

Mountain View



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



Photo by Edith Tucker

The answer, of course, is Randolph's Pony Truss Bridge, which took flight December 5, 2014, two days before the first major winter storm was due to arrive, which would have made her maiden voyage impossible until spring. Or not at all.

Our Pony Truss Bridge was constructed to span Snyder Brook when the railroad was first introduced into our slender valley in the 1800's. Now, the railroad infrastructure has been removed and the path that remains is a part of the state-wide rails-to-trails system. Randolph's bridge is one of five extant and is reputedly the best preserved.

What is a Pony Truss Bridge? A truss is a framework of wood, iron, or other materials made up of rafters, posts, and beams, designed to carry considerable weight. (The covered bridge in Conway, which straddles the Swift River, allows the viewer to study all of the components first-hand.) Ours is a short, mostly wooden span, which sat on two granite foundations on the west and east sides built into the banks of the brook which makes an "S" turn as it runs under the power lines, then continues toward Route 2. Over many years the east foundation has been slowly eroded, especially during spring run-off, to the extent that that side of the bridge could have dropped into the Snyder at any time.

A small group of us representing the State of New Hampshire, the Federal Government, the contractor responsible for the bridge's restoration, and myself, representing the Town Conservation Commission met under the bridge in early November to assess the damage caused by erosion and to decide what the next steps would be. It became immediately apparent that this was a job that could not wait. As the contractor said, "There's

What Weighs 200,000 Pounds and Flies?

By Jim Hunt

a good chance that this spring run-off will bring the whole structure down, making it impossible to restore." Under the east side, the joke of the day was that if one slender boulder, which appeared to be holding up the entire structure were kicked out, then everything would collapse on all of us—with deadly consequences.

Originally the plan was to bring one crane from the east, one from the west, then lift the bridge in tandem to the west side where it would be "bundled up" for the winter. Eventually, one mega-crane was decided upon and brought to the site December 4. (It cost \$4,000 per day to rent crane and operator, not to mention other equipment and a small, highly professional contingent of workers.) For example, one flatbed carried the counterweights to offset the estimated weight of the bridge—approximately 200,000 pounds or 100 tons.

There is no cost to the taxpayers of Randolph.

What would be used to secure the bridge to the crane to withstand the initial pull off the foundation, then swing it to its winter resting place? If you said chains, as I did, you're wrong. Kevlar straps able to be lifted and hooked in place by one man were employed. Amazing!

Lift off! First the west side was lightly jerked off its foundation. Then a determined pull was exerted on the east. No movement. Another—with the noise of crumbling stone beneath. Then success. A cheer rose from the onlookers. And the bridge effortlessly swung to a space that had been made for it on the south side.

...See Pony Truss pg. 3



Photo: Jim Hunt

Articles, notices, inquiries, comments, and ideas are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Dede Aube, dedeaube@gmail.com or by snail mail to 32 Nekal Lane, Randolph, NH 03593, (603-723-0847) by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April & June. **The Randolph Weekly** is published in July & August only. The Foundation is searching for a new editor. The **Blizzard** is published the first of each month with the exception of July and August. Send notices to Laura Brockett, 603-466-2034; lbrocett@gmail.com or 11 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, NH 03593 by the 24th of the preceding month. If you are not receiving the **Blizzard** but wish to, let Laura know. A grant from the Randolph Foundation makes these publications possible.

Mountain View Publications

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Laurie Archambault, Publisher

Diana (Dede) Aube Editor & Design Production

Jim Hunt, Final Proof Reader

Town Directory**AMBULANCE 911**

BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT (Chair, Paul Cormier) 466-5841

Meets 7 PM the 3rd Thursday of the month at Town Hall.

BOARD OF SELECTMEN (Chair, Ted Wier) 466-3970

Administrative Assistant, Linda Dupont; Treasurer Angela Brown

Meets 7 p.m. 2nd & 4th Monday at Town Hall 466-5771

BUILDING PERMITS. See Board of Selectmen

CEMETERY TRUSTEES Suzanne Santos, Steve Hartman, & Karen Eitel

CONSERVATION COMMISSION (Chair, Bruce Kirmmse) 466-5777

(Vice-Chair, Jim Hunt) 723-6653

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 (Jeff Parker) Call for Burning Permits 662-4050

GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD Contact SAU 20 Office 466-3632

Meets at 6:30 p.m. on the 3rd Tuesday of the month.

LIBRARY Librarian, Beth Dube. 466-5408

Open Mon. & Wed. 3-8 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10-noon

Trustees meet 3rd Mon. of each month at library. (Chair, Nancy Penney)

LIFELINE (Heather Wiley) 466-5179

PLANNING BOARD (Chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775

Meets 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the first Thursday of the month.

POLICE (Randolph Chief, Alan Lowe) 466-3950

RANDOLPH CHURCH (Moderator, Beverly Weatherly)

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, Barbara Arnold) 466-2438

RANDOLPH LIFE SQUAD — Call 911 in an emergency

Co-Directors Bill & Barbara Arnold

466-2438

RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB (President, Randy Meiklejohn)

ROAD AGENT (Kevin Rousseau) 466-5185

SUPERVISORS OF THE CHECKLIST

Denise Demers, Michael Sewick & Angela Chakalis-Pfeffer

TAX COLLECTOR (Anne Kenison) by appointment; call the Town Hall 466-5771

TOWN CLERK (Anne Kenison) 466-2606

Town Hall hours: Mondays 9 - 11 a.m. ; Wednesdays 7 - 9 p.m.

TOWN HALL Monday-Thursday, 9 a.m. to noon. 466-5771

TRASH COLLECTION Must be at roadside by 7 a.m.

Trash - every Tuesday; Recycling, sorted & bagged - 1st Saturday of each month.

TRUSTEES OF THE TRUST FUND Judy Kenison, Michael Sewick, M. Lark Andreas

Community Calendar

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

April

11 Randolph Mt. Club Spring Dinner at Libby's Bistro

14 GRS Cooperative School Board Meeting, 6:30 Gorham Middle High School Library

20-24 Spring Vacation GRSC

30 Dog registrations due

May

19 GRS Cooperative School Board Meeting, 6:30, Randolph Town Hall
25 Memorial Day

June

5 Graduation (T)

9 GRS Cooperative School Board Meeting, 6: Shelburne Town Hall

11 Last day of school GRS

15-26 Tentative make up days GRS

Randolph Town Elections

March 2015

Submitted by Anne Kenison, Town Clerk

Select Board: John Turner
Treasurer: Angela Brown

Trustee of Trust Funds:

Judy Kenison
Cemetery Trustee: Suzanne
Lowe-Santos

Board of Adjustment:

William Andreas
and Paul Cormier

Auditor: Wendy Walsh

Library Trustee: Nancy Penney

Town Clerk: Anne Kenison

Planning Board: Roberta Arbree
and John Scarinza

*All warrants passed.

Real Estate Transactions

No report

Building Permits

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.

No report

Couple donates funds to buy 72-acre Moose River headwaters tract

By Edith Tucker

During the season of giving Roberta Arbree and Bob Potter gave the town a wonderful gift. A gift they had the foresight to pursue and orchestrate.

The couple donated \$61,500 to the Conservation Commission in September so that it could buy a 72-acre parcel and an access right-of-way on the south side of Route 2 that includes Rollo Fall on the headwaters of the Moose River, set in a rugged forested landscape. From the outset the couple has intended that the Conservation Commission would act, in essence, as a pass-through, with the tract being added to the 10,000-acre-plus "working" Randolph Community Forest, once that step is approved at the March 2015 town meeting.

The selectmen approved having the town accept the deed on Nov. 11, as they had committed to do on Sept. 22. The tract is unsuitable for housing development since it has no frontage on a public road, noted Conservation Commission chairman Bruce Kirmmse in the property description he prepared for the selectmen. The shortest access would require use of an old logging road that is more than 800 feet long, which is longer than the town permits. Furthermore the ROW to the parcel crosses the White Mountain National Forest, and, by legal stipulation recorded in the deed, it cannot be improved or paved.

When Roberta and Bob were asked why they decided to buy the tract to protect it from development under public ownership, they cited the same fundamental reason, the preservation of the Moose River, but cited different experiences.

My first sighting of Rollo Fall was when I was hiking with Gail Scott to look for it," Roberta replied. "She and I found the site together. It's only about a half-mile from Bowman, the height of land in Randolph between the Androscoggin and the Israel's River watersheds, and it is on nearly level terrain except for the final 100 feet or so. Its existence is marked on a number of maps, including the 1928 Louis F. Cutter map of the Mt. Washington Range; the Lowe's Path, when it began at Bowman, used to pass Rollo Falls. It is noted on Brad Washburn's 1988 map of Mount Washington, and it's mentioned as "a bushwhack" in Bruce and Doreen Bolnick's "Waterfalls of the White Mountains" (1990). But what really galvanized us is that the headwaters of the Moose River are on the property, and we want to protect as much of the Moose River as we can and encourage others to do so. We've already conserved one mile along the Moose River in Gorham and Randolph.

In that prior 245-acre project the couple bought land destined to be a gravel operation and placed conservation easements on it.



Rollo Falls and the headwaters to the Moose River are located on the south side of Route 2 near Bowman Divide. Voters approved adding a parcel that includes the above and an access right-of-way to the RCF at the town meeting. Photographer Gail Scott entered this photo into the 2014 Randolph art show.

... *Pony Truss from pg. 1*

With the bridge safely out of the way, the extent of the damage to the east foundation became readily apparent. Most of the large concrete blocks used to construct the original edifice were now lying in Snyder Brook, either directly under where the bridge had stood or washed some distance downstream. Reconstructing the exact foundation for antiquity's sake will take imagination and heavy-duty construction equipment. All the blocks still in place have been numbered, but the others remain in the river until some magician appears to set everything as it originally was.

Eddie Tucker, Dave Govatski, Dennis Thompson, Ben Wilson, Chris Gamache, and others spoke for a while, we then disappeared to our vehicles, leaving the workers with the unenviable task of "breaking down" the crane, then removing everything from Appalachia.

Footnote: The Randolph Conservation Commission is currently exploring ways to address concerns regarding the future of rails-to-trails usage.

Running the Rockpile

New Hampshire's tallest peak, Mount Washington, is "Home of the World's Worst Weather"

By Doug Mayer

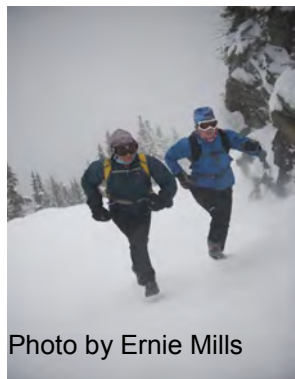


Photo by Ernie Mills

I am running on the Mount Washington Auto Road, my feet wending their way through icy "death cookies," left by a Bombardier snow tractor, the only vehicle passing this way this time of year. In places, the road is scoured to dirt or pavement. Elsewhere, drifts up to three feet have accumulated and hardened into frozen

waves in mid-break. I keep my head down and stare at the undulating ridges left by the machine's mechanical track. After an hour and 50 minutes, I'm a mile from the summit of the Northeast's tallest peak.

There are other ways up this mountain. Plenty of them. A mile away, ice climbers are swinging their tools up Pinnacle Gully in Huntington Ravine. Backcountry skiers are kicking steps into the headwall of Tuckerman Ravine. Dozens of hikers will be taking Lion's Head Trail up to the summit. But here, alone on the north slope that drops away to the Great Gulf Wilderness, I've picked an idea that's either ingenious, idiotic or a bit of each. And, by this mountain's winter standards, it's not a half bad day to go for a run.

In the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Mount Washington stands at 6,288 feet, but its statistics are practically unrivalled for a mountain of such small stature. Only the planet's poles and highest peaks come close. Winds exceed the 75-miles-per-hour threshold for hurricane force over 100 days each year, earning its moniker as "Home of the World's Worst Weather." For over 60 years, the peak boasted the world's highest-recorded wind gust: 231 mph, on the afternoon of April 12, 1934. The summit is in the clouds over 300 days each year. More than 135 people have perished from injury and exposure on its slopes.

I live in the heart of the White Mountain National Forest, so Mount Washington is in my backyard—and, in that regard, I consider myself lucky. In more summery conditions, my dog Samivel and I can run from the door of my house to the summit, a forested then alpine 10-mile route that includes five-thousand feet of climbing. And, each June, I find myself among the 1,300 runners who take part in the annual Mount Washington Road Race, to the top of the peak affec-

tionately dubbed "The Rockpile" by the handful of year-round summit residents who work for the Mount Washington State Park or the Observatory.

It's February 25. The temperature is -10 degrees, the wind from the Northwest gusting to 50 mph, and a ground blizzard is starting to take shape. Graupel, snowflakes encrusted in ice, stings my face. The wind begins its familiar games, slowing my pace.

The mountain and I, we've reached an understanding in the last year. I accept it on its terms, without expectations of what each run will bring. Sometimes, I get lucky, and reach the summit. Whatever the outcome, it's never dull.

Today started routinely enough. Rising before dawn, I opened my laptop to check the vertical temperature profile along the road, measured by automatic weather stations operated by the non-profit Mount Washington Observatory. My mind ticked through the game plan. The forecast called for deteriorating conditions, so I planned to run the four miles to treeline, then re-evaluate.

I stared at my gear, strewn on the floor the night before: trail-running poles, balaclava, down sweater, wind shell, heavy-weight long underwear, goggles, snacks, a small thermos with hot tea, arctic mitts, hand warmers, Microspikes and carbide-spiked trail-running shoes. With a bit of luck, a few hours from then, I would have ticked off the run to the summit of Mount Washington, highest peak in the Northeast.

For years now, each spring, my mountain-running season starts with this road. In the early morning hours before work, I'll run through the birch and maple groves, into the still snow-covered boreal forest, and finally above treeline to the post that marks my spring turnaround, four miles in. Later, as the race nears, my goals move up the mountain: The Horn, Cragway, Five-Mile Grade, Mother-in-Law's, Hairpin, Cow Pasture. On this road, each turn has a story.

Some friends scoff at the idea of running on the road—any road. But, catch the Auto Road before the gate opens in the morning, and you'll be treated to alpine vistas as good as any trail, meandering twists and turns right up there with my favorite singletrack and, save for the occasional moose or bear, total solitude.

The Rockpile ...

Last year, it just sort of happened. Rather than ending my season on Mount Washington with the Road Race, like Forrest Gump, I somehow just ... kept ... running. I ran the road once a month the rest of the summer, and into the fall. When temperatures dropped and the foliage turned, I was still on the road, grinding my way uphill.

In the months that followed, I experienced the mountain in all conditions. I had fair-weather runs, Samivel at my side as a fall sun broke over the Carter Range, not the slightest breeze rustling the blazing red, orange and yellow foliage. On the summit that particular morning, the Atlantic Ocean glittered in the distance, and the Observatory reported visibility over 100 miles. A month later, I found myself leaning at 45 degrees into a steady 60-mph wind. In half an hour, I had not made even a mile's progress. I called a truce, spun around and took gigantic, wind-assisted leaps back toward the valley.

In my years playing on the Presidential Range, I have been unceremoniously pile-driven to the ground by wind gusts, and lost above tree line in dizzying fog. This arctic microclimate breeds humility. It has to, if you want to come back to play another day. Like much bigger brethren, Mount Washington always calls the shots, no matter how much Gore-Tex you've amassed on your side of the equation.

Back on the Auto Road, I turn the corner at the seven-mile post. The ground blizzard is swirling madly, and in its midst, the summit comes and goes from sight, now less than a mile away. Mixed into the roar of the wind comes a familiar man-made rumble. I look back and see the Observatory's snow tractor gaining on me. The "Obs" is ferrying staff to the summit as part of their weekly shift change. I step to the side, punching into a drift of snow that's been sculpted by a month's worth of scouring. The tractor grinds past. Inside, passengers wipe the condensation from the windows and stare incredulously at me, like deep-sea divers eyeing an exotic fish. Tentatively, one of them waves. I raise a mitt in friendly acknowledgement. It must be cozy in there, I think.

It's harsh in my world, but I like it. Besides, in a few hours, I'll be drying clothes by the fireplace. I pull the icicles off my balaclava, angle my head into the wind and keep running.

Doug Mayer lives in Randolph. He is the owner of the trail-running company, Run the Alps. He was given special permission from the Mount Washington Auto Road Company to run the private road in winter.

The photo on pg. 12 is Doug running with Jenna Hill of Gorham — at the four mile mark, emerging above treeline. Mount Adams is in the background.

The Photo on pg. 18 is of Doug Mayer and Cath Goodwin who holds a number of winter hiking firsts .

RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB ANNUAL SPRING DINNER

Mark your calendars for Saturday, April 11th for the Randolph Mountain Club's Annual Spring Dinner at Libby's Bistro. Our event will feature a cash bar, raffle, presentations, and the fabulous Bistro faire. Catch up with old and new friends, and hear what RMC is up to. Cocktails begin at 6pm and dinner is at 7pm; tickets are \$35 per person and the venue is 111 Main Street, Gorham, NH. RSVPs are required and the details are listed below.

The RMC is a non-profit club which maintains over 100 miles of trails on the slopes of the Crescent Range and the Northern Peaks and four high elevation camps. It hosts a variety of activities including group hikes, which are open to the general public.

The RMC is funded through membership, donations, partnership agreements with the US Forest Service and community events such as this Libby's fundraiser. If you're looking for a good excuse to experience great food, a terrific evening and do a good deed for the RMC, call or email RMC events co-chairs Barbara Phinney at cooper448@me.com or Jennifer Barton at Jbarton@ttlc.net (603-466-5775 to reserve your spot today!

Randolph and a Himalayan Hill Station of India; Doing Physics Out

By Dr.Sada Shankar Saxena

Last year at our home on Randolph Hill Road, my son Samarjit and his wife Tara were excited with the prospect of accompanying me to Mussoorie, the Queen of Hill Stations, in North India. Mussoorie nestles in the mighty Himalayas which, although younger in geological age than the Rockies or Alps, are the highest mountains in the world. The occasion was the Golden Jubilee festivity in Mussoorie to commemorate 50 years for this author in the IAS (Indian Administrative Service) - a half-century of service since joining the National Academy of Administration for a year's training, after passing the tough competitive examination the civil services held in 1962/63.

Since the days of the British Raj in India, when this examination was held only in London, the members of this service ruled/administered all departments of public welfare. Yet, some took to the pen as a hobby, studying and describing the flora and fauna of the countryside they visited, sometimes riding on horseback to very remote forests while fulfilling their revenue administration duties as the District Collector and Magistrate.

Eventually, not only Tara and Samarjit, but the two little ones, my grand-daughters, Uma and Vera, got a chance at Mussoorie to admire and photograph the pristinely beautiful, tall trees of pine, deodar cedar, spruce, rosewood, fir. etc., reminiscent of the birch, maple, fir and spruce of our Randolph area and the White Mountains. It was fun and an adventure for all of us to climb up the various hills and see the tourist spots, including the famous Woodstock School, at the fairly high altitude of about 8000 ft. above sea level. The highest peak in the world, Mount Everest of the Himalayas, is a whopping 29000 ft. plus.

The phrase 'high altitude' instantly kindles in my physicist's mind, ideas as to what all could be studied 'out there,' notwithstanding possible balloon flights to study the powerful cosmic rays and observatories for radio waves and microwave radiations surging towards the planet earth ever since the big bang. Basically, even below the ocean bed, abandoned deep mines are ideal places for setting up elaborate sensitive experiments, detecting the elusive particles such as a neutrino or even wonder about a possible proton decay, yet to be confirmed. Coincidentally, the acronym IAS (Indian Administrative Service), also stands for the prestigious Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton.

We bought souvenirs, especially the ones made out of "sphatik", a shiny, transparent, beaded stuff stone. Let us not go into the thermodynamic and geological aspects of how these are formed: ammonia gas, sleet etc., getting pressed and trapped inside the mountain crevices, while the drastic changes of temperature/pressure,

under snow, ice and flowing water produces molecular changes. But, yes, the running waters we must certainly talk about, as one meets the gracious "Ganges" at the base camp Haridwar where one has to drive to the state capital Dehradun and then climb up the circuitous, winding roads of the lower Himalayas. Visitors are advised not to miss the famous place Rishikesh (Rishi in Sanskrit means a Saint) to get a spectacular view of the fast flowing Ganges. Driving past the waterbodies/lakes, on the way, reminded us of our own Franconia Notch.



These Himalayan mountain towns and villages are obviously dotted with ancient temples and religious places. Legend has it that when the powerful, speeding Ganges descended from the heavens, it might have swept away the whole of earth, but for Lord Shiva, who first bore its impact on his flock of hair (called kesh in Sanskrit) and hence, the name Rishi Kesh - the sacred place for meditation, penance in the caves and a possible Nirvana. In the modern age, Nirvana is feasible there now with chic beauty parlors, spas, and the Ayurvedic massage of Kerala, available at the Ganga Kinare Hotel, Rishikesh. (Kerala is the southernmost state of India washed by the Arabian sea/Indian Ocean.)

I think we have talked enough of mountains, rivers and oceans but I cannot conclude this brief write up, without describing what my then 5-year old grand-daughter Uma asked. Incidentally, Uma is the name of Lord Shiva's consort, also called Pavati. She said: "Dada it is really great up here, getting a breathtaking view of valleys, mountain goats, cows, pony rides and relishing yummy plums, apples, and mangoes, but tell me one thing Dada, while you were taking a nap, I played alone and tried hard, in the afternoon sun, on our hotel's sprawling lawn, to jump up and stand in the shade of my own long shadow - but I simply could not. Now that you are awake, Dada, can you help me do just that?" I smiled within and kind of mumbled, "thank God, I was asleep and saved from the embarrassment of being unable to answer such an innocent question." Fie then, on these bombastic (to non-physicists) discoveries of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, Einstein's Relativity and this humble author's attempts on a "parallax" hypothesis of creation. Did not the famous poet William Wordsworth utter the following profundity: "The child is father of the man." With this cool Himalayan, philosophical, truth thus imbibed, we all returned to our "nest" - Randolph.

Randolph Remembers ...

The Rev. Edgar George Adams, Sr...

The Reverend Edgar George Adams, Sr., a former moderator of the Randolph Church, passed away February 13, 2015 at his home in Richmond, VA. Rev. Adams was a retired Navy chaplain, former rector at St. Asaph's Episcopal Church in Bala Cynwyd, PA, and was serving as priest associate at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Richmond.

A summer visitor to Randolph since the 1960's, Rev. Adams introduced his family to hiking in the White Mountains; they continue his legacy for love of the mountains and the stars above.

He is survived by his wife, Rebecca Walker Adams; three children, Edgar G. Adams, Jr. (Andrea), Mark S. Adams, and Virginia Adams Simon (Tony), and their mother Jeanne Adams; five grandchildren, Bethany, Stephen, Jay, Alena, and Ben; one great-granddaughter, Grace.



A memorial service will be held at 11 a.m. on Saturday, August 22, 2015 at the Randolph Church, followed by a reception at Stewart Cottage on Randolph Hill Road. Donations, in his memory, may be made to the Randolph Church, for Benevolences, P. O. Box 204, Gorham, NH 03581.

Note from Dick Doyle: Edgar became Vice Moderator and then Moderator of the Randolph Church following Avery Post's retirement. His leadership and contribution to the church was significant, not the least of which was seeing to it that a port-a-potty was available on the grounds! We have been blessed by yet another saint who has walked among us.

Margarette Risley Stever Weed ...

Margarette Risley Stever Weed passed away on December 27, 2014 after a yearlong battle with esophageal cancer. She was born in Boston on June 18, 1952 and moved to Pittsburgh in 1965. After a brief time there, she returned to Massachusetts and graduated from Abbot Academy in 1971. She studied fine arts at the University of Pennsylvania and, after graduation in 1975, pursued further studies at The Skowhegan School of Art. She also holds an MFA from The University of Indiana.

She taught at The Massachusetts College of Art in Boston until her marriage in 1981 to Lincoln Weed. They settled in the Washington, DC area where she graduated from George Mason with a nursing degree and practiced for several years before the birth of her daughter Julia in 1988 after which she returned to her great love -- painting. Her trompe l'oeils grace many homes in the northern Virginia area.

But it is not her artwork that those who love her will miss most. What they have lost is a woman uniquely connected to her inner self, who was able to embody both the zany and the graceful. Her intellect and elegance were not the first things you noticed about her, rather it was her sense of humor that made people instantly warm to her and feel at ease. What many will miss is not the painter, the mother, the sister or the wife, but her carefree spirit -- her sense of fun and humor in a sometimes challenging world.

Like her parents, Margo developed an undying love for northern New England and particularly the White Mountains. As a child, she spent her summers in Randolph climbing and camping, and also came up during the winter school breaks to ski. As an adult, she and her family would return to Randolph every summer to vacation and recharge their batteries.

Margo is remembered by her husband and daughter, her brothers and sister, and many, many friends from New Hampshire and Washington. A service celebrating her life was held in Virginia in January. A Memorial Service will be held at The Randolph Church on August 1, 2015.

George B. Baldwin "Jim" ...

George B. Baldwin "Jim" died December 3, 2014 in Hanover, New Hampshire, where he was a resident in the Kendal at Hanover retirement community. The cause was old age. Mr. Baldwin was born in Cambridge, MA, in 1920, the son of Robert and Frances Baldwin. The oldest of two brothers and a sister, he lived in Cambridge until 1929 when his parents moved to nearby Belmont. He attended the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, then transferred to the Belmont Hill School, from which he graduated in 1938. He graduated summa cum laude from Princeton University in 1942. An early foot injury kept him out of all the military services save for a brief tour with the U.S. Army. He spent most of the war working at the Industrial Relations Section of the Economics Dept. at Princeton, followed by two years at the Bureau of National Affairs in Washington, D.C. where he was active in the American Newspaper Guild.



In 1947, he entered M.I.T. to seek a Ph.D. in Economics, awarded in 1952. He remained there on the faculty until 1956, when he moved to Nashville, TN, to join the economics faculty at Vanderbilt University where he served for two years as Assistant Director of the Graduate Program in Economic Development. In 1958 Jim left academic life after being recruited to join the Harvard Advisory Group, formed to help write a five-year development plan for the government of Iran. After a year at Harvard in 1962 to write a book, Jim and his family moved to Washington DC and joined the World Bank, remaining there until his retirement in 1985. Mr. Baldwin continued consulting and traveling for several years after retirement. At the World Bank Mr. Baldwin was a member of the Economics Department, then Assistant Director of the Economic Development Institute (the Bank's teaching wing), Assistant Director of the Population Projects Department, and Senior Advisor in the South Asia Regional Office. Although he considered himself an applied economist he continued his teaching interests for many years by teaching evening courses at several Washington area universities.

In addition to many articles, Mr. Baldwin wrote four books: *Beyond Nationalization: The Labor Problems of British Coal*; *Industrial Growth in South India*; *Planning and Development in Iran*; and *Papua New Guinea: Its Economic Situation and Prospects for Development* (principal author).

Throughout his career and continuing after retirement, Mr. Baldwin and his wife, Harriet, traveled to or lived in dozens of countries. Throughout their lives, they shared countless accomplishments, challenges and adventures with hopes of being part of making a "better world". If in fact that was a true mission in their life, there's no question, mission accomplished. After moving to Hanover in 2000, he taught various courses, not in the field of economics, for the Institute of Lifelong Learning at Dartmouth (ILEAD) and was active on the Residents Council at Kendal at Hanover.

In Randolph, NH, where the Baldwin family spent summer vacations for over 40 years, Mr. Baldwin was a member of the Randolph Mountain Club, the Board of Management of the Randolph Church, and the board of the Randolph Foundation.

Mr. Baldwin was married for over 67 years to Harriet McAfee Brown, who preceded him in death in November of 2013. They had two children, Alan McAfee Baldwin who preceded him in death in 1979 and Sara ("Sally") Baldwin Fauquier. Mr. Baldwin is survived by his daughter Sara Baldwin Fauquier (Thomas) of Bethesda, MD, three grandsons, Ryan, Timothy and Woody ("Patrick"), one brother, Robert Baldwin, Jr. of Berkeley CA and a sister Nancy Gorham of Chapel Hill, NC.

Memorial gifts may be made to NARSAD (National Alliance for Research on Schizophrenia and Development), 60 Cutter Mill Road, Suite 404, Great Neck, NY 11021 or to Plan of Maryland-DC, Inc., 604 S. Frederick Avenue, #411, Gaithersburg, MD. Special Thanks to the staff of Kendal at Hanover, 80 Lyme Road, Hanover, NH.

This obituary, published in The Washington Post on Dec. 26, 2014, was written by the late Jim Baldwin.

A celebration of Jim and Harriet's lives is planned for Sunday, August 16 in Randolph, NH. A service for both Harriet and Jim will be held at the Randolph Church with burial in the Randolph Cemetery and a reception at the Randolph Town Hall.



James H. Meiklejohn, Jr ...

James H. Meiklejohn, Jr., of Randolph NH and Brunswick ME, died in Brunswick on December 14, 2014. He was 87 years old. Jim and his wife Meg had been longtime summer residents of Randolph, and then lived here year-round from 1988 until 2010, when they began to spend winters at the Thornton Oaks retirement community in Brunswick.

He was born October 25, 1927 in Pawtucket RI to James H. and Willie A. Meiklejohn. His father owned the Meiklejohn Music Company, with stores in Providence, Pawtucket and Woonsocket, dealing in musical instruments, sheet music and recordings. The company had been founded by Jim's grandfather William Meiklejohn, who had emigrated from Scotland. Jim graduated from Pawtucket High School in 1945 and enrolled at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, where he was captain of the varsity soccer team and received a degree in electrical engineering. He also served for a year in the U. S. Army, and then began a long career in the life insurance industry, eventually leading the management training operations at the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co., now known as Cigna.

Jim joined the Randolph community in his early twenties, and participated in the changing life of the town as his own life evolved over the next six decades. After graduating from college in 1950, he was introduced by mutual friends to Margaret Tatum Hilles, whose mother had begun coming to Randolph in about 1915 and had bought a cottage here in 1937. Jim and Meg became engaged and were married, by Douglas Horton, at the Randolph Church on July 7, 1951. The reception was held at the Carlton Brook Tea House (now the Skofields' cottage) on Durand Road. The Tea House was part of the Carlton Brook Inn, on the other side of the brook, and the Inn, like other old hotels, ceased operations by the 1960's. In 1966, after years of staying at Inghamwood (Meg's mother's cottage), Jim and Meg bought the former Inn to be their home in Randolph. They and their three sons came to stay in all seasons, and the old house became a long-running renovation and improvements project for Jim and a series of north-country contractors. It had been built in the 1830's as a starch mill (which is why it stands next to the brook), and was later converted to a summer cottage by George N. Cross, who named it "Burnbrae", Scots for 'the hill by the brook'. Jim gradually modernized and winterized the house, while also preserving some of its functional curiosities, such as the hotel-era gravity piping system which still delivers Carlton Brook water, from above Mossy Glen, to five adjacent cottages. It was Jim who began to call the house Burnbrae again, and he often hoisted on the front porch the yellow-and-red Royal Banner of Scotland, which is flown from the tower of Balmoral Castle when the monarch is in residence there. The lawn at the house hosted another enduring Valley ritual of summer: a croquet tournament held alternately on the east (Meiklejohn) and west (Horton) sides of the brook. Jim and Alan Horton organized it, pronounced the rules and awarded the annual prize, a tourist trinket Alan had picked up in Italy which eventually gave its name to the event: the Roma Cup.

His family and community life was centered on the outdoors, especially outdoor sports: downhill skiing, cross-country skiing, tennis, platform tennis and hiking. He helped maintain the tennis court near the Ravine House pool, was a founder of the Randolph Platform Tennis Association, and was active in the Randolph Mountain Club. In the 1960's and '70's, Jim and his family led summer RMC trips over the Southern Peaks many times. In later years, his love of the outdoors found a new outlet in local land protection, through his work with the Randolph Community Forest Commission, the Randolph Conservation Commission (which he chaired), and the New Hampshire Association of Conservation Commissions. He and Meg traveled often, particularly to mountainous destinations: Switzerland, Norway, New Zealand, Scotland, Morocco, Alaska and, twice in the 1990's, to Nepal, where they trekked to above 18,000 feet near Mt. Everest.

Jim could lay a dry stone wall and sweat copper plumbing pipe, and also cared about using words well. He was an avid reader, a succinct speaker and a thoughtful critic, and his advice came wrapped in gentle questions rather than directives. He often made fun of himself ("frequently wrong, but never in doubt!"), and enjoyed unhorsing verbal obfuscators as much as he enjoyed a good riddle, pun or crossword puzzle. He leaves Meg, his wife of 63 years, and his sons Brad of Eagle River, AK, Randy (Diane Sokal) of Brookline, MA, and Scott (Ellen Hayward) of Harpswell, ME; grandchildren Henry and Elizabeth Meiklejohn; and nephews Tom and Keith Dempster. He was predeceased in 2011 by his sister Betsy Bosworth. An informal gathering in Jim's memory will be held at the Randolph Town Hall on Sunday, August 9th in the afternoon. Jim's family welcomes contributions in his memory to the Randolph Foundation (PO Box 283, Gorham NH 03581) or the Randolph Mountain Club (PO Box 279, Gorham).

Herbert Lawrence “Sandy” Malcolm, Jr. ...

Sandy died in the wee hours of the night, Feb 13-14, 2015. He was born May 9, 1942, in New Haven, CT, to Herbert Lawrence and Patricia Edwards Malcolm of Randolph, NH, and Hillsboro, FL. He attended The Putney School, Putney, VT, and University of Colorado, Boulder, where he lived for a time after college.

He loved running in the mountains. He was known in the hiking community of Randolph, NH, as too fast for most people to hike with except for his late cousin, Chips Muehl. He loved speed and machines of all descriptions: boats, cars, motorcycles, planes, et al.

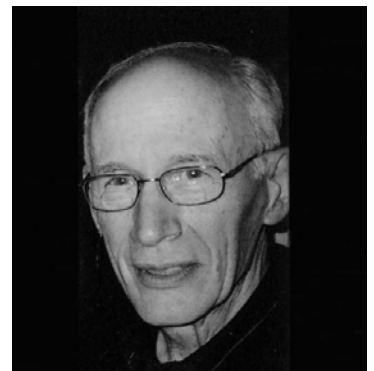
As a high school student in Ft. Lauderdale, FL, he tested at college sophomore level in engineering. He built a sturdy 16 foot motor boat, not from any written plan but out of his head – a feat of genius. The boat had a seven foot cockpit, a nine foot deck, and was powered by a 35 horsepower Johnson outboard motor; he had many happy adventures in it including a week in the Everglades with his cousin Richard Fadum. Later he worked on developing property on Staniel Cay in the Exumas, an island chain in the Bahamas. He spent many years in Utah, Arizona, and California. He cherished his independence; did not want to depend upon or be beholden to anyone. To that end he lived out of his legendary car “Ruby” and kept it going for years. Before Ruby he built a car from a package kit. Because he didn’t like having to keep track of car keys he put a toggle switch on the ignition.

While living in the Bahamas Sandy flew his own single engine plane, a Maule. He related that he was flying once and heard a distress call come over the radio. Another pilot had become disoriented and panicked because he was running low on fuel and didn’t know where he was as he tried to identify dozens of seemingly indistinguishable islands. Sandy radioed him to look down at the water and describe exactly what he saw. Sandy then knew where this other plane was, and gave him coordinates and directions to get to a nearby island where he could land on the beach before running out of fuel. He probably saved the lives of that pilot and his passengers.

He married Shirley Jantzen and leaves two sons and four grandsons: Skye Malcolm (Amy) of Columbus OH, and his two sons, Alex and Skye, and Rob Malcolm (Erica) of West Linn OR, and his two sons, Brennan and Quentin. He is survived by a sister, Mary Malcolm Moseley and her children, Jonathan Moseley and Emily Downie (Brien); cousins Richard Lind, Pam Nelson, George Edwards, Ron Edwards, Steve Edwards, Michael Baxter, Richard Malcolm, Carol Lindquist, Richard Fadum, Dianne Coffey, and Katie Casey. He was a brother to his extended Floridian/Bahamian family, Lina Thompkins, Judy Green, Pamela Faulks, Ruth Derico, Kenneth Johnson and Gloriadean Ashley. He is remembered by friends and family.

In October of 2014 Sandy had extensive brain cancer surgery during which he had a stroke. His nephew Jonathan and niece Emily visited him often in the hospital near them and following that at a hospice nursing home. The day before his passing, told that he did not have much longer, they paid him a special visit with lots of singing, praying, laughing, crying, and handholding. He was as honored at the end as a person can be. Donations in his name may be made to The Putney School, the Randolph Mt. Club, or other.

Mayo Schreiber ... Mayo Schreiber, 82, of Avon, beloved husband of Beverly Jane (Stocklen) Schreiber, passed away Monday, January 26, 2015. He was born in Detroit, MI, son of the late Woldemar and Olive Dana (Mayo) Schreiber. Mayo was graduated from Millbrook School. He received his BA and MS from Trinity College and continued doctoral studies at UCONN. He was a practicing psychologist and co-owned the Guidance Center in Hamden for over 30 years before his retirement. He lived in North Haven, Randolph, NH, and Canton before moving to Avon.



Besides his wife Beverly, of 60 years, he leaves a son Mayo Schreiber, Jr. and his partner Kevin M. Cathcart of NYC; his daughter Elizabeth Schreiber and her husband Andrew Kaplan of Westport; two grandsons William Mayo Kaplan and Alec Jacob Kaplan; a sister Doris Wilcox of Randolph, NH; and many nieces and nephews.

He was predeceased by a brother Robert Schreiber and a sister Anne Parker. A Memorial Service was held on February 28, 2015 at the Canton Center. Burial will be at the convenience of the family in Dyer Cemetery, Canton. Contributions in his memory may be made to the CT Humane Society, 701 Russell Road, Newington, CT 06111.

Mary Gail Scott ...

Mary Gail Scott passed away at her home in Randolph, N.H. on November 24, 2014 of pancreatic cancer. She was 80 years old. Her love of Randolph goes back nearly 70 years to 1945, when her parents purchased a summer cottage there. Randolph was a special place for her and her family. She was part of a generation that grew up spending summers hiking in the White Mountains. Randolph was where she wanted to live and where she wanted to be at the end of her life.

She was born in New Haven, Connecticut. Her father, Philip Gordon Scott, was a minister in the United Church of Christ. Her mother was Susan Sumner Scott (nee Storke). She was a graduate of Pembroke College (now Brown University), where she earned a BA in International Relations. She was certified to teach secondary school English, History and Social Studies in 1976. She married John R. Sleeman (d. 2003) in 1957. The marriage ended in divorce in 1995.

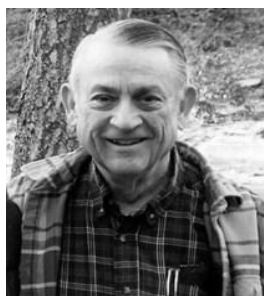


Mary Gail Scott was a person with an exceptionally wide range of interests, unfailing energy and love of life. After graduating from college, she worked briefly for Congresswoman Edith Green (D-Oregon) and the Washington Daily News in Washington D.C. During the 1970's, she worked as a docent and researcher at the New Bedford Whaling Museum. For the past 35 years, she worked as a journalist and photographer, both as an employee and as a freelancer. She began her career as a photojournalist covering the boating industry and yacht racing in southeast New England. She moved to Randolph in 1995 and worked for the Berlin Daily Sun, covering all aspects of life in the North Country while also continuing her own freelance photography business.

She loved the outdoors and spent many hours hiking, snowshoeing and cross-country skiing. She was an avid user of the local health club and in the summer before her 80th birthday, received a free month's membership for being the member with the highest attendance. She loved singing and all kinds of music. She participated in various area chorus groups, most recently the choir at St. Barnabas Episcopal Church in Berlin, New Hampshire. She was a member of the local bridge club and book group and also volunteered at the Randolph Public library.

She is survived by her sister, Deborah S. Stewart, of Portland, Oregon; her three children: John R. Sleeman, Jr. of Denver, Colorado; Philip S. Sleeman, of Pound Ridge, New York; and Deborah P. Daniloff of Los Altos, California and six grandchildren. A memorial will be held in Randolph, New Hampshire in the summer of 2015. Donations in her name may be made to the Randolph Foundation or the Randolph Mountain Club.

Harry B. Adams ... Harry B. Adams, 82, was born on January 19, 1932, son of Norman I. Adams II and Genevieve Sloan Adams. He died peacefully in the early morning of December 18, 2014. Harry is survived by nieces, Pam Adams and Sarah Adams Hayden; nephews, Norman Adams IV, and Daniel Adams. At the time of his death Harry was also survived by his older brother, Norman I. Adams III. His brother Norman died on Dec. 28, 2014. Harry also leaves behind a host of friends and acquaintances from work, his avocation with railroads and aviation, and his travels. Harry's cremation has been effected. At a later date his ashes will be scattered in the mountains of his beloved New Hampshire.



Norman I. Adams III ...

Norman I. Adams III passed away on December 28, 2014, just 10 days after his brother Harry died. Norman was born on November 19, 1927, the son of Norman I. Adams II and Genevieve Sloan Adams. He was 88 years old.

Klaus, Jussi, Pianos, Soundboards and Singing



Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams as seen from Randolph. Photo provided by Bill Minifie

By Bill Minifie

Up in northern New Hampshire, in Randolph, I share a cabin with my brothers and sister-in-law: Sort of a family time-share. Randolph is a tiny town with a long and rich history of hik-

ing and mountaineering. The Randolph Mountain Club was founded in 1910 and it flourishes to this day, maintaining four mountain shelters, one of which has a caretaker year- round.

The club sponsors a Fourth of July Tea and on the third Saturday of August it hosts a picnic, followed by the “Charades” which includes three sections of the town, plus the trail crew, acting out, sometimes long multi-syllabic words, often with elaborate and convoluted dialogue. The charades are really like miniature plays in pretty elaborate productions designed to mislead the crowd from guessing the correct word. Some words are not familiar: crepuscular, saprophyte and pettifogger are a few recent examples. The charades are followed by several rounds and ends with everyone standing, arms interlinked, singing ‘Auld Lang Syne.’

The club established a permanent summer trail crew, in 1952 and in these first years the crew had to prove their worth with “try out” work parties run by Klaus Goetze a “genial but exacting musician and mountaineer” who conducted these auditions to see if the youth could cut the mustard.

Initially our family had summered in Jefferson, one town west of Randolph, where my father had a summer chaplain job. I remember one time I went with my mother to Randolph for the picnic and charades and I can clearly recall Klaus leading the singing: one of my earliest memories. My mother was crazy about the charades and when we later moved to Randolph she would spend a fair amount of time thinking up words like necromancer, burnoose and sesquipedalian, you get the idea. Many years hers was the word that was chosen.

One of the things that is neat about Randolph is that during the summer months they publish a weekly flyer that has all kinds of community interest tidbits in it. The July 4, 2014 edition had the following notice:

“Klaus Goetze’s Randolph piano is looking for a home. It is a Steinway upright, design patented in 1876. Likely to have been in the Goetze cottage since the 1950’s. Lydia would donate to anyone who would like to move it from the cottage.” Lydia then listed her phone number, but you won’t be needing it—because you’re too late.

This weekly newsletter came out on a Friday morning, and that morning my brother Ned and I, inveterate Junkers that we are, had gone into a nearby town to two disastrous and totally time-wasting yard sales. But on the way back I happened to pick up the newsletter that was left in a few covered wooden boxes around town. Ordinarily I would not have gotten it until much later. I immediately called Lydia, who is Klaus’ daughter-in-law and arranged to drive down to the bottom of our hill to see and play the piano. After my first call there were many others, but I had been the first!

Klaus Goetze Home

Photo provided by Bill Minifie



I had driven by the house thousands of times but had never ventured in to actually see the place. It’s really two houses connected by a cause-way and the piano was in the left house. A very unusual place—the kitchen is in the foreground, really on the porch which is beside it. Above the porch is a multi-fenestrated room which was Klaus’ bedroom and seeing it was just like being in a tree fort. The piano was in the cabin on the extreme right.

The piano, a Steinway, built in 1888 in New York had a beautiful rosewood case Klaus' connection with Steinway went back to the 1920's and this is what Lydia Goetze wrote to me about that:



He came to the US in 1926. His father, who had made airplanes in WW I was forced to convert to another industry, and became, in Klaus' words, "a maker of second-rate pianos." Klaus came to the US to work for Steinway in NYC to learn how to make better pianos. When he was ready to return, the depression had hit Germany and his father advised him to remain in the US. He moved to Boston, met the three Misses Fick (from whom he and Erika later acquired the Randolph cabin), and worked for Mason and Hamlin. They quickly realized he was good at public relations, and so he would woo clients by playing the piano and talking with them. He played at Jordan Hall and the Gardiner Museum quite regularly, I think, and was a good ad for Mason and Hamlin pianos. One of his two grand pianos was an M & H and he played it for the rest of his life.

When I knew him in the late 50s/early 60s, as his student, he taught 3 very long days at Exeter, one day at Milton Academy, one day at Wellesley, and one day in Cambridge every week except school vacations from Sept 15 to June 15. And he had been doing that for many years before that. Exeter was his longest lasting and favorite connection, and he made many friends there. I think he taught there about 40 years, maybe more. At some point in the 1980s, he was pleased to note that his former students were the leading piano teachers at Exeter, Andover, and Wellesley, and I

think one became the head of the Eastman School of Music.

Lydia said that piano was mine if I could move it—which was no simple matter. But my inheriting it seemed somehow apt, as I had taken over Klaus' job of leading the singing at the Randolph Mountain Club Picnic and Charades a few years back: Something that I could never have ever imagined when I first saw Klaus those many, many years ago.

But the piano was heavy, very heavy—probably 900 pounds heavy. Plus we had to get it out of the house and across the causeway that was old and weak.

I recruited my brother Ned: good friends Steve Hartman and Sandy Harris and they all were invaluable.

I looked up those black numbers (66843) on the frame of the piano on Steinway's website and learned that the piano had been built in 1888.

To be continued in the June Issue...



The Moving Crew, Photo provided by Bill Minifie

Randolph Foundation seeking editor for "The Weekly"

The Randolph Foundation is looking for an editor for the summer publication, The Weekly. The purpose of the paper is to announce events, meetings and town notices. The editor is responsible for the collection of information regarding local activities as well as, the editing, the layout, having the paper printed and the distribution. The paper consists of one sheet on both sides and is published each Friday for ten weeks starting the week of July 4th and ending on Labor Day. This position carries a stipend. If you have questions regarding specific duties or wish to apply for the position, please contact Barbara Arnold at 466-2438 or Barbara.arnold51@gmail.com.

Frequently Asked Questions about the Randolph Community Forest

by Doug Mayer



One of the goals of the Community Forest is to allow for traditional uses. In Randolph, that includes backcountry skiing with some four-legged company. Randolph's Dave Salisbury uses climbing skins to climb this past February to ascend RMC's Cook Path, before descending on a backcountry ski route on the Community Forest. Along for the trip were Doug Mayer and his dog, Samivel. Photo provided by Doug Mayer

Wondering how Randolph's Community Forest got started, its goals, management, or where the income from timber harvests go? The Forest Commission recently posted answers to the most common questions we receive on the Forest web site at randolphforest.org. We also wanted to share them here in the *Mountain View*.

If you'd like to stay up to date on Community Forest news, you can subscribe to our Community Forest blog at randolphforest.org. You'll be notified whenever news or updates are posted there.

The Randolph Community Forest Commission would like to hear from you if you have a question that's not answered below. Ask a Commission member listed below, or email us via the Community Forest web site any time.

How did the idea for the Community Forest originally start?

The idea dates back to the Town of Randolph's 1998 Master Plan. That Master Plan identified a concern that if the land of the now Randolph Community Forest were developed, it could place a substantial economic burden on the town to provide services to, for example, the Pond of Safety area.

A second major concern is that public access would likely be lost, if the parcel were subdivided and in the hands of a number of private landowners.

As a planning issue, the creation and management of the Community Forest therefore logically fell under the auspices of the Planning Board.

What are the goals of the Forest?

In 2014, the Forest adopted a second, ten-year stewardship plan. (A copy of the plan can be downloaded from the forest web site.)

The new plan represents an expansion and restatement of the goals included in the original stewardship plan, modified in light of the experience of the prior ten years.

The areas covered in the Stewardship plan include: forestry practices, income considerations, aesthetics, recreation, ecology, river corridors, the town's unique crystal mine, forest roads, and education. A full description of the goals for each of those categories is available within the Forest Plan.

Who manages the Community Forest?

The Community Forest is managed by the Randolph Community Forest Commission, which is composed of five members. One member is ex-officio from the Planning Board, one member is ex-officio from the Conservation Commission, and three members are chosen by the selectmen.

Special State of New Hampshire legislation designates the Planning Board as the overseer of the Randolph Community Forest Commission and the composition of the board.

Who does the day-to-day work out in the Forest?

A licensed forester and other professionals who operate under contract with the Forest oversee the day-to-day work on the Forest.

How is the Community Forest funded?

The Community Forest is self-funded, from the sale of timber on the Forest, as part of the Forest Stewardship Plan.

Where does income from timber harvests go?

The special State of New Hampshire legislative act mentioned above designates that Forest funds remain in a Forest Revolving Account, and be carried over from year to year. This allows the Forest Commission to accomplish long-term planning and enter into multi-year contracts.

Examples of projects funded by the Forest Revolving Account include road and boundary line maintenance, creation and upkeep of wildlife openings, and support of long-term special projects that advance the mission of the Forest.

Current examples of projects include funding a new hiking trail to the crystal mine, the construction of the Community Forest Trailhead at the end of Randolph Hill Road, and a new interpretive trail starting at the Community Forest Trailhead. Since its inception, the Commission has also created 24 acres of wildlife openings and annually mows 29 acres, which now includes the meadow and fields surrounding the Farrar Farm addition, off of Route 2. The Forest also funded the costs of relocating RMC hiking trails to this new trailhead.

Does the Community Forest pay taxes to the town?

The Community Forest makes annual payments to the town in lieu of taxes, based on current use values. In 2015, this payment will be about \$5,000. The Community Forest pays the same rate, as if the land were owned by a private landowner and held in current use.

The town also receives a 10% timber tax on all harvests that take place on the Community Forest.

What else does the town get?

Most importantly, town residents get public access to the 10,000 acres of land that constitute the Community Forest. Traditional uses are allowed to continue. This achievement was a key goal of the town's Master Plan, as mentioned above.

The Community Forest also supports associated services that support the goals of the Forest. A recent example includes a grant to the town fire department for a new wildlands pump that can also be used off the Community Forest. The grant also funded associated gear.

The Community Forest also supported the construction of two, new trailheads, one at the end of Randolph Hill Road, and a second at the end of Pond of Safety Road.

What activities are allowed on the Forest?

All traditional activities are allowed. This includes hunting, fishing, hiking, snowshoeing,

Thank You Gail Scott

The Randolph Foundation would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge Gail Scott's contributions to our community. She was the editor of our summer publication, The Weekly, for many years. Gail could always be counted on to have "that photo" that made a story just right. She attended all Randolph events and covered them in the local paper,



Photo by Wendy McDonald

participating with the audience and contributing to conversations. Gail showed us how to maintain contact with the lives we touch, even as she prepared to leave this earth. Her entries on "Caring Bridge" were humbling and inspiring. It is strange to walk down Randolph Hill and not see her orange coat, at all times of the day and in all weather. Her presence and her voice are missed.

Tim Sappington Displays Northern Spirit at St. Kieran Community Center for the Arts



St. Kieran Community Center for the Arts in Berlin, is proud to announce that works by local artist/architect, Tim Sappington have been on display since January. Northern Spirit is an exhibition of various mediums that are, in one way or another, inspired by the mountains, seacoast, forests, light or the very atmosphere found in northern New England. The main hall is filled with a breath-taking display of oil on canvas, watercolor on paper, wood and paint, fiber optics, LED lighting and ceramic sculpture. The exhibition will be on display until June 2015. Please plan to view Mr. Sappington's work at one of our regularly scheduled events or by contacting the office to arrange special viewing.

Tim Sappington was born and raised in Washington, D.C. From early on, he was entranced by scenic art and spent long hours in the national galleries where he was mesmerized by both western and oriental landscape paintings. Tim took full advantage of all art offerings in school and spent many hours pursuing projects in painting, drawing, scenic design for stage, traditional film animation as well as several short pieces which were presented on public television.

Tim now resides in Randolph, NH where he has spent the last thirty years actively practicing architecture. He has completed over 100 private and public projects. "During all this time, I have continued to paint. Now more than ever. By combining my painting with scenic design and architecture, my ultimate interest is to explore the more expressive aspects of our environment in an effort to discover its most profound mystery and beauty."

Tim has worked with several generations of young people through school systems and local theater. He has apprenticed interns in both architecture and painting; several of whom have gone on to become practicing architects, another who, after earning a degree in scenic design, is now embarked on a successful career.

Tim served on the NH State Arts Council for 15 years and now serves on the State Historical Resources Council. Of all his interests, painting has remained at the center. According to Tim, he "... paints landscapes and people, not just to achieve a representation, but to find the spirit behind the subjects."

Information regarding a series membership and a listing of the upcoming events can be obtained by contacting the Arts Center at (603) 752-1028, visiting our website, www.stkieranarts.org or stopping in to see us at 155 Emery Street, Berlin. Don't forget to like us on Facebook at www.facebook.com/stkieranarts !

Programming at St. Kieran Community Center for the Arts is made possible by the support of Corporate Sponsors, Private Donations, the NH State Council on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation, The Wyman Family Fund and the Doris Benz Foundation.

ANNUAL ART SHOW

Sunday, July 5th has been set for the 2015 Randolph Art Show. All participating artists please mark the date on your calendars, along with the deadlines that will be given in an information form to be mailed out in early June. To help us with the set-up, please return your information sheet to us by the given deadline. ALL framed, wired and ready to hang artwork must be delivered to us no later than Thursday July 2nd. This year's show will be dedicated to the memory of Gail Scott. Several of her framed pieces will be on display on the stage. With your help, we hope to make this year a special one! Betsy, Roberta and Karen

Note: Further information will be included in the June issues of the Mountain View and the Blizzard.



Beth Dube, Courtesy Photo



Photo by Barbara Arnold

Beth Dube is Named Randolph's New Librarian

Beth comes to Randolph with over 20 years of experience in both public and educational library settings. She served as Children's Librarian at the Berlin Public Library for eight years, and retired last June after 14 years as Library Assistant in the Hillside Elementary/Berlin Junior High Library Media Center.

Her lifelong interest in literature and libraries was inspired by her father, who shepherded his three young daughters on weekly excursions to the local library. "We were each allowed five books at a time, and by the next visit we would have read all of our own and most of each other's selections", she recalls. The book that she is most eagerly anticipating right now is "The Buried Giant", by Kazuo Ishiguro.

A 30 year resident of Milan, Beth and her husband Lee are the parents of Cameron Dube of Cambridge, MA. and Cary Dube of Philadelphia, PA.

Beth began her tenure on Monday, March 10.

Hill Cemetery Welcomes Orphaned Plants



Spring has finally decided to visit Randolph, which means thinning out our garden beds once again. The Hill Cemetery perennial garden, established two summers ago around the flagpole, will gladly offer a new home to your orphaned plants! Please call Karen Eitel at 466-5074 (leave a message) or email her at karennewell.eitel@gmail.com to arrange a pickup. The garden is easily accessible by a short walk from the back of the church parking lot. The Cemetery Trustees invite you to come see how our garden is growing.

Randolph Bridge

Heather Wiley, Arlene Eisenburg and Sally Miccuci from Randolph with Ann Bourbeau from Gorham are four of a large group of players who enjoy playing bridge at the Randolph Town Hall. For more information regarding Bridge call Lynn Hunt 466-3456.

Photo by Edith Tucker

