to fertilize it, don't you?"

"Right again. And that takes some mighty fancy calculations. You see it's pretty much like intensive farming. You've got to have all the fertilizers the fish can stand to put plenty of food in the water for 'em, but too much could wreck the whole project. We'll just have to see that part through with you."

At first blush, this might be the story of our summer — fifty thousand tourists who come up to find a vacation spot, and



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spread themselves around without getting under the skin of the state. But it isn't really.

By some mysterious alchemy, first-timers become repeaters. More come back than don't. They come to learn the strange, forbidding, possessive, rock-bound entity that spells the state and its people. They make friends. They explore the natural dynamics which inevitably govern its offerings, despite the best efforts of its protagonists.

Gradually they learn the fundamental rhythm of the seasons which step northward as the months pass by. All summer the fourteen thousand lakes work hard to produce a million pounds of warm-water fish for the visitors' creel. Meanwhile the connoisseur discovers a realm of mountain torrents — each rearing a crop of brook trout in settings of magnificent splendor which distract the mind from mere fishing.

Seeking grander quarry, he explores the cosmopolitan waters of such giant streams as the Connecticut and the Androscoggin which produce sport fishing for rainbow that can't be rivaled in the East. We ourselves could tell a tale of a single fish that took us down three terrific pools, three hours, and a half-a-mile of tumultuous river too big for a single man to conquer. Or of dry-fly fishing for salmonoids which smashed all normal tackle and came to terms only at the behest of special equipment. But we'll spare you that. Suffice it to say that Maine guides are buying licenses to fish their parties in these waters!

We can't think how to end this analysis on a sounder note than to point you to Pittsburg and New Hampshire's North Country, where we head in each year ourselves for the September fishing — not that it isn't good all season. September is the month when our great salmonoids first feel the urge of fall to spawn again. Open to fly-fishing in all our trout ponds and several of our larger streams, this month comprises the acme of the angler's enjoyment. Bitten by fall frosts, trout emerge from the dog-days of August to respond once more to an instinct which will lead them to attack the wispiest dry or the novice's streamer with equal abandon. This is the time of multiple strikes on a single cast, of testing the fastidiousness of the most astute old monster. Young men — old seasoned anglers — take our advice; go up north in September, and you'll find the ghost of Izaak Walton waiting there to meet you! ★



**Applied Mathematics**

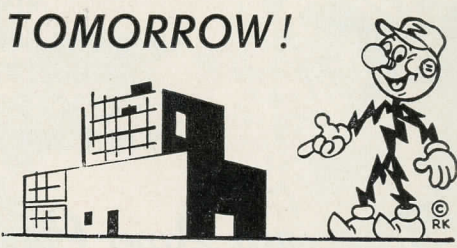
*"My daughter," and his voice was stern,  
"You must set this matter right;  
What time did the Sophomore leave,  
Who sent in his card last night?"*

*"His work was pressing, father dear,  
And his love for it was great;  
He took his leave and went away  
Before a quarter of eight."*

*Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,  
And her dimple deeper grew.  
"Tis surely no sin to tell him that,  
For a quarter of eight is two."*


— Lehigh Burr

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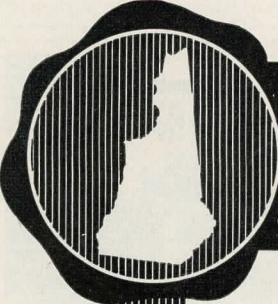
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# — Profiles

## BOOKSHELF

HARK! A SONG  
 by Frank P. Fletcher  
 Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston  
 103 pages. Price \$2.50.

A most worthwhile book of verse, which has just come to this column's attention, is "Hark! A Song" by Frank P. Fletcher of 46 Pine Street, Laconia. Dealing almost entirely with the countryside of the author's native New Hampshire, the book was published a year or so ago. Its poems most adequately describe such simple pleasures as blackberrying and fishing, while seasonal landscapes and poems dedicated to the sea and the mountains make it particularly appealing to those who love the Granite State.

The sounds and sights which herald that illusive season called Spring are noted in Mr. Fletcher's "Early Spring Chorus" . . .

There stretched a bleak and winding road,  
 In which frost-heaves and mud-holes showed:  
 Nor bloom nor leaf within eye-shot,  
 Earth kept the script of winter's code.

We jogged along as wise cars ought  
 Till, from a wayside swampy plot,  
 Burst such a sound of serenade  
 As rooted us to that lone spot:

Notes shrill and wild, notes unafraid,  
 As piccolo or flute e'er played;  
 Each bearing the exultant ring  
 Of gladness full and long delayed.

A finger found our own heart-string:  
 Each bond to earth became a wing.  
 In chorus with abandon sing  
 The frogs — bold harbingers of spring.

The author is a Methodist minister in the New Hampshire Conference. His long pastorates in regions of great scenic beauty have obviously influenced his writings, which are set forth in refreshing variety of metrical forms. Here indeed is an ideal book to be added to the collection of those who like to preserve favorite New Hampshire customs and places in verse.

THE RETURN TO MORALITY by Senator Charles W. Tobey.  
 Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y.  
 123 Pages; Price, \$2.00

With the characteristic frankness which so impressed millions of television viewers during the Senate crime investigations, New Hampshire's Senator Tobey presents in this book a blasting indictment of the present corrupt morals of this country. Obviously aroused and disturbed by what he has seen, he searches deeply into the mire of racketeering and shady politics, finding their causes and proposing a solution which seems to him the only way out.

Senator Tobey takes his reader on a guided tour across the nation, drawing from the records of the Crime Investigation Committee on which he served so prominently to paint a picture of the sordid undercurrent of shame and disgrace which today typifies many of our cities. Greed and a complete lack of moral scruples, he points out, are the sole cause of this condition; but it is public apathy which has enabled them to reach their present scope.

The Senator's prescription for a healthy nation is well summed up in the title which he has given his book: *Return To Morality*. We must, he declares, teach our children proper standards of Christian living; and more important, we must begin to live by these standards ourselves.

Senator Tobey's message is one which most Americans, blind to what goes on outside of the law, should read and remember.

FIELD BOOK OF EASTERN BIRDS  
by Dr. Leon Augustus Hausman  
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City  
659 pages. Price \$3.95

Dr. Leon A. Hausman, a regular contributor to the columns of *NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles*, has long been noted as a standout writer in his field. The reading public has found in his several books and over 500 articles a welcome source of information about American wildlife. His *Eastern Birds*, always a favorite with students of nature, has recently undergone extensive revision, and is now available in its new format to answer the inevitable questions which arise whenever one sights a new bird in his neighborhood.

This latest edition of Dr. Hausman's book offers a new and radically different approach to the problem of identifying the birds which are seen in every ramble through the woods and fields, or often just outside a kitchen window. Jacob Bates Abbott's excellent line drawings of the songster in question are followed immediately by the clearly worded, concise description of the bird's markings, habits, song, habitat and range. Unlike many field journals, this one makes it unnecessary to leaf back and forth through pages to associate picture with description.

Liberal sprinkled with accurate color reproductions of Mr. Abbott's bird paintings, this pocket-sized (5 inches by 7) volume provides an excellent reference for the nature student and bird lover, either for comfortable, easy chair reading or as a handy, easy-to-use field book.

## PROFILES PHOTO CONTEST

*Your favorite picture may win a cash prize*



"Another View of the Cove at Penacook," by Walter Andresen, 41 Penacook St., Penacook, N. H., is this month's Five Dollar winner of *Profiles* Photo Contest.

*NEW HAMPSHIRE Profiles* is interested in the work of amateur photographers and offers Five Dollars each month for the best black and white photo submitted. Why not select *your* best, and send it to *New Hampshire Profiles*, One Pleasant Street, Portsmouth, N. H. None can be returned, and all photos submitted become the property of the magazine.

Seacoast Region



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## FIELD, FOREST and MOUNTAIN

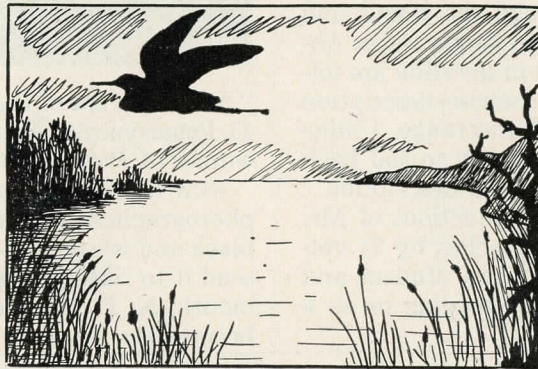


by DR. LEON A. HAUSMAN

Author of Bird Hiking, Birds of Prey, Field Book of Eastern Birds, etc.

One of the nation's most eminent natural history experts, Dr. Leon A. Hausman, again this month presents to *Profiles* readers one of his informative discussions about native New Hampshire birds. Dr. Hausman, the author of many books and several hundred articles about wildlife, will continue in future issues to help us know more about the wild life in his favorite vacation state, New Hampshire.

### The Great Blue Heron

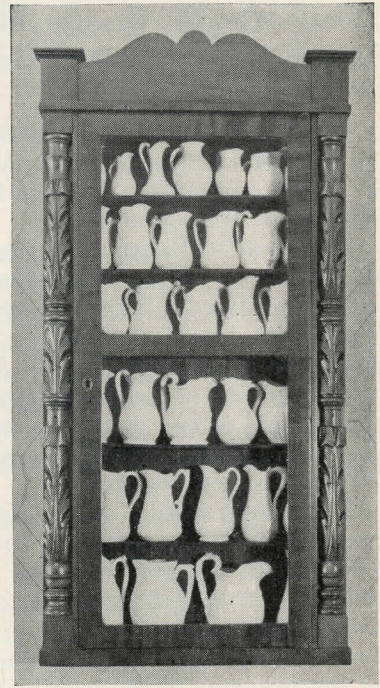


*In gathering dusk, wide o'er the gloaming marsh  
Stalks the great heron; long he patient waits  
His finny prey incautious, 'til at length  
With neck incrooked, from fen and darkling lake  
He plies his slow, majestic, volant way.*

**W**ATCH now for the arrival of one of the most picturesque birds of our countryside, the Great Blue Heron — sometimes misnamed the crane — for this great bird comes to us early. In fact one occasionally sees one in mid-winter where, in some sheltered marsh, open water still prevails. It is a giant among our native birds, standing a full four feet tall as it stretches out to its dignified length. In flight it is even more impressive, its great wings spreading out from five and a half to slightly over six feet. Hence it appears as large in the air as the Bald Eagle, whose wing-spread may reach slightly over seven feet. However, since the male eagles are somewhat smaller than the females, and the male Great Blue Herons are somewhat larger than the females, a male heron may be the equal of the male eagle in respect to flight-size. Moreover the heron's legs are trailed out astern, as shown in our illustration. If it would only "stretch its neck out" as do the true cranes, it would be a sight indeed!

In the full sunlight, and with a brown swamp for a background, the bird is decidedly bluish, but in the evening dusk it takes on a gray, or even blackish hue. One usually sees the bird either passing gracefully overhead in the sunset, or erect and motionless, or crouched at the edge of a shallow pool. Here with bill directed obliquely downward it stands mid-leg deep in the water, and long and patiently awaits the near approach of a tadpole, small fish, salamander, frog, or any convenient aquatic creature. If the bird is on drier ground it is on the watch for a meadow mouse, shrew, mole, toad, snake, or large insect such

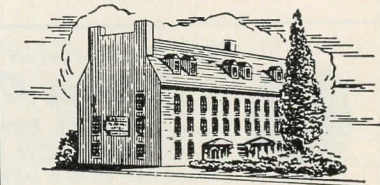
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as a beetle, cricket or grasshopper, for the heron is an omnivorous carnivore and relishes anything it can swallow. When the prey is within striking distance, one lightning thrust of the great beak settles the fate of the victim at once; it is squeezed by the powerful mandibles and swallowed instantly and whole. One can often see the slowly descending bulge in the long neck as the bulky tidbit makes its descent cropwards. This deglutitive swelling is perceptible from a long distance, especially if it is produced by a large bullfrog, and is very amusing and interesting to watch.

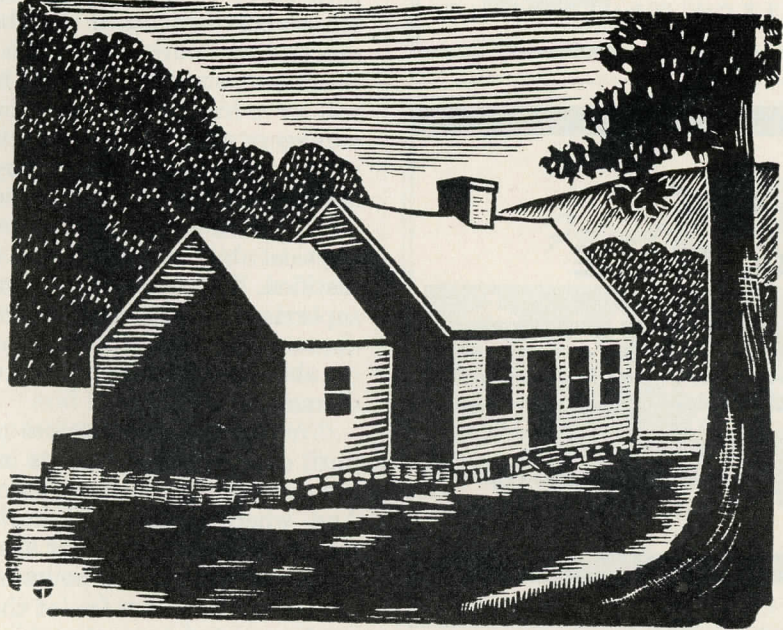
In spite of the fact that herons feed to a considerable extent upon fish, they are not accounted as destructive birds in an economic sense, and very few indeed are the hunters that raise their guns against so picturesque an element in our rural scenery. The flesh of the heron is malodorous and fibrous, nor is there much of it, for although the bird seems so large, it is mostly neck, bill, legs, wings, and feathers; and its meagre body, denuded of its plumage, weighs only about seven or eight pounds.

Great Blue Herons, though solitary birds in their fishing, are not so in their breeding and communal life, for they nest in colonies, known as heronries, making their bulky nests of sticks close together near the tops of trees, usually in wooded swamps. Heronries are sometimes located as many as ten or twenty miles from their owners' fishing grounds.

The back, wings, and tail of the bird are bluish gray; the sides of the head and neck are white; the neck brown; the underparts whitish streaked with darker; the bill is yellow and the legs black.

Other names of the Great Blue Heron are: Crane, Gray Crane, Blue Crane, Red Shouldered Heron, and Big Blue Heron.

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**DANIEL WEBSTER BIRTHPLACE**

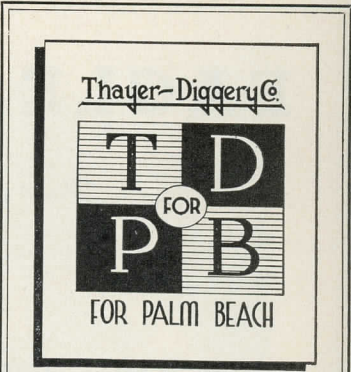


This drawing of the Daniel Webster house, is the second in a series by H. E. Thompson whose work is becoming increasingly known in New Hampshire, among those who admire wood engravings, through his sketches for stationery and greeting cards.

**T**HIS landmark is about two miles west of the city of Franklin on the "North Road" leading from the Daniel Webster Highway to Route #4. It is a two-room cabin constructed around a central chimney and shaded by an old elm tree. The road passes back of the house so the place faces a stretch of woodland, and a brook flows nearby.

The house contains only a few Webster mementoes. A fireplace in the kitchen has the usual pots and pans, also a small Dutch oven, while the lean-to served as a stable.

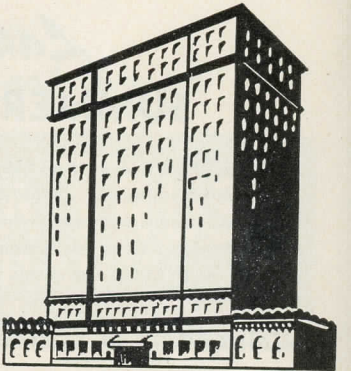
Webster's father replaced a log cabin with a frame house of which the main section of the present building is a part, and it was here Daniel was born in January 1782.



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## "Batter Up"

(Continued from page 35)

young to stand up under the stress and strain of tournament competition."

Commissioner Stotz helped calm the fears of parents, which naturally were aroused by the attacks on the movement, when he told this writer that the critics had no evidence to substantiate their claims that the program was more detrimental than helpful. "We do have contrary evidence," the national commissioner said, "to prove that, on the basis of reports of parents of boys engaged in Little League competition there have been no detrimental effects, either physically or emotionally." Sports writers, officials of the program and other interested parties promptly came to the rescue of the program and the commotion soon died down.

This writer was one of the many sports scribes in New Hampshire who rushed to the aid of Carl Stotz and his fascinating program when he wrote in part as follows:

"It is hard to understand how anyone can criticize a venture that is providing modern-day youngsters with undreamed-of opportunities for healthy and active competition in a well-organized league.

"To the critics of the program, may we offer this contention: That boys will be boys and will certainly play their share of the national pastime, whether it is organized or not. And it seems to us that boys in the 9 to 12 age bracket certainly are much better off playing under the careful supervision and scrutiny of men who love the sport than in romping around sandlots and never quite learning what the game is all about.

"As far as emotional stress is concerned, there is no more of it in Little League competition than there is in the grammar school tournaments in baseball, basketball, track and other sports now flourishing in this state. A young boy can find in these contests the clean and healthy spirit of competition that will serve him in good stead later in life. As Stotz puts it: 'The managers often get more excited than the boys.' And he says it is not uncommon to find boys reading comic books and relaxing comfortably in the midst of an exciting tournament.

"If the rules of the league were not within the bounds of the physical abilities of the boys, criticism of the activity might be justified. But where the boys who play their baseball in unsupervised sandlot encounters usually roam around the same diamonds as their older brothers, Little League youngsters play on abbreviated fields, only two-thirds the size of the regular diamonds.

"Where some youngsters play in pickup games from dawn until dusk, the participants in this amazingly popular program are restricted to only two games a week in regular competition. And where junior-sized hurlers on the unorganized sandlot teams can twirl until their arms drop off, Little League pitchers must have at least 60 hours of rest between games.

"These are but a few of the strict and well-planned rules of the league, but to us they are indicative of the extreme caution taken by the organizers to eliminate any of the hazards of the game."

Little League baseball has also been subjected to similar attacks in other sections of the country, but has always weathered the storm.

Carl Stotz readily admits that his initial efforts were modest. He wanted to provide recreation for his two nephews, so he started the first Little League. The first games were played on a scratch lot in Williamsport, but soon the enthusiasm for kids' baseball reached such a high point that Stotz found it necessary to primp the field and provide seats for the ever-increasing number of spectators. The program eventually spread to 38 states and six other nations and territorial possessions.

Stotz' brainchild has accomplished many things. Mainly, it has taken thousands of youngsters off the streets and placed



them under the watchful eyes of carefully selected tutors. And it has given the kids of this generation an opportunity most of their fathers never had or dreamed of in their own boyhood days.

The youngsters who participate in the Little League program are dead serious about their favorite pastime and their insistence on following the practices of their major league counterparts sometimes provokes a laugh or two.

During the 1951 season, one team had used up its supply of hurlers before the booming bats of the opposition and had to call upon an untested nine-year-old to take the mound.

The young hurler, who hadn't the slightest idea of the pitching signals, coolly strode to the mound, tossed in a couple of warmup pitches and signified to the umpire that he was ready to begin.

Although the catcher gave no signals, the youngster kept shaking his head authoritatively before each pitch.

Overcome by curiosity and perturbed by the unnecessary delay, the catcher finally yelled impatiently to the moundsman:

"What do you keep shaking your head for — I haven't given you any signals!"

"I know," the pitcher replied. "But that's the way they do it on television!" ★

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## African Violets

(Continued from page 24)

or pull the plants apart, but you are apt to get a more even division of roots by tearing them apart and then teasing the roots apart gently with your fingers. Pot up the new plants loosely, and don't pack the dirt around them. The roots need a loose soil to penetrate easily. A little powdered charcoal around the stem helps to prevent infection at the cut surface but isn't necessary.

Leaves are easy to start. The simplest method is to take a wide mouthed glass jar such as one used for commercially canned fruit. Put about a half inch of leaf mold in the bottom and an inch of either coarse sand or fine vermiculite on top of this. Sprinkle with water until it is uniformly moist but not wet. Cut those leaves that are still growing with a stem about an inch long; the oldest and largest are not the best. Insert the leaf in the sand or vermiculite until the petiole rests on the rooting medium. Put the cover tightly on the jar, stand the jar out of the sun in a temperature around 70 and forget it. If the top of the jar is tight, the cutting won't need water or attention until the new plant is an inch high and ready to pot up in a 2-inch pot. It may take a month or six months depending on the time of year. Spring is the best.

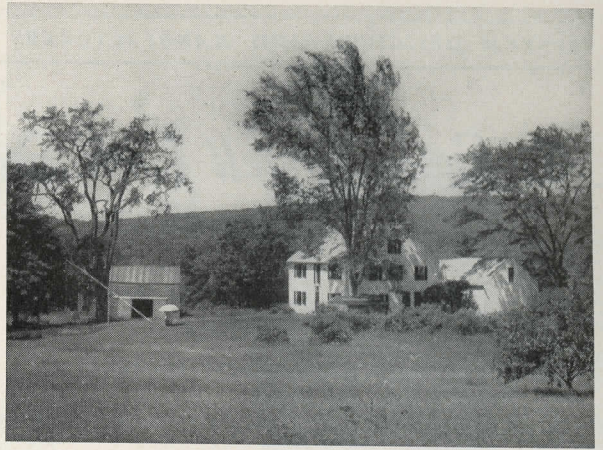
African Violets are fun. Don't try to start with the newest varieties; they are more expensive and no better than many of the older ones. Don't be disappointed if the "red" African Violet turns out to be a plum color. The old stand-by, Blue Boy, is always good, and there are good clear pinks and whites that are really lovely. Try one and if you succeed, you will surely want more. ★

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## Absence

Absence is to love  
What wind is to fire.  
It puts out the little;  
It kindles the great.

— Bussy-Rabutin



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## Friend of Thousands

(Continued from page 31)

called Red Brick House, and is run in cooperation with her sister, Helen Destamps. Here guests can sample both her cooking and farming talents, for Red Brick House nurtures a healthy Salad Garden plus several Fruit Patches. Fresh vegetables, eggs, and poultry served at Connie's come from the farm of another of Connie's sisters, Louise Spies who, with her husband, Art, have also settled in Meredith. Another feature enjoyed by Connie's guests is the opportunity to watch and participate in Connie's summer broadcasts, for, as listeners to "The Connie Stackpole Show" know, these broadcasts originate right from the living room of Red Brick House.

Just as Connie's radio career has seen many changes through the years, so has Red Brick House. In 1946, when Connie bought it, it was known as the Mead farm, and, as has happened to many family farms, left without families to farm them, was in the process of being reclaimed by the earth and the elements.

With imagination and a lot of hard work, the farm has been restored to its original beauty and has been modernized for present-day enjoyment. Now Red Brick House comfortably cares for 10 guests who dine in a gracious rustic room that was once a woodshed, and play cards, read or write in a spacious book-and-window-walled ell where in days past, believe it or not, chickens cackled and pigs grunted. This ell, or playroom, opens onto a grassy terrace filled with sun chairs and garden furniture and bordered with perennial flowers and shrubs — a charming spot where once was the horse barn.

An old milk house received a coat of white paint, a flight of cranberry red stairs, and pieces of mellow antique furniture to become Connie's bedroom and study. Sister Helen with a paint brush and a bolt of gay plaid gingham transformed the tractor shed into her own bedroom and office.

Two electric stoves, one in the regular kitchen and one in the summer kitchen, make cooking, the specialty of the house, both easy and a joy. The deep freeze and commercial refrigerator hold delectable out-of-season surprises plus the means of providing for unexpected guests and friends. Fireplaces, once closed, are now open, and warmth and hospitality, good food and good friends are the keywords of Red Brick House.

No story of a woman broadcaster or of a guest house would be complete without including the favorite menu of the personality or the specialty of the house. In this case, they are the same, and may be listed under the heading of "Saturday Night Supper". Connie laces the conventional New England favorites with Continental flourishes and comes up with this unbeatable combination:

### SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Tomato Aspic garnished with parsley and lemon slivers  
Baked beans simmering in a molasses, onion, mustard,  
and herb sauce

German frankforts Assorted cold cuts

Tossed green salad with french dressing

Hot Brown Bread with fresh country butter

Homemade relishes

Spiced peaches

Gingerbread with whipped cream

Coffee

Thus it is that whether creating a home, a meal, or a radio program, Connie's first thought is to make things enjoyable for others. This she does to perfection. It is small wonder that she has become the "friend of thousands." ★

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### Definition of Poetry

. . . Poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to be able to utter the truth. —  
Matthew Arnold

My name is Doris

My name is Doris. I am four. I can't talk too well. I can't walk too well, either. But I can smile. Because New Hampshire folks are trying to help me find a new life. These people are buying Easter Seals like those I will be sending you by mail. These tiny Easter Seals are so little in themselves but mean so much. All the money you send keeps the Society able to help me and all the folks like me. Won't you buy some of these pretty 1952 Seals, too? Please?

Doris Desrosiers  
Nashua, N. H.  
Easter Seal Girl for 1952



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