



Dublin Historical Society

DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03444 • FOUNDED 1920

Newsletter No. 10 - October, 1988

HILDRETH M. ALLISON ISSUE

This issue of the newsletter is dedicated to Hildreth Mason Allison, senior member and Historian of the Dublin Historical Society, in grateful recognition of his generosity and service to the Society over sixty-odd years, and in honor of his 92nd birthday on October 1.



Hildreth Allison delivering the address at the Dublin Bicentennial
August 20, 1952

In the 1920's and 30's, Mr. Allison gave many of the objects in the old school house collection. More recently, he has given to the Society's archives copies of over ninety articles, essays and short stories written by him between 1930 and last year, many of which were published in *New Hampshire Profiles*, *Historical New Hampshire* and other periodicals. These are in addition to the manuscript of his book of reminiscences, So Well Remembered and his collected poems, Ornaments of Rhyme.

With his gracious permission, one of his previously unpublished Dublin stories, "Archibald and the Colonel", is included in this issue of the newsletter.

SCHOOLHOUSE CLEAN-UP DAY ON OCT. 22

A fall cleanup day has been scheduled for Saturday, October 22, from 10 a.m. to noon at the schoolhouse on Main Street. Lots of work needs to be done, both indoors and out, so please join us!

Bring a rake, or if you prefer to work inside, just show up and Linda Bastedo will give you a task. She plans to get some cataloguing and photography accomplished.

- L.S.

**NEXT MEETING NOV. 9
TOPIC IS P.O.W.'s IN N.H.**

The Society's regular quarterly meeting will be held on Wednesday, November 9, at 7:30 p.m. in the Louise Shonk Kelly Recital Hall at the Dublin School.

The speaker will be Allen Koop, Professor of History at Colby-Sawyer and Dartmouth Colleges, whose topic will be "New Hampshire's German POW Camp". The camp, in New Hampshire's North Country, held 300 German prisoners during World War II.

**HIGHLIGHTS OF THE
ANNUAL MEETING**

Despite some last-minute doubts on the part of the organizers as to how many members of a volunteer organization would show up at breakfast time, the Society's Annual Meeting on September 10 drew 39 members, and kept the cooks busy making more French toast and sausages than had been planned for. Grateful thanks to Pat and Mary Ann Egan for putting on a delicious breakfast.

In recognition of the many years during which they have voluntarily maintained the grounds around the old schoolhouse, Glenn and Helen Scribner were elected honorary members of the Society.

The President also thanked Hildreth Allison, who was present, for the many gifts he has made to the Society over the years, and particularly for the collection of his writings which he has recently given to the Society's archives. She presented him with a new copy of the 1920 Town history, to replace his annotated and corrected copy, which he has given to the Society.

In the business part of the meeting, Patrick Egan, John Harris, Parker Leighton and Sharron Monaghan were elected Trustees for three-year terms. Bill Bauhan was elected the two-year balance of Pat Walker's term, Pat having resigned as a Trustee.

Officers elected for the next twelve months were:

Lucy Shonk, President; Sharron Monaghan, Vice-President; and Patrick Egan, Treasurer. At their meeting following the annual meeting, the Trustees elected John Harris as Secretary and Archivist and Linda Bastedo as Curator.

HILDRETH M. ALLISON
A Biographical Sketch

Hildreth Mason Allison was born on October 1, 1896 (not, as the Town History has it, 1897), the eldest child of Henry Darracott and Florence Gowing Mason Allison. He prepared for college at Keene High School ('14) and Phillips Exeter Academy ('15). He entered Dartmouth with the Class of '19, but left in 1918 to volunteer for military service. He was discharged early in 1919, and by taking extra courses was able to graduate with his class in June of that year, being elected Class Poet.

After graduation, Mr. Allison returned to Dublin, where he was associated with his father in the Allison store and real estate agency. He served as a selectman of Dublin from 1931 to 1934.

There is no record of exactly when Mr. Allison joined the Historical Society. It is known, however, that he was a member by 1922, since the minutes record that he read a sonnet as part of the program at the August meeting of that year. In 1930, Mr. Allison was elected Historian of the Society. Since no successor has ever been elected to that office, it is clear that he still holds it.

From 1930 to 1936, he served as Secretary of the Historical Society. On the revival of the Society in 1986, he was elected to honorary membership. Throughout his long life, Mr. Allison has been a prolific writer of both verse and prose, the latter mainly on historical topics.

During World War II, he moved to Hingham, Mass., for a war-related job as a rate setter at the shipyard there. After the war he entered the Civil Service, serving at the Veteran's Administration in Washington, D.C., from 1948 to 1966. During that time he earned a Master's degree in History from American University.

Mr Allison returned to Dublin to give the principal address at the Bicentennial celebration in 1952 (see photograph).

After retirement from the Veteran's Administration, he stayed on in Washington for another dozen years, working for most of that time at the American Security and Trust Bank. In 1980, he moved to Keene, and in 1988 to Peterborough, where he now lives.

- J.W.H.

ARCHIBALD AND THE COLONEL

by Hildreth M. Allison

Dr. Joel Goldthwait's family was going abroad that summer, which accounts for our taking the goat. The goat, whom we knew as Archibald, belonged to the Goldthwait children, and a most ornery and malignant tool of Satan he turned out to be. Regarding his lineage and antecedents I know not, but he appeared to be descended from a lengthy line of scapegoats upon whose heads had been visited the collective sins of countless generations.

Bleary-eyed and past his prime, he was nevertheless the epitome of perversity, evil intention and malice aforethought. Given an inch he would appropriate seven leagues. To him the whole human race was anathema, but he had a special predilection for trying to maim elderly gentlemen with burnsidies or dundreary whiskers. I don't recall, however, his ever venting spleen on a man affecting a Louis Napoleon, a modified version of which he sported himself.

Along with the goat came a sort of rig resembling a miniature racing sulky in which I drove Archibald proudly about, when he was in the mood. That actually wasn't so often. A rugged individualist, he resented being harnessed, and literally used his head with telling effect.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson had built his cottage, "Glimpsewood", in 1890, when Dublin was in its heyday as a summer resort. The Colonel, I knew, had led a regiment during the

late Civil War. I was always glad when he returned in the spring, as it gave me a sense of security. In the event of war, I reasoned, the town under his guidance would be adequately prepared to resist invasion. We had a scattering of Grand Army veterans and a handful of local boys who belonged to the Peterborough Cavalry. With the Colonel in command, our village would be adequately protected.

When I voiced these sentiments to the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, that worthy opined, "Well, everybody admits he was a real soldier once, but t'was forty-six years ago. Now he's feeble an' obsolete an' what he learned about war in '62's outmoded. You got to stay up to the minute in the military, boy." "Feeble, obsolete, outmoded". That was that, for the Chairman of the Board had said it. I became apprehensive about Dublin's military security.

Those were the days of dashing tandems and spanking four-in-hands manned by liveried coachmen and footmen. Horseless carriages were few, and a Columbia or Stanley Steamer that could negotiate the dirt road up Dublin hill without recourse to a pair of perchurons was mentioned in reverential tones. The Colonel, however, lived unpretentiously, with neither car nor carriage. Advancing age had slowed his pace, and it had become difficult for him to walk down to the village for his mail.

That explains why I became the Colonel's post courier at the munificent stipend of a dime a day, driving Archibald from the post office to "Glimpsewood" every afternoon. It was a tedious journey by goat power, but in the course of an hour or so I'd accomplish my mission,

Colonel Higginson himself seldom came to the door, but I recall his figure seen through the study window, bent over manuscripts. The Colonel seemed always to be writing, an incongruous pursuit, I thought, for a military man.

The inevitable conflict between Archibald and the Colonel came about on a late August afternoon when the old gentleman made one of his rare appearances on the piazza to receive his mail in person. His tall, gaunt frame seemed stooped, and his kindly face lined, as he greeted me with his usual benevolent air. Then Archibald perceived the Colonel's "sideboards",

and like a bull maddened by a red flag, he charged up the steps, cart and all. For a brief moment the Colonel appeared flabbergasted; then he appraised and took command of the situation. Seizing the goat by the horns, he forced it down the steps again, twisting its head the while. Man and beast tussled for supremacy, but the Colonel eventually prevailed. Deftly avoiding the goat's lunges, he turned the animal about and headed him in the direction of the village. Archibald appeared cowed and subdued, his fighting spirit broken.

"I don't believe you'll have any trouble with him now," observed the old gentleman firmly; and as we wheeled down the drive he gave me a parting gesture that might have passed for a military salute.

"Feeble, obsolete, outmoded," I reflected, driving down the dusty road towards home. What did the Chairman of the Board know about the fighting spirit of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson? I'd seen the old soldier in action, watched him appraise and deal with a tactical situation.

My wavering faith was restored, along with my personal composure. A man who could handle Archibald as the Colonel had done could certainly cope with any mere hostile invasion. A load was off my mind. I stopped worrying and began to whistle "The Star-Spangled Banner."

[Ed. note: Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823-1911) is now remembered, if at all, as Emily Dickinson's "Dear Preceptor" and as editor and defender of her poems. In his own time, however, he was best known as a brahmin reformer - writer, speaker and activist for a variety of causes, including abolition, women's suffrage, anti- imperialism (in the Phillippines), temperance and reformed spelling.

Ironically, his military career was probably the least of his claims to fame, his single combat mission having ended in disaster.

The Library has two biographies of him. Photographs taken in his later years show the magnificent "sideboard" whiskers that so impressed young Hildreth - and Archibald.]

Dublin Historical Society
Dublin, NH 03444



Bauhan, Mr & Mrs William L.
P.O. Box 158
Dublin, NH 03444