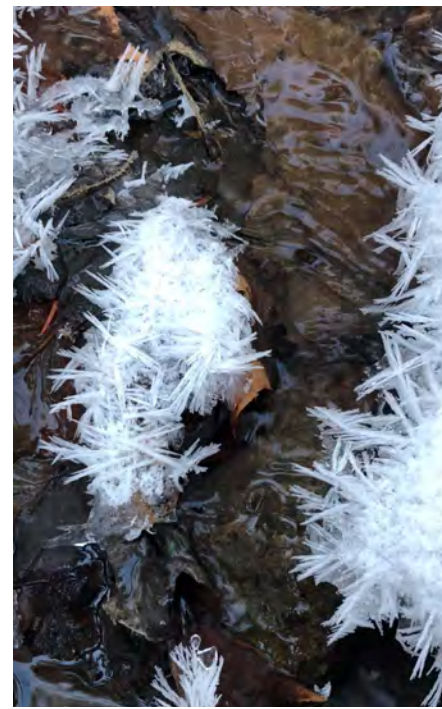


Mountain View



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



Cover photos, Randolph winter meets Randolph Spring.

Top; left to right: Carol Ryder Horton, Scott Meiklejohn. Center; left to right: Jennifer Barton, Karen Eitel. Bottom: Martha Sappington

Articles, poems, notices, inquiries, and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Lucy Sandin, lucy.sandin@gmail.com (207)831-7127, by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April, and 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 20th of the preceding month. **The Randolph Weekly** is published in July and August only.

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AMBULANCE	911	LIBRARY Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins	
FIRE DEPARTMENT Chief, Dana Horne	911	Mon. & Weds. 3-8pm; Fri. & Sat. 10-Noon	466-5408
RANDOLPH POLICE Chief, Alan Lowe	911	LIFELINE Heather Wiley	466-5179
BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT Chair, David Ruble	466-5771	PLANNING BOARD Chair, John Scarinza.	466-5775
BOARD OF SELECTMEN Co-Chairs, Michele Cormier, Lauren Bradley; Assistant, Linda Dupont	466-5771	RANDOLPH CHURCH Moderator, Beverly Weatherly. Sunday morning services July & August, 10:30am.	
Selectman, John Turner		RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST	
Meets 7pm 2nd & 4th Mon., Town Hall		Chair, John Scarinza. Meets 7pm 1st Weds.,	
BUILDING PERMITS See Board of Selectmen	466-5771	Town Hall	
CEMETERY TRUSTEES Chair, Steve Hartman	466-5771	RANDOLPH FOUNDATION President, Sarah Gallop	
CONSERVATION COMMISSION Chair, Gary Newfield		RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB President, Jaime Maddock	
DOG LICENSES Obtain/Renew end April, Town Clerk	466-5771	ROAD AGENT Kevin Rousseau	466-5185
GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD SAU 20 Meets 6:30pm 3rd Tues., Location Varies	466-3632	TAX COLLECTOR Anne Kenison, by appointment.	466-5771
		TOWN CLERK Anne Kenison	466-5771
		Mon. 9-11am, Weds. 7-9pm	

Critter Corner

There are six species of weasels found in the state of New Hampshire, and all of them can be found in the White Mountains. Randolph is no exception with ermine, mink, marten, weasel, fisher, and river otter inhabiting the woods and streams around town. All of these species spend most of their time hidden, but winter snows can reveal just how active they are.

Our weasel of interest is the river otter, which was spotted this winter along the banks of Carleton Brook! The tell tale sliding tracks left behind as the otter scoots its way along the snow, make it clear where these otters hang out. River otters make their dens in abandoned beaver lodges, hollow logs, or in the river bank itself. The slides lead directly from den to water. An otters diet consists of mostly fish, amphibians, and insects, but as a member of the weasel family and a powerful hunter, they can also catch turtles, mice, and water snakes! Of course, a balanced diet is important for everyone, and otters have also been known to snack on blueberries and other plant material.

Otters were hunted nearly to extinction in the 19th century and early 20th century for their luscious coat. Thanks to protection and conservation work, the river otter has rebounded dramatically in New Hampshire. In fact, river otters from NH are being sent out to other states such as Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia to help restore their own populations. As the winter slips and slides away, the river otter never misses a beat on its own slip and slide.

Written by Joel Sibley

Photo by Scott Meiklejohn



Androscoggin Food Co-Op

By now, you may have heard friends and neighbors talking about the Androscoggin Food Co-op. Perhaps you have seen yard signs in front of neighbors' homes. The idea for a food co-op in the Androscoggin Valley has been kicking around for many years now. With the lack of available local food choices and the difficulty in attracting a franchised market to the area, the more we talked, the more we liked the thought of being members of a cooperatively owned store that employs local residents, purchases foods from local farmers and local producers, and allows us a say in what products are offered. After several community conversations and an initial feasibility study, there was enough interest to support a co-op in this area.



The Androscoggin Food Co-op will be a full-service food store, owned by the people in the community, with a variety of products sourced from local/regional farmers and food suppliers, as well as traditional, quality grocery store items. The beauty is that Co-ops create a local supply chain that benefits the community in so many ways.

- **Dollar for dollar, when you shop locally your money goes further.** In fact, it goes 1.5 times further. According to National Cooperative Grocery every \$1,000 spent at a co-op generates \$1,600 in the local economy when compared to spending the same amount at a conventional grocer.
- **You get more bang for your buck.** When you purchase fruits and vegetables straight from a farmer or at the co-op, chances are the product was harvested within days, allowing the fruit or vegetable to stay on the plant longer and retain more nutritional value.
- **It's better for Mother Earth.** Most products in a traditional grocery store take about 13 days to arrive and travel about 1,500 miles, according to Rich Pirog in the publication, "Food, Fuel and Freeways." At the co-op or your local farmers market, food travels a much shorter distance and uses much less fossil fuel to reach you.

Many aspects of this plan are already in place – the steering committee (including Randolph residents Katie Kelley and Chris Hawkins) incorporated the Co-op, put bylaws in place and oversaw the election of the first Board of Directors (including Randolph resident Sarah Clemmitt). Locations in the Berlin/Gorham area will be evaluated after a professional market study is completed. Right now, getting the word out and recruiting more member-owners is at the top of the To-Do list. As of the beginning 2021, the Co-op was 175 households strong, and growing steadily. Your membership matters. Without member-owners, a co-op cannot exist. If you aren't yet an owner, consider becoming one today at <https://androfood.coop>. The faster people join, the sooner we'll have a store we can be proud of.

Written by Peter Higbee and Sarah Clemmitt

Notes from the Town Clerk

Reminder dogs are to be registered with the town clerk by April 30, have a current rabies certificate. Fees: \$2 for seniors, \$9 for unspayed (male or female) and \$6.50 for dogs spayed under 6 mo. of age.

Please be sure the Selectmen's office has your current mailing address for tax bills that go out late May/early June.

Town Clerk/Collector is currently open for regular business hours. However, please continue to check the hours as they may change due to Covid19. Masks are required in the Town Hall. Dog registration and vehicles registration can still be done by mail or drop off box, contact the clerk by phone or email (townclerk@randolph.nh.gov) for more information.

March 9th, 2021 Election Results

Selectman	John Turner
Treasurer	Kathleen Kelly
Town Clerk	Anne Kenison
Trustee of Trust Fund	Judith Kenison
Cemetery Trustee	Suzanne Lowe Santos
Board of Adjustment	David Ruble
	William Parlett Jr.
Auditor	Cecile Mather
Library Trustee	Steven Teczar
Planning Board	Kevin Rousseau
	John Scarinza
Land Use Ordinance Amendment	YES

At The Threshold of Adulthood

Echobank, Randolph NH

I am completely alone here, in your house. There is a thunderstorm breaking all around me, and right above me. I am the same age you were when you first mapped the mountains. Isn't that incredible. You started your legacy at twenty-one.

That last crash was the loudest I've ever heard. And the first one to scare me. My mother thinks I'm crazy not to be afraid of thunder up here.

You came here at twenty-one, stayed in the Ravine House, which no longer exists, and fell so much in love with these mountains that you mapped King Ravine for your thesis. My thesis is about you. It's about you and your decedents. At twenty-one there are so many things that you don't know. You haven't even met Mary Osgood yet.

But you were the same age as I am. I wonder what you thought your legacy would be. You didn't even have your civil engineering degree yet. I would bet you thought that it would be some building project in Boston. But you loved it here.

I don't blame you. The mountains are breathtaking from the houses, and that's to say nothing of the views from the mountains themselves. And even in the woods, where you can't see the mountains, there are the waterfalls. I wonder when you saw Coldbrook Falls for the first time. It's mesmerizing. The closest thing that I have ever felt to breathing in its breeze is the harmonizing of voices in prayer. I wonder if you felt that.

And yet, this place wasn't built into your bones the way it is into mine. You weren't born coming here. That was a decision. You decided to renovate this house, and the one across the street. You bought the house with the best view. The best view in the world.

I can't even see it now; the clouds completely cover it. I feel their presence though. I wonder if I would feel that, even if I didn't know.

I'm glad you made that decision. I'm glad that you would instill in your grandson a love of the mountains that would bring him back here with his family year after year. And I'm glad that my mother did the same. Someday, your maps will be forgotten, just as your father's cataloging system is. Only those who really care about mapmaking will remember you. My potential children will live their whole lives without your maps being used by the guide books. But I promise you, even as you and I are both starting out with writing our theses, that they will come to your house. Not because it is yours, but because this place is unlike any other. That is your legacy and that is at least a small part of mine.

The thunder has pretty much disappeared, but I can still see the ferns twitching with raindrops out the window. The foxgloves are drooping even more than they usually do. The rain is still dripping off the porch roof, but it's not coming off in streams like it was earlier.



At twenty-one, no one knows the course their life will take them. I certainly don't. When you arrived here for the first time, did you think that you would keep coming back for more than half a century? Did you have any idea that you would buy a summer house here? Did you have any idea how much you and your actions would mean to a great-great-granddaughter who is sitting in a rocking chair that you once owned, in your house?

Louis Fayerweather Cutter,
what do I not know?

Written by Emily Douglas
Performed at the 2019 Story Slam

Photo Left: Courtesy of Martha
Sappington

The Mt. Crescent House, 1970

The summer of 1970 brought home the adage that all good things must come to an end.

I'd arrived for work at the Mt. Crescent House by bus that June after graduating high school in Bennington, Vt. My sister Susan had gotten married the weekend before, and she and her husband Rich were honeymooning at the Wiley cottage, my aunt and uncle's place, where my family spent every August. Rich came down to Gorham to get me and brought me up the hill.

The hotel was the rare workplace. I boyed the front desk. The staff saw a lot of each other, especially over meals and in the living quarters, and everyone got along. I grew so comfortable in my new home that, without any apparent embarrassment, I would race down the stairs from my room, through the dining hall and kitchen on my way to work, loudly singing "Nothing's gonna change my world," the chorus from the Beatles' "Across the Universe." Jack Boothman, standing at the stove, grinned.



1917 photo of the Mt. Crescent House by Eleanor F. Watson

Copyright (her granddaughter) Marcia Gulesian. Published on *North Country Chronicles*.

From David Kolkebeck: Staff lodge at left, guest dining room center, three-sided porch right, where guests like Miss Dwight sat in the rocking chairs or walked back and forth when it rained

"Welllllll, we sure are happy today," he'd say. Jack of course knew when I'd been out the night before. Jack didn't miss a beat. Andy Eusden would have picked me up in her family's big blue-green station wagon before the kitchen closed. She'd slide over to let me drive, often to one of the dance places around the North Country. Getting out on the road with Andy was as special as getting out on the dance floor with her.

Jack had a standing offer of steak for breakfast if you could make it downstairs by 6am. I don't think anyone ever took Jack up on it but I was never up early enough to find out. Once the steak offer expired I could still get three eggs over easy just by asking. Jack thought the way to our hearts was through our stomachs but we would have done anything for Jack, food or not. When Jack asked the staff to help get the hay in down at Coldbrook Lodge, we all obliged and he roasted a turkey to thank us. Sally Boothman hobbled to the feast after an ER visit in Berlin because I'd stuck her in the ankle with a hayfork. To this day I cringe at the sound.

The kitchen was the place to be when I wasn't on duty and food prep was slow. Jack told a damn good story, sometimes with an object lesson not lost on a 17-year-old, and they all had warmth and humor to burn. It was here I learned he'd served a term in the legislature; the best of it he said was having three newspapers delivered free to his desk every morning. Becky Boothman would take a break, standing at the door to her baking room, and join in: same wisdom and charm as Jack.

Saturdays were buffet days, when all of Randolph came to dinner all dressed up. The cars lined the roads and filled the parking areas. We couldn't shoot the breeze. Too busy. But we soon got back to normal, quieting only to ding the occasional fly. Jack was the king of ding. He'd spot a fly on the counter, sneak up behind it with a cupped hand, and snap it up. You never knew you had a fly in your fist until you threw it at one of the big pots hanging against the wall and got that pot to ding.

Mt. Crescent House, 1970 continued...

The only known danger that summer was avian. Margaret Dwight, a hotel regular from Boston, was viciously attacked in front of the Kenyon cottage on one of her daily walks. I think that's how she put it, but I'm not positive, because she bypassed me at the front desk on her return and went straight for Jack, demanding he get his shotgun and shoot the bird. I was suspicious. If the account was even true, what kind of bird would do that?

I discovered she was an eastern kingbird nesting in a tree by the Kenyons' front porch when she dive bombed me, actually getting into my hair in Hitchcockian fashion and forcing my retreat. I'd never experienced anything like it, but this was not uncommon, I learned later in my Audubon Encyclopedia. The robin-sized *Tyrannus tyrannus*—honest!—has been known to protect its territory by attacking hawks, intimidating bigger birds by holding fast to their backs, and even going after a low-flying plane. Jack told Miss Dwight he'd take care of the bird and then he waited. The fledglings flew to end the crisis.

Jack is the obvious hero of this tale, but for me Gwen Boothman came in time to take her place beside him. Always serious, bent a little forward with a stack of paperwork she often carried in one arm tight to her chest, Gwen did the books and the hiring and the maitre d'ing and most everything except the cooking. She ran the hotel. She had to know it couldn't survive after nearly ninety summers of operation. The guests, like Miss Dwight, were elderly, the rooms mostly vacant. The buffet had to be gold but we were a hotel, not a Saturday-night-only restaurant. The old hotels in the White Mountains had become white elephants and sadly we were not exempt.

Intensely private, not to mention my boss, Gwen never let on, and I was blind to her burden. The best we all could do was honor her quiet time in the afternoon. Having got up before dawn but not done working until the dining room closed after dinner, Gwen and Jack retired to their summer cottage in back of the hotel. Life stopped. Guests napped. The only sound in the lobby was the ticking clock. Staying awake at the front desk was a lost cause. Eager to return the next summer, I cried when Gwen sent word the Mt. Crescent House wouldn't reopen.

Written by David Kolkebeck

Checkmate!

There aren't many of them left! I'm talking about heavily-glaciated, unclimbed 10,000-foot mountains in the Canadian Rockies. Indeed, after our trip into the Chess Group, an uplift comprising five peaks in the unexplored area between the Columbia Icefields and the Columbia River, there are probably none.



The peaks form an arc facing north with a large, much crevassed glacier at their feet. The layout suggested a chessboard, so we named (unofficially) them accordingly. The highest, in the center, became King Peak, flanked by Bishop and Knight Peaks, with off to the south, The Pawn. But the most magnificent was Queen Peak, in keeping with the paramount role of the Queen in chess.

An earlier reconnaissance suggested that the broken rock of the southeast ridge would offer an easy first ascent. However, what attracted me was the more chancy east face, essentially an icefall consisting of multiple bergschrunds. The largest angled from lower right to upper left, with ice cliffs above the lower end and below the upper end. From a distance, there seemed to be a possible route between.

Others in our party of six were unconvinced but I succeeded in persuading Harriet and Hamish Mutch to accompany me. Indeed, I managed to place myself in the middle of the rope so that either one or the other was leading and kicking the steps in the snow. So I glided along, like an Eastern potentate between chairbearers, giving instructions but not otherwise contributing to the effort.

Checkmate! continued...

Hamish kicked up to the lip of the principal bergschrund – and halted. He didn't like the prospects. But Hamish is that rare person who is not affronted when someone asks, "Mind if I take a look?"

A continuation of the route did not appear very promising but seemed no worse than my expectation. The bergschrund, about 80 feet wide, was choked with huge blocks of ice between which one could see into the blue depths below. The upper wall leaned over us at perhaps 100 degrees, a few nearly detached blocks poised on its lip. A few rope lengths horizontally ahead of us, the upper and lower walls tilted toward each other, converging to form a cavern completely roofed over. This grotto measured roughly 100 feet across, 100 feet high, and 300 feet long. It exuded an icy blue glow.

But there was light at the end of the tunnel! With trepidation, we entered what could turn out to be our tomb. Gingerly, we tip-toed over and around the wedged blocks of ice, hoping that one would not shift and cause the whole rickety floor to crash into the chasm below. We were inside the glacier!

A breathtaking if terrifying ambience. The ceiling arched up like a cathedral nave, painted in eerie shades of blue. Ice blocks projected from the walls, reminiscent of statues of saints atop pillars. Water dripped from the ceiling, glazing the jumbled blocks comprising the floor. And it was as cold as the crypt. Not only for its resemblance to a church did the cavern invite prayer. Hamish called it the "Chamber of Horrors" but I prefer to remember it as the "Tunnel of Love".

High up on the far end, above where an altar should be, light beamed through a window. I clambered through it onto a flimsy balcony cantilevered over several hundred feet of nothing. Above, a chimney of soft, unstable snow, up which I crawled, destroying holds my companions would have liked to use. Finally a meaningful belay point. We had entered the bergschrund at its lower lip and exited at its upper lip!

A few more crevasses that seemed simple by comparison. Cornices on the north ridge. A gentle snow slope. Harriet kicking steps to the top. As Goethe's Faust concludes: "Die Ewige-Weibliche zieht uns hinan."

Written By Robert Kruszyna

Article: 1979, revised 2020

Photo Page 6: Courtesy of Robert Kruszyna, Harriet exiting the cavern (hole behind her head).

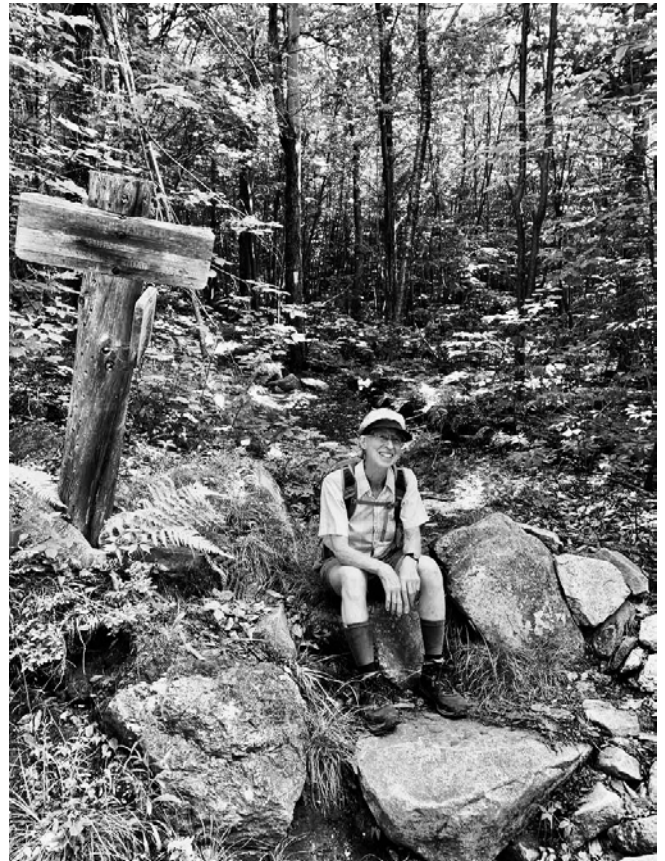
Why I Like to Hike

I grew up wandering. I don't know why. And just why my parents allowed a little girl the freedom of wandering alone the streets of Chicago, trying purposefully to get herself lost, was also a mystery. When we moved to a semi-rural area outside of Chicago, the fields and meadows around our house became new territory to explore. I chased up pheasants and found their smooth hollows comfortable places for me to lie and dream. I wandered between corn rows, stepping on their shadows.

Exchanging the fielded Midwest for the New England woodlands surrounding my college, I escaped campus to bush-whack across leafy hills and gullies. It was not until a post graduation job moved me to Washington DC that I joined the Potomac chapter of the Appalachian Trail Club to explore more hills. It was then that hiking became what I called what I did.

A hiking husband entered, and then a child. We drifted out to the ocean: a perfect place for a toddler to play. After several of these ocean summers, husband declined to spend another summer vacation on the sandy, salty, skin-scorching beaches of the East Coast. His family legacy of New England vacations was in his blood. So began our annual road trips to the White Mountains of New Hampshire and to Randolph.

We tucked ourselves into a tiny 100 year old carriage house turned cabin, rented from Caroline Hincks. We were folded into a community devoted to the land: foresters and botanists, trail brushers, and hiking companions whose families had



Why I Like to Hike continued...

created and trod these trails over many generations. Conversations with companion hikers integrated with the rock, the woodland, and waterfalls. These companions raised us and our children to know and love the intricacy of the life we were passing and the responsibilities we had to it.

Yet I missed something in those summers of hiking. From my early years through the present, the language of dance enchanted me - whether Midwestern square or New England contra, ballroom or international folk dance, or the freedom of improvisation. One day, descending Mt. Adams over bouldered terrain and downward across the roots of the woods, I realized that I had it all. These tumbled rocks and intertwined roots, the stream crossings and mossy ledges were invitations to dance, asking my response to their varying natures - each step unique, another word in a conversation, an improvisation.

So why do I like to hike? It is dance; it is conversation; it is being fully alive in the company of all that is fully alive around me. And if you will be my companion, you make it all the richer.

Written by Renee Dunham

"With gratitude to the land and the people on this land who are in my life."

Photo Page 7: Courtesy of Renee Dunham

Way Down in Maine - Flag Account of Katahdin Climb

In June of 1902, the year before he built our Randolph cottage, George A. Flagg climbed Mt. Katahdin in Maine. His journal of the trip provides some wonderful description of what such an undertaking required before all of today's conveniences. George was 32, married to Anna, with two children: Marion, age 8 (my grandmother) and Granville, age 6. They had just moved from his family home in Wakefield to Malden, MA., near Boston. His hiking companion then—and always—was his older brother Charles, a lifelong bachelor, then 40.

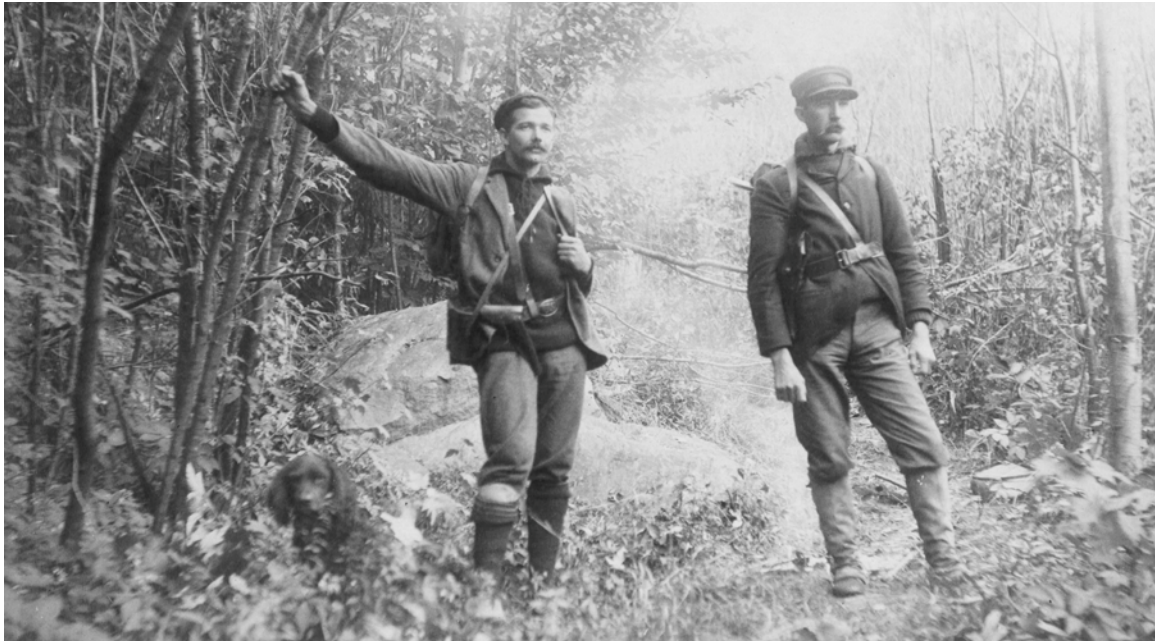


Photo: George Arthur and Charles Sumner Flagg, 1897

The trip began as the two boarded a steamship, presumably in Boston. George's record of the trip includes small sketches that he continued to create in subsequent Randolph journals. Here are some excerpts (*italics are mine*):

Saturday June 21. On Saturday night when everyone gets tight, Charles and I board the City of Bangor and start for the place named. A gay and festive crowd of three stand on the pier and wave handkerchiefs, umbrellas and other dry goods till we disappear in the lovely fog and rain, got up for our special benefit.

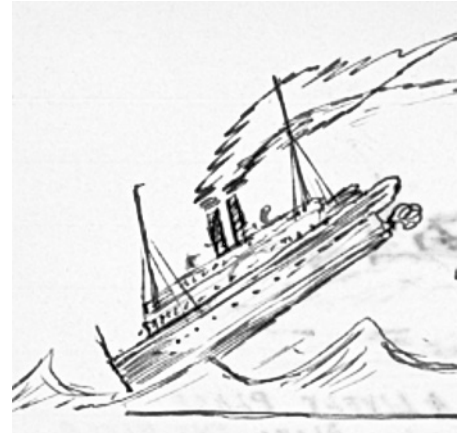
At 9 PM we decide to turn in after Charles has raked the life preserver out and tried it on, we decide it is safe to go to sleep. Old ocean decides otherwise and soon the waves are thundering over the deck while I lie wondering wheather (*sic*) it is wind or my stomach or that I'm going to throw up. I believe I caught 3 or 4 cat naps but it was a mighty unsatisfactory night.

Way Down in Maine continued...



Still Saturday June 21. About 9 AM we commenced to get views of the shore and it grew clearer from then on. We stopped at all the ports from Shreve port, Bucks port and about 17 other ports consisting of 4 houses and 1 wharf, landing generally two crates of strawberries and one or two passengers at each place. We passed several lumber schooners with antique names. At 12:30 we got in to Bangor and found that we should have to wait till Monday for a train so we put up at the Bangor House. Bangor was nearly as lively as North Reading or Lynnfield (*neighbors to Wakefield and very rural at that time*).

We ate dinner at a brewery where they threw it out to you with a shovel and the walls were beautifully adorned with signs such as: LIVER 5¢, COFFE WITH BEENS 5¢, HASH 5¢, DON'T SMOKE WHILE YOU EAT. We sadly paid 25¢ and went back to the hotel to find out that our room included meals.



Monday June 23. Down in the wilderness of Maine with 17,00000 black flies and mosquitos. After travelling all day we are at Camp Wellington 15 miles from the base of the mountain. We chartered a Steamer to get up as far as this and now have to take a canoe. We got off at Norcross (*a logging camp, on the shore of North Twin Lake where you could hire guides*). We are amongst the lumbermen and the black flies.

Tuesday June 24. We pass a good night and make an early start up the West Branch of the Penobscot. I sat in the bow and our guide in the stern and Charles hung on to his life preserver. We had to dodge logs that were coming down the river and finally came to a place where about 8 million logs had come to rest. We had to carry for about a mile through the woods. Oh what fun - I think I had about 80 lbs on my back. The guide carried the canoe. We paddled 12 miles in all and had 4 carries. At 1 O.C. we reached Katahdin Brook (*Katahdin Stream*) where we hid the canoe and took to the woods. We had dinner there and lunched on beans. After tramping an hour we stopped and caught 15 trout in 10 minutes. How long the last three miles seemed but at 6 O.C. we reached the foot of Abol slide, pitched tent and got supper.



On top 5385'

Wednesday June 25. We had breakfast at 6 of trout, coffee and beans. They say it is about a mile to the top of the slide but it seemed like three. It was about the most vertical climbing I have ever indulged in. After 3 hours hard work we got on top of the slide and there was the top about a mile away across a great plateau covered with nothing but rocks. We rested about 15 minutes and had a drink from the spring and a bite to eat consisting of a slice of bread and one trout. (*Presumably 'Thoreau Spring'; Henry David Thoreau attempted to climb 'Ktaadn' [Baxter Peak] in 1846 but instead walked around the plateau in the clouds looking for the summit and never found it.*)

At 11 O.C. we reached the top and wasn't the view great. Lakes, lakes, and forest stretching as far as you could see. Off the north side the walls of Katahdin run down thousands of feet to crater pond (*Chimney Pond*). On the south side there are about 2 acres of snow. We stayed up there a ½ hour and as it looked like it was going to rain we started back across the plateau. Before we got across it began to hale (*sic*). We each found a sheltering rock and crawled under it. My place felt like an ice chest. It only stormed for about 10 minutes.

We ate our other slice of bread and the remaining trout and what coffee I had in my flask and then rested until 2 O.C. when we started down our toboggan slide. It seemed steeper going down than coming up but we reached the foot in about an hour without any trouble. The black flies took hold and entertained us for the rest of the day. How Charles did cuss when the preparation he bought guaranteed to keep them off was regular ice cream to them. He got about two bites to my one. Bob our guide showed up with 40 trout and we had a good supper and slept fine we were so tired.

Thursday June 26. We made an early start for our trip back. On our way down we came with in 50 feet of a carabou (*sic*).

Way Down in Maine continued...

It did not act frightened when it saw us. We had to paddle the whole 12 miles in pouring rain. We had the 4 carries plus one extra on account of a million logs which had drifted back up the lake to meet us. At 1 O.C. we arrived at Camp Wellington. We stopped at a lumber camp on the way down and had dinner. We just caught the steamer down the lake and arrived at Norcross with 7 minutes to catch the train.

Our train got in to Bangor at 7:15. We drove to the Hotel and found that the dining room closed at 8 O.C. We rushed down the street to find a dry goods store and after buying some underdrawers we galloped back to change our clothes. I never changed so quick, buttons went right and left and the way Charles swore at his wet shoes when he tried to get them on was fierce. We trotted in at one minute of eight and settled down to business. I bet I got my money worth this time. We didn't care about beards or any darn thing as long as we got that supper. We had not had anything to eat since 10 in the morning. After our banquet we went and found a barber and had him operate on us. Turned in at 10 PM and the bed felt great.

Well I don't think I ever hustled so much in one day as I did coming from our camp to Bangor. 4 miles tramp, 12 miles paddle, 12 more by steamer, and 82 by train - 110 miles in all.

*But we have done the mountain and
will never go there any more.
End of Katahdin Trip.*

"But we have done the mountain and will never go there any more."

Assuming they made it home the following day, this expedition took a full week and the pair climbed one mountain.

In the summer, George took his family to Randolph, staying at Leighton's farm (I believe Kenyon's). In August 1902, Anna was written up in the Boston and New York papers as the first woman to climb Washington via the Great Gulf. The next year George bought an acre on the hill and built Hillcrest Cottage (245 Randolph Hill Road). Since then, our family has been White Mountain centric with Randolph as the summer hub for tramping (to Marion it was always tramping not hiking). I've climbed Katahdin twice: as a 15 year-old, and again recently at 60. What I recall about the first was crossing the Knife Edge in clouds where I couldn't see my full peril. That ascent was not via the slide but a clockwise circuit over several of the massif's peaks (Pamola, Chimney, South and Baxter). My recent trip was via Chimney Pond and the Saddle to Baxter Peak. That was on a spectacular late September blue-sky day with 70-degree summit temperatures and a crowd of through hikers on top celebrating the end of their AT trek. I declined the Knife Edge in favor of a retreat the way we ascended. The trail directly up the Abol Slide was closed in 2014 due to landslides and portions have been re-located with switchbacks to make it less steep.

I read George's trip account to my friends as we ate our gourmet dinner, washed down with craft beer, took a dip in Roaring Brook and retreated to bug-proof tents and comfortable sleeping pads. For me this was a fairly easy 10.4-mile tramp. I can't in good conscience count the 200-mile drive home to Freeport.

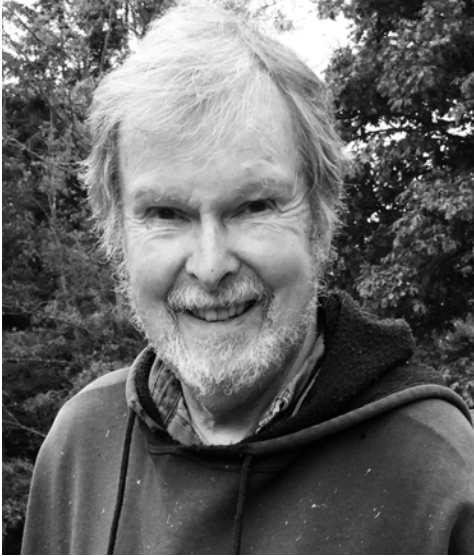


Written by Eric Sandin

Photos Page 9: From George Flagg's Sketchbooks, Courtesy of Eric Sandin

Photos Page 10: (Top) From George Flagg's Journal; (Bottom) Eric's Katahdin trip (Eric photo right).

Randolph Remembers



Remembering Larry Harris: M. Lawrence "Larry" Harris, 90, died at home on Oct. 17, 2020, in Freeland, WA. Born in Plainfield, N. J. on May 14, 1930, he was the son of Maynard L. and Edith Bushnell Harris. He and his younger brother Chris lost their mother when they were young and later became part of a much larger family when his father married Caroline Cutter Harris, gaining four McMillan step-siblings: Caroline "Kit," Ellen, Andrew, and Edith. He grew up in Concord, MA, with summers in Randolph, graduating from the Middlesex School in 1949 and Yale in 1953 when he was commissioned in the Navy. He served on the battleship USS "New Jersey" in the Korean War.

Larry married Sarah "Sally" Robinson in 1956 in Jefferson. He earned a MA degree at Columbia and did graduate work at the University of Washington.

They and baby son Jeffrey moved to Michigan where he taught at the Cranbrook School, and daughter Becky was born. He taught at the Makere College School in Kampala Uganda, where son Nicholas was born, and then at Athenian School in Danville, CA. He was principal of the American Community School in Beirut, Lebanon, and Director of the Upper School at Lakeside School in Seattle. He finished his career as principal of the American Embassy School in New Delhi, India, where he lived with his second wife, Cathy Harris, and two stepsons.

In 1995 he moved from Bellingham, WA, to Whidbey Island, where he met fellow environmental and political activist Betty Azar. They were married in 1999.

Larry was preceded in death in 1960 by son Jeffrey Lawrence Harris, who's buried in Jefferson's Hillside Cemetery.

He is survived by his wife Betty Schrampfer Azar, brother Chris and family, stepsisters Rep. Edith Tucker and Ellen Aman and families, children Becky Jasperse and Nick Harris and their mother Sally, son-in-law Jay, and grandchildren Leland (Lee) and Lindsey Jasperse, stepsons Andrew and Ryan and their mother Cathy, and step-daughter Chelsea Azar Feldman and family.

Written by Edith Tucker
Photo of Larry Courtesy of Edith Tucker

Randolph Remembers



Celebrating Betty Breunig: Elizabeth Horton Breunig died of complications from COVID-19 on Feb. 2, 2021, in Hanover, N.H.

Betty was born on June 19, 1927 in Biddeford, Maine, where her family was vacationing. She was the youngest child of Douglas Horton and Carol Williams Horton. The family moved from Boston to Chicago to New York City while she was growing up. She graduated from the Putney School in 1945. Before graduating from Radcliffe College in 1951, she taught English at a school in Nishinomiya, Japan, and worked at a Palestinian refugee camp in the Gaza Strip.

She married Charles Breunig in 1955 and they immediately moved to Appleton, Wis., where Charles had been hired to teach history at Lawrence University.

Much to their surprise, Betty and Charles ended up staying in Appleton for forty-one years. Betty was an active volunteer for several organizations, most notably the League of Women Voters and A Better Chance. Her children learned the importance of civic engagement as they helped her stuff envelopes for candidates in local elections.

Betty was a longtime member of the Wednesday Club in Appleton, saying the book group turned her into a

Celebrating Betty Breunig continued...

well-read person. It built on her life-long love of reading, having spent many nights as a child reading under her covers with a flashlight. For several years in the 1990s she and Charles ran the Randolph Colloquy.

When Betty was ten years old her family began to spend their summers in Randolph. Betty loved to hike and in her teen years spent a lot of time in the mountains with her family and friends, including Meg Hilles (Meiklejohn), Phyllis "Peeko" Peek (Folsom), Harvey "Bones" Zimand, Hawley Rising, Louis Cutter, and Jack Stewart. Her children would often hear stories about the "legend of Betty Breunig" in which she claimed that at age 15 she set the record for the fastest descent down the Valley Way from Madison Hut to Appalachia: 25 minutes. "I needed to get down before dark because I didn't have a flashlight," she said years later to her children, who listened to the story with a mixture of skepticism and awe.

The annual trek to Randolph gave Betty and her family the unique opportunity to spend summers with her siblings Peggy Grant, Alan Horton and Alice Tibbetts, and her cousins Steve Crary and Bert Mudge, along with all their families. Most evenings would find them drinking cocktails and laughing on the porch looking out at the mountains. She and Charles led RMC hikes and helped organize charades for the Annual Picnic.

In 1996 she and Charles moved to Kendal at Hanover where Betty learned new skills like weaving rugs and operating a PA system. She was the co-chair of the Kendal library's book sale for several years.

Survivors include her three children: Tom Breunig in Berkeley, Calif.; Charlie Breunig (Erica Avery) in Greenfield, Mass.; and Martha Breunig (Bly Windstorm) in Port Townsend, Wash. She also leaves behind a brother-in-law, Norris Tibbetts, in Madison, Wis., and four grandchildren: Marlee Breunig, Sophie Obayashi, Toby Obayashi-Breunig, and Hazel Windstorm.

Per Betty's wishes, there will be no memorial service. Donations in her memory can be made to the Randolph Foundation.



Written by Charlie Breunig
Photo Page 11: Betty Breunig

Photo Above: (from left to right) Charles, Charlie, and Betty Breunig, all courtesy of Charlie Breunig

Randolph Remembers

Remembering Steve Rounds: Stephen Pike Rounds passed away on June 3, 2020 at home in Princeton Jct. N.J. He passed away peacefully of natural causes with his wife and daughter present.

Steve was born in 1928 in Exeter, NH to Ezra "Pike" and Melvina "Scotty" Rounds. Pike and Scotty purchased one of the Bartlett sister's cottages around 1930 and spent every summer in Randolph with their two sons, Steve and Jack. The family was deeply rooted in the Randolph community: Pike ran the weekly softball game, Scotty helped to start the annual charades, and Steve and Jack were part of a lively gang of Randolph young folk (the gang as I understood it included Jack Stewart, Alan Shepherd, Alan Horton, Holey Rising, Heywood Alexander, Henry Folsom, Herschel Cross, and Harvey Zimmerman, and I am sure there are more).

When Steve was a teenager, he began working at Ingerson's Farm in Jefferson. From that experience he decided that he wanted to become a farmer. He attended Phillips Exeter academy and then the school of Agriculture at Cornell University, graduating in 1951. As a Quaker, he joined the World Council of Churches (predecessor of the Peace Corps) and went to post WWII Europe to help with post-war recovery.

He helped rebuild and teach modern farming techniques in Austria and Germany, and later in Northeastern Greece which had been devastated by a civil war. While in Northern Greece he met my mother, Julia, who was also helping with reparations in her home village. Though he spoke little Greek and she spoke no English they courted and (with interpreter present) my father proposed. They were married in Corfu, Greece and then came to the US to begin their lives together. Randolph was the one constant in their lives as they spent several weeks there each year and after retirement split their summers between Greece and Randolph.

In 1981 they bought the "House in the Lane" on Grassy Lane where they spent their time reading by the fire-

Remembering Steve Rounds continued...

place (even on warm evenings) and maintaining the cottage with the help of Morrison Reed, Mike Sewick, and Steve Hartman who would stop in regularly for coffee and conversation.

Steve was an avid fisherman of the local brooks for his entire life. He would often return home well after dark from the Moose River. He enjoyed hiking but vowed to not repeat the Hunting-ton Ravine climb again in his life. My parents loved spending time in Randolph and having dinners with their friends and neighbors.

After retiring from a career in life sciences with Eastman Kodak Company, Steve began to row. His dedication and discipline led him to exercise daily. Hiking in Randolph helped him to maintain his fitness. He began to compete on the ergometer at age 65 and this blossomed into a record 23 straight world championship titles and 3 world records. These are feats that are not likely to be eclipsed. In other words, he was the G.O.A.T. of senior ergometer rowing.

My mother's region of Northern Greece heralded my father for his compassion, selflessness, and generosity. He learned to speak Greek and was embraced by many generations as his legacy of service and kindness was adopted by all. Upon learning of his death, the people of the village woke at 3am and rang the church bells and gathered for his remembrance. Truly a fitting tribute to one of their own.

Steve was dedicated to his Cornell fraternity, Theta Delta Chi and its philanthropic mission. In 1990, he was named the National Theta Delt of the year. After his passing, the fraternity and its members of all ages honored him by commissioning a portrait to be placed in the fraternity house at Cornell, and raised money to dedicate a scholarship in his name to go to a deserving Cornell student. A memorial ceremony will be held in Ithaca this summer (dates TBD).

Steve is survived by his wife Julia (90 years old) and his 3 children: Dr. Poly Rounds and her husband Richard Mitchell of Candia, NH; Dr. Stephen Rounds Jr. and his wife Dayle Rounds of Prince-ton, NJ; and Dr. Mark Rounds and his wife, Dr. Naomi Rounds of Milton, MA. Steve and Julia have 9 grandchildren and 1 great grandchild. All of Steve's descendants have spent weeks each summer in Randolph and continue to take our families to the cottage each year. Randolph is a special place for all of us.

Written by Dr. Mark Rounds

Randolph Remembers

Remembering George Furness: George A. Furness, Jr. of Chevy Chase, Maryland, died November 20, 2020 of complications related to COVID-19. Mr. Furness was a graduate of Harvard University, where he earned an M.A. in international relations in 1951. Following service as a Naval officer in Yokuska, Japan, he began a 30-year career in the Foreign Service, which took him to assignments in South Vietnam, France, Ireland, and Okinawa.

A long time supporter of wildlife and habitat conservation, Mr. Furness founded and served as President of the Conservation Treaty Support Fund, a non-profit dedicated to supporting international wild living resources conservation treaties and agreements. He also served as Secretary of the Board of the Audubon Naturalist Society.

With a passion for sailing that he developed in his youth in New England, he remained active on the water throughout his foreign assignments, and regularly plied the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and South River near Annapolis in his later years. Mr Furness is survived by his wife, Ethel Furness, three daughters, Ellen Furness; Patricia Furness and Jennifer Noronha; his sister Jessie Furness. In the spring, his ashes will be scattered on the South River in Edgewater, MD.

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Photos courtesy of Carol Ryder Horton

Where in Randolph?

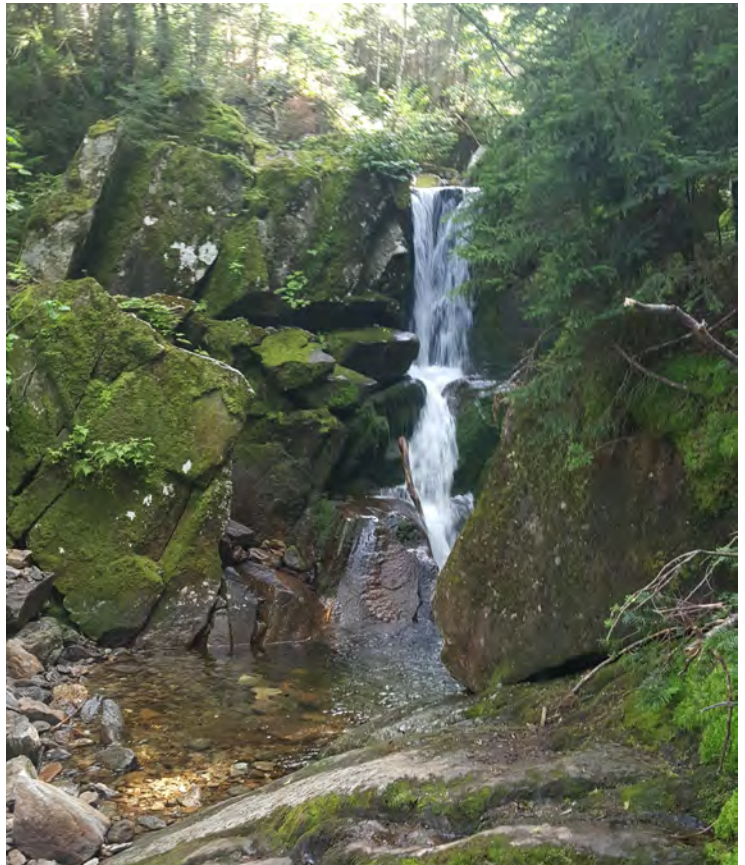
We all think we've traveled every last path and peeked around every last corner Randolph has to offer... but have we?

Do you know where in Randolph this photo was taken?

Send your guesses to the editor (see page 2), for your chance to stump the town with another "Where in Randolph?"

Many thanks to Joel Douglas for the idea behind this section.

Photo by Joel Douglas



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