Randolph, N.H. December 2010 Volume 21, Number 2

Mountain View

A newsletter by and for the Randolph Community, published by the Randolph Foundation

Miriam and the Dreieckhorn

By Doug Mayer

Randolph's connections to the mountain run deep. From our home at the base of the Northern Presidentials, it seems we have no shortage of residents who seek out time spent in the great ranges of the world.

This connection with high places spans the generations, too. I was reminded of this fact when, this past summer, I found myself on the glaciers of the Bernese Oberland, climbing with longtime friend John Dunn. We had schemed a week of climbing that would have us on routes around the Monch, Jungfrau and perhaps the Eiger-- though nowhere near the dread Nordwand, as I had to reassure my mother several times. Instead, we took the Jungfraubahn train through the Eiger, then wandered down a glacier (the *wrong* glacier… but that's a story for another time), and found ourselves much happier a few kilometers away from the guided masses seeking their trophy peaks. Here, at the Concordia hut, we spent several days enjoying climbs on nearby peaks.

Dreieckhorn from near Concordia Hutte, very nearly 80 years to the day after the first successful traverse by Miriam Underhill and Adolph Rubi. This is the area where Miriam was climbing, generally called Concordia-- where four glaciers come together. Doug Mayer photo

Please see "Miriam", page 4 …..

Mount Abigail Adams

By Edith Tucker

It's official! The Board of Geographic Names has changed the name of Adams 4 on the Presidential Range to Mount Abigail Adams.

The board responded favorably to a petition drive initiated by Bethany Taylor, a New Hampshire native who formerly was a reporter at the "Berlin Reporter" and is now working as a cook for the Appalachian Mountain Club on its Madison Spring Hut rebuilding project.

Ms. Taylor successfully argued that it is only "fair, equitable and long overdue to afford Abigail Adams the same honor as other patriots and Presidents honored in the Presidential Range in the White Mountains."

A number of former and current AMC and Randolph Mountain Club (RMC) employees, signed the petition, believing that the time had come to add a woman's name to the roster of those memorialized on the high peaks.

When asked why he had signed the petition, former RMC winter caretaker Derek Schott replied, "In the grand scheme of things, it's not a big deal, but to rename Adams 4 for Abigail Adams does seem like just a slice of common sense and historical decency."

The Coös County board of commissioners voted to support the petition.

Barbara Cutter, Ph.D., an associate professor of history at the University of Iowa at Cedar Falls who with her husband Brian Roberts has rented a cottage in Randolph Valley for the past two summers, pointed out that renaming Adams 4 for Abigail Adams is the right thing to do because "she is an important historical figure in her own right, and she is a central member of the historically important Adams family of New England."

Please see " Abigail", page 3 …..

Meeting notices, inquiries, comments, and ideas are welcomed and encouraged. Please send materials for the *Mountain View* to Diana Aube, Nekel Lane, Randolph, NH 03593 or daube@ne.rr.com by the 15th of the month preceding publication (publication is quarterly: September, December, April & June). The *Randolph Weekly* is published weekly in July & August. Send notices by Tuesday of each week to Gail Scott at 603-466-5498 (call or FAX); or mscott1@ne.rr.com; or PO Box 160, Gorham, NH 03581. The *Blizzard* is published the first of each month except July and August. Please send all notices for the *Blizzard* to Barbara Arnold, 466-2438; barnold@ne.rr.com or 403 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, NH 03593. *Blizzard* materials by the 24th of the preceding month. If you are not receiving the *Blizzard* and wish to, please let Barbara know. A grant from the Randolph Foundation makes all these publications possible.

Mountain View Publications
Randolph Foundation
PO Box 283
Gorham, NH 03581

Laurie Archambault , Publisher
Diana (Dede) Aube , Editor
Barbara Arnold, Design / Production

Town Directory

AMBULANCE 911

BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT (Chair, Paul Cormier) 466-3970
meets at 7 PM the 3rd Thursday of the month.

BOARD OF SELECTMEN (Chair, Ted Wier) 466-3970
Secretary, Rodney Hayes; Treasurer Connie Chaffee
Meets at 7 p.m. at Town Hall 2nd & 4th Monday 466-5771

BUILDING PERMITS. See Board of Selectmen

CEMETERY TRUSTEES Jim Baldwin, Suzanne Santos & Steve Hartman

CONSERVATION COMMISSION (Chair, Bruce Kirmmse) 466-5777

DOG LICENSES See Town Clerk. Obtain or renew by the end of April.

FIRE DEPARTMENT - ALL ALARMS - CALL 911; Randolph Chief, Dana Horne

FOREST FIRE WARDEN (Rebecca Boothman) Call for Burning Permits 466-2332

GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD Meets at 6:30 p.m. on the 3rd Tuesday of the month; location alternates between the 3 towns. Contact the SAU Office 466-3632

LIBRARY trustees meet the 3rd Mon. of each month; Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins 466-5408
Open Mon. 10 – noon; Wed. 3 -8 p.m., Thur. 3-8 p.m.; Sat. 10 –noon;

LIFELINE (Jean Malick) 466-2547

PLANNING BOARD (Chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775
Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the first Thursday of the month.

PLATFORM TENNIS ASSOC. (President, Craig Malick) 466-2547

POLICE (Randolph Chief, Alan Lowe) 466-3950

RANDOLPH CHURCH (Moderator Avery Post)
Sunday morning services July & August (10:30 a.m.).

RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST COMMISSION (chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775
Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday

RANDOLPH FOUNDATION (President, Cathy McDowell) 466-5105

RANDOLPH LIFE SQUAD — Call 911 in an emergency
Co-Directors Bill & Barbara Arnold 466-2438

RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB (President, John Scarinza) 466-5775

ROAD AGENT (Mike Gray) 586-7840

SUPERVISORS OF THE CHECKLIST
Denise Demers, Michael Sewick & Angela Chakalis-Pfeffer

TAX COLLECTOR (Scott Robinson) by appointment; call the Town Hall 466-9856

TOWN CLERK (Anne Kenison) 466-2606
Town Hall hours: Mondays 9 - 11 a.m. ; Wednesdays 7 - 9 p.m.

TOWN HALL (Secretary, Rodney Hayes) Mon. - Fri.; 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. 466-5771

TRASH COLLECTION Must be at roadside by 7 a.m.
Trash - every Tuesday; Recycling, sorted & bagged - 1st Saturday of every month.

TRUSTEES OF THE TRUST FUND Judy Kenison, Michelle Cormier, Michael Sewick

Community Calendar

(NOTE: For recurring meeting schedules see "Town Directory" on the left)

December

10 Caroling Party at Jeff & Raina Scarinza's home, 6:30 PM for caroling, 8:30 for desert & beverages; bring a dish to share

11 Town Christmas Party, Town Hall, 6 PM; all welcome

23 GRS schools closed for holiday break

January

3 GRS schools reopen

17 Civil Rights Day, schools closed

February

21 to 25 GRS schools closed for break

March

2 Town elections & meeting

12 Town Bonfire & Chili Social;4 PM sledding and snowshoeing; 5 PM chili & bonfire

April

18 to 22 GRS schools closed for break

Real Estate Transactions

August 22, 2010
From: Earnest W & Jeannette B Nadeau
To: Steven Weber

August 30, 2010
From: Harry Bell Adams
To: Norman Adams

September 14, 2010
From: Martin Cassidy, Jr.
To: Levino & Edith Pace

October 1, 2010
From: George B. & Harriet B. Baldwin
To: Martin P. & Elizabeth Johnson & Jeremiah Johnson

October 26, 2010
From: Steven V. Terry & Pricilla A. Terry
To: Amanda Terry & Cameron Terry

October 29, 2010
From: Peter J. & Ramona Caron
To: Patrick B. Crosbie

November 4, 2010
From: Donald, Sven & Erik Kenny
To: Mt. Crescent Property Investments, LLC

"Abigail", from page 1 …..

"Abigail Adams (1744-1818) was the wife of the second president of the United States, John Adams, and the mother of the sixth president, John Quincy Adams. Adams was well known and well respected during her lifetime and became a more prominent historical figure after the first publication of many of her letters in 1840. That collection proved to be so popular that three more editions were released by 1848. Her letters have been in print ever since."

"She is perhaps most famous for her March 31, 1776, letter to John Adams, who was then serving in the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. She asked him to carefully consider the political position of women in the future United States. As she put it:

> 'In the new Code of Laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make I desire you would Remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the Husbands. Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could. If perticuliar care and attention is not paid to the Ladies we are determined to foment a Rebelion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice, or Representation.'"

The 28th edition of the AMC "White Mountain Guide" states that as "soon as the RMC Lowe's Path breaks out of the scrub… and is above treeline" it is "completely exposed to the wind" and boasts "views that are very fine. "At 4.1 miles from Lowe's Store on Route 2, after the steady ascent up Nowell Ridge, the trail reaches the crag known as Adams 4 (5,355 feet), descends into a little sag, then rises moderately again, keeping to the east of Mt. Sam Adams."

John Mudge in his guide, "The White Mountains: Names, Places, & Legends," noted that three peaks of Mt. Adams can be seen from Randolph: Mt. Adams, named for John Adams,; to the east, Mt. John Quincy Adams; and to the west of Mt. Adams, the lesser peak of Mt. Sam Adams, named after Samuel Adams, John's cousin and a fiery leader in the early days of the American Revolution.

Steve Smith of The Mountain Wanderer Map & Book Store in Lincoln believes that the now-replaced name of Adams 4 very likely came from the AMC's no-longer-used numerical nomenclature system.

Before the AMC devised its numbering system, an early pathmaker's name and that of his two children were associated with the rocky crag. RMC historian Judy Hudson writes in "Peaks & Paths: A Century of the Randolph Mountain Club" that William Gray Nowell "was identified with the ridge traversed by the Lowe's Path…. In the early days hikers had called the crag 'Nowell's Peak,' and the two little summits on it were dubbed 'Gracie' and 'Fred' after his daughter and son. W. G. Nowell (pronounced Now-ell), together with Charles E. Lowe, blazed and cut the first path from Randolph valley to the summit of Mt. Adams in 1876."

[This account, with some additions, was published on Nov. 17 in both the Berlin Reporter and Coös County Democrat.]

Bethany Taylor has worked for the AMC at Madison Hut; her father, Jeff Taylor, served as Berlin city planner some years ago.
Photo by Edie Tucker

"Miriam", from page 1 ……

I had read Miriam Underhill's climbing autobiography, Give Me the Hills, avidly many years ago. But, at the time, the place names were as alien as other planets to me. So, it took John to make the connection. Looking across the Aletsch glacier one morning, we admired the remarkable, several-mile long, razor-sharp arête of the Dreieickhorn. It was Miriam, John recalled, who accomplished the first full traverse with her friend and guide, Adolph Rubi on August 29, 1930—nearly eighty years earlier to the day.

The climb had taken 19 hours. Miriam and Adolph started from the hut at 3:30 in the morning and finished long after dark. Of it, she wrote,

The first part of the climb, to the Klein Dreieckhorn, gave the best sport—and such sport it was! The whole ridge was a series of great jagged towers, and we climbed up and over practically all of them… the huge blocks presented the climbing problems characteristic of granite everywhere: cracks and chimneys like those on the Chamonix Aiguilles… more delicate problems presented themselves: steep slabs with slight roughnesses for the fingertips, or detached flakes of rock with barely room to get a finger-grip underneath… time was the opponent we were racing all day. The towers went on and on… we thought they would never end.

For me, an entirely average recreational climber, Miriam's description is laughably understated. Even the easy climbs in the Bernese Oberland feature heart-gripping exposure, loose rock, ever-changing weather, and uncertain route finding. A full day of climbing might be described in the guidebook with one paragraph, leading us tourist-alpinists to puzzle and shrug our shoulders when looking up over long stretches of steep rock and ice. Or, worse, find ourselves staring at each other, 500 feet above the glacier, each saying to the other simultaneously, "Do you think this is the gully we're supposed to rappel?"

In the eighty years since Miriam's visit, much has changed. The glaciers of Concordia are now rapidly retreating as a result of climate change. Helicopters supply the hut, reservations are made on mobile phones, and our gear is crafted from synthetic, carbon fiber, Gore-tex and fleece. The spirit of climbing amid those peaks, however, remains very much as Miriam captured it:

Rock-climbing is to my mind the finest sport there is. Not only does it require coordination of muscle but also the exercise of sufficient intellect to solve the tactical problems at a glance, to choose unerringly the right hold the first time, in order to move swiftly as well as accurately and lightly over ground where no two consecutive pitches require the same technique.

Resting at the hut after a climb of a nearby peak, I took in that two-mile long, sheer arête. How, I wondered, would Miriam's climb rate by today's standards? Technically speaking, climbers had moved on to far more demanding problems. But the sheer, continuous alpine challenge would still be a major test of endurance. And the gear they used! Unforgiving, static hemp rope, heavy leather boots with Tricouni nails in the soles for grip, racks of heavy pitons. My gaze came back to my feet, clad in my new, lightweight multipurpose rock and ice boots. All of my clothes, including lightweight, Gore-tex bibs and comfy fleece jacket, weighed no more than a few pounds.

As for Miriam and Adolph's climb, it ended at 10:45 pm. In the spirit of British climbing prose that casually calls perilous climbs "a tad sporty," Miriam wrote,

At 9:40 we jumped the Bergschrund (editor's note: the large crevasse that separates a peak from the glacier, below)*… all that was left was a weary plod across the Concordiaplatz to that little light shining in the window of the Concordia Hut…. This section was badly crevassed... Adolph's lantern did me no good at all. I was too tired to care and just tramped along anywhere, half-asleep. I woke up for a moment when I found myself dangling in a crevasse. Adolph's father (ed: the Hutmaster) had the stove humming and the water boiling when we pulled in at 10:45… Our climb had been a good one, and Adolph reports to me (in 1954) that it has never been repeated.*

Doug Mayer does a yoga tree pose in the Bernese Alps.

We were generations apart, a wide crevasse of both gear and alpine skill stood between us, but still I felt a connection. And that, no doubt, is one of the great powers of the mountains. They bring us together, uniting us in a spirit of adventure, challenge and discovery.

Randolph Citizens Recognize Ken Lee

By Ted Wier

A group of Randolph folks surprised an embarrassed Ken Lee with a thank-you and going away party at the Town Hall on September 28 where several citizens spoke their thanks for Lee's 14 years of service to the town government of Randolph. Ken will be greatly missed. His steady guidance of the town during his years as Chairman of the Select Board resulted in the successful completion of not only the Municipal Building, but also the wonderful new and vastly improved Randolph Town Hall and offices. Lee was also a major negotiator with NH Department of Transportation in the effort to revamp Randolph Hill Road. He leaves very large shoes to fill.

Ken and his wife Marcia have become snowbirds, spending the cold half of the year in Arizona for the first time. Current reports out of Sedona mention numerous sightings of a new breed of Homo sapiens who appear to have humps on their backs, spending their days wandering the trails (and sometimes off the trails) to reach the highest points of land. In addition an unconfirmed rumor has it that contractors are not happy with this new breed as they do all their own work on their house.

They'll be back in the spring to enjoy the black flies!

Election Results for Randolph November 2, 2010

Submitted by Anne Kenison, Town Clerk

Governor
John Stephen 68
John Lynch 129

United States Senator
Kelly Ayotte 79
Paul Hodes 119

Representative in Congress
Charles Bass 71
Ann Kuster 126

Executive Councilor
Ray Burton 136
Beth Funicella 59

State Senator
John Gallus 89
Dorothy Solomon 110

State Representatives
John Tholl, Jr. 72
Eugene Montgomery 101
Eric Catman, Sr. 62
Troy Merner 103
Bill Remick 83
Evalyn Merrick 116
Herb Richardson 82

Register of Deeds
Michael Neil 63
Carole Lamirande 130

County Commissioner
Thomas Brady 93

Norman Brown 95

Register of Probate
Terri L. Peterson 184

Sheriff
Gerald Marcou 179

County Attorney
Robert Mekeel 124

County Treasurer
Frederick King, Sr. 119

County Commissioner
Thomas Brady 93
Norman Brown 95

Register of Probate
Terri L. Peterson 184

Sheriff
Gerald Marcou 179

County Attorney
Robert Mekeel 124

County Treasurer
Frederick King, Sr. 119

John Turner, Anne Kenison, David Wilcox, John Scarinza, Lyn Farnham, count the ballots after the town election in March of 2009 Photo by D. Aube

Randolph Remembers

Warren Craig Malick

By Jean Malick

Craig Malick, 66, of 175 Durand Road, Randolph, NH, passed away suddenly on Tuesday, August 31, 2010 at home. He was born in Trenton, NJ on September 2, 1943, the son of Warren and Margaret (White) Malick and grew up in Morrisville, PA. Craig spent many of his summers in Seaside Park, NJ on the Barnegat Bay sailing with his grandfather where he developed a deep love of sailing and the ocean; a love he rekindled over the past few years with his brother, Guy, at his shore house. He attended Pennsbury High School and graduated from Kutztown University of Pennsylvania in 1965. After 6 years of teaching mathematics and coaching football at Steinert High School in Trenton, NJ, Craig and his family moved to Randolph and he began his 34 year teaching career at Gorham High School. Early on he coached skiing and baseball for GHS and when his own children, Michael and Holly, were old enough, as a parent, he coached them through whatever they were doing - soccer, field hockey, skiing, etc. Craig's very first computer was a Commodore PET and as his students' enthusiasm for computers grew his quadrupled. His love of learning and teaching blossomed when he became part of the governor's initiative for bringing computers into schools and he started teaching computer and programming classes along with math. Mr. Malick is perhaps best remembered by his students for his "life lessons" as he tried to teach living and reasoning in math and in everyday life. He also taught adult computer classes for School for Life Long Learning and was part of the original North Country network of computer nerds. Once computers became word processing machines and were moved to the business department, Craig began his move into video and film making, a field he thoroughly enjoyed until his retirement in 2004. After retiring Craig would frequently play his students' videos and once again feel enjoyment and pride in their combined accomplishments. Craig loved traveling, sailing adventures and kayaking in the Baja, but many of his finest moments were spent with his wife, Jean, and family and friends around the dinner table over lively conversation.

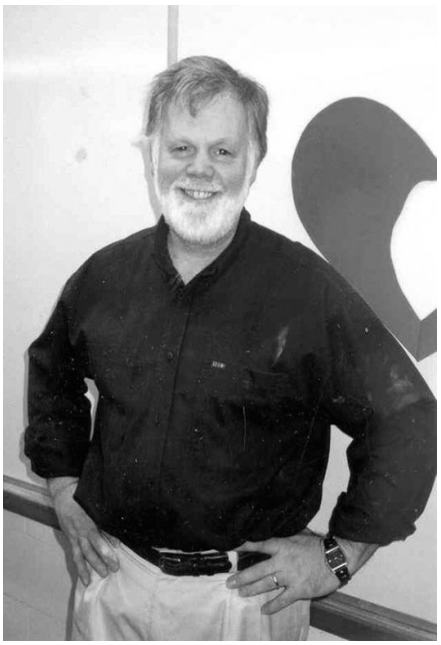


Photo provided by Jean Malick.

Members of his family include his wife Jean (Palm) Malick of Randolph, NH; a son Michael Malick of Keene, NH; a daughter Holly DePalma and her husband Paul of Philadelphia, PA; his grandchildren Andrew, Emily and Eve Malick of Columbus, OH, Norah and Eloise DePalma of Philadelphia, PA; his twin sister Judy Baldwin and husband Jay of PA; brothers Guy Malick and wife Becky of PA and Michael Malick and wife Kathy of VT; and many nieces, nephews and cousins. Craig was totally embraced and adored by Jean's family. His mother, Margaret, was an inspiration to him in living life to its fullest.

A celebration of Craig's life was held on September 4, 2010 at the Randolph Town Hall. Donations in his memory may be made to the Randolph Foundation, P.O. Box 283, Gorham, NH 03581.

"Peg" Post

We in Randolph are saddened to learn of the passing of our lovely Margaret "Peg" Post who died unexpectedly on November 11 in her Hanover, New Hampshire retirement residence. Her husband Avery and his daughters are preparing a tribute to be published in the April, 2011 edition of the Mountain View.

Eleanor C. Crary

By family

Eleanor Collier Crary, whose family has been a part of the Randolph community since 1948, died October 25, 2010 in Hanover, N.H., at the age of 94. She was the widow of Stephen T. Crary, who died in 2006.

The daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. Kirby Collier, Eleanor was born in Sonyea, N.Y., on January 8, 1916, and raised in nearby Rochester. Her father was a psychiatrist noted for his work with epilepsy and alcoholism.

She attended the Columbia School in Rochester and went to boarding school at St. Agnes School in Albany, NY. She received her B.A. from the University of Rochester. Following college, she worked briefly at the Hartford Retreat, and then moved to New York City where she lived and worked at the Church of All Nations on Manhattan's Lower East Side. She earned a Master's Degree in religious education at Columbia Teachers College, where she met Steve while he was attending Union Theological Seminary. They were married in June 1939 at St. George's Church in Manhattan. Steve gave up the Traveling Fellowship that he was awarded by Union Seminary to marry Eleanor and move to St. Clair Shores, Mich., as pastor of the local Presbyterian Church.

When war was declared, Steve enlisted as an Army chaplain and shipped out to the Pacific theater with a unit of doctors from Yale University to be part of a team setting up an army hospital in New Zealand. Eleanor and their daughters, Ann and Sarah, moved back to Pittsford, N.Y., to be near her parents. Eleanor lived there for three years while Steve was in the Pacific, working on projects supporting the war effort and planting a Victory garden.

She was an expert at sewing and made many dresses and outfits for her young daughters during this period. Ann remembers a dress made with smocking, a difficult and dying art. Eleanor was especially accomplished at knitting and needlepoint throughout her life.

When the war ended, Steve became chaplain at the University of Rochester. Both Eleanor and Steve were deeply involved in the ecumenical movement, in the Student Christian Movement and in efforts promoting peace. In 1948, the family moved to New Haven, Conn., where Steve began work on his Ph.D. at Yale. There were soon five children - with three sons born after the war. The house was full, and Steve and Eleanor often had foreign students living in their home. Jim Robinson, later founder of Crossroads Africa and a classmate of Steve's at Union, was a frequent visitor, as were theologians such as Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich.

In 1951, Steve became chaplain at Smith College and the family moved to Northampton, Mass. For Eleanor, these were years of raising children, being a faculty wife, and teaching Sunday school at the First Congregational Church. Steve eventually gave up the chaplaincy to become a professor in Smith's Religion Department. Both Steve and Eleanor were active Democrats, and were involved in the unsuccessful 1952 campaign to elect Adlai Stevenson as president.

After six years in Northampton, Steve was invited to Brown University to set up a Department of Religion. The next 13 years were busy ones for Eleanor. She helped Steve host gatherings for Brown faculty and students at their home, was a frequent volunteer driver on her sons' field trips from school, played an instrumental role in securing passage of Rhode Island's first fair-housing legislation, and still found the energy to become certified as a school librarian, enabling her to work (and read her beloved children's books) at the Lippett Hill Elementary School in one of Providence's inner-city neighborhoods.

Virtually every summer, and for Christmas vacations after their Randolph Hill home was winterized, the family would make the long drive up to Randolph, where Eleanor savored hiking and other outdoor adventures, and enjoyed lasting, multi-generational friendships as well as the camaraderie of the many cousins in the Mudge and Horton clans. As one of her son Sandy's oldest school friends wrote in appreciation, "She was the kind of parent that teenagers always hope to be when they become adults."

In 1971, Steve and Eleanor moved from Providence to Lyme, N.H., where they built a home on a hill overlooking the Connecticut River and Vermont. For the next 30 years they enjoyed the Upper Valley, the Dartmouth community, and their neighbors and relatives in the area, while traveling frequently to foreign destinations ranging from Kenya to India to China. Steve became active with the Institute for Lifelong Education at Dartmouth, and Eleanor assisted him in research and paperwork for the courses that he taught on the Crusades and the Balkans. She remained active in politics, supporting

Continued next page …..

"Eleanor", continued ……

Democratic candidates in New Hampshire and nationally.

For many years, Eleanor led the effort to expand the town library in Lyme. Books were always her great love - a passion she shared with her own children as well as others during many a story hour. She was instrumental in establishing the Lyme Foundation which is now a part of the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation.

In her late 80's, Eleanor began to develop Alzheimer's disease which she fought against valiantly and bravely. She passed her last driving test at the age of 89, but soon after relinquished the keys to the car. Her love for Steve was all-abiding. Two weeks before his death in 2006, Ann observed the loving glow on Eleanor's face as she looked up at him. For the four years following Steve's death, Eleanor was cared for at Kendal at Hanover by many wonderful and caring people. She was always responsive to everyone around her in spite of her difficulty in forming thoughts and finishing sentences. She retained her dignity and uncomplaining manner until the end..

She leaves behind five children, Ann Crary Evans of New York City, Sarah Crary of Amherst, Mass., Alexander Crary of Washington, D.C., Jonathan Crary and David Crary of New York City, as well as five grandchildren.

Steve and Eleanor Crary at Salroc Falls. Provided by the family.

Edith H. Edwards

Photo provided by family

Edith Edwards, 61, a longtime resident of Hartford, died Friday November 12, 2019 at Avery Heights in Hartford. Born in New York City, NY, on February 22, 1949, she was the daughter of the late Rev. Robert L. Edwards and the late Rev. Dr. Sarah Alexander Edwards. In recent years Edith has resided at Immanuel House – founded by her father when pastor at Immanuel Congregational Church in Hartford. In 2010 she moved to Avery Heights. She is survived by her brother, the Rev. James Edwards of Fort Gratiot, MI, and her nephew Lansing Edwards of Brookville, OH. She was especially close to her cousin Linda Alexander of Hartford, CT. Her uncle, Prof. Heywood Alexander and his wife Bea of Hanover, NH, her cousins, aunts and uncles, and several close friends also survive her. Edith was a graduate of Hartford Secretarial School, certified in medical and business shorthand, and was employed by several doctors in the Hartford area. She later discovered the beauty of poetry and considered it one of God's gifts to her. As an adult student at Hartford College for Women, she graduated class of 1982, with an Associate Degree in Art History. She was a student speaker at graduation and read one of her original poems. Over the years she actively volunteered her talents to the American Red Cross. She also developed a talent in scrapbooking and collecting inspirational mementos. Edith truly felt blessed to have had a good and fulfilling life. She would be honored if others would do acts of kindness in her memory. She requested that special thanks be given to her caretakers who provided excellent care while she was a resident at Avery Heights Station One Sub acute unit. She would also like to thank Vitas Hospice of Glastonbury for their caring and love. Donations in her memory may be made to Immanuel Congregational Church United Church of Christ, 10 Woodland St. Hartford, CT 06105 or Avery Heights, Development Office, 705 New Britain Ave. Hartford, CT 06106. Edith's life was celebrated with a memorial service in the chapel at Immanuel Congregational Church on November 17th. Edith will be interred next to her parents in Randolph, NH. Online messages of remembrance may be made at www.molloyfuneralhome.com

Provided by Heywood and Bea Alexander

Collage by Angela Brown.

SKIFABS at Great Glen Trails:

a cross country ski class for Fabulous Women!

Monday mornings beginning January 10 for five weeks, through February 7.

These weekly ski classes for women emphasize technique instruction and fun. Each week the class focuses on a different cross country ski skill, such as balance on skis, downhill control and skate skiing. Several Randolph women joined this class last year and had a wonderful time. For more information about the class and costs, contact Sue at Great Glen Trails: 466-2333 or sue@greatglentrails.com.

As the Mountain View went to the printer, we learned of Bill Knight's passing on November 3, 2010. A memorial service is being planned for the spring.

Musical Highpoints in 2010

By Susan Ferré

Music hit highpoints in Randolph during the summer of 2010. In addition to the usual excellent playing at the Randolph Church organized by Heywood Alexander, the community was treated to three concerts sponsored by Music in the Great North Woods, a new non-profit organization formed to support classical concerts in the North Country.

With the Art Show as a backdrop, the inaugural concert of the season took place in Randolph's Town Hall with 65 persons attending. Flutist Andrea LeBlanc joined Susan Ferre, harpsichordist, and Charles Lang, cellist and viola da gamba player, on a hot summer afternoon for works by LeClair, Telemann, Rameau and Bach. Almost $500 was raised for the sponsoring organization from donations at the door.

On a beautiful Sunday afternoon in August, Peter Sykes, one of the country's leading organists, presented a concert at the Randolph Church on the Ruggles organ. Sponsored by the Randolph Church in association with Music in the Great North Woods, this concert delighted the audience with outstanding programming, musicianship and comments from the artist.

Labor Day Weekend, the traditional end to the summer season here in Randolph, brought the second annual Big Moose Bach Fest back to the Randolph Church. Christa Rakich played an all-Bach program for about sixty listeners who also enjoyed spirited singing of the chorale tunes in traditional Randolph fashion. In addition to Christa's concert in Randolph, the Bach Fest brought the music of Bach on period instruments to St. Paul Lutheran Church and St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, both in Berlin.

All three programs garnered standing ovations and were offered without charge, with donations collected at the door. For a peek at the entire series of 14 concerts offered in 2010, along with scrapbook photos and reports, Music in the Great North Woods can by followed on Facebook, or through their website: www.musicgnw.org. The group is already hard at work with plans for more music in 2011.

A Cross Journey Around the World; Part II

Prepared for publication by Laurie Archambault

This is a continuation of the letter written by Daphne Cross to her grandson Chris detailing her journey on 1st British Airways Concorde with her husband Hersh in 1989. This excursion, hosted by William F. Buckley Jr., made twelve stops as it proceeded westward round-the-world.

Tahiti…From the air these volcanic isles are lovely. The encircling reef is marked by white, foamy water and the interior lagoon is a marvelous pale green. All that is needed is a mermaid on a rock. The habitable land is very limited, the greater part of the island being steep pinnacles shrouded with dense vegetation. Tahiti is almost totally dependent on tourists with copra a poor second, economically. Houses are small but relatively tidy looking. We were told that a small garden plus fishing will easily support a family. … Further, the reef has not yet broken the surface on the east side of the island because the prevailing wind and currents "slowed the growth of the coral twice as fast".

From Tahiti one looks across the water to mist-shrouded Moorea – the Bali H'ai of the movie South Pacific. We sailed across on the Wind Song, the much touted French vessel with is computer controlled sails. I think I should put "sailed" into those quotations marks since I doubt those sails were much more than cosmetic. Moorea is picturesque. It might be worth a visit if one could enjoy heat and high humidity. This woman is not attuned to tropical isles I discover. Oh my! Another set of romantic notions shattered! I'm very glad to have been there – lots of fine memory pictures – but I do not ache to return.

Saturday/Sunday saw us off to Christchurch, New Zealand. We crossed the international dateline at 9.23 Sat. a.m. and, lo, it was Sunday. Every road near the airport was lined with cars. The arrival of Concorde was an EVENT. We were taken to the Town Hall where we had a traditional Maori (pronounced may-ree) welcome. While we stood in a half circle, a big bellied Maori chief appeared with threatening spear. After much cavorting, grunting and sticking out of tongue he placed a feather on the ground and backed off a bit. Our tribal "leader", WFB, picked up the feather and assured the chief that we came in peace. We then went inside to be greeted by the Deputy Mayor. We were treated to a performance by a girls' chorus from the Maori College. Their traditional costume was charming and their singing exceptional. The College is only open to Maori, but the faces ranged through all ethnic types from Scots/Irish to Aborigine. We took advantage of a slow moving reception line to skip the dignitaries and corner some of the girls. They were as eager to ask questions of us as we were of them. Conversation without a language barrier has great advantages!

Then we trooped up the double staircase to a large hall where we were treated to beautiful little tea sandwiches, wine and fruit lunch. One had to be impressed with the effort involved. An informal chat with the deputy mayor revealed that N.Z. is about to go to far greater local control of schools. And we were able to complement him on the outstanding architecture of the building itself.

The Tale of the Tail: Great for the media; of little moment for the rest of us.

Between New Zealand and Australia we heard a thump, not too shocking in our seat #6, but quite noticeable in the rear. In half a minute or so the Captain came on the intercom and reported that they didn't really know what had happened but could find absolutely nothing amiss on all the cockpit instruments. Subsequently, as we slowed for landing and passed through Mach 1, the plane shuddered for a minute. Before we could work up to a good fret all was quiet again and we went in for our usual featherlike landing. I did rather wonder why there seemed to be fire equipment and more officialdom than usual but put it down to the novelty of a Concorde and Australia's union-riddled airports. It was only as we walked away from the plane that we looked back and saw the nibble out of the tail. We heard later that the pilot was informed by the tower that he had lost a piece of the rudder. The upshot was that we spent an extra day in Sydney while British Airways flew over a replacement; it was installed and appropriately painted. It was most fortunate that the mishap occurred when it did since Sydney is the home base for Quantas Airlines and has extensive machine shops – and, I guess, painting facilities. And that's the tale of the tail. I discovered on our return just how much publicity we had received – almost notoriety in fact. I could have done without it!

…The Ferndale Wildlife Park, visited on Thursday, was interesting, informative and quite worth while despite a drizzly day and hounding cameras. I had never realized how many marsupials exist on our planet. This park is privately run and is active in breeding Koalas. The latter are very tame and are offered to eager visitors to "pet and cuddle". Each one clutches its stuffed counterpart which is decidedly damp. Koalas apparently have weak bladders or this is an instinctive protective move. I was warned not to walk under a tree where sat a Koala. So I'll leave all cuddling to others.

Our hotel was near the famed opera house and directly opposite an extensive park and botanical garden which hugs the shoreline from the opera house to Mrs. MacQuarries Seat. The latter, whose name I have no doubt misspelled, was the wife of a Viceroy and liked to sit on this promontory overlooking the harbor, so she had a "chair" carved in the ledge. Yes, we walked – beautiful! The Opera House is just as striking as its pictures. So many buildings today are so mundane; it is indeed wonderful to see an exhibit of a soaring imagination. It sits at the water end of a small point and is exciting from any direction, including a boat in the harbor.

Sydney itself is an attractive city with a modern and quite graceful city center. The facades of some of the old government buildings have been carefully preserved which makes for pleasant relief among glass and steel. However, trying to travel from downtown to out-of-town takes you through a seemingly endless sprawl of suburban neighborhoods of all ilks. Traffic, traffic! HC said once on a previous trip that all cities are becoming homogenized; if you look out of the window of a hotel similarity is more apparent than individuality.

Next Issue: The last legs of the trip and notes from Hersh Cross (HC)

Historic Flight of Wealthy Americans

Concorde Loses Chunk of Its Tail
April 12, 1989|From Times Wire Services
SYDNEY, Australia — A British Airways supersonic Concorde airliner carrying 100 wealthy Americans on a round-the-world trip lost a section of its tail while traveling at nearly twice the speed of sound 47,000 feet above the Tasman Sea but landed safely here today.

Town Positions - Open

The following positions are open for the March Town Elections.
The Town Meeting is on March 8, 2011.
The filing period is Jan 19- 28, 2011 with the Town Clerk
There is no filing fee.

1	Selectman	3yr
1	Treasurer	1yr
1	Auditor	1yr
1	Auditor	2yr
1	Trustee of Trust Fund	3yr
1	Cemetery Trustee	3yr
1	Cemetery Trustee	2yr
1	Planning Board	3 yr
1	Library Trustee	3yr
2	Board of Adjustment	3yr

Appointed positions:

1	North Country Council
1	AVRRD Rep
1	Emergency Management Director
2	Conservation Commission
1	Forest Committee

Anyone interested in an appointed office should make their interest known to Selectmen.

Town Bonfire & Chili Social
Saturday, March 12, 2011

4 PM sledding and snowshoeing off Pasture Path Road

5 PM Chili and Bonfire at the end of Pasture Path Road

Bring your own beverage & lawn chair

Sponsored by Friends of Randolph Library

Contact: Sarah Clemmitt 723-3222

A Wild Pursuit

By Scott Lang

Scott Lang, a former Jefferson resident and a member of RMC, writes essays based on hiking and life in northern New Hampshire. This is part 2 of an essay that placed in the top 10 at the Annual Walterman Fund Contest.

Part 2 Yet, we cannot escape the fact that as humans, when we enter a wild place we are, in a way, an intrusion. Perhaps you have noticed what happens when we get started on a trail or begin a bushwhack. The natural inhabitants of these areas give us a wide berth. Why? Because they have their own definition of wild and it does not involve us. No need to be disheartened though. Such wild locations are an inviting experience to us. When we place our boots firmly on unknown ground we are accepted with a silent consent. I know this is true as I had the opportunity to experience it myself. As if it were not enough to have the woods as my home, the intrepidness of youth often beckoned me into the deep reaches of its realm. Like I had done countless times before, this time a September morning, I gave in to that call. I decided to go into the woods surrounding our home and just hike as far as I could. With nothing more than a day's worth of snacks and fluids, I took up my linen snapsack, slung it over my shoulder and went out the front porch door. After jumping off the porch, I descended the gravel bank and I was off. I had a choice of using one of two of our logging roads to start. One veered almost due east in the direction of our spring. I was more intent on the other. It started with a straighter line. It had three nice bumps in it at the start, perfect for a mildly fast sled ride. Between this log road and the other lay our sugarbush. A small feeder path connected the two. A faint groove could still be seen, the result of countless steps upon a thinning snowpack making their impression every year when spring seemed in its infancy. Obviously, it was much easier to follow in the winter than any other time of year. Keeping Hardwood Ridge to my east, I took a southern course. I knew that if I remained true to it I would end up exiting on either the Cog Base Road, or Route 302, maybe go all the way to Bretton Woods. To my far west was Cherry Mountain Road. Surely, I surmised, what was truly wild would lay somewhere in between. As far as I knew, and had gathered, there had never been any type of settlement there and the oldest of maps indicated that no trails ever existed. I followed our logging road to our harvest cuts and halted. I stood at the boundary of my own personal frontier. The road ended here like an alpine river emptying into vast, borderless sea. Beyond here was as wild an area as I had ever known. Beneath each step, nothing more than the countless bounty of endless autumn harvests. I walked for hours. First, point to point, but then I let myself be guided by inner sense. When those senses finally told me I had gone far enough, I acquiesced. I untied my snapsack and let it fall to the ground. I followed shortly behind it. I stretched out my legs before me, clasped my hands together and placed them on my lap. I was content, my back against the rough yet satisfying, welcome support of a spruce. I felt the moisture of the ground slowly, but inevitably, seep into my wool pants and press softly against my skin. The only warmth coming from a repressed mid-afternoon sun, haphazardly falling through the dwindling canopy above, to fall in random spots of my body.

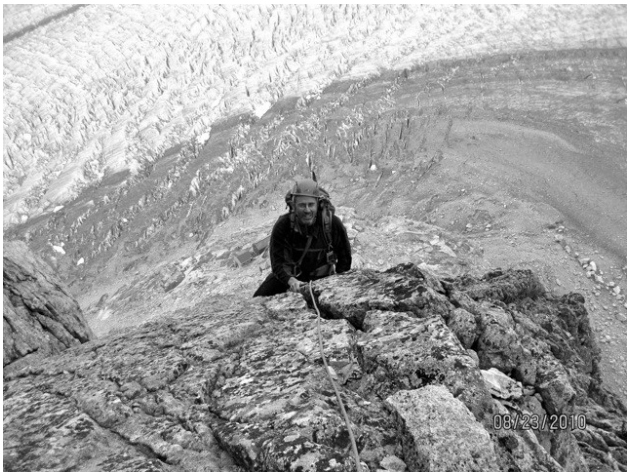
I do not know if I actually slept or had merely accomplished the silent peace of a wild place. The first to acknowledge me were the always stirring chickadees. When the harkening call of the jays also faded, along with the chattering of a red squirrel, I felt alone. When I heard the nasal twit of a shy nuthatch and the resumed activity of an until then unrevealed downy woodpecker, I knew I had reached a oneness with both the forest and its inhabitants. I was a self-muted observer in a natural setting. In a uniquely simple way I could feel the ground as if it was alive and watched as earth's creatures traced routes along high branches and the forest floor, paths that were known only to them. I am not sure how long I reposed like this, it really did not matter. I was free of care in a wild place.

Instinct eventually told me that, regrettably, I would have to return. For a day that many would consider uneventful, it was exactly what I was looking for. I knew I would not be able to retrace my steps exactly in this uncultured place, but that is one of the benefits of such an endeavor. In a place that one is not familiar with it is all too easy for our eyes to play tricks on us. Combined with shadows and waning light the effect is very surreal. Add to this the fact that you are alone and no one knows where you are, you have another element that

chews away at your mind. It was obvious I had veered from my initial course but how far was indiscernible. What I did not think possible was about to give me a great surprise.

To be continued…

Dark-eyed Junco Photo by D. Aube 09



Left: Doug uses ropes to climb Concordia. Right: Doug Mayer reaches the top of the Concordia.
All Concordia photos provided by Doug Mayer

Building Permits

September 27, 2010 Russell Havens new roof & skylights
October 11, 2010 Joan Rising new garage

October 11, 2010 Scott & Marcy McKnight put foundation under existing building

REMINDER

Randolph property owners are responsible for ensuring that they or their builders receive any necessary permits before beginning any construction. Building permits must be approved by the Selectmen. The Selectmen need time to review all permits, so please remember to submit them early enough to allow that process

Peace and joy of the season to you and your family

The staff of the Mountain View

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