

# Mountain View



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

## **Captain Nathan Demers Talks to Ed Fenn Students About Veterans Day VIA Skype**

By Edith Tucker

Air Force Captain Nathan Demers of Randolph, an alumnus of Edward Fenn Elementary School and Gorham High School 2006, was the keynote speaker for the November 11th annual Veterans Day Assembly at the Ed Fenn Elementary School in Gorham.

Thanks to Skype technology, a lively presentation by the 29-year-old was live-streamed from the Hill Air Force Base in Utah to a laptop computer in the cafeteria-gymnasium and projected to an on-stage screen at the front of the high-ceilinged room filled with students, families, staff, and veterans, some in uniform.

Demers explained to the kindergarten through fifth-graders that he had gone to their school, played basketball and dodgeball in that same gym, enjoyed recess there and gone on to Gorham Middle High School. At one time he thought he would have to choose between going into the military — his first choice — or going to college — his parents' first choice. "You can do whatever you want; remember that," he said. Like many other young Americans who were on the cusp of adolescence on 9/11/2001, Demers said he'd developed the feeling that he wanted to protect the United States and make sure something like that didn't happen again.

Demers said he joined the Air Force in May 2010 as a Reserve Officer Training Corps graduate of UNH with a

B.S. in civil engineering. He earned his basic and his senior Explosive Ordnance Disposal Badge. Demers has deployed in support of Operation Inherent Resolve, Freedom's Sentinel and the NATO-led Operation Resolute Support, logging 12-plus months overseas, including six months in Afghanistan, six months in the United Arab Emirates, and two weeks in Kosovo.

He then walked down a corridor of the facility where his work is based and focused his video camera on some of the robots that the military bomb squad uses to render safe and dispose of chemical, biological, radiological, nuclear, and explosive hazards. "We're always training," Demers explained.

As Range Flight Commander at Hill Air Force Base, Demers is responsible for the training, equipping, and employment of 54 enlisted and civilian personnel in 10 mission areas across a four-state area, including the Utah Test and Training Ranges.

Demers talked with the students about the history of Veterans Day from the end of World War I at 11am on November 11, 1918 to the time President Woodrow Wilson declared it Armistice Day a year later. He said, "President Dwight D. Eisenhower renamed it Veterans Day in 1954 to honor those who have protected the country all around the world."

"Some military service is really difficult and sometimes it takes you to bad places, but we do our part — our duty — to keep our country safe," he said proudly. "It's a really great place to defend."



Edith Tucker Photos

*Continued on pg. 3*

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 winter 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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**AMBULANCE****911****BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT** Chair, Paul Cormier 466-5841

Meets 7 pm the 3rd Thurs. of the month at Town Hall

**BOARD OF SELECTMEN** Chair, Michele Cormier 466-5841

Administrative Assistant, Linda Dupont 466-5771

Meets 7 pm the 2nd &amp; 4th Mon. at Town Hall

**BUILDING PERMITS** See Board of Selectmen**CEMETERY TRUSTEES** S.Santos, S.Hartman, K.Eitel 466-5771**CONSERVATION COMMISSION**

Chair, Bruce Kirmmse 466-5777; Vice Chair, Jim Hunt 723-6653

Meets 7 pm the 2nd Thurs. of the month at Town Hall

**DOG LICENSES** Obtain/renew by end April, Town Clerk**FIRE DEPARTMENT** Chief, Dana Horne -ALL ALARMS **911****FOREST FIRE WARDEN** Jeff Parker Burning Permits 662-4050**GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD** SAU 20 466-3632

Meets at 6:30 pm the 3rd Tues. of month, location varies

**LIBRARY** Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins 466-5408

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

**LIFELINE** Heather Wiley 466-5179**PLANNING BOARD** Chair, John Scarinza 466-5775

Meets 7 pm at Town Hall on 1st Thurs. of the month

**POLICE** Randolph Chief, Alan Lowe 466-3950**RANDOLPH CHURCH** Moderator, Beverly Weatherly

Sun. morning services July &amp; August 10:30 am

**RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST** Chair, John Scarinza

Meets 7 pm at Town Hall on 1st Wed. 466-5775

**RANDOLPH FOUNDATION** President, Sarah Gallop**RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB** President, Jamie Maddock**ROAD AGENT** Kevin Rousseau 466-5185**TAX COLLECTOR** Anne Kenison by appointment 466-5771**TOWN CLERK** Anne Kenison Mon. 9-11 am; Wed. 7-9 pm

466-2606

**TOWN HALL** Mon.- Thurs., 9 am to noon

466-5771.

**TRASH COLLECTION** Must be at roadside by 7 am

Trash - every Tues.; Recycling, 1st Sat. of each month

**WINTER CALENDAR**

December

13 Taxes due

15 Fire Association Children's Party, 6 pm, Town Hall

16 Caroling, 6 pm, Party, 8 pm, Coldbrook Farm

24 Christmas Eve Carol Service, Randolph Church, 5 pm

25 Town Hall closed

25-Jan 1 School at vacation GRS

January

1 Town Hall Closed

15 Town clerk/Tax Collector closed

24 -Filing period for town positions

February

26-March 2 School vacation at GRS

March

3 Supervisors meet for correction and new voter registration

7:00 - 7:30 pm

12 The last day for absentee ballots

13 Town Meeting

Information regarding the above listed activities may be found within the pages of this issue of the Mountain View. Check the Blizzard throughout the winter for possible changes of dates or times as well as for additional events.

**Real Estate Transactions**

Location	Grantor	Grantee
273 Randolph Hill	Wolff, Katharine M.	Demarco, Jennifer
600 Durand Road	Pace, Levino	Molinar, Audrey
128 Randolph Hill	Andreas, Melanie Larson	Capozello, Daniel
371 Randolph Hill	Stephanie Zimand P	Maple View LLC
738 Durand Road	Bedard, Marc	Howard, Robert
End	Lewis, William J.	Ruble, David

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**Building Permits Issued**

Name	Map	Lot	Project
Dennis & Sara Tupick	R15	9 B	6 stall Horse Barn/Run in Shed
John & Greta Smithson	U4	21	Shed
Lauren & Dwight Bradley	R12	8	Hoop House - Green House
Lauren & Dwight Bradley	R12	8	Porch
Bryant & Barbara Pake	U12	26	Deck
Joseph & Kelly Eggleston	U6	6	replace roof
KC Lang & Susan Ferre	R10	16	Tool shed/screened in porch
Lynn Hunt	U3	1	Solar



Jenn Barton Scarinza Photo



Steve Teczar sketch



Captain Nathan Demers' parents, Lucie and Bill Demers of Randolph, and his Navy veteran grandfather, Norman Demers of Gorham. Edith Tucker photo

He explained to the students that everyone who served in the military is considered a veteran. "Both my grandfathers served: one in the Army, and the one who is here today — Norman Demers of Gorham — who served in the Navy on the U.S.S. Coral Sea in Europe during the Korean War." He then good-naturedly answered student questions.

First-year principal Tina Binette served as master of ceremonies. She thanked the three officers from the Berlin Police Department for posting the colors.

Students led the recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance and sang the national anthem. The combined K/1 class sang the "Grand Old Flag" and several students read their Veterans Day essays.

Principal Binette encouraged visitors to read the biographies of veterans and other essays that were posted on the corridor wall outside the cafeteria and for students to thank the veterans on hand and with whom they interact for their military service that protected our freedom.

*This is a shortened version of the original article which appeared in the Berlin Sun.*

## WIER'S WEATHER WISE

A Trace or more of rain occurred on 32 of the 89 days from August 18th to November 14th.

The Precipitation breakdown:      Aug. 1.08"      2 of 14 days had a trace or more  
    Sept. 2.13"      9 of 30 days had a trace or more

Oct. 1, 2016 - Sept. 30, 2017 WATER YEAR TOTAL: 53.65"

\*\*\*\*\*

### NEW WATER YEAR (began October 1st)

Oct. 9.35"      12 of 31 days had a Trace or more  
 Nov. 1.04"      10 of 14 days had a Trace or more  
 TOTAL since Oct. 1st      10.39"

### SNOWFALL

Oct. Trace  
 Nov. 3.1"



Durand Lake 8:00 am Oct. 30th. Ted Wier Photo

### MONTHLY TEMPERATURES AND WIND (Aug 18 to Nov 14)

	HIGH	LOW	WIND
AUG:	84.1 on the 22nd	44.6 on the 27th	W 24 mph on the 22nd
SEPT:	86.6 on the 26th	39.0 on the 29th	WNW 30 mph on the 2nd
OCT:	77.2 on the 4th	30.6 on the 17th	SSE 50 mph on the 30th
NOV:	62.6 on the 3rd	10.8 on the 11th	WSW 24 mph on the 10th



## LENA WATSON

By John Brown

When we Browns first came to Randolph for the summer in 1971, Gwen Boothman arranged a summer rental of a cottage on Randolph Hill Road. Right at the corner where the road turns sharply left, there is a little driveway straight ahead that led to a charming cottage where Lena Watson lived. Lena had retired to Randolph. She was the only person at the time to live year around on Randolph Hill Road. During the summer she would rent out the house and move to a tiny screened pavilion with a core that had a bathroom and a rudimentary kitchen.

She had come to the United States from England as an adult and she still spoke with something of a British accent. There had been a Mr. Watson, but apparently the marriage was short-lived. Lena was manifestly well educated. Her library, largely of English literature, was extraordinary. As tenants, we had full access to her library. At the time I was an untenured academic, so I did not see my way clear to using it.

She told a tale of how she enjoyed walking up to Crag Camp in the fall. She would take a small box of books and sit on the porch and read for a couple of days. One time she was there during hunting season and she heard a lot of rustling noise behind the cabin. Soon, a pair of very large, sweaty, and very tired hunters came around to the porch. They were flabbergasted to see this tiny woman sitting on the porch, cool, composed, and comfortable reading English literature. She warmly greeted them and gave them a cup of tea.

The job from which she retired was as warden of the Framingham Women's Prison, apparently one of the largest women's prisons in the country, but she did not speak much about it. She held that job even though her physique reminded one of a sparrow. She was a tiny woman. One can readily imagine that most of the inmates and most of the staff had never come across anyone like her.

Her cottage was clearly built as a summer cottage, so winter had plenty of challenges. She got her water from a pipe from the Randolph Water Company, but that supply had been built clearly for summer cottages and was intended to be turned off the rest of the year. Lena's response to that problem was straightforward: she let the water run constantly all year long, so it wasn't in the pipes long enough to freeze even in the coldest winters. It was from Lena that we learned about ice dams on the roof: a warm roof will melt the snow on the roof and on a cold night it will freeze into ice, not snow.

Her cottage had that problem in spades. There was one place where two angles in the roof came together so ice dams were large and frequent. Someone took a photo of Lena up on a ladder with a hatchet fiercely attacking the ice. The cottage had bedrooms upstairs. The feature I most remember about the house was that the floor upstairs was made of unfinished pine. It had been sanded until the surface felt like silk under foot. We tried to copy that years later when we built our own house in Randolph, but to no avail.

Her car was a much-used yellow hippie VW bug of a certain age. The yellow was bright and was covered with large butterfly decals from the previous owner. She parked it at the end of her driveway, by the road, so plowing the driveway was unnecessary. She was instantly recognizable just by her car by everybody in town. Eventually, Lena had to leave her house in Randolph. She was moved to a small apartment on School Street in Gorham. Later, she had to go to the Coos County Home, where, soon after, she died.

*A John Brown Story Slam 2017*

Lena Watson's house engulfed by snow, with Charlotte Maddock and Kay Billings. Late winter 1969 Photo provided by Judy Hudson



## Abel Martin

by Judy Hudson



Most Randolphians knew Larry Martin, from the days when he performed a variety of chores for summer residents, our children remembered him as the life-guard at the Ravine House Pool, who could remove a leech with a pinch of salt and console the victim with red-hot “fireballs.”

How many of us knew his father Armand, or his uncle Abel?

The summer I was 12, my parents decided to build a cabin on our property west of Bowman, where we had set up a campsite the prior year. The construction was to be a family project, but we were looking for someone with building skills to help us.

Probably Abel had first come to my physician father seeking medical advice. Abel had received a disabled discharge from the Army: on kitchen duty, he had been assigned for many hours to remove the innards from frozen turkeys. Afraid to complain about his task, he finally told his supervisor his hands had become frostbitten. The sergeant then assigned him to the steam table to serve his fellow GI's, where the heat made his problem even worse. As a result, he sustained a permanent disability—his fingers were very stiff, the tender, thin skin stretched tight across their joints. The smallest injury to his skin was often subject to infection.

At any rate, Abel told my father that he was a “finish” carpenter, citing his experience in lumber camps before World War II. In fact, he was more a “rough” carpenter, but he certainly had more practical knowledge than we did. He arrived one day in his ancient truck with a collection of tools. Often, he would bring his younger brother Armand along, especially when a project demanded heavy physical labor. While Armand

dug the holes for the cement pillars to support the cabin, it was Abel who told him where to dig. Abel always claimed that his brother was the muscle, and that he was the brains in the family. The two were always making derogatory comments about each other, mostly in jest.

Abel didn't let the stiffness in his fingers disrupt his carpentry, and I was amazed at how capable he was of working delicately despite his handicap. That summer our field had produced a bumper crop of blueberries, and he spent hours after work picking for pies that Bertha Coulter would bake for him.

Abel's English was colorful—he talked about a “ninch” as we were measuring something. “Need another ninch here.” “That should be 16 nitches.” There were words that we all puzzled over: “organized pipe” stumped us until he appeared with some “galvanized” pipe. We soon were “galvanizing” ourselves for action.

At last the sills, floor joists, and a rough floor were in place. It was time to measure for the placement of the studs that would comprise the framework for the outside walls. Although we had an architect's plan for the cabin, Abel had never learned to read, so I was assigned to decipher the plan and hold the tape measure. However, because I didn't know that a planed 2x6 was 5-1/2 inches wide, when we later came to calculate the openings for the four large plate-glass windows that would face our view, to everyone's surprise, each was a slightly different width.

Abel was always upbeat and cheerful, with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. He liked to play tricks on my brother and me. He would arrive early in the morning, and if Steve or I hadn't gotten up, he'd stick his head under the squad tent flap, and release his upper denture, taunting us. Armand would look at his brother in disgust, saying,

“By gar, someday you lose dem teeth!”

*A Judy Hudson  
Story Slam  
2017*



Above left: 1947 Cabin with Abel Martin  
Lower right: 1948 Cabin and Tents  
photos provided by Judy Hudson



## **An Annual Trip Round the Sun: a Dialogue** ---by Dr. Sada Shankar Saxena



Our Randolph, with a small community of barely 300 souls and an equally small, yet impressively charming church building, inspires the author to reflect on an admittedly soulful topic, as alluded to in the caption above.

This 'inspiration' kind of splits the author into two, i.e. 'Shankar' and 'Anand'. Shankar is his own name and Anand (which means bliss in Sanskrit) is a kind of alter ego—only for the purposes of this dialogue which begins, with the following:

Shankar (S): I am so thankful, Anand (A), that our earth revolves round the sun at an optimal distance, so that we can exist.

A: What is the big deal Shankar? After all, the planets and our star (sun) had to behave just that way; would they not have felt ignored had there been none to observe them? —especially since the Galileo-era with a telescope.

S: If I may say Anand, your point is well taken but doesn't it indirectly imply that you tend not to regard yourself as a part of earth, sun ... the whole universe and nature?

A: No Shankar, I did not exactly say that. However, if you, an elderly, pious, old-time physicist, are challenging me, then I, being exactly half your age, am quite prepared to take you on. Yes, we humans are terribly clever.

S: Clever, yes, I concede Anand, but not terribly important.

A: What do you mean? ... err, I disagree. I feel we are both!

S: But are you so important that you can play with the ozone layer, ignoring the Kyoto protocol and denuding forests etc., even if our own mother earth, notwithstanding the Gaia hypothesis, starts rattling with the climate and seasons going berserk?

A: Stop the Europeans first!

S: Okay, let me talk to you, in another way, perhaps more peacefully. Are you aware of certain important constants of nature, such as "G" (Newton's gravitational constant) and the velocity of light, being very high, yet finite (186000 miles)? My little granddaughter, Uma, surprised me yesterday on a constant of nature -- that the sun is 93 million miles away.

A: Pardon me Shankar, I do not admire such data, especially, when I am busy, figuring out how the 'Dow-Jones' is behaving.

S: Be happy that way, but Uma's simple calculation says that in about 8 minutes, the first ray of sun reaches the earth. By the same token then, if our sun, basically a nuclear furnace, finishes its core fuel and collapses (still about six billion years left for that so do not worry now)—then it would be only after about eight minutes that we would know that our sun is no more!

A: Thanks Shankar for this critical information, eight minutes is more than enough time for me to quickly wind down my assets, thanks to our digital revolution.

S: Are you kidding? Or, is it that we have finished our long walk from Lowe's gas station up to our Randolph Library, and being a bit tired, you might want to pause a little?

A: Indeed, I meant that —as I must borrow some books.

S: Here then, let me open the library door for you.

A: Thanks, Shankar

S: You are welcome, Anand. Did you know what happened exactly at this entry spot, years ago, when I entered the library with my wife Rajni?

A: What happened?

S: Rajni, being a polite lady, admired the clock on the wall behind the librarian, remarking, "what an antique piece!" The woman on library duty replied, "actually, it is from Walmart and cost only \$6.00."

## Randolph Foundation Scholarship Recipient Updates November 2017

By Angela Brown

Since 1966, the Randolph Foundation has awarded scholarships to eligible Randolph residents to pursue their studies at the post-secondary level. The foundation recognizes courses at an accredited institution that provide undergraduate and/or graduate work. The foundation relies on your contributions to continue providing these valuable awards to our students. Check out the great things our students are doing!

Kayla Demers, receiving a graduate school scholarship, has this to say about her experience so far at the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth:

I am loving my time here. The rigor of the curriculum, the value of interaction and friendships with my classmates, the plethora of career opportunities and company exposure, and the abundance of student-run programs are all so exciting and empowering. I get the opportunity to 'stretch' myself everyday: Tuck provides me a safe space to learn from my professors and peers, to take on new roles here at Tuck, and to think critically about my future goals in the business world.

In terms of activities, I was just elected to serve as a member of the Student Board! I am also involved in the Women in Business Club, the Marketing Club, and the Volunteer Club, and I work with the Admissions team to help answer questions from prospective students. With all of this, I still try to carve out time for my daily run (jog)! I've found a hill that feels so similar to Mt. Crescent Road/Randolph Hill Road, so I enjoy having a little time to escape and be reminded of home.

This experience would not be the same without the support of the Randolph Foundation. Returning to school after working in New York for five years has been a huge undertaking – physically, mentally, and financially – and I cannot express how thankful I am for the encouragement I've received. Given that I haven't had recent exposure to many of my course subjects (stocks, bonds, accounting, supply and demand, etc.), I rely heavily on my textbooks. I am so grateful to the Randolph Foundation for easing the financial burden of those course materials and related program expenses! I am so blessed to be at Tuck, making this 'investment in my future,' and I hope to make Randolph proud.

Sam Ouellette, a senior at UNH, writes,

I am currently studying at the University of Hawai'i at Hilo as I am participating in the National Student Exchange. I am an English Major at UNH, so I am currently taking two English classes here in Hawai'i, as well as an anthropology class and a geography class. While I am on exchange here in Hawai'i, I have been participating in service trips as a part of my geography class, so I can see the island more and meet more locals. I have also made some friends who are locals here, and they have been excellent in showing me around the island and getting me to try local foods and experience some of the local's favorite activities. The Randolph Foundation helped me greatly in getting here because it helped provide me with the money needed to pay for my membership in the exchange, so I could enjoy the opportunity of a lifetime. I could not be more grateful for all of their help and everything I am learning.

Estee Oelofse is also currently attending UNH.

Philip Rousseau is currently enrolled in the Liberal Arts program at White Mountains Community College, where he will finish next spring. He says, "The classes I'm taking now are my last two required classes: Biology and Human Growth and Development. Once these are out of the way, I'll just have two last elective classes to complete my degree. Right now, I'm just focusing on getting my Liberal Arts degree."

Autumn Brown, as a freshman at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, is a long way from home in Randolph. "I am planning to major in computer science in hopes to encourage more women to enter that field. I am currently enjoying taking classes in French, art history, and English. Besides studying I like to spend my time exploring the new city that I live in with the new friends I have made here. Over the five months I have been here, I have grown to realize how important an education is. In a place where every student is eager to learn, it is empowering to study the subjects of the world. Usually, I have a difficult time finding a free spot in the library and it's five stories tall!"

Jana Oelofse is at Southern New Hampshire University as a freshman, where she is learning to balance work, study, and friendships in a new place.

Visit [www.randolphfoundationnh.org/scholarships](http://www.randolphfoundationnh.org/scholarships) to view the criteria for receiving scholarship support.



## *Randolph Remembers ...*

### **... Harriet Gilman Kruszyna, 1937 - 2017**

Scientist, artist, adventurer. Harriet Gilman Kruszyna excelled in all those phases of her multifaceted life. Born on November 19, 1937, in Worcester, MA, into a family of old Yankee landed gentry whose origins can be traced to Colonial days, she was a direct descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and two signers of the Constitution. Harriet attended the Bancroft School where she showed a talent for science and athletics. She graduated from the then elite women's college, Vassar, with a major in chemistry and minor in art, her true passion. She continued her education at Wesleyan University and Boston University, where she earned a PhD in chemistry, an unusual feat for a woman of her generation.

Subsequently, she worked as a science educator and ultimately, as a research scientist at Dartmouth College and Medical School, where her work focused on environmental toxicants. She was the author or co-author of numerous scientific papers that were published in scientific journals.

Along the way, she continued her interest in art, producing works in varied styles: oil painting, charcoal sketching, silk screen, sculpture, watercolors, some she was able to sell. But her most successful work was in pottery. She installed a potter's wheel and kiln in her home, where she designed, built and fired stoneware pieces primarily for dinnerware. With her background in chemistry, she was able to formulate her own lead-free glazes. She sold much of her production through local gift and craft shops.

In 1962, Harriet accompanied her father, Bradley Gilman, a noted mountaineer, to the Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada in the Canadian Rockies, where she became hooked on the sport. At the 1965 camp, she met Bob Kruszyna when she signed up for a climb that he was guiding. Sparks flew, and they were married within a year. They moved to New Hampshire in 1968 and to Randolph in 1972 to hike and snowshoe in the White Mountains.

Thereafter, they spent several weeks every summer mountaineering and exploring, primarily in the mountains of Western Canada, often in the company of friends from Bob's climbing circle. She carried backpacks weighing 50 pounds or more (she weighed 130) into the wilderness, where she participated in several first ascents. Eventually, she climbed in other ranges, the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas, where she reached 20,000 feet on two occasions. Overall, she ascended more than 500 alpine peaks in a career of 50-odd years, an extraordinary feat for any climber, male or female. She had tremendous stamina, grit, and fearlessness. In her 50's, she took up cross-country skiing, traveling "off-piste" old logging roads and hiking trails in the White Mountains. This led to wilderness skiing in the mountains of Western Canada, where she became an accomplished Telemark skier.

Ancillary to the climbing, she and Bob travelled to numerous exotic foreign countries, usually on a self-organized basis. The 'Stans of Central Asia, Tibet, Easter Island, Ethiopia, Tierra del Fuego, Iran, Siberia, Bolivia, Mongolia. She was an avid gardener, producing a vegetable crop that would feed a large family. She had an abiding interest in the natural world, particularly, bird-watching. She enjoyed listening to classical music, either on recordings or live in concert halls and opera houses, both here and in Europe. She served on the committee that raised a half-million dollars for a new library in Randolph and later worked as a volunteer librarian.



Harriette at a recent archeological discovery of an unknown civilization 5000 years old. Gonur, Turkmenistan, 2005.





Harriette in the Oetztal Alps, Austria, 2004.

Harriet possessed an equable temperament and a positive approach to people and things, sometimes to the point of naïveté. Rarely given to anger, on matters about which she felt strongly, she displayed firmness if not rigidity. Perhaps because of her puritan heritage, she was exceedingly frugal, but when she bought something, it was top of the line and in good taste. Although not gregarious, she made friends easily and showed concern for and loyalty to those people she really liked. She seemed more comfortable in the company of men, but she had a couple of lifelong female friends. She had no vanity and placed little importance on dress, grooming, hairstyles, etc. She was humble about her achievements; she was uncomfortable when someone addressed her as “Doctor” even though she had earned the title.

—without affectations, genuine—

She was stricken by a stroke in August 2017 and rendered incapacitated, passing away on November 8, 2017, just short of her 80th birthday. She is survived by her husband of 51 years.

In her memory, you may feed the birds, or plant a flower in your garden, or borrow a book from your library.

Vale, my true love.

## ... Robert W. Kenyon

January 10, 1914 - September 4, 2017

Robert W. Kenyon, 103, of Blackstone Blvd died Monday at his home. He was the husband of the late Elizabeth Goodale Kenyon. He leaves two sons: William W. Kenyon and his wife Dione of Warwick and Walter G. Kenyon and his wife Elizabeth of Boston. He was the son of the late William C. and Charlotte (Husband) Kenyon.

Mr. Kenyon was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Howard Foundation and President of Kenyon Management Services, Inc. He had been a director of Old Colony-Newport National Bank, Fairview Inc., and Title Guarantee Company of R.I., and Trustee of the GREIT Realty Trust of Philadelphia. He was a member of the Distribution Committee of the Champlin Foundation and was for twenty years a trustee of Kent County Hospital retiring in 1990.

Mr. Kenyon was a graduate of Brown University, Class of 1936 and was active in alumni affairs at the university. He served two terms as a director of the Associated Alumni of Brown University and was a member of the former Brown Development Council.

He was active in civic affairs, having served as President of the Greater Providence Chamber of Commerce in 1966 and 1967, and before that as chairman of the Downtown Council and Treasurer of the Providence Parking Association. He was a member of the Design Task Force of the Downtown Master Redevelopment Plan in 1970, and Treasurer and a member of the Providence Committee of IMPACT Rhode Island which was formed to implement the Master Plan. He was a founding incorporator of the Providence Foundation.

He was a member of the Associates of the John Carter Brown Library, the Hope Club, the former Turks Head Club of which he was past president, and Sons of the American Revolution. He was also a member of the Randolph Mountain Club of Randolph, NH where he had a country residence.

A Memorial service was held on Saturday October 7th at 11am in the Historic Chapel of Swan Point Cemetery, Blackstone Blvd., Providence. Several members of the Randolph Community traveled to Providence for the service. Donations in his memory may be made to the John Carter Brown Library, Box 1894, Brown University, Providence RI 02912.



## ... Margaret “Meg” Meiklejohn

*“Though high we climb and far we roam upon these peaks we stand at home”*

Margaret H. Meiklejohn died in Brunswick, Maine on October 28, 2017.



Meg was born on January 3, 1928 in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania to Elizabeth McShane Hilles and William Hilles. Her parents were from Pennsylvania, and Meg spent her earliest years there. She later lived in New York and Connecticut, but Randolph was always home and the place she was happiest. She spent every summer of her life there. Meg and her sister (Ellen Hilles Dempster) were led into the mountains first by their intrepid mother, an energetic hiker and a committed Quaker who had campaigned for women’s suffrage. Meg and Ellen’s summers were filled with outdoor life and friends, mostly Randolph contemporaries but also some Pennsylvania schoolmates and lifelong pals who came with them, including Gay Gilpin Johnson, Ted Brinton and Martha Brinton Mermier. By 1938 her mother had purchased “Inghamwood,” a Boothman cottage on Durand Road now owned by Meg’s nephew, Keith Dempster.

She attended Lincoln School and then Mount Holyoke College (1949), and enjoyed lasting friendships with women from those years. After college, she worked in a lab at Boston City Hospital. A successful blind date led

to 63 years of marriage to Jim Meiklejohn; they were married at the Randolph Church in 1951 with Douglas Horton officiating and a reception at the Carlton Brook Tea House. In 1966, Jim and Meg (now with three sons) bought the former Carlton Brook Inn. The house had everything Meg wanted, including space for family and friends, the noisy brook alongside, lawns and gardens to work, and most importantly, the mountains close at hand. She loved noting that the room where she changed out of her wedding dress in 1951 became storage for boots, packs, a woodbox, the washer/dryer, and other practical items of daily life in Randolph.

Meg started most days by asking “what can we do OUTSIDE today to get some fresh air and exercise?” From gardening to hiking to field hockey to skiing to tennis to paddle tennis to camping and canoeing, Meg spent as much time as possible outdoors all her life. She was a graceful athlete with natural ease and unadorned beauty. Meg often remarked on how she had been brought up in an all-female world but ended up with an all-male family. With endless energy, a tomboy spirit, a sense of humor and good emergency response skills she navigated life with three boys who variously plunged down staircases and ski slopes, broke bones, ate forest toadstools and stabbed each other in the head (only once) with Boy Scout pen-knives. Meg shoveled food into the boys: hamburgers for breakfast, milk by the barrel and ketchup by the gallon. Lean, leggy and in motion: that was Meg, and that was the family way.

Those legs all loved to walk. But at the end of one especially long day to touch three 4000-footers in Crawford Notch, a dreary road walk with three young boys seemed too much even for Meg. She chose a shortcut along the rail line that led to the dizzying Frankenstein Trestle – reducing the party to crawling on hands and knees above the abyss rather than turn back.



Meg was a doer and a learner – she and Jim traveled often and always with those goals. They made two treks in the Himalaya region of Nepal, a family descent of the Colorado River through Grand Canyon for their 40th wedding anniversary (with Ellen Tibbetts rowing the dory Music Temple), and Elderhostel trips to dozens of locations around the world.

They retired to live in Randolph year-round in 1988, and Meg spent happy years going out the door and across Carlton Brook to work in the old library. Many in town knew her both as a librarian and as an advocate for the new Randolph library, completed in 2007. She had a passion for books and educated minds; a new book or a reference guide was always close at hand. She loved noting any kind of interesting (useful and practical) suggestion, from a new recipe to a home remedy, and there were files and piles with her collected favorites torn from magazines and newspapers. Meg was organized and methodical, and liked to see everything accounted for and in its place. She was frugal, rarely spending on herself and living the dictum “fix it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without.” From her mother and from her Quaker upbringing, Meg had a passion for fairness, whether in politics or family life. Companies, organizations and governments – none were to be given too much trust without verification. She and Jim cared deeply about leaving the world better than they found it, and they did.

Meg Meiklejohn leaves her loving and grateful sons Brad of Eagle River, AK, Randy (Diane Sokal) of Brookline, MA, and Scott (Ellen Hayward) of Harpswell, ME; grandchildren Henry and Elizabeth, and Keith & Red Dempster. A gathering for Meg will be held in Randolph in summer 2018; her family welcomes contributions in her memory to the Friends of the Randolph Public Library or to the Randolph Mountain Club.



Photos provided by family.



D Aube Photo



**NOTES FROM THE TOWN CLERK****Anne Kenison**

Taxes are due Dec 13, 2017

The town clerk/tax collector will be closed Mondays, Dec 25, Jan 1 and 15th.

Filing period for town positions is Wednesday, Jan 24 through Friday and Feb 2 at 5 pm.

The last day for clerk to accept absentee ballots in person is Monday, March 12 at 5 pm and all absentee ballots sent by mail must be received by 5 pm that same day.

The Randolph Town Meeting is Tuesday, March 13, 2018.

Supervisors will meet for correction and/or to register new voters on Tuesday January 23 between 7:00 and 7:30 pm and again on Saturday, March 3 from 11 to 11:30 am.

Watch for the poll times and the town meeting time in the Monthly Blizzard

**Seeking Information Regarding Randolph Hill Cemetery**

By Karen Eitel, Cemetery Trustee

Slowly, I have been collecting letters and data from old records regarding the Randolph Hill Cemetery in hopes of creating a printed history for the town's library. This is a request for anyone with early photos, history or minutes on the formation of the first cemetery committee to submit them for this project. I would also like family information on the first few residents buried there, such as when they came to Randolph, etc. Information may be copied and mailed to me at Karen Eitel, 243 Randolph Hill Road or dropped off at the Randolph Town Hall in a manila envelope with "Cemetery Project" and my name on the outside.

Please do not send originals. The town has a good copy machine. Color photos will come out black and white which is fine since there will be no color photos used in the project.

Winter season is a wonderful time to dig through "old stuff". You can reach me at 466-5074 if you have any questions.

**Wind, Trees and Keeping the Power On**

By Barbara Arnold

Most people received notes from Eversource last summer indicating the company was targeting Randolph for routine tree trimming to prevent power outages due to tree limbs rubbing or hitting the lines during storms. Asplundh Tree Service has the contract for the work in this area and started sometime in October. They seemed to be coming along well until the wind and rain storm on October 30th.

Durand Road, Raycrest and Route 2 lost power briefly but parts of Valley Road and Randolph Hill Road were hit hard. The lower part of the "Hill" was out for about 2 days and the upper "Hill" about 3 days; although for some it was much closer to a week. Parts of Valley Road were also out close to a week. Initially the weather was warm, people schlepped water for needs, and dinner out became the norm. Those who had generators quickly volunteered freezer space, showers and drinking water for those without. To add to the confusion, there was more than three inches of rain in less than 36 hours. Cellars flooded even in houses that don't usually have any more than a damp spot. Due to the power outage, sump pumps did not work. People scrambled to find small generators to run pumps and refrigerators so as not to lose food due to the power outage or furnaces due to high water. A few of the firemen shuttled around the small generator belonging to the department. Others had their own small generators and did the same thing. These small generators were not powerful enough to run water pumps or furnaces but were able to keep some food cold, run a few lights and a sump pump. It was reminiscent of the 1998 Ice Storm when people looked out for neighbors and tried to mitigate discomfort.

I want to thank the power and tree crews for all their arduous work. They started early and worked late assisted by crews from all over, including New Brunswick. Eversource and Asplundh have been back this week, trying to finish their original task of clearing the lines to prevent this in the future. When speaking with an Eversource worker, I asked why some power corridors were clearer than others and I learned that Eversource has the legal right to maintain the lines but is reticent to do much in cases where cards were not returned, or they had not heard from the customer or the customer refused to trim.

We are blessed to live in an area with abundant trees and greenery. However, not leaving a clear path for our utility lines can have grave consequences. There was no power (i.e. heat, water, refrigeration, freezers, charging cell phones, medical appliances where present); most phone service and internet service was out (no way to call for help or communicate for the homebound), and there were live wires on the ground in places.

The crews are gone from Randolph for now. Snow arrived and is still here, the temperatures are often below freezing. Thank goodness, the power is on.



October 30, 2017 Ted Wier Photo

## Randolph Holiday Activities

### *Fire Association Children's Party:*

The Randolph Fire Association's annual Children's Christmas Party will be held Friday, December 15th, at 6:00 pm at the Randolph Town Hall. As always, we are looking for names and addresses of children living in Randolph, age 12 and under for Santa to pack his sleigh correctly. Please notify Barbara Arnold at 466-2438 or [Barnold@ne.rr.com](mailto:Barnold@ne.rr.com) if you have not been contacted yet.



Jenn Barton Scarinza Photo



Jenn Barton Scarinza Photo

### *Town Carol Party:*

The Annual Randolph Town Carol Party will be held Saturday, December 16th. We will meet at Coldbrook Farm on Durand Road at 6:00 pm to organize our route for caroling that night and we will reconvene at the Farm for food and libations around 8:00 pm. Please bring a snack or desert to share. Should you be unable to make it at 6:00 pm you are still welcome around 8:00 pm. Anyone who wants to be caroled to should contact Lauren Bradley at 603-915-9087 or [bradleyorchard2@gmail.com](mailto:bradleyorchard2@gmail.com).



Barbara Arnold Photo

### *Christmas Eve Carol Service:*

We hope you will join neighbors and friends for the annual carol service at the Randolph Church, 4:00 pm, December 24th, for an hour of singing, readings and Christmas cheer. All are welcome.



## News from the Selectman's Office

We are hoping most of you "survived" the storm of Sunday, October 29 and are finished with the cleanup process. We had 4.03 inches of rain combined with winds of 50 miles per hour recorded by our local weather data expert, Ted Wier. Thanks go out to Kevin Rousseau for cruising town roads throughout the night checking on culverts and downed trees. The good news is all road culverts held and managed to take the rainfall load. Of course the bad news was we had many downed trees with resulting power outages all over town. Fortunately Asplundh was in town clearing power line corridors and they offered their services wherever they could to help remove trees.

Most areas returned to electrical service by Tuesday evening, but certain areas were not restored until late Friday. We want to thank the many neighbors and friends who offered their help to their neighbors, for example, Bill Arnold, who carried his generators around and offered short term power generation to keep people's refrigerators cold. Many of you also checked on your neighbors to be sure they were all right, and we thank all of you.

The town hall was open to anyone without power, although we did not declare it an emergency shelter. Many took advantage of the water supply, refrigeration and cooking facilities in the building. And some folks were able to use the wi-fi for their internet needs during the outage duration. A big thank you goes out to Linda Dupont for being a gracious host at the town hall and municipal building.

This was a real eye opener for many of us to see how much growth has encroached on the power lines along our town roads; timing could not be better for Asplundh to be here clearing the corridors for the power company. We hope you all cooperate with them when they are on your road. After they complete their contract, we may not see them again for many years. Power outages caused by downed trees on your property may leave you responsible for the cost of restoring electricity downstream from you.

## Randolph Library News

by Yvonne Jenkins

Many changes have taken place at the library since September. The two public access computer workstations have been upgraded and are now running on current operating systems, a new Wi-Fi router was installed in the White Mountain Room allowing for better access. Also in the White Mountain Room, a beautiful Jotul Allagash freestanding gas stove will add auxiliary heat on cold winter days. The furniture has been rearranged and the space has been transformed into a welcoming and cozy place to sit and read, do some research, or attend a meeting. The first of what we hope to be many “fireside chats” was held in early October. Please let us know if you can suggest someone who may be interested in sharing their expertise in an informal setting.

New non-fiction books include:

*Where the Past Begins*, a memoir by Amy Tan, *Hubbard Brook, the Story of a Forest Ecosystem*, by Richard T. Holmes and Gene E. Likens - It is a beautifully illustrated overview and synthesis of how scientists have used the Hubbard Brook Experimental Forest in the White Mountains of New Hampshire as a laboratory for more than fifty years. *On the Trail, A History of American Hiking* by Silas Chamberlin, *Breaking Bread, a Baker's Journey Home in 75 Recipes*, by the Head Baker at King Arthur Flour, Martin Philip. *How to Raise a Wild Child, The Art and Science of Falling in Love with Nature*, by Scott D. Sampson.

New fiction includes:

*Paris in the Present Tense*, by Mark Helprin, *In the Midst of Winter*, by Isabel Allende, *The Stars Are Fire*, by Anita Shreve and *If the Creek Don't Rise*, by Leah Weiss.

Children's Books:

*The Book with No Pictures*, by B.J. Novak, (this librarian challenges parents to come read this one out loud to their children!) *Baby Bear's Not Hibernating*, by Lynn Plourde, *Say Zoop!*, by Herve Tullet, *Nanette's Baguette*, by Mo Willems, and a wonderful reprinting of a 1967 book *Be Nice to Spiders*, by Margaret Bloy Graham.

Also coming soon, new titles by Philip Pullman, Laura Dassow Walls, Dan Brown, Gabrielle Zevin, and John Green.

If you missed experiencing the 3D printer back in August, it will be here again from December 11-30. Hopefully we will have some time to do a bit of engineering for ourselves.

Epilogue:

You will have read in this issue of the Mountain View of the passing of Meg Meiklejohn. For those of you who knew her, you know of her endless dedication to the Randolph Public Library. For those of you who did not know her, I invite you to visit your library here in Randolph and in a sense, be introduced, because her presence will be all around you. She was instrumental as Chairman of the Trustees in making sure that the Randolph Public Library would not only endure, but thrive. I recently read the book *American Philosophy, a Love Story* by John Kaag (Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 2016) in which he seeks to answer the great philosophical question, “Is life worth living?” One of the answers to this question by American philosophers was “Maybe”. Kaag came to see how empowering the answer “Maybe” can be. “Determining life's worth is, in a very real sense, up to us. Our wills remain the decisive factor in making meaning in a world that continually threatens it.” I couldn't help thinking of Meg when I read this. Meg's was a life well-lived, and the Randolph Library was a huge part of her story. The residents of Randolph for generations to come will be the beneficiaries of this wonderful life story.

I cannot end without acknowledging the loss of another dedicated library advocate. Harriet Kruszyna served on the Library Building Committee. How many miles must she have put on her bicycle peddling the length of Du-rand Road to make her frequent visits to the library, not only to check out books or volunteer her time, but just to see how things were going? Her amazing life story is a tribute to one more Randolph woman who will be greatly missed but forever remembered at the Randolph Library.



Bruce Kirmmse leads first RPL Fireside Chat Y Jenkins Photo





## *What's Cooking in Randolph?*

### **Frieda Leon's Rugelach**



Though rugelach is enjoyed year-round, this fruit-and-nut dessert is especially popular during Hanukkah. Frieda's recipe is written in a general format, as in the days when baking was routine. Further information may be found regarding rugelach on many internet sites.

½ pound butter

½ pound cream cheese

2 cups flour

Filling ingredients: raisins, chopped walnuts, cinnamon, sugar, jam

Mix softened butter and cream cheese and then add flour. Form into 3 or 4 balls and refrigerate for a few hours or up to a week wrapped in plastic.

When ready to bake, preheat the oven to 350° and remove dough from refrigerator.

Mix the following: Chopped walnuts, raisins, cinnamon, sugar (approximately 1 teaspoon of cinnamon to 1 tablespoon of sugar) and set aside.

Sprinkle work surface and dough with flour to prevent the dough from sticking.

Roll out one ball into a circle approximately 12-14 inches in diameter.

Gently spread jam thinly over dough.

Sprinkle with rest of filling ingredients.

Score dough into pie shaped wedges (like pizza) and roll towards the center.

Each ball makes 8-12 rolls.

Place carefully onto baking sheet tucking triangular point under. Sprinkle each cookie with cinnamon and sugar.

Bake for 20-25 minutes.      Transfer to racks to cool.



Jenn Barton Scarinza Photo



“Friends are like the stars that glow in the sky... you don't always see them, but you know they're always there overhead, and even when it's cloudy, snowy or stormy, even when the power goes out and you're trapped in darkness, they'll always find a way to shine through to you.”

— Rebecca McNutt, Smog City

Ted Wier Photo October 30, 2017



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