



You can see for yourself that this golf course is surrounded by mountains that seem to command you by their beauty to "lift your eyes unto the hills." That is fatal. You can't expect to make a good score if you don't keep your head down. But what does the score matter, any way, when one can stroll about such a course as this!

The New Hampshire Troubadour

comes to you every month, singing the praises of New Hampshire, a state whose beauty and opportunities may tempt you to come and share those good things that make life here so delightful. It is sent to you by the New Hampshire State Development Commission, Donald D. Tuttle, Executive Secretary, Concord, N. H.

Edited by Thomas Dreier



VOL. 1

AUGUST, 1931

NO. 5

Why Covered Bridges in New England?

COVERED wooden bridges in New Hampshire are disappearing one by one. There are, however, a number left to remind us of the past.

Many of our visitors ask, "Why are these bridges covered?"

The answer is, "Because of their peculiar position and structure, it was necessary to protect the wooden construction from the ravages of the weather."

"It is probable," says John S. Barrows, "that the average traveler in passing through one of the now vanishing bridges gives little or no study to the peculiarities of construction, which really is very simple, but yet very scientific and practical; for the whole structure is a complete truss, so carefully interwoven are the timbers of the sides. Each 'bay'

or space between the perpendicular timbers includes a truss of crossed timbers, which not only are mortised into each other where they cross, but are mortised into the uprights as well. This construction gives great stiffness, with perfect mutual support. Above and below these trussed timbers are horizontal timbers on each side of the trusses and bolted into both uprights and trusses, adding more strength and stiffness. The two sides are connected by floor timbers, on which the planking is laid at an angle of 45 degrees, which furnishes more stiffness, so that a New England covered bridge of wooden construction is the embodiment of strength and stiffness, without other support under the spans. The distance between abutments and piers is variable, but may be fifty or sixty feet, so reliable is the construction.

“While the flooring does not extend to the walls, it leaves a space that provides drainage, so that the timbers and planking may be kept as dry as possible, adding thereby to the longevity of the structure.

“But why the roof? When such a building is so perfectly drained, why worry about roofing?”

“Because the ends of all upright timbers and truss-braces are exposed, and unless safely covered would drain the moisture into the timbers, and rapid decay would follow. The roof is of light construction; small timbers, rafters and purlines; and in former years the shingles were long, clapboard-shaped;



At Hampton Beach there is, as the picture tells you, all the soft sand you want when you go for a sunbath. Back of you are the hotels and amusement places, and down in front is the tempting ocean for those who take their bathing seriously and combine it with strenuous exercise

hand-riven, and laid in alternating courses to increase the strength, by safety from winds. So open is the structure of a bridge, that it is rarely unroofed by gales.

“Inasmuch as the bridge has no ‘underpinning’ except its own trussing, there is no need of considering such necessity of protection; the roof protects everything, even the tops of the piers and abutments, which are very dry at all times.”



In a review of a recent novel about New York people, it is described as glittering “with hard polished surfaces, and keyed to the frantic pace of

people urged on always to keep enough ahead of themselves to avoid awkward and disturbing encounters with these selves." It is to escape from that sort of living that more and more men and women, tired of being sophisticates, are turning to quiet country homes. Sick of artificiality, they find reality in unspoiled villages or farms. They find that there is more fun in greeting the sun after a good night's sleep than after an all-night party.

Why?

By Agnes Barney Young

DANGLING from the bill of the mythical stork, I came to New Hampshire because my great-grandmother, ninety-seven years before (then a child of twelve, bringing her younger sister on the saddle) threaded her way over the marked-tree trail from Windham, Conn., to settle in Washington, N. H., the first town in New Hampshire to be named for General Washington.

I have stayed because her descendants taught me the inspiration of lofty peaks, peace of "sunny meadows," companionship of trees and flowers, the unrivaled melody of pasture brooks and robin-born songs.

Transiently, I have stood on a Western prairie while memory painted flaming sunsets above Cho-

corua. Again, I have listened to the awesome voice of Niagara while memory played the mountain music of Glen Ellis Falls.

I love the majesty of open spaces, the tawny water-plumes of the cataracts; but dearer the "Home Sweet Home" of New Hampshire hills. So here I shall remain, though only dust, as long as a grassy plat under a spreading maple smiles back at Lovewell's height.

Of Course We Enjoy Getting Letters

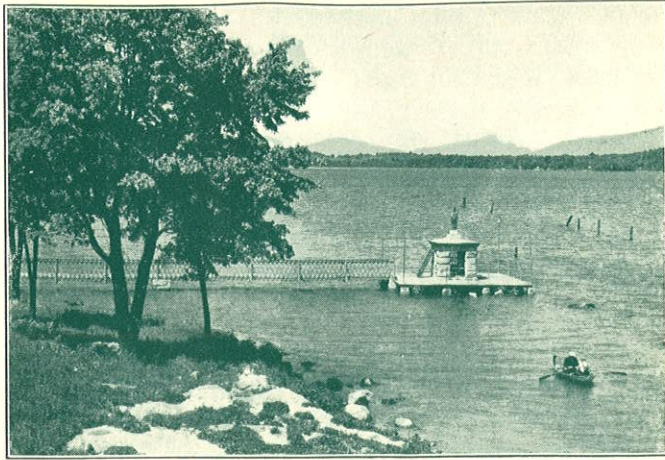
As we have told you before, this monthly is really nothing more than a somewhat intimate letter to you. So why not write back?

Tell us something about your own adventures in simple, rich living. Ask us questions about New Hampshire. Share with us some of your own dreams. Possibly you have stories or poems you would like to share with our readers.

Think of yourself as a partner in a rather delightful neighborhood enterprise.



Those who thoughtlessly tell us we have no troubadours in New Hampshire evidently have forgotten Billy B. Van. Of course he is now listed in the directory as the manufacturer of Pine Tree Products at Newport, N. H. He is one of our most strenuous



Right at The Weirs you can board the steamer Mount Washington for a trip around Lake Winnepesaukee, with stops at all the main ports. You may lunch at The Weirs or on the boat itself. Mountains will tower up all around you, and you will continually look out upon islands that will invite you to linger

business builders. But what of the entertainments Billy has been putting on all over the country? They are called lectures. In reality they are shows. Billy sends them home laughing. This old-time stage star is a whole troupe of troubadours all by himself.



A woman living in one of those palatial apartments on Fifth Avenue was asked how she liked her new home. "It is all right," she answered, without any enthusiasm. "What I would like is to get hold

of an old barn up country and remodel it." The national magazines that feature luxurious living in the country have been printing many articles about remodeling barns. Some splendid barns, the frames of timbers hewn by hand and held together by wooden pegs, are to be found here in New England.

So Why Not Be Content?

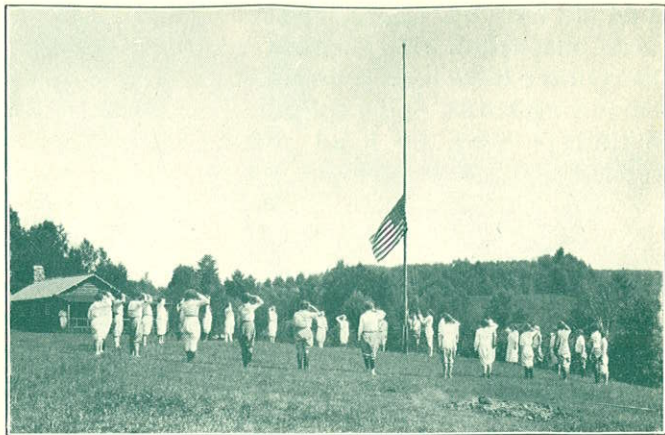
WHAT would you do if you had a million dollars?" is a question that is asked a million times a year by a million different men and women.

"Oh," replied one man, "I suppose I'd spend most of the time comparing myself with some one who had a billion and feeling discontented."

Those of us who have sense learn to find our happiness and contentment in our thought and emotions, not in material things. We've all learned that the man who has two million dollars isn't twice as happy as the man who has to struggle along on one million.



When one has planted two dozen hemlocks, spruces and one lone pine, and it looks as if the sunny weather would continue indefinitely, what a heavenly sound is that of a pelting rain? There is what one can call a gift straight from the gods! One is freed from carrying dozens and dozens of pails of water from the brook. God bless rain!



High up in the hills are camps where both boys and girls salute their country's flag — and learn daily how to become better and more useful citizens. In these camps children of all ages are strengthened in mind and body

Properly to enjoy your motor trip this summer it would be well to have as companions those who are not too sophisticated. "To make a trip perfect," wrote Christopher Morley one time, after he had taken his family to the mountains, "you need the simplicity of the very lowly, who are gratified with whatever they find."

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The Republican Party Named in New Hampshire

By Miriam Phillips Lawrence

A BRONZE tablet recently placed on the Squamscott Hotel, Exeter, N. H., reads, "On this site the Republican Party was first so named by Hon. Amos Tuck, Oct. 12, 1853."

As a great leader Amos Tuck conferred lasting distinction on the State of New Hampshire in the history of the nation, by being the earliest champion in the cause of human freedom, and by giving the name "Republican" to the forces gathered to resist slavery.

An informal meeting was held at Major Blake's Hotel (now the Squamscott Hotel) on October 12, 1853, and Mr. Tuck suggested the name "Republican" to be given to the new party. This was several months before the mass meeting at Ripon, Wisconsin, at which the same name was adopted.

Amos Tuck, who was the father of Edward Tuck of Paris, was a gentleman of noble, dignified presence and courtly manners. Edward Tuck, who was born at Exeter, N. H., is well known on two continents for his noble philanthropy. He is a benefactor of Dartmouth, the Amos Tuck School of Administration of Finance, named in honor of his father, having been given by him. Mr. and the late Mrs. Tuck made



Certainly here the breaking waves are dashing high on the stern and rockbound coast. There is a thrill in watching the ocean warring with the land. Perhaps right around the point there is a quiet beach with a sandy shore. New Hampshire's seacoast offers variety

occasional visits to this country and were present at the dedication of the Historical Society Building at Concord, N. H., also the gift of Edward Tuck. Besides a residence in Paris, Mr. Tuck owns a beautiful summer home, "Malmaison."

The famous art treasures belonging to Mr. Tuck now occupy a wing at the Petit Palais in Paris.



You Can Eat Off This Bridge

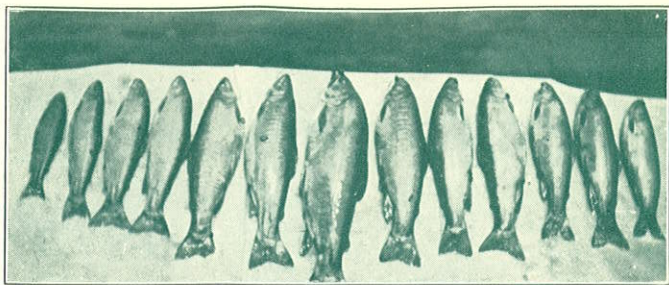
WE ARE talking about the covered bridge on our front cover. Dartmouth men will recognize it. They have been passing over it for generations. Their sons will continue to use it. It is part of the Dartmouth tradition.

Our thanks go to Edward Leech for the use of the drawing. As a Dartmouth graduate he has found special pleasure in helping create a set of twelve dinner plates, each with a different Dartmouth scene. You understand now what we mean by our heading.

A letter addressed to Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. will bring you detailed information about this special set of plates.



"We were rested by that curious peace that comes from close contact with domestic animals." That is a sentence in an article by Oliver La Farge who with his wife and some friends had spent a week-end in the country. Others, having found that same kind of peace in the same way, are living on farms, even though their chief business may be in the city. The farm life of today keeps what was good of the old and adds what is good of the new.



No, sir, these didn't get away! In the brook where the editor lives and works most of the time a guest caught 54 over one week-end — big ones, too. How good they tasted!

There are advantages in leading a double life. Those who spend their winters in the city are in some ways better fitted properly to appreciate the satisfactions of simple summer life in the country. Many a Park Avenue apartment dweller finds many a thrill in some colonial farm-house up here in the New Hampshire hills. The hired man in overalls or khaki pleases them more than any uniformed doorman, and there is more fun running down to the village in the old station wagon than in stepping into a limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur.



Elsewhere in this number is a little article by Agnes Barney Young, 20 Lyndon Street, Con-

cord. It was written because we asked our readers to tell us why they live in New Hampshire. Why did *you* come to this state? Why do you stay here? We welcome letters.



Garth Cate of Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* calls *The N. H. Troubadour* "an unduplicable pippin." What do you call it?



In the dining room of the residence of Dr. J. M. Faulkner in Boston, the walls are decorated with paintings of New Hampshire scenes, done by Richard Bassett of New York. The fireplace came from an old house in Peterborough. Dr. Faulkner is a native of the

Granite State, and, if he can't live here all the time now, he can at least have New Hampshire scenery to look at when he is eating in his own dining room.



Our New Hampshire banks will loan you money to help you develop a home in our state.



Crawford Notch is one of the scenic treats of the White Mountain region. The Notch is fifteen miles long, and railroad tracks are built on the shelf-like embankment, away up on the side of the mountain range.



"Golf" is one of the most attractive booklets we issue. It not only gives definite information about New Hampshire golf courses, but there are two attractive pictures on every page.



In the pocket in your car carrying your maps you really should have a copy of "Summer in New England," the 56-page Boston & Maine publication. Among other things it offers you a list of nearly 200 golf courses in Maine, Ver-

mont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. It also lists 2,000 hotels, cottages, farmhouses and summer camps.



Unless you are keeping a file of them, please pass your *Troubadours* on to your friends.



The Summit House at the top of Mt. Washington has accommodations for a reasonable number of overnight visitors. Henry Teague, a graduate of good old Dartmouth, is just about the busiest landlord in New Hampshire this summer. He's the boss of both the hotel and the cog-wheel railway. If you want to experience real, wild, mountain weather, it's quite possible that you'll have your wish fulfilled when you visit the summit. Half an hour later, though, you may find yourself standing in the blazing sunshine looking out upon a sea of mountain peaks.



If it's boating and swimming you want, surely you can find all you want of both in New Hampshire's 470 fine lakes and ponds of all sizes. They offer you 310 square miles of water.

THE RIDDLE

By Barbara Young

One day at dusk, being weary of myself
And all my books and friends, and all my
goods,

I fled away and went into the woods
And lay at length under a rocky shelf
Whereon the moss was growing. And my
gaze

Turned to the dark pines branching over-
head.

The good brown earth was like a homely
bed

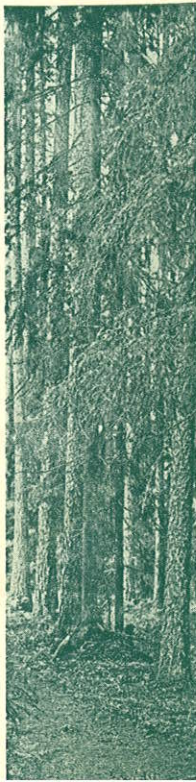
To a worn man who's wandered many
days.

And I made comrade of the quiet trees,
Feeling their green tranquillity. And I
Was shaken in my weariness to cry
Upon them out of my perplexities:
"What shall I do when I have found no
man

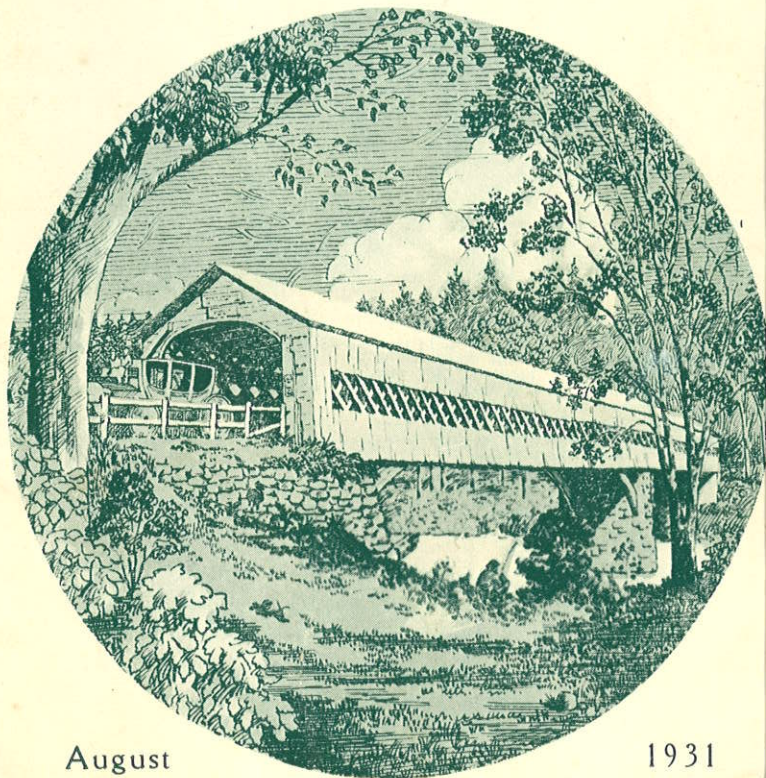
Of such vast wisdom as to answer me
This riddle touching Immortality,
Which was millenniums old when I
began?"

Then in the gray twilighted wood I heard
Roots call to stars. And suddenly I knew
That life is measureless, and some heaven
true.

And I was no more troubled by a word.



THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR



August

1931