

# Mountain View

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



*Top: Pot o' Gold at Devil's Kitchen, a July rainbow from Scott Meiklejohn; Bottom: Moose wading through the snow (coming soon!) courtesy of Susan Ferré.*

Articles, poems, notices, inquiries, and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Lucy Sandin, [lucy.sandin@gmail.com](mailto: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](mailto: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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<b>AMBULANCE</b>	911	<b>LIBRARY</b> Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins	466-5408
<b>FIRE DEPARTMENT</b> Chief, Dana Horne	911	Mon. & Weds. 3-8pm; Fri. & Sat. 10-Noon	466-5179
<b>RANDOLPH POLICE</b> Chief, Alan Lowe	911	<b>LIFELINE</b> Heather Wiley	
<b>BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT</b> Chair, David Ruble	466-5771	<b>PLANNING BOARD</b> Chair, John Scarinza.	466-5775
<b>BOARD OF SELECTMEN</b> Co-Chairs, Michele Cormier, Lauren Bradley; Assistant, Linda Dupont	466-5771	Meets 7pm 1st Thurs. at Town Hall	
Selectman, John Turner		<b>RANDOLPH CHURCH</b> Sunday morning services July & August, 10:30am.	
Meets 7pm 2nd & 4th Mon., Town Hall		<b>RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST</b>	
<b>BUILDING PERMITS</b> See Board of Selectmen	466-5771	Chair, John Scarinza. Meets 7pm 1st Weds., Town Hall	
<b>CEMETERY TRUSTEES</b> Bill Arnold, Ray Aube	466-2438, 723-6292	<b>RANDOLPH FOUNDATION</b> President, Sarah Gallop	
<b>CONSERVATION COMMISSION</b> Chair, Gary Newfield		<b>RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB</b>	
<b>DOG LICENSES</b> Obtain/Renew end April, Town Clerk	466-5771	President, Jaime Maddock	466-5185
<b>GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD</b> SAU 20 Meets 6:30pm 3rd Tues., Location Varies	466-3632	<b>ROAD AGENT</b> Kevin Rousseau	
		<b>TAX COLLECTOR</b> Anne Kenison, by appointment.	466-5771
		<b>TOWN CLERK</b> Anne Kenison	466-5771
		Mon. 9-11am, Weds. 7-9pm	

## From the Randolph Church

John A Weatherly

The Annual Meeting of the Randolph Church was held after scheduled church services on Sunday, Aug. 15th. Mark Kelley, as Vice Moderator chaired the Annual Meeting. Approximately 20 people were in attendance to hear the reports of the Finance Committee, Buildings and Grounds, Pulpit Committee and Benevolence Committee. This past year, while challenging, saw a good many projects completed, and worship continue. The Nominating Committee presented a slate of candidates which were approved by the members. The Officers for the next term include John Weatherly, Moderator; Sarah Eusden Gallop, Vice-Moderator; Bill Minifie, Secretary; Anne Forsythe, Treasurer; Leslie Morneweck, Assistant Treasurer; Clerk, Dede Aube; Ted May, Benevolences; Charley Lang, Buildings and Grounds; Anne Forsythe, Finance and Investment; Susan Ferre', Music; Sarah Eusden Gallop, Pulpit Supply. At a following meeting, Marty Johnson was elected to the position of Member-at-Large on the Executive Committee.

The final summer Sunday service was held Aug. 29th at 10:30, with The Rev. Dick Doyle. The church remains available through the year through contacting any member of the Executive Committee. The work of the Benevolence Committee especially remains active, and will continue to support local agencies involved in the health and welfare of our community. A full report of the Benevolence Committee is available through contacting the members of the board, or Ted May.

## From the Selectman's Office

Anne Kenison

A quick reminder that tax bills go out in November. Please be sure that the Selectmen's office has your current mailing address.



## Frank Wood's Broadacre's Diaries Transcribed by Al Hudson, Given to Library.

Edith Tucker

July 7, 2021, was a red-letter day for Al and Judy Hudson. The couple, who live in Pelham, Mass., and spend summers here, donated a completed transcription of the diary entries penned by Francis "Frank" C. Wood of Randolph's Broadacres Farm in 14 notebooks over 29 years — from Oct. 1, 1882, when he was 18, to March 31, 1912 — to the Randolph Public Library.

Al, an anthropologist who taught at UMass Amherst for most of his career, began transcribing the 10,000 entries in Sept. 2015 and finished in Nov. 2017. Aided by his wife, he also completed value-added materials: genealogies of key players, and identifications of nearly everyone Frank named, plus photographs.

Town librarian Yvonne Jenkins had learned from her husband Larry, a Facebook fan, that Al and Judy were also celebrating their 65th wedding anniversary and surprised them with homemade cupcakes.

"Broadacres,' owned by the Wood family since 1852, was a successful dairy farm, and Frank was the third generation of proprietors," writes Hudson in his introduction. "His lineage flowed from his grandfather, Robert Wood (1795-1870) through his father, George Wood (1833-1897)." Both were born in England.

"Frank was a man of parts," Hudson continues. "He was well educated. In addition to his education at public high school (Randolph students rode the train to Whitefield High School), he joined the Chautauqua movement in Nov. 1882; on July 1, 1886, he graduated from his four-year (mail) correspondence course in history and literature." Two years later he signed up for a Chautauqua School of Business course.

The Randolph community valued him when he was still in his early 20s, Hudson notes. First, he was elected director of schools and over the years he held other elected posts, including town clerk and selectman. He served a single term as a state representative in 1905, according to the N.H. State Library. Earlier, during the 1870s, his father had served in the House.

He succeeded his father as the town's postmaster; the post office was located within the Broadacres farmhouse.

"There are glimpses of his pre-marriage social life: he attended church most Sundays, he participated in a singing school, attended occasional oyster suppers, played on a town baseball team, roller-skated at Durand Hall ... organized and participated in drama productions, and attended prayer meetings," Hudson writes. "Politically, Frank was a Democrat; but, other than that the diary entries do not give much insight into his views on life and community."



Frank's diary entries almost always start with a short, general comment on the weather, sometimes followed by a more specific weather observation," Hudson points out. "Then comes description of the days' work, usually broken down into 'forenoon' and 'afternoon' segments. The work reported is done by 'I' or 'we,' and is almost exclusively in the domain of men, mostly Frank and one or more of the hired hands...

"In between 'forenoon' and 'afternoon' we assume that there was a midday dinner," Hudson writes. "It is notable that dinner is almost never mentioned, nor is food preparation, nor is anything else that takes place within the confines of the household itself. One expects that this is the domain of women, and women within the locus of the household are almost never mentioned. Frank does have five sisters, but the reader only meets with them outside the household (for example, going for wagon rides, parties, going to or returning from teaching gigs.) 'Mother' is mentioned on the few occasions when she goes off to visit in distant parts; she is not mentioned with regard to anything having to do with the running of the household or the areas associated with the household... In short, the diaries tell us very little about the domestic economy of the Wood household."

*Frank Wood continued...*

Hudson notes that the weekly work cycle is punctuated by Sundays, which were set aside for afternoon and, often, evening religious meetings. ... Not much serious work on Sundays, or, at least in the male domain.

"The other six days of the week are set aside for work; hard work," Hudson observes. "The actual work carried out by 'I' and 'we' obviously varies from day to day and season to season, although any time is a fine time to take out a few loads of manure or pick stones from a field.

"In winter, with snow on the ground, men worked in the woods, felling and hauling logs/timber. Frank recounts many winter adventures pulling sleighs and such with assorted horse teams. ... The winter work was often carried out under frightful weather conditions ... and went through April. In December and January, pond ice was cut and stored for later use. In late April and early May, serious manure moving took place.

"Then in mid to late May the agricultural schedule gets full attention: planting the home garden in potatoes, peas, beans, beets, parsnips, corn, and the cultivation of hay and oats in farm fields. Depending on the weather, haying season runs through July and August and consumes almost all the men's time. In September the big task is to harvest potatoes." Some are for eating; others are delivered to a nearby starch mill.

"Upon his father George's death on Oct. 22, 1897, Frank — then 34 and unmarried — inherited Broadacres, with its more than 400 acres of fields and forest, in addition to the farmhouse, barns and gardens," Hudson writes. The estate was settled in a year. Lattie, Hattie, Clara, Ernest and Harry received \$1,141.06 (over \$32,000 in today's dollars) and Harry was to have \$3 per week in addition until he turned 21. Effie had the Chipman House in Gorham, with \$141.06 in addition; Christa the Adams buildings in Gorham, also with \$141.06. Frank inherited the home place, with all the tools and stock, the Fern Park property, and also \$141.06.

"As was common in New England farming families, an elder son did not contemplate marriage until his father had died or he was able to marry into a family with

an 'heiress' daughter," Hudson explains.

"Now that he was the owner of the Broadacres' enterprise, Frank wasted little time in acquiring a wife," Hudson points out. His diary entries read: Dec. 2, 1897 — "I drove Florence Farrar up to Leighton's this evening;" March 21, 1898 — "Engaged!"; May 16, 1898 — "Florence consented to wear my ring; Jan. 2, 1899 — "I went down to the Grafton (Maine) town clerk's office; Florence and I was published;" May 5, 1899 — "Florence and I were married this evening ... in Deering, Maine." (Deering is now part of Portland, Me.)

"Frank's wife Florence 'Birdie' Farrar was a native of Grafton and the sister of Ethelwyn 'Winnie' Farrar, who had married Randolph's Vyron Lowe several years earlier. The two sisters, 'Winnie' and 'Birdie' formed a strong bond between the two families.

"In due course, Frank and Florence had four children: Richard (1900-1967), Frances (1901-1972), Effie May (1904-1986) and Katherine (1906-1988), as well as two daughters who died in infancy," Hudson writes. Frank's diary entries reveal how very close-knit Randolph's families were, with many linked through marriage.

He also details various changes in his diary: the mechanization of farm equipment; the railroad coming with tracks laid through the Broadacres' property; and the growing number of leisured summer hotel guests and cottagers who enjoy hiking on the northern slopes of the Presidential Range.

Hudson divided the diaries he transcribed into five volumes, and the librarian will take all their pages to a bindery where they will be bound in leather, ready to go on shelf in the handsome White Mountain Room. They will join the other transcriptions on which he worked: "The Randolph Diaries of Eldena Leighton Hunt" (2008) and "The Building of Burnbrae: The Randolph Diaries of George N. Cross" (2005).

*[This edited story was first published in the "Berlin Sun."]*

Photo page 3: Frank Wood and Florence Farrar prior to their marriage



Photo above: First snow of winter 2020-2021 Charles Lang, Oct. 17, 2020



## Randolph Celebration Quilt Project

Barbara Arnold

In June of 1824, the settlement known as Durand in Northern New Hampshire became incorporated as the Town of Randolph thus our community will celebrate our bicentennial in 2024. There is a Bicentennial Committee working diligently on making sure the celebration will be fun and encompass as much of the traits that make Randolph, Randolph.

I am part of committee tasked with looking into the idea of a bicentennial quilt as a longer standing part of the celebration. In 1993, with the help of many people, financial backing from the Home Dems, and the guidance of Yvonne Jenkins and my Mom, Anne Davenport, a quilt of 30+ squares was created by individuals and families depicting the history of some of the residents. It has hung in the main room of the Town Hall ever since. The Bicentennial Quilt Committee has come up with another quilt idea, smaller and centered around the things that make our community a special place to be. I would like to share our visions and invite you to participate in the project in any way you feel you can.

We have decided to solicit from you one or two word thoughts that bring to your mind what either brought you to Randolph or keep it a special place in your heart. We will be collecting these words over the next several months. There will be a box at various gatherings through the rest of this year to gather your thoughts or you can send your words directly to me at Barbara.arnold51@gmail.com . From these thoughts, the committee will sort them and decide on some recurring aspects of Randolph, the town, the area and the people. The final list will be published on the Foundation Website and in the April &/or June 2022 Mountain View

After the list has been compiled, if you are interested in doing a square, we will ask you to contact the committee with your choice from the list to fashion a finished cloth square, no smaller than 8"X8", no larger than 12"X12" to be incorporated into the Bicentennial Quilt. The square is to be designed and done by you or your group in any medium you feel comfortable working in. Please be flexible. If your choice has already been taken, you will be asked to choose another thought. The size and makeup of the quilt will be determined by the number of squares that are chosen and completed but the vision is for a smaller quilt, perhaps 48"X48". All squares will be due by 12/31/2022.

The quilt itself will be designed and put together over the course of 2023 by volunteers that have some time while in Randolph, using the squares collected. The squares will need neutral or complimenting pieces of cloth

sewn around the all the squares to join them. In the meantime, backing material will be chosen. The backing will be available at the various events and gatherings over the course of 2023 in the hope that it will be signed by as many people, adults and children, with a connection to Randolph as possible. We do ask you to only sign it once so as to leave room for others. At some point, the backing will united with the face and the quilt will be available for display at any event over the course of 2024 - Town events, organization events, family gatherings, wherever it will be seen and appreciated. We'll create a system of sign up in order to be fair. A more permanent location will be found at some point.

If you have any questions, thoughts or ideas, please contact me at Barbara.arnold51@gmail.com and I will bring them to the committee. If you are able to be on the committee, please let me know. Meetings will be occasional for now, in person or by Zoom.

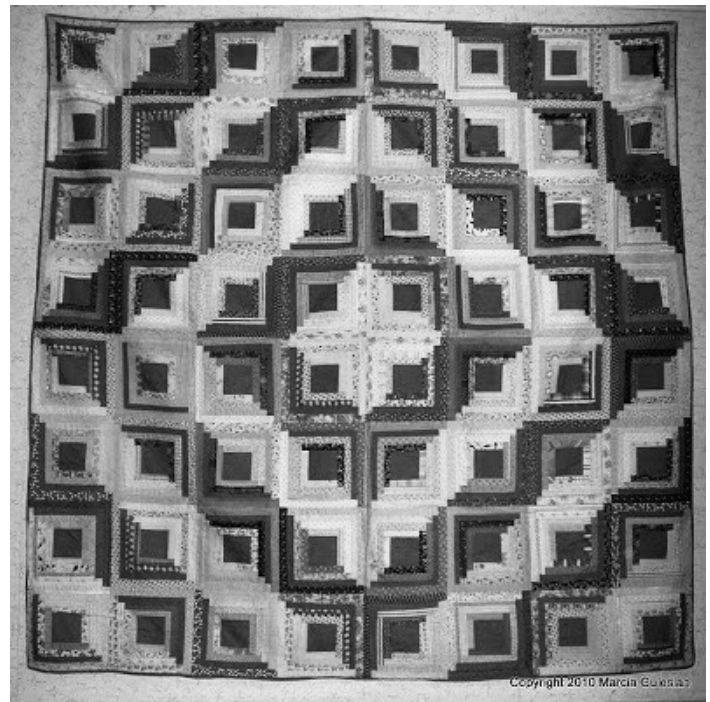


Photo above: from "North Country Chronicles" by Marcia W. Gulesian - a "Friendship Quilt."

The caption from "North Country Chronicles" reads: "In the publication 'Randolph, NH 150 Years,' it mentions that during the winter, a group of women would meet at one another's houses to work on quilts (as a part of the Home Dem)...This was the Friendship quilt and consisted of squares made up of nine smaller squares; the central square was white and was signed in ink by the maker."

## Randolph Library News

Yvonne Jenkins

Although the persistence of the Covid virus has curtailed the Library's indoor programming for the foreseeable future, it has not stopped the progress of many new and exciting opportunities at the Randolph Public Library.

In July, 2021, the Randolph Public Library was the recipient of \$2,709 in grant funding thanks to federal American Rescue Plan Act (ARPA) funds and made possible by the Institute of Museum and Library Services (IMLS) and the New Hampshire State Library. The grant funds have been used to support the Library's efforts to increase access to resources and services.

Using these grant funds, the Randolph Public Library has purchased a flatbed scanner that will be used to begin the process of digitizing historical materials currently held at the Library, including historical documents dating back over 100 years. These items will be added to NH's Digital Public Library of America. This equipment will also be made available to our patrons who wish to digitize their own personal collections, and or add items to the Randolph History project. Please contact the library if you are interested in learning more about this project. The Library has also acquired a glass display cabinet from the original Lowe's Store which will be housed in the White Mountain Room and used to exhibit historical items related to the Town's history.

The second focus of grant funds will be used to promote school readiness for children newborn through elementary school and offer some fun and exciting learning materials for families including two colorful, easy-to-operate, and friendly little robots which are perfect tools for teaching sequencing, estimation, problem-solving, and just having fun, ten Early Learning Backpacks including topics such as Cookie Comprehension, Shapes in My World, and Writing A to Z which can be used at the library or checked out to be used at home, and several other new building materials for early childhood learning.

To learn more about the Randolph Public Library, its services and resources, visit [www.randolphnhpubliclibrary.org](http://www.randolphnhpubliclibrary.org), or visit the library at 130 Durand Road, Randolph, NH. To learn more about ARPA funding, visit <https://www.whitehouse.gov/american-rescue-plan/>.



Photos right: Top: Three generations of Johnsons - Marty, Emily, and Eleanor enjoying one of the new Early Learning Backpacks at the Randolph Public Library; Bottom: Eleanor Johnson, age 20 months, enjoying a story at the Library.



## Story Slam News!

**Sarah Gallop**



Thirty people gathered at the Randolph Church on Saturday 8/7/21 for the annual Story Slam, to hear eight stories from Bill Minifie, Tad Pfeffer, Bob Kruszyna, John Weatherly, Sarah Gallop, Barbara Arnold, John Scarinza, and Bill Arnold. These new stories have been posted to the Randolph Foundation YouTube channel (Google it!) where there is now a collection of 85 Randolph-related anecdotes.

The Celebration 2024 Story Group is planning to create a written compilation of as many Story Slam stories as possible for the Bicentennial. If you have previously sent your written story into the Mountain View, then you can assume that we have it. If you have never submitted your written story, we invite you to do so now by sending it to Dede Aube at [dedeaube@gmail.com](mailto:dedeaube@gmail.com). Feel free to write up your story and send it in if you originally delivered it without notes. We hope to include as many stories as we can!

Thank you!

Photo left: Bob Kruszyna telling his Story Slam story.

## From the Story Slam: Restoring Klaus Goetz's Piano

**William Minifie**

In 2014 I wrote a piece for the Randolph Quarterly about my good luck in getting, for free, Klaus Goetz's Steinway piano. It described the acquisition but not what happened to the piano afterward: here is the follow-up.

In 1952 my father, through a fluke really, became a summer chaplain in Jefferson, with a wonderful rectory thrown in. So we were ensconced in Jefferson—but my parents had connections in Randolph. In fact in 1938 my mother spent a week-end with Bob, later Bishop Hatch, in his father's house which is now the home of Paula Bradley. It's too bad that my mother and Bishop Hatch never tied the knot—cause then I might have been the Son of a Bishop.

One summer, I must have been 6 or 7 my mother took me, and only me—I cannot fathom why because there were six kids in my family—took me to Randolph for the charades and sing-a-long.

Back then the charades were held down near Stern's Lodge and I remember nothing about them at all except I have an incredibly vivid memory of the inimitable Klaus Goetze leading the singing of "Scotland's Burning" and because he is inimitable I am not going to imitate him.

Seeing him there putting out that Scottish fire I never in my wildest dreams imagined that one day that job would be mine.

When we later moved to Randolph my mother practically lived for the charades. She would spend long winter months coming up with words. One banner year she had her word chosen by both the Hill and the Midlands. There must be some old law written in an ancient Randolph Mountain Club ledger that prohibits such wanton word sharing—but there it is.

After Klaus Goetz's daughter gave me the piano I moved it, with great effort, down to NY. There it sat for years and I soon discovered that on old piano (it was from 1888) is a nice piece of furniture, but as a musical instrument, without thousands of dollars spent on restoration, it is really good for nothing—in fact if somehow I managed to get it to the local dump they would have charged me 75 bucks to dispose of it. I have a friend who is a magnificent pianist and I asked him if I should restore it. Without missing a beat he said "Newer is better. Newer is better!" He doesn't have an accent but I like doing accents—what can I tell ya? Now you wouldn't say that about an old Stradivarius violin or a Luigi Gabriomusty Cello—I just made up Gabriomusty—but you get the idea.

But pianos have so many moving parts and the strings are under such incredible tension that they need lots and lots of work to make right again. The whole job, soup to nuts, is about \$8500.00—which sounds like a crazy amount of money but when you realize all the work

*Klaus Goetz's Piano continued...*

involved it's not exorbitant. If a piano renovator was paid the same hourly rate as your car mechanic the bill would be enough to buy a Maserati—or maybe a Gabriomusty Cello. Molto bene!!! Eh!!!

My older sister Kathy died last year in Australia and because of Covid we could not visit her. She left me and my siblings all her worldly goods and I decided to use some of that money for the piano. It seemed fitting: Kathy loved music, she would have liked nothing more than to have been the next Maria Callas. She was crazy for Italian Opera and practically worshipped a tenor named Giuseppe Di Stefano. When we were growing up in NYC she would wait in line for hours at the Old Met Opera to get standing room. She was responsible, in many ways, for my pursuing an opera career. It was through her that I first heard the great singers of the 20th century.

Klaus Goetze had come to the US in 1926. His father made war planes in WWI for Germany and after the war he went on to make pianos. Klaus came to America to work for Steinway to learn how to make a better piano than his father. Ah The Timeless Oedipal Struggle. Aye! Later he moved to Boston where he met the Fick sisters and through the Fick's he came to Randolph. Apparently they were as Fick as thieves. Bada Bing Bada Boom!

He was a first class pianist who played professionally and later was a piano teacher at Wellesley, Milton

Academy and Exeter where he taught for more than 40 years.

He was also an amazing mountaineer and for many years was a tough taskmaster in charge of getting the trail crew in shape for the season.

Klaus played his Steinway every summer for years on end. Did his particular talent as a player somehow get imbued into the fiber of the thing? If you play an instrument for decades can you, if your playing is persuasive enough, impose your precepts of sound on it? Tune it, in a sense, to you. I doubt it: but at the same time you'd have to admit that if someone banged on a piano every day for years it would have an effect. But the mere fact that Klaus owned it and played it for so long does make it more valuable to me then, for example if the same piano had been owned by Luigi Gabriomusty. Eh? Molto Bene!!

Sometimes when I am playing I think about my sister Kathy whose largesse made the piano restoration possible and at the same time I imagine Klaus playing and can still hear him singing: "Scotland's burning! Scotland's Burning!"

I think of both of them even as the wonderful Steinway resonates with restored sound. Better that than the junkyard. Yes sometimes "Newer is better—Newer is better" but sometimes old is best!



The Aiguille des Pélerins is one of the more popular objectives in the Chamonix Needles, primarily because of its proximity to the midway stop of the Aiguille du Midi cable car. This means you can sleep comfortably in your hotel in the town and still reach the beginning of

## Misguided

**Bob Kruszyna**

the climb at a seasonable hour. The normal route on the mountain is rated *peu difficile* (not very difficult), number two on a scale of six levels of difficulty. Thus it is climbed by parties whose competence may be just above the novice level, most often with a guide. I note that, even in the Chamonix-Mont Blanc range, where many of the climbs are particularly more demanding than elsewhere in the Alps, there are nevertheless few climbers who rise above the novice class. So guiding is a flourishing business there.

Not seduced by the cable car and attendant comforts, Harriet and I embarked on the climb from the rather rude and basic hut at Plan de l'Aiguille, located near the midway stop of the cable car. We arrived at the base of the initial steep snow couloir at daybreak, when the snow was still frozen and the hordes of other climbers had not yet arrived. Donning our crampons and attaching the rope, we ascended some 1000 feet of the couloir, debouching into a small amphitheater resembling an ancient Greek theater, with its concentric tiers of "seats", here littered with loose rocks and small stones. Caching our crampons, we then scrambled up a rocky gully and some ledges to reach the south ridge some 400 feet below the



*Misguided continued...*

summit.

We heard some voices and looked down the snow couloir where stood four people at the bottom. They seemed in no hurry to engage the frozen snow, which was still in shadow. It suddenly dawned on us; they had not brought crampons and were waiting for it to soften so the guide could kick steps. Error number one: no crampons, thus softer snow that can become arduous at best and dangerous at worst.

The ridge proved just interesting enough, what with the tremendous exposure on both flanks of the narrow crest. About halfway to the summit, our progress was blocked by a gendarme about 30 feet high, severed by a steep, ugly crack - too narrow to wriggle one's body up but too wide to layback. "There must be a better way," I muttered to myself. As is my wont in such situations, I looked around the corner. Bypassing it on the south flank looked worse than the crack but the north side looked more promising - very exposed with thin holds but possible. With Harriet belaying, I tiptoed across to the little saddle on the other side. She followed and we continued uneventfully to the relatively spacious summit. I note that we had to make that delicate traverse on the descent as well.

While we were eating lunch and enjoying the airy ambience, a figure appeared atop the gendarme a couple of hundred feet below. He was soon joined by a woman who waved to us. She was replaced with what looked like a teenage boy, and then by a man. Then they disappeared, descending back down the ridge. The guide had evidently muscled his way up the crack (they do an awful lot of that), dragged each of his party up on a tight rope for a look, and then backed off. Error number two: the guide

did not take his party to the actual summit, which one would suppose was what they were paying him for. Perhaps correctly, to give him his due, for it may have been too difficult for them. Certainly the traverse under the gendarme required a reasonable amount of rock-climbing skill - and a lot of nerve! On the other hand, he could have lowered them down the upward side of the gendarme as he certainly did on the lower. Got to get back for a shower and cocktails!

On the descent, we overtook them at the little amphitheater. They were all sitting at the bottom, right at the apex, placidly eating their lunch. We took off the rope in order not to dislodge any of the loose rocks I mentioned earlier. Nevertheless we knocked off a few small stones as we carefully descended. The guide shouted angrily at us about knocking down stones. In my halting French, I raged right back, calling him a fool and an incompetent for needlessly endangering his clients by gathering them directly in the fall line. There was no rebuttal as they scurried to safety on one side or the other. Error number three.

We encountered the group (a family, it turned out) on the cable car descending to the valley. The guide was preening himself, as they have a habit of doing, while the woman gushed over him and the husband expressed his pleasure at (not) having climbed the peak. I could not blame the teenage son for being in seventh heaven, for it was probably his first mountain ascent. And well he might, for he had more-or-less climbed a real mountain at an age when I, as a Boy Scout, was just learning how to build a campfire. Poor misguided people.

**To be continued...**



## Mt. Washintgon Hill Climb

This past August, Randolph resident Tim Mather placed 17th overall and won his class in the Subaru Mt Washington Hillclimb. Also known as the Climb to the Clouds, this race is the oldest automotive Hillclimb in North America (running on and off since 1904) with cars racing from the base of the Mt. Washington Auto Road to the 6,288' summit.

Photo left: Tim Mather in #20 en route, courtesy of Sarah Clemmitt

## Randolph Remembers

### Commemorating Phyllis M. Curcuru:

Phyllis Morse Curcuru, 74, of Randolph, NH, passed away at her home on Sunday, June 27, 2021 after a long period of declining health. She was born in Washington, DC on October 6, 1946, the daughter of the late Marvin Jonas and Beulah Jeanne (Burrell) Morse. She was raised in Alexandria, VA where she graduated High School, and later attended William & Mary. She left school to start a family and moved to Massachusetts. She later resumed her education and graduated from Boston College with a Bachelor's degree in Business Administration, an accomplishment she was very proud of. After obtaining her degree, she went to work for W.R. Grace & Co. and was on the fast track up the corporate ladder, a rarity in that period of time. Phyllis was diagnosed with M.S. which ended her professional career early, but did not stop her from enjoying life. She wanted to be known as a 'feisty' lady, and her little red Mini-Cooper let everyone know with its 'FISE-T' vanity plate.

Phyllis and her husband Frederick Otto loved hiking the White Mountains, having climbed all 4,000 footers, prior to her health decline. She also enjoyed trout fishing. Phyllis volunteered for many years assisting adults from many backgrounds improve their literacy skills and helped ESL learners, something she believed passionately in.

After her beloved husband's passing in 2007, she established Fred's Fishing Fund, a scholarship program for Gorham High School students who write an essay on "What fishing means to them". This program was near and dear to Phyllis' heart and will continue on even though she has passed away in Fred and Phyllis' memory. She was a member of the Gorham Congregational Church, UCC, for many years.

Her family wishes to deeply thank the North Country Angels for the excellent care Phyllis received in the last years of her life in the comfort of her own home, overlooking Mt. Washington.

She is survived by her son Shane Curcuru and his wife Amy Holbrook of Arlington, MA; a granddaughter Roxanne Curcuru of Arlington, MA; step-son Robert Otto of Littleton, MA; brother Mike Morse of Jupiter, FL; sister-in-law Susan Wight of Bethel, ME; and several good friends including Judy Watson and Gena Belanger.

In Lieu of Flowers, donations in Phyllis' memory may be made to the Randolph Mountain Club, Adult Learner Services or the Gorham Congregational Church.

### Celebrating Clover Koopman:

Winifred S. "Clover" Koopman, 79, of Gorham, NH passed away on September 4, 2021 at the Armenian Nursing & Rehab Center in Jamaica Plain, MA. She was born on December 21, 1941 in New York, NY, the daughter of Bernard O. and Mary Louise (Harvey) Koopman. She graduated from Horace Greeley High School in Chappaqua, NY.

A lifelong adventurer, traveler, and free spirit, Winifred quit her New York marketing job in the late 1960s, gave away her possessions, and headed for San Francisco to join the hippie scene there. Not long after, she made her way to a commune on Galiano Island off of Vancouver, British Columbia and informed her family and friends that she would now be known as Clover, her preferred name until her death. Along the way she had a son, and after nearly 15 years in rural Canada she came back to the US to complete her studies, eventually gaining a Master's degree in broadcast journalism from the University of Montana School of Journalism in Missoula, MT. Following her time in Montana, she spent many years in San Diego, CA. In every place she lived, she gathered lifelong friends.

A talented artist with an eye for color and interior design, Clover pursued a variety of media including watercolor, oil painting, pastel and pencil sketches, stained glass, batik, and silk screen. Her creativity also extended to music, where she picked up acoustic guitar, dulcimer, and harmonica. She made audio and video documentaries, wrote fiction, and spent several years working on an unfinished project documenting the experiences of inmates in the federal prison system. In her retirement in Randolph and Gorham, NH, she volunteered her writing and organizational skills to a variety of community organizations including the Randolph Church, the Randolph Weekly, the Sylvia Evans Award and Coos County Community Health Services, and the Medallion Opera House.

Clover is survived by her son Jason Turgeon, daughter-in-law Brook Levine-Adler, and grandson Tyler Eliot Turgeon, of Roxbury, MA; and four sisters: Philippa Koopman of New York, NY, Anne Pfeffer of Nederland, CO, and Randolph, NH; Elizabeth Koopman of Hallowell, ME, and Barbara Turnbull of Randolph, NH.

Her family wishes to thank the staff at Androscoggin Valley Hospital, the Dana Farber Cancer Center, and the Armenian Nursing and Rehabilitation Center for the exceptional care she received at all three facilities.

Funeral services for Clover will be held in the summer of 2022.





### Remembering Eleanor Mackenzie Mudge:



Eleanor Mackenzie Mudge, a longtime summer resident of Randolph, died peacefully at Kendal at Hanover on June 9th surrounded by two of her children. She was 103.

Eleanor was born in New York City on June 17, 1917, the daughter of Dr. George M. Mackenzie and Eleanor Hobson Mackenzie. When Eleanor was ten, the family moved to Cooperstown, New York, where her father was appointed Chief Physician and Director of the Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital. Eleanor graduated from Milton Academy in 1933 and from Bryn Mawr College in 1938. During her junior year at Bryn Mawr she studied in France and developed a life-long love of French culture. After Bryn Mawr, she received a Masters Degree in Political Science from Columbia University in 1940. In July 2018 Eleanor was honored as the oldest resident of Lyme and became the holder of the Boston Post Cane in Lyme. At the time of her death, Eleanor was the oldest resident of Kendal and the oldest alumna of Milton Academy.

In 1941 Eleanor married Dr. Gilbert Horton Mudge, a graduate of the Columbia University School of Medicine. Soon after that, they both visited Randolph where his uncle and many of his cousins had summer cottages. Bert and Eleanor rented different cottages in Randolph for several summers before building their own summer cottage on Randolph Hill in 1957. Eleanor and her husband moved to Lyme in 1962 when he was appointed Dean of the Dartmouth Medical School. At that time, they bought an old farmhouse overlooking the Connecticut River that was to be their home for over half a century. They continued to spend time each summer in Randolph where they enjoyed hiking with friends and relatives in the White Mountains.

Eleanor enjoyed travel with her family. Including trips to Normandy in 1961 and in 1989 on the 45th anniversary of D-Day to dedicate two monuments to pilots in her husband's squadron who were lost in action in WW II.

After her husband's death in 1996, Eleanor continued to live independently in her home until age 97, when she moved to Kendal. On her 100th birthday she happily said, "This is so exciting, I can't wait 'til my 200th." A few weeks after that, she joked, "Old age is creeping up on me." She is survived by her four children, George Alfred Mudge of Sharon, CT, Gilbert Horton Mudge, Jr. of Vass, NC and Vershire, VT, John Mudge of Lyme, and Eleanor Mudge Cares of Boulder, CO, five grand-children, ten great-grandchildren, and many nephews and nieces. She was pre-deceased by her husband and by a grandson.

### Remembering Audrey J. Molinar:

Audrey J. Molinar, age 94 died on May 16, 2021 at the Morrison in Whitefield, New Hampshire. Audrey was born on October 9, 1928 in Stamford, Connecticut. She was predeceased by her parents, John and Glad Molinar, and her sisters, Betty and Judith Molinar. No family members survive.

Audrey was a longtime resident of the Town of Randolph, New Hampshire, having moved there a number of years ago. Her home had been a summer residence, and then a permanent residence of her parents. Audrey was very adventurous and she was never one that liked rules. She left home at a very early age and got married. It was soon realized that marriage only constrained her from her passions, so she divorced and moved to New York City. She was a model for many clothing designers and she continued to work in the modeling/fashion business. Audrey had the perfect height and body dimensions to help when designing womens' clothing. Audrey was very modest of her days in New York and didn't share much of her time while living there.

When her parents passed away, she moved to their summer home in New Hampshire. She soon realized that she wanted to live out her days living a much slower paced life. She had a passion for horses, and she was never seen without her faithful companion, Tom, which was her German Shepard.

She was somewhat of a loner, although when you made an impression, she was your friend for life. If you ever saw Audrey out and about, you would know immediately that it was she. She was known as the "feisty" lady with the wild tamed hair, wearing all black with a red puffy vest, with her German Shepard, Tom, and always in her Jeep Wrangler. She would love the expressions on people's faces when she would get out of her vehicle: the initial shock that she was 90 years-old driving a Jeep Wrangler and it was a manual shift.

Many thanks to the staff at the Morrison, including Sartwell, staff at Harvest Hill in Lebanon, New Hampshire, and the medical staff at Weeks Hospital, all of whom showed her kindness and caring during her final years. Also to be commended is the staff at Ledyard Bank in Hanover, NH, who went beyond duty and responsibility to be her friend with weekly calls and thoughtful caring for her in all ways possible.

## Remembering Paula Elliott Bradley:



Paula Elliott Bradley, of Concord and Randolph, NH, passed away peacefully in her sleep on August 13, 2021, at the age of 96, following a sudden but brief downturn in her health. At the time of her death, she had been a long-time resident of Havenwood-Heritage Heights in Concord, NH.

Paula lived a full and rewarding life of accomplishment and varied experience. She was much beloved by her family and friends, and by the staff of the assisted living facility at Havenwood where she spent her final years. Paula was known by all as a feisty and independent spirit who loved life, her family, singing, walks in nature, crossword puzzles, detective novels, Red Sox baseball, gardening, Randolph and the White Mountains, and Democratic politics. Until the end her consistent response to questions of how she was feeling was "Nothing hurts!"

Paula's crowning professional achievement was election to four terms in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, three as a representative from Randolph and surrounding North Country towns, and one from Concord – all after she and her beloved husband Bill had retired to Randolph in the 1980s and she was over the age of 60. In her first campaign she went door to door and won the support of North Country citizens without any official backing, with Bill serving as her campaign manager.

Paula graduated from Hiram College in 1943 with a degree in Spanish. She later worked as a high school teacher, a university instructor, and a professional staff member for Majority Leader Joe Lieberman of the Connecticut State Senate. Mr. Lieberman remained a lifelong friend through his subsequent career in the U.S. Senate and his Vice Presidential campaign with candidate Al Gore.

Paula married William (Bill) Bradley in 1947, moved with him to Edinburgh, Scotland where he obtained his Ph.D., and then to Hartford, CT in 1950, where he served on the faculty of the Hartford Seminary Foundation. They had three sons – James (Jim), Dwight and Paul – from 1950 to 1954, and Paula was a devoted mother and wife while raising them in Hartford and later Bangkok, Thailand, Scarsdale, NY, and New Haven, CT. She was a member of the Congregational Church and through most of her adult life sang in her church choir, including as an alto soloist.

She is survived by her sons Jim Choukas-Bradley and Dwight Bradley of Chevy Chase, MD and Randolph, NH, respectively, their wives Melanie Choukas-Bradley and Lauren Bradley, and four grandchildren – Sophie Choukas-Bradley of Newark, DE (married to Anna Mayo), Alice Bradley of Williamstown, MA (married to Allen Pope), Jesse Choukas-Bradley of Nashville, TN, and Dan Bradley of Somerville, MA.

The family will bury Paula's ashes in the family cemetery plot in Randolph on September 4. A memorial service will be held at the Randolph Church in July 2022. Contributions in her memory may be made to the Randolph Mountain Club or the New Hampshire Society for the Preservation of Forests.

Paula's ancestry and the life experiences of her family growing up tell a story of America in meaningful ways.

### Including A Biographical Sketch of Paula Elliott Bradley:

Hertha Ernestine Bogenhagen, Paula's mother, came from a family of German immigrants who first homesteaded in Whitefish, South Dakota and then farmed and worked a forge in Osmond, Nebraska. Richard Travis Elliott, her father, had Irish or Scots-Irish roots and grew up under rough circumstances in South Dakota and then Iowa. This was an era of greater social and economic mobility than is generally true today. By the time Paula could walk, her parents were living in a fancy parsonage in Westport, Connecticut.

Paula was born in New Haven. Family lore has it that she was the first baby born in a new maternity ward in Yale-New Haven Hospital. During most of her childhood years, her father was the minister of Saugatuck Congregational Church in Westport. The Great Depression began when Paula was five and lasted into her

teenage years. She came out of it with a frugal streak. The family scrimped to buy a summer farmhouse in a remote area of Vermont. The whole family would pour over real estate catalogs that came in the mail. Eventually, in the late 1930s, the family found the right place: an abandoned \$500 farm without electricity or indoor plumbing on 120 acres of hayfields and abandoned orchards in Barnard. It's still in the family and finally has electricity and reliable running water.

Paula was an excellent student and skipped two grades along the way to graduating from high school in Westport. Following the lead of her sister Ruth, she went off to Hiram College in Ohio, graduating in 1943 with a degree in Spanish. She was on the college badminton team and twenty years later still was a cut-throat on the court.

Her father came down with Lou Gehrig's disease around the time Paula left for college, and died in 1943,



two years after Lou Gehrig himself. The family then had to move out of the parsonage and ended up in Boston. Paula got a job teaching high school French. There she met her husband-to-be, Bill Bradley, a WWII veteran in a Master's program at Andover-Newton Theological Seminary. Though six years her senior, Paula's first memory of her husband-to-be was that he was too young for her.

They married in Boston and sailed to Scotland where Bill entered a PhD program at the University of Edinburgh. The Scottish economy had been devastated during the war. Everything was rationed. Paula came down with chill blains in their cold, drafty flat that was heated with not enough coal. They saved up meat coupons for a month and were finally able to buy a roast beef. When they came home from work to cook it for dinner, it was missing. They asked, "Where's the roast?" their landlady replied, "Don't worry. I boiled it."

Paula and Bill moved back to the States and debated two options: a church or academia. Bill was offered the pastorate of a church in Massachusetts, but when he was offered a faculty position at Hartford Seminary, that clinched it. Paula settled into life as a faculty spouse. Three boys came along, Jim in 1950, Dwight in 1952, and Paul in 1954. Paula was a devoted, loving mother. She took an interest in the elementary school PTA and in Hartford politics, and ran as a non-establishment candidate for the post of Democratic Ward Chairman in the early 1960s, but lost. In 1963 or 1964 she started taking courses at Hartford Seminary toward a Master's degree in Linguistics. Paula came back from class bubbling with new information every few days. Hers were probably the youngest kids in the country who knew what a voiceless velar fricative was. The family all felt they had a pretty good life in Hartford. During the 1950s the family had an old 1700s-vintage summer farmhouse in East Haddam, Connecticut, but they swapped that in 1961 for a 1920s-vintage place in Randolph, New Hampshire. All agreed that this was a good move.

Paula and Bill moved to Thailand in 1964. Bill had two years of sabbatical saved up and, with a Rockefeller Foundation grant in hand, taught Philosophy at Thammasat University, where he researched the life of his grandfather, who had spent 50 years there in the 1800s. The family found a western-style house and moved to the other side of the world. Paula taught a class in Linguistics at Thammasat University during that time.

The family moved back to the States in 1966, landing in Scarsdale, New York, a posh suburb three towns north of The Bronx. It was here, during the late 1960s, that Paula raised her high school-aged children. Bill's job was to handle Rockefeller grants for the arts, with projects from Greenwich Village to West Africa. Bill and Paula traveled a lot. On a trip to Ghana, they

were stopped by highway robbers whose menacing glares flipped to smiles once they recognized the famous Ghanaian playwright, Efua Sutherland, in the car. She was a relative of one of the robbers.

In the early 1970s the family moved once again, because Bill had a new job in New Haven. Paula's interest in politics turned into a job as administrative aide to CT State Senator Joseph Lieberman. Joe was later elected to the U.S. Senate from Connecticut, and in 2000 would be Al Gore's running mate in the "hanging chad" election.

Paula and Bill retired in the early 1980s and for a few years they split the year between New Haven and Randolph. They moved to Randolph permanently in the mid 1980s. In stages, they expanded "The Garage" from a one-room winterized cabin with only a kitchen sink and an outhouse for amenities. First came a full kitchen, bathroom, and basement, then a deck, then a living room with wood stove, and finally a three-season porch. Paula was a strong hiker and loved climbing in the White Mountains; she never kept track but must have done over half of the Four Thousand Footers over the years. She served ten years on the Board of Directors of the Randolph Mountain Club, and was President in 1995. She is remembered as a mentor by many younger people in the community.

Paula was active in Coos County Democratic politics, hosting presidential candidates during primaries from the 1980s to the 2000s. In the early 1990s she took a leap and ran for the NH House of Representatives to represent Randolph and adjacent towns. Against long odds she won, and again two years later. After serving from 1993 to 1997, her district was gerrymandered. She lost, but won her seat back and served again from 2001 to 2003. She sponsored legislation that established the Randolph Community Forest, which has grown to over 10,000 acres. Time was taking its toll on Bill, and Paula opted not to run again for the legislature, so that she could care for him. Eventually, in 2006, they moved into the Havenwood-Heritage Heights retirement community in Concord, NH. After Bill passed away in April 2007, Paula split her time between Concord and Randolph, enjoying friendships, gardening, and walks. In 2015-2017 she was served a fourth term in the NH House, this time representing Concord.



## Marty the Martin



It's cooling off in Randolph, and we're thinking about the return of winter and the return of "Marty" the Pine Martin! Marty visited the Ferré family repeatedly during the winter and spring, and you can bet on seeing photos of his triumphant return. Betsy Hess even captured Marty in a beautiful sketch!

*Photos above: left, A Portrait of Marty, by Betsy Hess; right, a photo of Marty himself, courtesy of Susan Ferré.*

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