

Mountain View



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



Owls Winter Hunt

by Meghan McCarthy McPhaul

For several days a barred owl perched atop a dead white birch tree in our field. As winters go, last years was very cold, and the owl puffed up against the stubbornly below-freezing temperatures, its streaky brown and white feathers fluffed and fluttering in the icy breeze. Occasionally the owl would move its head in a slow turn, from east to west to east again, dark eyes gazing at the field blanketed in deep snow.

The owl was most likely listening more than watching, straining to hear the scratching of tiny feet moving under the thick layer of white. Owls are remarkably skilled at finding and catching prey, but even they struggle to survive a long, cold season.

"This time of year, owls are working overtime, since it's a lot harder to find food," said Dave Erler, senior naturalist at the Squam Lakes Natural Science Center in Holderness, New Hampshire. "That's why we see them during the daytime more often in winter."

Usually nocturnal, owls have eyes designed to be highly sensitive in low light conditions. They also have excellent depth perception. This superior vision is the result of eyes that are more tube-shaped than round, with myriad light-sensitive nerve endings. The trade-off is that owls' eyes cannot move like ours do, so they have limited peripheral vision.

To compensate, owls are designed to turn their heads up to 270 degrees. Like other raptors, they have 14 vertebrae in their necks, compared to humans' seven cervical bones. That, combined with a specialized arrangement of blood vessels to ensure the neck rotation does not impede circulation, allows owls their incredible range of head motion.

This head-turning ability helps more than vision; it also aids in hearing, perhaps the owl's most important predatory feature. Many owls, including barred, saw-whet, and others that hunt in northern New England through the winter, have asymmetrically-placed ear openings pointing in slightly different directions. This means that sounds reach the ears at different times. If an owl hears a mouse scurrying through the snow on the left, it turns its head in that direction and then pin-points the exact location of its prey based on how the sound reaches each ear. The feathers around an owl's face and ears also funnel sound efficiently to the ears.



Yvonne Jenkins Photo top left
Larry Jenkins Photo bottom right

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Articles, poems, notices, inquiries and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Dede Aube, dedeaube@gmail.com (603-723-0847) by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April & June. The **Blizzard** is published the first of each month, with the exception of July and August. Send event notices to Linda Dupont, linda.dupont90@yahoo.com by the 24th of the preceding month. The **Randolph Weekly** is published in July & August only. A grant from the Randolph Foundation makes these publications possible.

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TRASH COLLECTION Must be at roadside by 7 am
 Trash - every Tues.; Recycling, 1st Sat. of each month.
RECYCLABLES Separated and collected on first Sat. of each month, starting at 7:00am.

WIER'S WEATHER WISE NOVEMBER

THROUGH MARCH 16, 2019

RAINFALL		DAYS WITH A TRACE OR MORE OF RAIN	
NOVEMBER	2.49"	9	
DECEMBER	2.41"	8	
JANUARY	1.71"	3	
FEBRUARY	0.41"	5	
MAR	0.00"	0	(First 16 days of the month)

TOTAL: 7.02"

SNOWFALL		SWE*		DAYS WITH A TRACE OR MORE OF SNOW	
NOVEMBER	49.7"	4.79"	16		
DECEMBER	11.5"	0.84"	21		
JANUARY	47.9"	4.16"	24		
FEBRUARY	43.8"	4.25"	18		
MARCH	15.1"	1.11"	11		(First 16 days of the month)

TOTAL: 168.0" 14.65"

* Snow Water Equivalent (SWE) The amount of water you get when the snow is melted.

TEMPERATURE		WIND	
	MAX	MIN	PEAK GUST
NOVEMBER	50.2	-4.0	SW 40 mph (3rd)
DECEMBER	54.3	-2.4	W 45 mph (21st)
JANUARY	44.9	-8.9	SW 50 mph (27th)
FEBRUARY	51.8	-8.1	W 46 mph (9th)
MARCH	59.5	-0.7	W 39 mph (16th)

OF DAYS BELOW ZERO: (23)

TOTAL SNOWFALL OCT 1st to MAR 16th: 186.7"

Post Script: ****TOTAL SNOWFALL OCT 1st to MAR 25th is 204.0"**

Ted Weir of Randolph Hill Rd. is a weather hobbyist.



Weather Wise Owl
Yvonne Jenkins Photo



Continued from pg. 1 ...

“Owls catch sounds at different angles and probably at a different rate, too. Since they’re hunting more by sound than sight, that’s really an advantage,” said Erler. “That’s what allows them to hear their prey underneath the snow.”

An owl can hear a rodent moving up to two feet below the surface of the snow and can hear prey move even as they fly toward it, allowing them to adjust their path in flight as necessary. Basically, owls perform instantaneous trigonometry as they hunt, changing direction based on shifting prey intelligence in mere milliseconds.

This mid-flight adjustment is helped by another feature that makes owls great hunters: silent wings. Compared with other raptors, owls’ wings are broad, rounded, and quite large in relation to their body size, creating a low wing loading: more lift per wing beat. Less flapping means less sound, of course, but the intricate design of an owl’s feathers also muffles noise.

There are three sets of feathers that factor into an owl’s stealth flying. First, the feathers at the leading edge of the wing feature flexible bristles that break up the turbulence – or sound of air moving over wings – into smaller, less noisy currents. Porous fringe along the feathers at the trailing end of the wings muffle the sound of air sliding off the back side. Finally, the dense, velvety down feathers covering the owl’s body and wings absorb sound, comparable to the effect of a heavy carpet.

Once an owl has located and silently approached its prey, it attacks in a sudden, violent swoop, using its talons to break through the snow.

When the hunting is good, many owls will cache food in a tree snag or nest. When the hunting is not so good, owls turn opportunistic, for example, staking out birdfeeders in the hopes of catching squirrels, birds and other seed eaters.

According to Erler, owls aren’t particularly intelligent birds, despite their reputation for wisdom. However, as winter predators, they are remarkably well adapted. Look for one fluffed up in a tree near you, and next time you’re out in a field, keep an eye out for evidence of the hunt: wing scrapes in the snow with a hole in the middle, where the talons punched through.

Meghan McCarthy McPhaul is an author and freelance writer. She lives in Franconia, New Hampshire. The above article is printed with permission from The Outside Story, assigned and edited by Northern Woodlands Magazine and sponsored by the Wellborn Ecology Fund of New Hampshire Charitable Foundation: wellborn@nhcf.org



Photos: Karen Eitel top left
Cindy Schram Bottom right

Winter Wearing



By Karen Eitel

Flannel pajamas thrown
into the laundry

one more time....

Why am I complaining?

Winter doesn’t seem to
mind.

Glorious Mountain Days: a 1902 hike that helped save the Whites

By EdithTucker

The words and photos that make up the core of *Glorious Mountain Days: The 1902 hike that helped save the White Mountains*, researched and edited by Allison W. Bell and Maida Goodwin, were produced during a camping trip in the White Mountains in July 1902, 116 years before being published in 2018.

The photographs were preserved through the generations by the Lowe family in this small town and by a Massachusetts family.

The words in letters, mailed to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, a very well-known clergyman, ended up in the Library of Congress as part of the collected papers of an influential New England family.

Goodwin points out in her preface, "At 80 years of age in 1902, Hale's own hiking days were over, but his friends — Hattie Freeman and Emma Cummings — sent him a detailed and enthusiastic account of their trip." These letters were a few of some 3,000 that Freeman exchanged with Hale between 1884 and his death in 1909.

It was not until 2006 — over 100 years later — that historian Sara Day recognized that Hale and Freeman had had a long and well-concealed love affair. It was in 2013 that Day published her book, *Coded Letters, Concealed Love: The Large Lives of Harriet Freeman and Edward Everett Hale*. New Academia Publishing

The photo album was presented to Vyron Lowe (1869-1962) as a token of appreciation for his superb work as the hiking party's guide, Goodwin explains.

The 100-plus-page paperback can be enjoyed for the interesting story it tells of a guided hike, organized just before the northern slopes of the Presidential Range were soon to be stripped of their trees.

Pioneering pathmaker J. Rayner Edmands joined Freeman, Cummings, her nephew, an accomplished young photographer Frank (Fred) and Edith Hull, at the start of a seven-day trip, starting from the Ravine House Hotel at 10:30 am on July 8. The hikers traveled from Intervale, where beginning that summer Freeman rented various cottages on or adjacent to "Stonehurst," the Merriman family's grand estate.

"Each hiker carried a bag fastened by a leather strap over the shoulder containing all necessary articles for our camp life," Cummings wrote. "Crossing the rail-road track we found ourselves at once in the woods, among the canoe and yellow birches, beech, maple and some spruce, fir and hemlock, the latter all small trees, because lumbermen have long ago stripped the bark from the old trees and left the trunks to rot.

"The guide Mr. Vyron Lowe, with a load of provisions went by another and more direct route to the camp called the Perch, on the western slope of Mt. Adams. ...We stopped by a brook to eat some luncheon and as soon as we felt well established for a short rest, the black flies, which we had scarcely noticed, were so troublesome that we were soon glad to move on. Mr. Edmands through the day called our attention to many interesting geological facts...."

"After luncheon we made a detour from the Randolph Path over which we have been walking for the purpose of visiting the 'Floor' of King's Ravine, an elevated plateau from which was seen a magnificent view of the valley. Part of the way was boulder climbing. Sometimes the path led among low shrubs, underneath were patches of *Cornus Canadensis* in bloom."

"Above came the boulder climbing and there we saw the evergreen leaves of the mountain cranberry growing over the ground partially covering the rocks and showing its pretty pink-and-white blossoms."

Cummings describes other blooming flowers and trees as well as birds, including Swainson's thrush, winter wren, black poll warbler, black-throated blue warbler, Junco and Peabody (white-throated sparrow.)

"We reached the 'Perch' about half past five o'clock and found a cheerful fire and hot dinner nearly ready for us," Cummings continues. "We had been walking seven hours, having covered about as many miles. A seat before the blazing fire with something to eat was what we wanted more than anything else in the world, although we declared we were not much tired."

Edmands was their host. It was he who built both The Perch and nearby Cascade Camp a decade before.

The hiking party visited AMC Madison Hut on their third day, and then Freeman, Cummings and Lowe hiked to the top of Mt. Madison and enjoyed views of Gorham and Berlin Falls.

The four hikers and their guide walked from Cascade Camp to Mt. Washington over the Israel Ridge path to the Gulf Side path to Jefferson and across Clay to the highest peak on the fifth day.

"We ate our luncheon on the side of Clay and when near the summit of Washington walked for a short distance on the rail-road ties," Cummings wrote. "Finding it tiresome we crossed to the carriage road and reached the summit house [150-bed hotel] about five o'clock. There were but a few guests and the

Continued pg. 5...

From pg. 4 ...The housekeeper told us that the season was very late.

Bell and Goodwin compare the calm, clear day that marked this group's hike across the range with the rugged bushwhacking that Hale, then 19, and his friend William Francis Channing had undertaken in 1841 during a thunderstorm. It was then that Hale fell in love with the White Mountains, and he always remained smitten.

"Visiting Cascade Ravine some 60 years later, Hattie's group was among the last to enjoy the lush forest and beautiful cascades before logging devastated the landscape," Bell and Goodwin point out.

The hiking party visited the Snow Arch in Tuckerman's Ravine on July 14 and visited the Glen House, Carter Notch and Gray's Inn in Jackson.

When Hale visited Interval later that summer, Freeman helped galvanize him to begin to work for forest preservation along with many others, including Edmands and forester Philip Ayres of the Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests.

When Freeman visited The Perch and Cascade Camp again the next summer, she found their woodland paths ruined. "For a mile we walked over a logged area, the pretty forest path simply a mass of mud," she wrote.

Hale was appointed Chaplain of the U.S. Senate in 1903 and Freeman encouraged him to keep lobbying Congress for federal preservation of the White Mountains.

Although Hale died before the Weeks Act of 1911 was passed, Freeman was "much gratified" that Ayres asked her in Nov. 1918 for a portrait of him to hang in his office at SPNHF once the WMNF had been established earlier that year. *Originally published in The Berlin Sun*

Edith Hull, left, Hattie Freeman, Emma Cummings, and Frank Freeman are ready to set off on July 8, 1902, for The Perch on Mt. Adams from the Ravine House in Randolph. (unknown)



Library News by Yvonne Jenkins

A Monthly Book Reading and Discussion group celebrating literary greats was added this winter. Discussions take place on the last Monday of the month from 6:30 - 7:30 pm. People are asked to come prepared by pre-reading the book and a willingness to share in the group discussion. Previous titles include Moby Dick, Frankenstein, and the Tempest. Thank you to Jim Hunt for helping to get this program up and running. Stop by the library to find out what we will be reading next.

Let the melting begin! The Library is sponsoring its second annual "When Will the Seven Break? Contest". In the spirit of "ice out", we are asking people to give us their best guess as to the date and time when the Seven in King Ravine will break. You can stop by the library to choose a date or send us an email at info@randolphnhpubliclibrary.org and we will log your guess. All entries are due by Wednesday, May 1st. The person choosing the closest or correct day and time will win. Local weather observer Ted Wier will make the official call. Prize: One gallon of local maple syrup. FYI: The date was May 18th last year. It will be interesting to see what difference a year makes.

Summer preview:



We are very pleased to welcome back to Randolph Allison Bell and Maida Goodwin on Friday, July 5th at 7:30 pm. Since doing a presentation for the Randolph Mountain Club last summer, their book *Glorious Mountain Days* has been released (see Edith Tucker's article herein). They will discuss their book, placing an emphasis on "19th-c. Botanizing on the Presidential Range." Copies of the book will be available for purchase and author signing.

The Children's Reading Program, "A Universe of Stories," will take place in July and August with a special performance for all ages by the Modern Times Theater of East Hardwick, Vermont on Wednesday evening, July 24.

Library website: Please visit our web site at randolphnhpubliclibrary.org to find out more about what is happening at your library.

From the RMC Archive, by Judy Hudson

What's in your attic? This past summer Charles Corcoran contacted us to examine some boxes from the attic of his cottage, which he had purchased years ago from the family of Arthur Stanley Pease. Trained as a classicist, renowned as a biologist, and one-time president of Amherst College, Pease was the RMC's second president and a dedicated member of the Club from its beginnings until his death in 1964. When Al and I went to inspect the boxes, we found Charlie elbow-deep in piles of paper spread out on their dining table. "It looks like he never threw away any scrap of paper," he said.

Many items of historical interest have turned up, from RMC affairs to the Watsons' gold-lettered 50th anniversary invitation. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests' Philip Ayres asked Pease to support the establishment of a NH National Forest by writing the obstructionist Speaker of the House, R-IL Joseph Cannon. (Pease was then teaching at the University of Illinois, Urbana.)

There is a scrapbook of newspaper clippings, carefully folded and pasted in, that begins in 1912 and ends with a July 21st, 1929 account of the accident in which the Cog's venerable engine Old Peppersass ran off the rails on Jacob's Ladder.

George Sargent's May 20, 1912 article, 'Reviving the "Summit House": A Two-Million Mt. Washington Improvement,' seems amazingly relevant today. A map of the proposed electric railroad shows a 19-mile route that traverses Jefferson Notch, climbs up the Ridge of the Caps and across to Mt. Bowman, along the Castles, then parallels the Gulfside Trail to encircle the

cone of Mt. Washington two-and-a-half times. The hotel, as pictured below, was to surround the actual summit, enabling visitors to stand on its top rocks in luxurious comfort. An economic recession in New England fortunately forced abandonment of this plan!

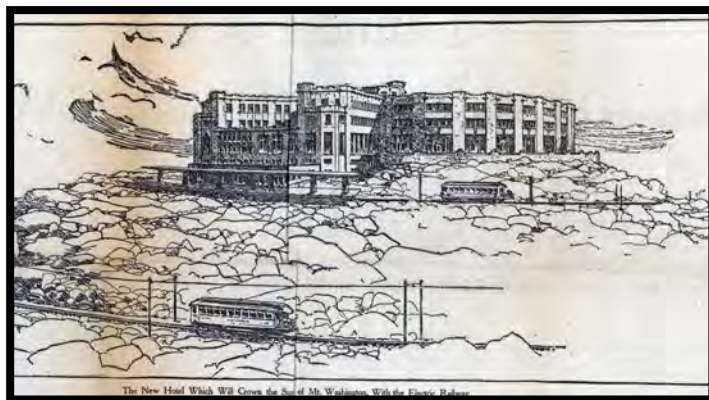
Randolph's bicentennial is coming up and will be featuring stories from our town's history, particularly from this last one hundred years. In preparation, we would like to encourage you to help compile an inventory of any historical materials that your families have cached in your attics, collected in your photo albums, or hung on your walls. Once we know what resources are out there, we can do a better job of interpreting and preserving this unique town's history.

I repeat myself: "What's in your attic?" Be in touch with us!

Guy Stever
Sarah Eusden Gallop
Judy and Al Hudson

gstever@ne.rr.com
seg@mit.edu

abhudson@anthro.umass.edu



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The Randolph Cemetery

By Bill Minifie

In 1967, my parents bought what was then known as the Judson house on Durand Road. They'd scraped all their savings together and managed to raise \$15,500.00. Mrs. Judson, the owner, was asking well more than twice that, but when my parents made their rather meager offer, she gracefully accepted it and stated that she wanted someone who would love and enjoy her wonderful house, adding that she didn't need the money anyway.

It was the only house my parents ever owned. I suspect, though, that on some level, owning it made my father uncomfortable, because he sold it about a dozen years later, and never bought another. He was a clergyman and had lived in rectories his entire adult life and perhaps house ownership made him uneasy.

A perk to owning property in Randolph, at least back then, was that the buyer also got a plot in the old Randolph cemetery. Ours is pretty spacious, nestled near the Lowes and Browns and Meiklejohns. The first in the family to be buried there was my father, in 1988. His ashes were interred in front of a simple granite stone, we'd placed flat into the soil, with just his name and dates inscribed. Also inscribed on the stone was my mother's name with only the year of her birth. More than once I went to funerals with my mother in the cemetery in the years after my father's death, knowing that one dreadful day a final date would be below her name, too. Eighteen years later, my mother died and 2006 was added to the gray stone she now shares with my father.

...Continued from pg. 6

One of the advantages of cremation is that cremains (a horrible neologism) take up a lot less room than coffins—you can memorialize a lot more folks in your plot if you go that route. Of course, the thought of our mortal remains being burned up is not a pleasant one, but at least cremation is fast and, to my mind, preferable to being stuck in an overpriced box and buried six feet under. Also, the idea of taking up room just to decompose seems kind of crazy, to me at least. Perhaps some folks think the line in the Apostle's Creed, "I believe in the Resurrection of the Body" means that if some semblance of one's actual body remains, the chances of a physical resurrection are greater. But that seems grossly unfair to those consumed by fire, flood, or nuclear holocaust.

After my father's death, I never really considered who in the next generation might want to be buried in our plot. I was young enough to think that death was so far in the distant future that it didn't warrant much thought. That thinking abruptly changed when my younger brother, Jonathan, died at age 50 in 2000. But because he and his wife, Mary, had been living in Groton, Massachusetts, Mary understandably chose to place Jonathan's ashes in a plot in Groton.

Though our family had long ties with the White Mountains, most of our childhood associations were with Jefferson and it wasn't until my parents bought the Judson house that our Randolph connection really began. When my older brother Tom was preparing for his death this past year (from esophageal cancer), it was quite a surprise when he made it clear he wanted to be interred in the Randolph Cemetery. Although Tom had joined four of his five siblings in buying the Kendall house on Randolph Hill Road in 1990, he moved not long afterwards to the West Coast, and eventually sold his share in the property to the rest of us. Tom rarely visited after that, but we were honored to grant his wish.

One of the peculiarities of our culture is that we all gather for the memorials rather than getting together while there is still life. Then again, someone said that one can't really measure a tree until it is cut down, and in some ways that is true of us as well.

Tom died this past August and we planned the interment for the Columbus Day weekend. I contacted Nicoletti in Berlin, where my parents' stone was carved, and had them copy its style and font for Tom's. As the interment approached, one of Tom's daughters told me that she would be bringing her Dad on the plane. I knew what she meant, but when she presented me with the box of ashes it was

dreadful to think that all that remained of my dear brother Tom was a plastic bag in a brown cardboard box filled with nothing but gray ashes. We found the pitcher we'd used for my parents' ceremonies and as we made the transfer from box to pitcher, some of Tom's ashes fell to the ground. I was tempted to scoop them up and save them to remind me of him. But the ashes were not Tom, and later when it rained, I saw those remnants dissolve into the earth—dust to dust.

Death is always a terrible shock. I've read that the first stage of grief is denial. We simply cannot accept the fact that someone we have known since the very beginning will never gladden our eyes again. The reality of Tom's death did not really hit home until I saw two of Tom's daughters weep as they poured his ashes into the small hole in front of his new gray granite stone in the Randolph Cemetery.

My dear brother Tom was gone, and this sad bit of gray ash was all that remained of his corporeal frame. How sobering it is to contemplate what awaits all of us. We expect our parents to die before us and prepare for it from the time we attain any real consciousness, but we are far less prepared for the death of a sibling. Their death makes our death so much more palpable.

Cemeteries are, of course, really for the living. To say that the view is great or that you will be buried next to the right kind of people is silly. My thoughts of what happens after death swing from thinking there is nothing but oblivion to hoping there is some sort of afterlife. I am hopefully uncertain. But what I am sure of is that where my ashes finally do reside will not be of any consequence whatsoever, whatever state I am in, or not in, as the case may be. It is only when we are alive and contemplating eternity that a beautiful cemetery setting offers salve to our grim thoughts of mortality.

But that salve can help heal the wound of loss. I often think of that lovely plot the town of Randolph bestowed on our family, sown with the ashes of my father, mother, and Tom—now part of that rocky soil. Their simple granite markers are solid and real reminders of their wonderful lives. And that spot, too, will always bring back those solemn days when we "committed their ashes to the deep." Being there is an affirmation that they did indeed live and they will always very much live in me. But one day we shall be there too—and who shall remember then?

*Randolph Remembers ...***Ashley S. Campbell**

Ashley Sawyer Campbell, Sr. died on February 1, 2019. He was born on December 24, 1918 in Montclair, New Jersey. He married Mary Letitia Fishler on July 18, 1942. They were married for 71 years and raised six children together.

He attended elementary school and high school in Montclair and earned a B.S. at Harvard University in 1940. From 1940 to 1945, he worked for the Wright Aeronautical Company in Patterson, NJ designing and developing direct cylinder-head fuel injection in military aircraft. After the war, he earned an M.S. in 1947 and Sc.D. in 1948, both from Harvard. Also, at Harvard, he was an Assistant Dean and Instructor in Mechanical Engineering in 1948, and an Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering in 1949 and 1950. He was Dean of Technology at the University of Maine in Orono, Maine from 1950 to 1957. In addition to his responsibility for teaching, research, and service missions in technology, he administered the University of Maine Pulp and Paper Foundation and was awarded the foundation's annual award for his leadership. He moved to Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts as Dean of the College of Engineering from 1957 to 1968. He was a consultant to the government of Thailand on the new University of the South and to the U.S. Navy on NROTC curriculum revision. He returned to the University of Maine in 1968 as the Arthur O. Wiley Professor of Mechanical Engineering. He taught two introductory courses plus two advanced courses in thermodynamics. In 1970, he was selected as an Outstanding Educator of America. His students recall his clear presentation of material, readiness to help them understand the material, and upbeat attitude. He published research on the nature of fire and the textbook *Thermodynamic analysis of combustion engines* (John Wiley & Sons, New York, 1978), reviewed proposals for the National Science Foundation, and served on an NSF panel on undergraduate science education. He retired from the University of Maine in 1980. In that year his broad impact on the university was recognized by establishment of the Ashley S. Campbell annual award, the highest in the College of Engineering, for faculty who are outstanding in teaching, research, and public service.

Ash had numerous interests. He took to hiking early, climbing Mt. Adams in the White Mountains of New Hampshire at age four or five and was a life member of the Randolph Mountain Club (RMC). Early success fishing for trout in the Moose River in Randolph, New Hampshire sparked a long love of fishing. He played squash and tennis and enjoyed music, especially jazz piano, Gilbert and Sullivan, Rachmaninoff piano concertos, and Brahms' symphonies. He played the piano well most of his adult life, favoring songs popular in his youth as well as playing by ear.

Ash and Chen Sun started retirement in Randolph, where he was a town selectman for seven years and solidified the town's accounting. He was President of the Mount Crescent Water Company in Randolph from 1968 to 1983. They moved to Santa Fe for 10 years, returned to Randolph for four, then South Thomaston, Maine for six, and to nearby Rockland in 2008. In retirement he developed interests in furniture making, framing Chen Sun's paintings, constructing mobiles in the style of Alexander Calder, testing people for Myers-Briggs personality type, and writing his own word processing software. He and Chen Sun had many friends. He had a playful wit and natural charm that led to many enduring friendships. He enjoyed listening to others and often followed his father's habit of drawing people out with questions. In later years, as his vision failed, he lost capacity to read but his desire to learn remained strong, and he delved into a wide range of topics, from cosmology to philosophy. A friend recently described him as "a true gentleman, kind and urbane".

He was predeceased by his parents, George Ashley Campbell and Caroline Sawyer Campbell, his older brother, Alexander Hovey Campbell, his son Benjamin Hill Campbell, his wife Chen Sun, and his son-in-law Sam Gellens. He is survived by his children (spouses): Ashley Jr. (Martha Waller), Christopher (Margaret), Martha (Sam) Gellens, Gordon (Nedine), and Philip (Mary); nine grandchildren (spouses): Camilla (Timothy) Shannon, Toby (Anthon) Campbell, Katharine (Brandt) Lewis, Chandra (Ezekiel) Maloney, Benjamin (Marae) Campbell, Rosalie (Ryan) Westenskow, Saadya Gellens, Peter (Kelsey) Campbell, and Julia (Nick) Hafen; and 18 great grandchildren: Bernadette, Clementine, Heathcliff, and Ambrose Lewis; Miriam, Griffin, Charles, and Samuel Westenskow; Emma, Henry, and Claire Shannon; Nora, Esther, and Blythe Campbell; Bennett and Charlotte Maloney; and Reuben and Amelia Hafen.

His family encourages anyone who wishes to remember him to do so with a gift to a charity of their choice or to the RMC.

...Barbara F. Wyssession

Barbara Fenn Wyssession died peacefully in her home in Teaneck, NJ, on Saturday, Dec 29, 2018, at the age of 85. She was an unyielding force of cheerfulness and optimism who loved music and nature. Barbara was a talented musician who taught music to thousands of students both as a public-school music teacher and through private lessons and she helped countless others as a music therapist in New Jersey hospitals. Barbara played and taught the piano, cello, flute, and recorder, and later in life learned the viola da gamba, and was a professional church organist for most of her life.

Barbara was born in Berlin, NH, the daughter of Edward and Helen Fenn, and graduated from Gorham High School in 1951. She went on to receive undergraduate degrees in Music from Colby-Sawyer College and the University of New Hampshire and graduate degrees in Music Education from Harvard University and Music Therapy from Montclair State University. Barbara lived in New Jersey for most of her adult life and professional



career, playing and performing with the Bergen Philharmonic, the Pro Arte Chorale, the Bergen County Chapter of the American Recorder Society, and many other musical ensembles. In addition, she joyfully returned for over 60 years to northern New Hampshire, where she was very involved with many activities and organizations, particularly the Randolph (NH) Church (as an organist) and the Randolph Mountain Club. Barbara loved the mountains of northern New Hampshire and climbed most of them - many times.

Barbara is survived by siblings Louise Howard (Purcellville, VA), Diana Dunseath (San Diego, CA), and Lincoln Fenn (Rutland, VT); daughter Lisa Wyssession (Ramsey, NJ); son Michael Wyssession and his wife Margaret Farnon (St. Louis, MO); and grandchildren William and Elizabeth. She was predeceased by her husband Alex Wyssession.

Services celebrating Barbara's life will be held in New Jersey in the spring and in Randolph, New Hampshire in the summer.

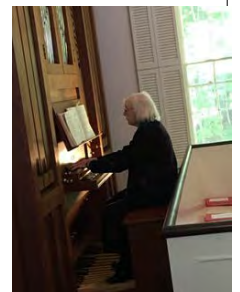
Two Concerts for Benevolences- Save the Dates

July 7th at 4:00 pm - Concert for Benevolences: Ernie Drown with Beth Hilgartner

And

August 4th at 4:00 pm - Concert for Benevolences: Linda Alexander, flutist, with others ____

Organists for the Randolph Church services this year will be Heywood Alexander, Barbara Bishop, Angela Brown, Ernie Drown and Susan Ferre.



... Martha Brinton Mermier



Martha Brinton Mermier passed away peacefully on November 14, 2018 in Ann Arbor, MI surrounded by family and friends. She was 89 years old. She led a full, active life but in her last years was slowed by Parkinson's disease.

Martha was born in 1929 in West Chester, PA to Mariam Slingluff, a pianist and piano teacher from Mt. Vernon, Ohio and Edward G. Brinton whose ancestor, William Brinton, was a British Quaker judge who was granted a tract of land in the West Chester/Chadd's Ford area by William Penn. Martha attended high school at Westtown Friends School and received her bachelor's degree in political science from Brown University. She spent her junior year abroad in Switzerland with a group from Smith College and met Guy Rene Mermier, her future husband, sailing back to the USA. After graduation she moved to Washington, DC where she worked for the CIA. Despite everyone's curiosity, she never revealed exactly what she did there, raising much speculation that it was more interesting than she ever led on. Martha and Guy were married in 1954 and had two daughters, Catherine now of Ann Arbor, MI and Christine of Albuquerque, NM. In those early years she faced raising two small children, nursing her husband through cancer, and supporting him as he was earning his PhD. She received a Master of Science in Education from the University of Pennsylvania and for four years worked in a clinic at Pennsylvania Hospital diagnosing and treating children with learning disabilities. In 1961, Martha and her family moved to Ann Arbor, MI where Guy was offered a professorship at the University of Michigan. Martha later earned a second master's degree, a Master of Social Work from the University of Michigan. She spent most of her career as a psychiatric social worker working with severely mentally ill patients at Ypsilanti Regional Psychiatric Hospital until her retire-

ment in 1984. Afterward she wrote a book, *Coping with Severe Mental Illness; Families Speak Out*, which was published in 1993.

Martha first came to Randolph as a child when Mariam's good friend, Elizabeth Hillis, invited her and her family to come up for a visit. After that they returned to Randolph regularly and Martha formed many lifelong friendships. It was there where she developed a profound love of the mountains. Although she spent many summers in Randolph, she did not hike exclusively in the White Mountains. She climbed the Mont Blanc, the highest peak in Europe, guided by the famous Swiss guide Raymond Lambert when she was in college. Years later, after retirement, she returned to hike the 100-mile Tour du Mont Blanc. She trekked in Nepal with a group including Jim and Meg Meiklejohn and hiked the Milford Track in New Zealand. She traveled on foot and camped in the Grand Canyon and regularly hiked in the mountains of New Mexico during her visits to see Christine. Even in her last years she continued to walk on trails around Ann Arbor, Zermatt, Sedona, Albuquerque, and Randolph. She instilled a love of mountains and hiking in her daughters and granddaughters and many family trips were spent in American National Parks or in the Alps. One day, in 1981, Jim Meiklejohn called Martha and Guy in Ann Arbor to let them know that the little cottage behind the Tea House was for sale. They bought it that June and transformed it into their own small haven with a view. Although tiny, Martha always found a way to bring in as many guests as possible to the house, although Guy preferred quiet solitude. The house seemed to always have the perfect balance of the natural sounds of Carlton Brook and rustling trees along with the conversation and laughter of visiting friends and family, with loud French music in the background. Their house reflects their love of travel, souvenirs dotting every corner and photo albums filled with memories.

Martha and Guy shared a passion for travel, and they traveled all over the world, from Alaska to South America, Iceland to Greece, China to Australia. Martha also spent several academic years in Aix-en-Provence, France with Guy.

Besides traveling and being in the mountains, Martha was an accomplished pianist, a talent she inherited from her mother. She somehow managed to get a Steinway grand piano into the Randolph cottage where she would continue to play into her 80's. She also enjoyed opera, attending performances with Catherine in Detroit, Santa Fe, and New York.

Brinton continued ...She adored the five dachshund dogs they had over the years, most of whom accompanied her up Pine Mountain, Dome Rock, and on walks around Lake Durand. Martha was a natural, inspired cook and her son-in-law Jeff remembers walking up the steps to the house in Randolph where an amazing smell emanating turned out to be a delicious cassoulet. Martha also cooked up the chanterelle mushrooms Guy would find along the Israel Ridge Trail and would flambé dessert crepes at the table. Every meal seemed to be a celebration of food and life.

Martha is preceded in death by Guy and her parents. She is survived by her daughters Catherine and Christine, Catherine's husband Jeff and Christine's partner Kat, her two granddaughters Alexandra and Elizabeth, her brother Ted, and his children Garry, Gail, and Christopher. She is also survived by her in-laws in France and many dear friends including Philip and Margot Mahler of Carlisle, MA, Christianne Hinks of Albuquerque, NM, Joachim Janecke of Ann Arbor, MI, and Jim and Susan Bellina of New Orleans, LA. Martha will be buried in August next to Guy in the cemetery behind the Randolph church.



... Micki Henderson

Carol Ann "Micki," Henderson, born December 12, 1941, in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and died February 4, 2019, in Richmond, Virginia. She is survived by her husband of 55 years, Reed Henderson; three children, Rachel Norfleet (Eric), Gretchen Henderson (James Engelhard) and Benjamin Henderson; sister, Deborah Spezialetti (Christopher); four grandchildren, two nieces, and two great-nephews. Micki received a Bachelor's Degree in Social Work from Penn State University and a Master of Social Work from the University of Pittsburgh. She worked in the fields of children with developmental disabilities, aging, and health care. In retirement, she volunteered as a mentor and tutor to elementary school aged children.

Micki enjoyed her summers in Randolph, New Hampshire and was a lover of the arts, whether taking in Richmond's latest cultural offering or creating her own works of art in her basement craft room. She was a creative, funny and fun-loving spirit who will be missed by grateful family and friends. A service of Celebration for her Life will be held Saturday, March 23, at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Richmond, Virginia. Contributions in Micki's name may be made to Feed More (www.feedmore.org), Brady Campaign to Prevent Gun Violence (www.bradycampaign.org).



... Emily Simko



Emily "Milka" Diane Simko of Milan, NH, formerly a resident of Randolph, NH, passed away peacefully on Sunday, March 10, 2019, at her daughter's home, after fighting her battle with breast cancer. She fought with so much strength and love! She was 67 years old.

Emily was born in Toronto, Canada, on Dec. 25, 1951, and moved to Berlin, NH, after her father passed away when she was at the young age of 7. Emily studied piano with the Royal Conservatory of Music in Canada. She started to

play her piano again at age 24, writing music and lyrics, which ultimately brought her to become a composer-keyboardist. In 1995 she released her first production, "Earth Project Music," and then her second release "Excursions."

During her 18 years as a single parent, raising two daughters, Emily earned her degree in cosmetology and was "Our" hairdresser for over 40 years!

Along with her love of music, she was very much in love with being Grammy to all her grandchildren. She was so incredibly proud of her daughters and both of their children. She always knew of their latest achievements and always "showed up" for them when they were displaying their talents through their various activities.

Emily is survived by her daughters Tina Lacasse and her husband Jay Lacasse of Milan, and Kristie A. Simko of Chapel Hill, N.C. She is also survived by her granddaughters and grandsons Danika Leblanc of Burlington, Vt., Aosha Wells and Kiah Wells of Chapel Hill, Karli Lacasse of Saco, Maine, Dallis Lacasse and Jalen Lacasse of Milan, and Kalie Rose Wells of Chapel Hill; as well as many aunts, nieces, nephews and cousins that she always thought of and missed so dearly.

Emily was pre-deceased by her parents John Simko from Prague, Czechoslovakia and Toronto, Canada and Alma Simko Villeaux of Toronto, Canada, and Berlin; also, her aunt Katarina and Uncle Paul; her brother John Simko and niece Veika. "They are all forever a great part of us, and I just know they also are celebrating with us in the circle of this magical reunion." — E. Simko, 1919.

"There are three things that are real ... God, Human Folly, and Laughter ... Since the first two are beyond our comprehension, we must do the best we can with the third." *President John F. Kennedy, 1963*

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... Deb Stewart

On December 25, 2018 a true prayer warrior and educational leader was called home to heaven. Deb Stewart spent 39 years in education all of which took place in Northern NH. She worked for the Gorham, Berlin, and Milan Schools and finished her career at the White Mountains Community College as the Chair and Professor of Teacher Education. Her students are now spread out across New Hampshire and influencing our learners every day.

She is survived by her husband and best friend of 39 years Mike Stewart of Randolph. Deb's daughters, Jasmine, husband Cormac, and two children Greta and Bray live in Standish ME and Chelsea, husband Tyler, and two children Elijah and Sophie live in Londonderry NH. Their families continue to embody Deb's love for family, life, and our almighty Lord. Deb is also survived by her brother Robert Willette and mother Patricia Willette.



Deb and her family moved to High Acers Road in Randolph at the end of August, 2018.

There was a celebration of Deb's life and of her contributions to the Northern NH Educational System on January 5, 2019 at the Assembly of God in Gorham NH.

The Real Thing!

By Bob Kruszyna

In a recent letter from our French friends, Jacques and Pierrette, they jokingly remarked there might be a ban on the import of Roquefort cheese to the USA. Well, that hasn't happened, although there is a stiff tariff. Her remark brought to mind the journey Harriet and I made through the Massif Central in 1986.

Our custom, after climbing in the Mont-Blanc range, was to visit a particular part of France; the Loire chateaux one year, Verdun and the Maginot Line another, Brittany, the Normandy beaches, the Burgundy vineyards, Avignon and the Rhone valley, etc.

In 1986, our prime objective was to visit Carcassonne. Then, after two sweltering nights in a hostelry without benefit of air-conditioning, we headed north on the A-75 through the Auvergne. The landscape was arid, almost a desert, made up of limestone sand. Only sheep and goats could survive there. But when one dropped down into the deep river gorge, everything was suddenly green with picturesque villages along the way. We made our way to Roquefort-sur-Soulzon to visit the cheese-making factories and the caves of Mont Combalou where Roquefort is aged. We spent a couple of days here. Every meal, even breakfast, contained the cheese in some form or another. It started to become too much of a good thing.

We visited the facilities of both the Société des Caves (the one with the sheep on the label) and Roquefort Papillon (the one with the butterfly). After a tour with other tourists of the factory and the natural caves, with their overpowering stench, we were given a slide-illustrated lecture by a young woman. Harriet and I were given a translation of the talk, but I managed to follow some of it with my feeble French.

At the end, the woman reeled off statistics as to where the cheese went. Most, of course, to France. The two largest importers were Germany and Spain. The United States imported only 12% of the total that was exported. Afterward, I confronted the gal and commented on the small amount that went to the US. She started to reply, and I said, "Stop. I know what you are about to say. The stuff that goes to the US is diluted because Americans can't handle the strong flavor and smell." She burst into laughter and said, "Yes, that's exactly the case. But you two Americans seem to be exceptions."

So, whenever I buy Roquefort in the states, I know it's not the real thing!



THE LEGEND OF ROQUEFORT

The legend of Roquefort cheese tells the story of a young shepherd in the rocky Causes region of south-central France. He left an ordinary lunch of bread and sheep's milk cheese in one of the local limestone caves of the region thinking he would return to it later that day. It was several weeks before he retrieved his lunch and discovered an enormous mass of mold. The curious boy tasted the mixture, only to find it was delicious! Ever since, the maturation period of three months to a year takes place in special cool caves in the tiny village of Roquefort-sur-Soulzon. There limestone cellars eleven stories deep remain an even 45degrees Fahrenheit, with up to 95 percent humidity, creating a cheese full of character, perfume, and flavor. The prized bluish-green-veined Roquefort is the third most popular cheese eaten in France, on the heels of Camembert and goat cheese or chevre.

Source: *Patricia Wells at Home in Provence, 1996*

Roquefort Dressing

4 ounces of French Roquefort cheese, at room temperature, crumbled

2 Tablespoons of heavy cream

3 Tablespoons of freshly squeezed lemon juice

Freshly ground black pepper to taste

Whisk together 1 Tablespoon of the Roquefort, the cream, lemon juice and pepper. Taste for seasoning. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese.

This is particularly delicious served on Endive ,Bibb or Butter lettuce.

Source: *Patricia Wells at Home in Provence, 1996*

What's Cooking in Randolph...

Pea and Asparagus Soup

This classic English soup was first brought into my home by Ingrid Graf. Admittedly, the idea of fresh or frozen peas in a soup sounded strange and I began my first bite with trepidation but within seconds I was gobbling down a second and then a third spoonful. Now the soup is a regular in my kitchen. Peas, asparagus with a touch of cream and dill or parsley make this soup perfectly cheery for spring. It may be served hot or chilled.

Ingredients: 1 tablespoon unsalted butter
 1 large yellow onion, diced
 2 celery stalks, thinly sliced
 4 cloves garlic, finely chopped
 1 large (1-pound) bunch asparagus, trimmed, and sliced
 2 cups green peas, fresh or frozen
 1 teaspoon fine sea salt
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 1/4 cup cream for drizzling (optional)
 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill or parsley (optional)

Method: In a large saucepan, melt butter over medium heat. Add onion, celery and garlic. Cook, stirring frequently, until vegetables soften, 6 to 7 minutes. Stir in 5 cups water, sliced asparagus and peas. Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer until asparagus is very tender, about 15 minutes.

Working in small batches, purée soup in a blender or food processor until desired consistency. Pour it back into the pot. Place over medium heat until just simmering. Stir in salt and lemon juice.

Ladle the soup into bowls and drizzle the top of each with a little cream, if using. Top with a few sprigs of fresh parsley or dill. *Adapted from wholefoodsmarket.com*

What's Randolph Reading?

The Mildred Horton Book Group: The Mildred Horton Book group will meet March 25, April 22 and May 20 of 2019. April is poetry month and the meeting falls on earth day so each participant should bring a poem relating to earth day. The May meeting is early because of Memorial Day but still 4 weeks from the April date. During May everyone reads the same book for discussion but the book is yet to be decided upon.
 Hildy Danforth, Coordinator

The Back-Porch Book Club

April Poetry month, bring a poem, yours or someone else's, to share/discuss

May Nightingale by Kristen Hannah

June Sharp Objects: A Novel by Gillian Flynn

For more information, contact Barbara Arnold, Coordinator

Randolph Library: A Monthly Book Reading and Discussion group celebrating literary greats takes place at the Randolph Library on the last Monday of the Month from 6:30 - 7:30 p.m. For more information contact Yvonne Jenkins, Librarian.

Summer Reading Group

July 12: If Beale Street Could Talk by James

August 9: Upstream: Selected Essays by Mary Oliver.

Further information found herein and in the next issue of the Mountain View. Copies of the books will be available at the library. Sue Kearn Coordinator

News From the Town Clerk



Town clerk/Tax Collector will be closed Monday April 22, Wednesday April 24 and Wed. May 22.

Please be on the lookout for tax bills in late May or early June, Taxes have a due date of no earlier than July 1, 2019.

If you have moved or 911 has changed your street name or any part of your address in the last two years, go to the town website and fill out a change of address form and return it to the selectmen's office. If you do not have access to a computer, contact the selectmen's office and ask Linda how to get the address changed.

The Presidential Primary is coming up in early 2020. Check online or with the town clerk to be sure you are registered with the party of your choice. The last date you may change your party affiliation will be prior to the filing period for the Presidential Primary which is in May or June prior to the primary. So, in this case it will be May or June of 2019. The date for the filing period has not been set yet but it will be posted on the state's website (sos.nh.gov under election division). The date for the Presidential Primary will probably not be set until November or December 2019.

Randolph Town Election Results

March 12, 2019

Selectman (3 yrs.)	Lauren Bradley	Treasurer (1 yr.)	Angela Brown
Trustee of Trust Fund	Mike Sewick	Cemetery Trustee (3 yr.)	Ray Aube
Board of Adjustment (3yrs.)	Guyford Stever Jr. & Robert Onacki		

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Selectmen Notifications

CodeRED

Seconds Count in an Emergency!

The town of Randolph has instituted the CodeRED Emergency Notification System – an ultra-high-speed telephone communication service for emergency notifications. This system allows us to telephone all or targeted areas of the town in case of an emergency situation that requires immediate action (such as a flood notice, missing child or evacuation notices). The system is capable of dialing 50,000 phone numbers per hour. It then delivers a recorded message to a live person or an answering machine, making three attempts to connect to any number. For more information about the CodeRED system, go to <https://www.readynh.gov>. The NH Alerts app and all its features are free. The app will provide you with all the alerts you have selected in the app settings for free, including weather alerts, emergency alerts, community alerts, and missing persons alerts.

THIS SYSTEM WILL ONLY BE USED FOR EMERGENCY PURPOSES.

Sign up for Safety Alerts

Note from Selectmen's Office: Due to revaluation of Randolph properties DRA Property division will be sending yellow postcards to a select few residents to do verifications of Avitar's assessments. These postcards will be sent between now and May 2019. Any questions can be directed to the Selectmen's office.

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Randy Meiklejohn and Diane Sokal hosted a winter gathering of Randolph friends who live in or near Boston, at a cafe near their home in Brookline, on Saturday March 2nd. From left to right: Jenna Maddock, Anne Forsyth, Sarah Gallop, David Forsyth, Scott Meiklejohn, Ellen Hayward, Jim Snyder-Grant, John Dillon, Charlotte Winchell, Dana Snyder-Grant, Randy Meiklejohn, Ginny Umiker, Diane Sokal, Margaret Douglas, Rick Umiker, Andy Gallop, Joel Douglas, Jamie Maddock, and Sue Maddock.



...Somewhere in the universe,
In the gallery of important things,
The babyish owl, ruffled and rakish,
Sits on its pedestal.
Dear, dark dapple of plush!
A message, reads the label,
From that mysterious conglomerate:
Oblivion and Co.
The hooked head stares
From its blouse of dark, feather lace.
It could be a valentine.

Little Owl that Lives in the Orchard
by Mary Oliver
Owls and Other Fantasies, 2003, Beacon
Press

Yvonne Jenkins Photo



Mountain View Publications
Randolph Foundation
P.O. Box 283
Gorham, N.H. 03581-0283

To:

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