

PAINE PUBLISHING'S Shankhassick Farm in a Box

Welcome to the 18th Summit on the Future of Communications Measurement (and the first ever virtual version of the Summit). For those of you who haven't attended in the past, Shankhassick Farm is both the headquarters of Paine Publishing, LLC, and the farm where my family has lived for the last 114 years. It is located on the banks of the Oyster River, a tidal river that connects Durham, New Hampshire to the sea.

Under "normal" circumstances, your arrival would be announced by Princess Leia, the official guardian and greeter of the farm, and shortly thereafter we'd be walking you down to the dock and telling you're a little about the history of the place. The Summit would traditionally wrap up with a lobster and clam bake, but since these are anything but normal times, and we didn't think Leia or the lobsters would ship very well, we've assembled this "Shankhassick Farm in a Box," which we hope conveys a little of the farm vibe.



Woof! I'm Princess Leia!

While we can't replace the hugs, the lobster slobbers and the smell of corn on the cob and warm apple crisp, we've tried to replicate at least some of the local ambiance that you would normally be enjoying were you here in person.

Inside this box, in addition to lots of information on the speakers and the sponsors, you'll find a sampling of local products to enjoy during our closing cocktail hour. Almost everything we've included were either sourced or made within 25 miles of the farm. The jam and the honey were both produced right here on the farm.

If you were here in person, when you arrived for the opening reception, you would have received a glass of wine and a tour of the farm. Instead we're going to try to simulate that with some of the history and stories you might have heard.

Shankhassick was the original name of the river that runs by the farm, now known as the Oyster River. The farm was first settled in the 1680s and remnants of the old house and garrison are still visible. The Paines arrived in Durham in May 1906 with two older children and my father who had just been born.

Their route to Durham was a circuitous one, with an interesting public relations connection. My grandfather Ralph D. Paine was a journalist in New York, when his colleague Sherman Morse invited him for dinner at



The Oyster River

his home in upstate New York. Mr. Morse was a highly esteemed journalist in his day, who ended up being the very first corporate “press agent,” In a piece written in September 1906 for The American Magazine called “An Awakening in Wall Street,” Morse explained how and why, after a brutal coal strike where the unions controlled all the messages, companies “after years of silence, now speak through authorized and acknowledged Press Agents.” Written a decade before anyone had ever heard of Edward Bernays, might I add. But I digress.



Author Ralph D. Paine in front of Shankhassick

society didn't take kindly to a divorced woman.

The next morning, as Mr. and Mrs. Morse were preparing breakfast for Mr. Paine, Mr. Morse inquired of his wife what she thought of his colleague Mr. Paine. To which she answered, “I like him very well, and if you invite him to dinner again, I shall marry him.” True to her word, she promptly divorced Mr. Morse (not what well-behaved women did in 1898,) took her two children and ran away and married Mr. Paine. My grandfather was a best-selling novelist at the time and was looking for a place to settle with his new bride Katharine and their growing family. Because he was writing a lot of books about sailing, they first chose Salem, MA to settle. But he obviously hadn't read The Scarlet Letter, because true to its reputation, Salem

Rather than force her to wear a giant A on her chest, they simply shunned the newlyweds, forcing them to move to back in with Katharine's parents' home in New Jersey. So, my grandfather reached out to several college friends, two of whom were living in Durham. One owned a recently vacated house that he offered to sell to my grandfather, and the Paines have been here ever since. Ralph proceeded to write some 40+ books on the farm, while Katharine raised their three boys, plus the two children from her first marriage.



Yes, the wheels were yellow, the upholstery brown, the dashboard was genuine leather (with apologies to Rogers & Hammerstein).

Eventually Ralph died, Katharine moved into town, one son went off to war, another joined Admiral Byrd's 1933 expedition to the South Pole and my father went to New York to follow in his father's journalistic footsteps. When Katharine died in the early 1960s, my father and his brothers fixed up the old farm house where they grew up, made it into two apartments and then decided that rather than rent it out they would move in. So, I started spending summers at Shankhassick in 1960.

In 1965, the old barn where my father had milked cows and fed chickens began singing him a siren song. It had been used for storage for the last 40 years, but he decided that was where we should live. It was a magical house, complete with a surrey with a fringe on the top in the living room, a buggy on the second floor and a sleigh up in the loft. It was filled with antiques, ghosts and all the relatives of all the various critters that had made their homes in it for the last 300 years.



Not pictured: lobster slobbers.

Sadly in 1999, an overheated lawnmower parked under the barn caught fire and the whole place burned to the ground in less than 3 hours. As it turns out, it was just as well because the new house was designed to accommodate all of you whenever we can go back to having the Summit on the Future of Communications Measurement in person once again.