

# Center for The Arts' 2019 Winter Performing Arts Series

## Performances in March and April

### Press release

The Center for the Arts Winter Performing Arts Series has two more events planned in March and April.

Enjoy an A Cappella Concert with The New Hampshire Troubadours on Sunday, March 10 at 2 PM at Whipple Hall, 25 Seamans Road, New London NH. Founded and directed by Susan Cancio-Bello members include: David Almond (bass), New London, Linda Barnes (soprano), Salisbury, Susan Cancio-Bello (soprano) Sunapee, Carol Foss (tenor), New London, Jonathan Fowler (tenor), New London, Elizabeth Howell (alto), South Sutton, Molly Kidane (alto), New London, Laura McCoy (soprano), Newport, Knick Moschella (bass), Enfield, Dave Munn (bass), Sunapee, Nina Rogers (alto),

New London, Judy Thackaberry (soprano), Sunapee, and Kendra West-Senor (alto), Warner.

The final performance in the series happens on April 27 at 7 PM and features the old time music of the Bradford Bog People. Often aired on NHPR, they present mostly traditional acoustic music from the Appalachian Mountains on banjo, fiddle, and guitar. Enjoy these beautiful harmonies along with some clogging as well. Members include; Beth Eldridge: fiddle, guitar, vocals; Tii McLane: banjo, fiddle, guitar, vocals; and Woody Pringle: banjo and mandolin. This performance will take place in Warner, at the Warner Town Hall.

Tickets for all the performances can be purchased at Morgan Hill Bookstore and Tatewell Gallery in New London, or online at [www.CenterForTheArtsNH.org](http://www.CenterForTheArtsNH.org).

## Memoir from page 25

a Model A Ford, a tin Lizzie, as they were called. (When my brother came for his summer vacation he took my cousin Kaye and me for a learn-to-drive ride in our baseball field across the street. Kaye remembers it vividly.)

Marilyn worked for Mr. Frank Poblentz, the local photographer. This was before color prints, and Marilyn's job was to colorize photos using a form of oil paint that was almost transparent and didn't cover the photo but lightly stained it to show skin, eyes, lips, hair and clothing in it's actual state. It was painstaking work and Marilyn excelled at it. Marilyn also had a side hobby. Dad would cut down a White Birch tree about 4-5 inches in diameter. He would cut the trunks up diagonally so they would be an elongated oval about 3/4 in. thick and 4x6 in. width and length. These would dry, be sanded smooth, and then she would



Marilyn's "Tin Lizzie" parked at the "Red Shingle."

room and new teacher. Dad had been trying to find work and it was proving difficult. The money from the sale of their home in Illinois had run low and the diner didn't make enough as the cold weather set in. If you didn't have a business of your own or a relative who would hire you, jobs were few and far between. I don't know how but he finally found a job, driving a truck out of Elmira, NY. Mom and Marilyn still ran the diner and dad appeared every few

weeks when his job brought him to the area. I remember one time, he had called and said he would be home that evening. The hours passed and mom really began to worry. Every time she looked at a clock her fear increased. I went around turning the clocks around so she couldn't see them, hoping that if she didn't see the time she wouldn't worry. She noticed but didn't say anything to me, and finally dad came. I don't remember what kept him, we were so happy he was there.



Andover photographer Frank Poblentz (right) and son Robert are photographed while taking a photograph about 1950.

paint hunting dogs, bass, pickerel or any theme to do with the outdoor sports that were so loved by the people of this part of the country. After painting she would seal the wood and paint with, I think, Shellac. It wouldn't surprise me at all if there are some of them still hanging on walls in the area.

Marilyn also remembers a time when she and her friends camped overnight on top of Mt Kearsarge. Mr. Thompson had driven them up to the halfway parking/picnic area along with food and bedding. They would climb to the top to sleep and come down in the morning to the halfway point where Mr. Thompson would come up with breakfast and take them back home. Marilyn remembers waking early and finding the top in bright sunlight and the entire world below them enveloped in fog, like they were on top of a cloud. Because the top of Kearsarge was the tallest peak in the area she felt like she was the only person there. As she watched, the fog slowly evaporated from the top down. Slowly, other mountain tops were revealed, like islands in a sea of white. Finally, the brilliant warmth of the sun dissipated the fog and the world returned to normal. That memory is as clear today as it was the day it was made

The next fall and winter came and I was now in fourth grade with a new

That was a long and cold winter. One morning mom took a call—there was to be no school that day. The actual temperature was -38 degrees; it was not windchill or any other thing they announce today making it seem colder than it actually is. It was 70 degrees below freezing! We did not have insulated anything to wear and the temperature was truly life threatening. I was not allowed to go out all day even though the sun was brilliant. I contented myself to drawing with my fingernail in the 1/4" of rime frost growing inside our windows.

As the winter eased into maple sugaring time we were invited to the Frost home for a hot syrup throwing party. There is a name for it but I don't remember what it is. Mom stayed with the diner and Marilyn took me to the party. Tim and I went to search in the woods for really clean snow, not easy in March. We carried a shallow, steel wash tub and when we found clean snow we scooped it up, moving from pile to pile until the tub was half full. We placed the tub next to a fire where the syrup was hot. A ladle of some sort was used to scoop up the hot syrup and it was thrown onto the bed of snow. It would freeze instantly, forming a lacy, thin filigree of solid maple syrup. Delightful to either lick or crunch, which ever way

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