

Mountain View



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

A Wild Pursuit

By Scott Lang

This is the third and final segment of a top 10 placing essay in the Annual Waterman Fund Contest written by former Jefferson resident, RMC member and author Scott Lang.

On the edge of my vision I began to notice stretches of white and gray, like lines at first, but they had height to them. They were intermittent, but they had the look of being somewhat organized, a pattern. This simply could not be, I told myself, not here amidst such isolation. Was this really possible? A stone wall? I had to know, this potential discovery could be the greatest of my young years. As I approached, much to my amazement it was unbelievably true. Like the spine of some forsaken animal, it arose from the earth. These stones had been intentionally set, and I might add, a good job at that. I could not fathom this, and I knew that no one else would either. I walked away in a daze, my mind trying to engage rational thought. Had I been cheated out of what I thought was pristine wilderness? Could finding a relic of past human presence do so? No, I thought, no one will dump a bucket of ashes on my snow pile. But wait, I asked myself, would I have felt differently about today if I had stumbled upon this first? Would I have forgotten my purpose in being out here because of this happenstance? Would I have excitedly rushed home to relate the find? Or, would I have gone home in disgust? Would I have continued my journey? Maybe I was just crazy, or supremely befuddled. Now since it was even later, I had to get home. I could not have gone too far when directly in front of me, with a slight bearing off to my left, was an object so shaped that one could tell it didn't belong here. I could see that it was rusted and clenched by the soil. I reached down and gently plucked it away from a hesitant grip. The damp leaves and black soil now crammed under my fingernails. It was, of all things, a cowbell. It was as big as my outstretched hand. The clasp and clapper were still intact. My wet, gritty hands held it tight. I was afraid to shake it, thinking it would bestir some ghostly voice that would exclaim "Ah! So there you are! I've been looking for you!" Indeed, now I knew, someone had been in this desolate spot before me.



Night time visitor to Grassy Lane. B. Arnold photo

One might conclude that this discovery ruined my wild experience. Quite to the contrary, it taught me a lesson about wild, forlorn places. I had come here to empty myself and let the pervasive wild fill me in. It had done just that. The wilderness teaches us what we need, when we need it, and, most importantly, it teaches us when it's ready to do so. I had gained a new appreciation. That day I enjoyed my own sense of the wild. In that day I enjoyed a fleeting vision of what originally was. I also saw what it almost became. Then I was an active onlooker to its reclamation. The wild was blossoming again. How often do we get the opportunity to witness the life cycle of something greater than us? Not often, if at all. However, in the wilderness, those wild places on the horizon, we do. I do not know where that spot is today. It is still a part of the White Mountain National Forest just as it was then. It is not on any map. I could not find it if I tried. But it is still there. Someday perhaps another will visit it. Even if that happens, it will remain just as I wish to remember it, forever wild. When I returned home and related my find to my parents, they of course asked where this location was. Relieved, and with great pleasure, I reflected but a moment, and was happy to tell them that I had no idea.

See "Pursuit", page 3

Meeting notices, inquiries, comments, and ideas are welcomed and encouraged. Please send materials for the *Mountain View* to Diana Aube, Nekel Lane, Randolph, NH 03593 or daube@ne.rr.com by the 15th of the month preceding publication (publication is quarterly: September, December, April & June). The *Randolph Weekly* is published weekly in July & August. Send notices by Tuesday of each week to Gail Scott at 603-466-5498 (call or FAX); or mscott1@ne.rr.com; or PO Box 160, Gorham, NH 03581. The *Blizzard* is published the first of each month except July and August. Please send all notices for the *Blizzard* to Barbara Arnold, 466-2438; Barbara.arnold51@gmail.com or 403 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, NH 03593. *Blizzard* materials by the 24th of the preceding month. If you are not receiving the *Blizzard* and wish to, please let Barbara know. A grant from the Randolph Foundation makes all these publications possible.

Mountain View Publications
 Randolph Foundation
 PO Box 283
 Gorham, NH 03581

Laurie Archambault , Publisher
Diana (Dede) Aube , Editor
Barbara Arnold, Design / Production

Town Directory

- AMBULANCE 911**
- BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT** (Chair, Paul Cormier) 466-3970
 meets at 7 PM the 3rd Thursday of the month.
- BOARD OF SELECTMEN** (Chair, Ted Wier) 466-3970
 Secretary, Rodney Hayes; Treasurer Connie Chaffee
 Meets at 7 p.m. at Town Hall 2nd & 4th Monday 466-5771
- BUILDING PERMITS.** See Board of Selectmen
- CEMETERY TRUSTEES** Suzanne Santos, Steve Hartman, & Karen Eitel
- CONSERVATION COMMISSION** (Chair, Bruce Kirmmse) 466-5777
- DOG LICENSES** See Town Clerk. Obtain or renew by the end of April.
- FIRE DEPARTMENT - ALL ALARMS - CALL 911;** Randolph Chief, Dana Horne
- FOREST FIRE WARDEN** (Rebecca Boothman) Call for Burning Permits 466-2332
- GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD** Meets at 6:30 p.m. on the 3rd Tuesday of the month; location alternates between the 3 towns. Contact the SAU Office 466-3632
- LIBRARY** trustees meet the 3rd Mon. of each month; Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins 466-5408
 Open Mon. 10 – noon; Wed. 3 -8 p.m., Thur. 3-8 p.m.; Sat. 10 –noon;
- LIFELINE** (Jean Malick) 466-2547
- PLANNING BOARD** (Chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775
 Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the first Thursday of the month.
- PLATFORM TENNIS ASSOC.** (Jean Malick) 466-2547
- POLICE** (Randolph Chief, Alan Lowe) 466-3950
- RANDOLPH CHURCH** (Moderator Edgar Adams)
 Sunday morning services July & August (10:30 a.m.).
- RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST COMMISSION** (chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775
 Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday
- RANDOLPH FOUNDATION** (President, Cathy McDowell) 466-5105
- RANDOLPH LIFE SQUAD — Call 911 in an emergency**
 Co-Directors Bill & Barbara Arnold 466-2438
- RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB** (President, John Scarinza) 466-5775
- ROAD AGENT** (Mike Gray) 586-7840
- SUPERVISORS OF THE CHECKLIST**
 Denise Demers, Michael Sewick & Angela Chakalis-Pfeffer
- TAX COLLECTOR** (Scott Robinson) by appointment; call the Town Hall 466-9856
- TOWN CLERK** (Anne Kenison) 466-2606
 Town Hall hours: Mondays 9 - 11 a.m. ; Wednesdays 7 - 9 p.m.
- TOWN HALL** (Secretary, Rodney Hayes) Mon. - Fri.; 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. 466-5771
- TRASH COLLECTION** Must be at roadside by 7 a.m.
 Trash - every Tuesday; Recycling, sorted & bagged - 1st Saturday of every month.
- TRUSTEES OF THE TRUST FUND** Judy Kenison, Michael Sewick, M. Lark Andreas

Community Calendar

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

- April**
- 18-22 GRS school vacation
- 24 Easter
- May**
- 27 Early Release GRS schools
- 30 Memorial Day celebrated
- June**
- 10 Graduation Day (tentative)
- 20 Last Day of School (tentative)

Building Permits

December 13, 2010 Lynn
 Hunt to install solar panels

REMINDER

Randolph property owners are responsible for ensuring that they or their builders receive any necessary permits before beginning any construction. Building permits must be approved by the selectmen. The selectmen need time to review all permits, so please remember to submit them early enough to allow that process.



Long John Marshmallow, D. Aube photo, taken at the town campfire

..... "Pursuit" from page 1

Wilderness is the purest form of natural detoxification. A mountain-hewn cathedral of purification. That is why we need it. Whether we find it by stepping off an established trail or an epic trek to a far-flung destination, we will always pursue it, an unending search. It is our mental expectation coupled with physical fulfillment. It is a perfect equation exercised again and again. It is here we gain clarity. It opens our mind to concepts we cannot grasp if left to our own feeble devices. For me, it is found in the heart of my White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Land Above the Notches. When I open that door, I enter a room without walls. It is why I return time after time. Therefore, while it is true that what is considered wild will vary from person to person, one thing is sure, there is still plenty of wild in the wilderness. We want it, we need it, and most importantly, we can be a part of it. It does not ask for much in return for our usage. When we think of all it provides us, it asks only to be respected. In that way when we make our mournful anguished return to the daily life it will still be there for us and others too. I think we can all agree that it is the least we can do. The granting of such a plea is not only well deserved, it is most certainly, long overdue. Our time spent in the wilds of this land may be miniscule compared with the everyday demands we face. Rest assured however, it is never forgotten. The exposure will stay with us much, much longer. This is but one experience. It happened to me almost twenty-three years ago, but I can walk into that moment as clear as if it were today.

A true wilderness may not always be what we imagine it is, but a wild place is everything we make it for ourselves. Somewhere out there, caught between what we dream and what is real, is our own wilderness. Our own personal haven. Find your wild place. It will call to you from within, then heed its command to take it where it needs to go, a place it can express itself – a wild place, where both of you are free to roam. Let us do our part to keep it that way. For in the end we might just realize that preserving and having that which is wild will prove to be the final redoubt in the battle to keep ourselves sane.

Randolph Town Election Results March 8, 2011

Selectperson	Michele Cormier
Treasurer	Connie Chaffee
Auditor	Wendy Walsh
Trustee of the Trust Funds	M. Lark Andreas
Planning Board	Bob Ross
Library Trustee	Dede Aube
Board of Adjustment	Alan Lowe Ray Aube
Cemetery Trustee	Steven Hartman, 3 years Karen Eitel, 2 years
School District "At Large"	Gregory T. Corrigan, Gorham



Introduction to Town Meeting, March 8, 2011

David L. Wilcox, Town Moderator

A spirit of remonstrance is bred in the American bone and fear is often the trigger which awakens it. Fear of curtailed access to health care, for instance, probably explains the ferocity of the current debate on that subject. It certainly explains why, in 1649 Boston, the authorities ran into a buzz saw when they tried, convicted and imprisoned midwife Alice Tilley.

The state of medicine at that time made any major medical event a fearsome prospect. Under then prevailing wisdom diseases and other disorders were caused by imbalances amongst four humors within the body: blood, hot and moist and associated with the element air; black bile (melancholy), cold and dry corresponding to earth; yellow bile (choler), hot and dry and associated with fire; and phlegm, cold and wet and related to water.

Cures for these imbalances often made use of herb pastes for external application and potions to be ingested. For example, a remedy for hemorrhoids read like this:

“Take a pounce of boares grease, & handfuls of Sage, a pounce of fresh butter, chope ye sage small, & set all on ye fire, with 4 ounces of wax & let boyle...straine it through a coarse cloth into a gallipott, & when you use it, spread it upon browne paper so bigge as ye soariness...yn lay on ye plaister & at ye first dress it twice a day”

Similarly, for consumption the following potion was suggested:

“Take 3 quarts of white wine & 3 [and a] halfe pounds of rosemary topps & still ye wine & rosemary together, let ye water droppe into a glasse with sugar in it, then take ...a handful of each, violets, rosemary, [and] wallflowers, putt them into ye distilled water & still them againe.” The dosage was one or two spoonfuls every evening.

With treatments like these, it is not surprising that outcomes were uncertain at best.

Women were on the medical front lines. There were few trained practitioners and women, expanding on their role as traditional family care givers, of necessity assumed the primary responsibility of caring for the sick. They learned their skills by word of mouth and recipes for potions and pastes were handed down through the generations from mother to daughter, much as were food recipes.

Treating the sick or helping with childbirth were group activities. Female friends, neighbors and relatives of the patient would gather at the bedside and spend long hours there. They would help with household tasks, pray and celebrate or mourn the outcome. But, there was also time for exchanges of news and views.



David Wilcox, D. Aube photo

These vigils served as nuclei for larger informal women's networks within a colony.

The midwife had special status. She was the center of what Professor Mary Beth Norton has termed “the childbirth community.” The reassuring presence of a competent midwife went a long way towards easing the natural fears of women during pregnancy. She was the woman other women turned to when they needed care.

That is why the Massachusetts Bay Colony's Court of Assistants ran into that buzz saw. Few records of the case against Alice Tilley are extant and we do not know the precise charges brought against her; but it was some form of malpractice. Since there were no malpractice laws at the time, the General Court had to adopt one, before she could be convicted under it.

Interpreting the language of this law, Professor Norton guesses that Mrs. Tilley was charged with ignoring the advice of others and using measures which risked the life of the patient in a difficult case. At least one specific charge is suggested by a deposition for the defense from a fellow midwife who testified that she once delivered a child that was alive when the birth process started but was born dead.

Both before and after the guilty verdict was handed down, the trial generated petitions from women testifying to Mrs. Tilley's competence and asking the court to allow her to continue her vocation. A total of 217 women provided 194 signatures on seven different petitions to this effect. One even quoted the Deputy Governor, a member of the Court, who had acknowledged that “*shee was the ablest*

See “Introduction”, next page

"Introduction", continued

midwife in the land." The petition argued that *"as wee conceiue all the rest of the honored Maijstrats consented thereto being silent..."*

The Bay Colony's officials usually reacted with anger to any questioning of their authority, but this time they apparently acquiesced. Mrs. Tilley, although not pardoned and still nominally confined, was allowed the freedom to continue to practice as a midwife.

But Mrs. Tilley, herself, was not satisfied; she wanted complete exoneration. She threatened to move; a threat which generated two final petitions. This time, however, the response was more characteristic. The authorities said they had bent over backwards to accommodate the petitioners and as for Mrs. Tilley: *"nothings but a compleat victory over magistracy will satisfy her excessive pride."* [There was] *as much need to vpphold magistracy in their authority as Mrs Tilly in her midwiury."*

Professor Norton notes that this was the first collective political action by American women, and that, from their perspective if not from Mrs. Tilley's, it was successful. While Mrs. Tilley did not receive the vindication she sought, the petitioners continued to benefit from her services.

The outcome stands in sharp contrast to that of other contemporaneous protests. The men who objected to the convictions of Reverend John Wheelwright or Lieutenant Robert Pike or who challenged John Winthrop over a disputed Hingham militia election or who signed the "Remonstrance" against colony's failure to recognize the separation between church and state faced severe penalties and punishments.

The Tilley case turned out the way it did because the women spoke from a position of strength. In words which have been often echoed and paraphrased during the intervening centuries, one of the petitions made their conclusive, irrefutable argument: *"the honord Magistrates and many men more can speake but by hearesay [while] wee and many more of us can speake by experience."*

Becky Boothman Receives Joe Dodge Award

Rebecca "Becky" Boothman was presented with the 2010 Joe Dodge Award on January 26, 2011 by the Appalachian Mountain Club's senior naturalist, Nicky Pizzo.

Our 2010 Joe Dodge Award winner has been a constant figure in the Pinkham kitchen for many, many years. You are probably all aware of what a genuine, friendly and incredibly knowledgeable person she is. She is always willing to go above and beyond to accommodate guests, visitors and staff. She is a prominent member of the AMC Community, and in her community of Randolph.

She is a reminder of the simpler days of lore, weather, threads and trappings. She exemplifies traditional values of trust, hard-work and handshakes. Her love of the AMC, Randolph Mountain Club, the Mount Crescent House and bygone days, are critical to maintaining the AMC's roots and traditions. The aroma of her fresh baked breads and desserts have welcomed guests to Pinkham Notch, north-country events and as far south as the Smithsonian's Washington, DC New Hampshire Folk-life Festival.

The latch string continues to always be out at Porky Gulch and Becky is on the other side with a smile.

The Joe Dodge award was established in 1988 to honor and recognize a staff or volunteer member of the AMC White Mountain community who best exemplified the type of high quality public service that was the hallmark of longtime AMC Huts Manager Joe Dodge's career at Pinkham Notch. Beyond his commitment to the AMC, Joe showed dedication to the surrounding community through his work as a weather observer, coordinator of search and rescue, and a founding member of the Mt. Washington Observatory. The award aims to recognize his special ability to inspire those working with him: on some occasions it was accomplished by hearty compliment; on others by strongly worded injunction; on still others not by words but by being left alone with the abundantly clear expectation that a mission would be carried out effectively and on time.

Becky's name has been added to the plaque which hangs prominently in the visitor center at Pinkham Notch. She was also presented with a trail sign engraved with her name, date and Joe Dodge Award.



Becky, L. Morneweck photo

Where Orchids Run Wild

By Toni Brinton (printed in *The Green Scene*, September, 1995)

Toni Brinton was a gardener transplanted during summers from Pennsylvania to Randolph. She elected to observe wild orchid habitats rather than to garden here. Her process offers a guide for potential plant stalkers.

Twenty years ago I made the wise decision **not** to garden at our "other" house, located in Randolph in the White Mountains of northern New Hampshire. Instead I would observe the natural flora in the widely varying habitats found there, from the Alpine Garden on Mt. Washington, to the bogs and bottoms of the Moose and Peabody rivers. There has been more to observe than I could possibly have imagined. The most interesting group of wild plants of the cold northern forests is its orchids.

Raised by orchid addicts (my parents had more greenhouse space than room for people), I rejected those blowsy, garish, corsage flowers. Until one Memorial Day in the early 1980's I discovered a great gathering of pink ladyslippers, 40 – 60 *Cypripedium acaule*, blooming beside the Inlook Trail.

In a half-mile area along this path on one of Mt. Madison's lower flanks, as I huffed and puffed up the narrow trail, there were masses of pink glorious bloom. Since that electrifying experience these Cyps have steadily declined. Over time, most of these plants have simply disappeared. I am almost positive no one "collected" them.

Ten years ago I moved two plants from Mt. Madison to our road, the Pasture Path, planting them under a white pine in our coniferous woods of balsam fir. These two *C. acaule* multiplied to five. One plant was 5 ft. from the original clump. Did it self-sow? (The flowers do set seed.) Or did a chipmunk carry a back bulb (segment of the original plant) there?

Also discovered 50 ft. from the house but in the woods along Pasture Path was a handsome cluster (7-10 plants) of *Habenaria psycodes* var. *grandiflora*, large purple fringed orchids. This group varies greatly. Precise identification doesn't really matter as these plants may integrate. In bloom, they are smashing. Fluffy drumsticks of beautiful miniature fringed lavender-pink clustered orchids. At first I fenced them so that walkers (wild animals or tame persons) would not step on and smash these treasures. The second year this group had grown, so I teased the outer plants away from the mass, transplanting them to a safer area in a small rock garden along our drive. There they thrived for about six years. A kind neighbor photographed them when

we were not in residence at the blooming time. Suddenly, one summer there were only two frail plants and no bloom. The following summer (1989) they were gone. Very sad, very perplexing.

Then in 1991 a stand of three habeneria appeared in the neighbor's woods and bloomed beautifully. Single plants continue to appear and disappear all over Randolph Hill. One bloomed handsomely in the garden in front of the paddle tennis court and is now no longer there. Very mysterious.

In 1989 a group of rattlesnake plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*) was discovered in dark deep woods north of our lane, the Pasture Path. These have endured and increased. The first summer three spikes of bloom appeared; then no further bloom till the summer of 1994. On August 15th one spike of bloom, not yet fully opened, was photographed. Although the pristine white tower of tiny blooms is lovely, it is the brightly patterned leaves with white multi-veining shining against the rich velvet green background that is the *Goodyera* glory.

Identifying these wild native orchids is not always easy and requires several visits and photos for observations. I feel certain this group is the downy rattlesnake plantain because its spike has the flowers tightly arranged cylindrically, rather than loosely or on one side.

Goodyera repens, the dwarf or lesser rattlesnake plantain, was discovered in 1994. I reached for a tree root to hoist myself up a steep section when my hand brushed the little flowering one-sided spike of *G. repens*.

August 15, 1994, was a banner orchid day. I had been given precise directions by a member of the Randolph Mountain Club to the location of the *Habenaria hookeri*. Just beyond where Grassy Path intersects the way to Lookout Ledge, there it was; wide, large basal leaves, four leaves on two plants with one tall spike of finished flowers, possibly setting seed.

These last two plants are much too close to trails, but the hiking population of the Randolph Mountain Club has been alerted that our flora is precious and

Continued next page.....



wonderful; "look and don't pick." They've been asked to report location of sightings.

The fastest appearing/disappearing orchid on our Pasture Path is the tall vigorous looking helleborine (*Epipactis helleborine*). In July 1992, while walking the dog early one morning, I spotted a tall 18 inch pike of unmistakable orchid flowers, greenish-white with dark centers. This plant was happily growing in a drainage ditch at the edge of our dirt road. I was not surprised to find that a year later it had disappeared. The plowing necessary to keep the road open in winter necessarily scrapes the edges. However, in July 1993 a collection of helleborines appeared at another site, flourishing among daylilies growing at the edge of our deck. By 1994, alas, no green orchids were found, either in the ditch or among our daylilies.

I've given here a summary of 15 years of orchid watching and wondering. Domesticated orchids grown in the home and green house can be temperamental, I know from experience. The native wild orchids of northern New Hampshire appear to be even more capricious. Why they come and go is a mystery to even scientific orchid researchers. Some of the orchids have low pollination rates; no one knows the life expectancy of these wildlings. They grow often in disturbed environments and their survival depends on many factors. Yet they have provided summer interest and anticipation and have led me to hike trails I might not have tried otherwise. Plant exploration is open to any alert, curious person with a good pocket reference and a small flash-equipped camera to record "finds."

Our town of Randolph has been blessed with curious and talented botanists for over 100 years. The *Flora of Northern New Hampshire* was prepared by Arthur Stanley Pease, amateur botanist, published post-humously by the New England Botanical Club in 1964 (2nd edition). (Pease was a Classics scholar at Harvard and later president of Amherst College.) The tradition is carried on by Brad Mickeljohn, who completed a Natural Resources inventory for Randolph Township; and he excerpted from Pease's *Flora* all the Randolph *Flora*. I have done the index of this Randolph 1990's update, and all Randolph Mountain Club amateur botanists are now checking and rechecking this specific *Flora* for its near term publication.

There are 33 orchid species listed by Pease in 1964. So there are sure to be more orchid "finds" ahead for the intrepid plant stalkers.

Randolph Remembers

Joan Zimmerman "Toni" Brinton

Joan (Toni) Zimmerman Brinton of Kennett Square, 83, died Sunday, January 9, 2011.

Her birthplace was Philadelphia, Pa. She grew up in Ardmore and Wynnewood where she learned from her parents, L. Wilbur and Mary L. Zimmerman, the basic values of life. She had a wonderful marriage of 62 years with Edward Brinton.



S.

Joan was a graduate of Westtown Friends School and graduated Cum Laude with honors from Bryn Mawr College in politics and economics in 1948. She was active in Democratic Party politics in North Carolina where she was a founding member of the Lenoir County Democratic Women's Club. She chaired a committee to elect Richardson Preyer governor of North Carolina. She was a founding member of the first integrated League of Women Voters south of the Mason Dixon line.

While living in Nashville, Tennessee in the early 1960s, she was active in integrating lunch counters with her 4-year old son Christopher.

She courageously fought the effects of pancreatic for four years.

When Toni returned to the Philadelphia area, she became active in horticulture and Quaker activities. She earned a Horticulture Certificate from Longwood Gardens in the 1970s. A member of the West Chester Garden Club and the Herb Society of America, Toni served on the Board of the Tyler Arboretum and the John Bartram Association, where she also served as president of the board for six years. She continued to contribute to the advancement of the John Bartram Association as an emeritus director for over 14 years, selflessly giving her time, service, and financial contributions.

As Chair of Passing, and then Horticulture for the Philadelphia Flower Show, she was a member of the Pennsylvania Horticulture Society's Council for six years and chair of the Library Committee. She was a member of the Philadelphia Committee Garden Club of America since 1975, twice chairing their annual meetings. She was a recipient of their Distinguished Service Award (1987), the Zone V GCA Award for Horticultural

Continued on page 8

"Toni Brinton remembered"

Excellence (1982), Civic Improvement Award (2000), and the Medal of Merit (2007).

Toni called herself "a down and dirty gardener," raising many native and exotic trees, shrubs, and perennials from seed obtained from the Royal Horticultural Society in England, from the Rock Garden Society and the Hardy Plant Society. With her husband, she gardened on a shady, south facing hillside in Chadds Ford, where their garden was a destination for visits for numerous garden clubs and horticultural organizations.

The Brintons became part time residents of Randolph, New Hampshire beginning in the 1970's where they owned a vacation home. Toni and her husband were members of the Randolph Mountain Club, the oldest mountain club in America. She hiked many of the Mountain Club trails and climbed the highest of the White Mountains in the Presidential Range. She vigorously pursued her horticulture interests in this mountain environment. Toni also was an active canoeist with frequent outings in lakes and streams in both Maine and New Hampshire."

When she and her husband moved to Crosslands community, she co-chaired the Horticulture Therapy Committee.

Toni was an active Quaker, believing in the testimonies of the Religious Society of Friends,



B. Arnold photo

Elizabeth Goodale Kenyon

Elizabeth Goodale Kenyon, 94, died Thursday, December 30, 2010 in Providence after a long illness. She was a resident of Laurelmead on Blackstone Boulevard in Providence. Previously she had lived at the Governor Francis Farms in Warwick for 47 years. She is survived by her husband of 64 year, Robert W. Kenyon, and two sons and their wives, William W. Kenyon



and Dione of Warwick, and Walter G. Kenyon and Elizabeth of Boston. She was the daughter of the late Frank G. and Clara Smith Goodale of Worcester.

She graduated from Brown University with the Pembroke College Class of 1939. After graduation she worked for a short time in the Pembroke College administration, after which she was hired by Brown President Henry M. Wriston as a research assistant. In that position she worked primarily on his publications and speeches. After resigning, she continued to work for Brown as a volunteer throughout her active life. She was active in the Pembroke Alumnae Association in a number of areas, including chairman of the Scholarship Committee and a President in 1962-63. During her tenure as president an agreement was negotiated with the university and the Brown Alumni Association whereby women might be elected as alumni trustees of Brown University. She was the first woman to be so elected and served as a Brown Trustee from 1965-70. Thereafter as trustee emeriti, she helped in fund raising and other areas. In 1993 she was given a Brown Bear Award by the Associated Alumni for outstanding service to Brown University.

She was a member of the Advisory Committee of the John Carter Brown Library and for many years was a director of the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra. She was an honorary director at the time of her death. She had also been a director of Children's Friend and Service.

She was a member of the Brown Faculty Club and the Randolph Mountain Club of Randolph, New Hampshire, where she had a second home.

A memorial service was held at the Swan Point Chapel on January 22, 2011.

Friends wishing to remember her may make a contribution to the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912 or the Rhode Island Philharmonic, 667 Waterman Ave. East Providence, RI 02914.

Article and photo provided by the family.

William E. Knight (1922-2010)

By Jeffrey Knight

Bill Knight, long-term summer resident of Randolph, and long active in the RMC and Randolph Foundation, passed away peacefully on November 3 after a brief bout with pneumonia. He was living with his wife, Ruth in a retirement community outside Washington, DC.

Bill, my father, was a retired Foreign Service Officer, author, inventor, World War II veteran, and lover of history, literature, and all things Randolph, which he first encountered in the 1940s, and started visiting regularly in the early 1960s. He is survived by his loving wife Ruth, sons Peter and Jeffrey, daughters-in-law Zanna and Sheryl, and grandchildren Michael, Sam and Charlotte Knight.

Bill was born on February 1, 1922, the youngest of the six children of Arthur O. and Mabel Jenkins Knight, and grew up in Pocantico Hills, a small village outside Tarrytown, NY. In the late thirties, the family moved to New Haven, CT, where he finished high school. He attended Yale University, earning his BA in International Relations in 1943. He then entered the US Army Air Corps and became a pilot of B-24 Liberators in the 376th Heavy Bombardment Group of the Fifteenth Airforce in southern Italy. He flew 32 combat missions from December 1944 through April 1945 and was discharged in October of that year.

After his discharge, he returned to Yale and earned an MA in International Relations, passed the Foreign Service entrance exam and entered the diplomatic service. The principal focus of the year was, as he described in his family history, meeting and wooing Ruth Lee. They met at Yale, and were married in August, 1946, a marriage which lasted 64 years. They left immediately for his first assignment in post-war Italy, first at the US Consulate in Genoa, then at the Embassy in Rome, where their first child, Jeffrey, was born in 1949. Bill's thirty years of service followed the standard pattern, alternating between foreign assignments (Reykjavik, Iceland 1955-47, Canberra, Australia, 1957-60, Manila, the Philippines 1967-71) and assignments at the State Department in Washington, DC where their second child, Peter, was born in 1953. At State, Bill served on country desks, supported embassies, negotiated bilateral airline agreements, attended professional career training at the Army War College and the Senior Seminar, and served in the Inspector Gen-

eral's division. His last foreign assignment was as Deputy Chief of Mission during the Vietnam War. In 1975, he retired, but continued his interest in matters foreign by doing additional inspection work of embassies and serving as an escort to mid-level dignitaries from countries around the world who came to the US on official visits. He also spent several years consulting to the government of Egypt on the legal framework and institutions required to support the modernization of sewage systems in Cairo and other cities.



Ruth & Bill Knight in Randolph. J. Knight photo.

Bill was a little vague on when he first saw Randolph, but I believe he credited Chips Meuhl, whom he knew as a youth, for the introduction. He took our family there in the early sixties, where we stayed at Mt Crescent House, hiked local trails and spent several days in the AMC hut system. They rented a summer house in 1969, loved the experience, and bought a house on Randolph Hill Road which some may remember as "Bill Marshall's House." Bill and Ruth furnished the dwelling from the memorable Mt. Crescent House auction, and proceeded to visit it regularly in summer while renting it out the rest of the year. They later sold the property, and spent 10-15 years as rental summer residents. In 1999, they bought a renovated barn down the road from the first house, and they were regular summer residents until their final visit, in 2008.

Upon his retirement, Bill and Ruth remained in the DC area, where she worked, first as a Congressional staff member, then in OSHA until she retired in 1998. Bill turned to a lifelong dream: inventing. "I started out inventing mostly things that were patented in 1887," he reported in his 1975 Christmas letter, but then found his second wind and earned a number of patents and launched a business – Aaraluen Enterprises – to commercialize one which attached stretchers to backpack frames, reducing manpower needs in wilderness rescue.

Continued next page

Veteran Randolphians may recall seeing this contraption on the RMC paths in the years he enlisted the family to do product tests. He sold the concept to the Marine Corps, but since the marines can only use what the Army makes, it was a no-go and he brought the enterprise to an end in 1981.

With the inventing/business bug sated, Bill turned to writing, publishing a series of thrillers, The Tiger Game (1987), The Bamboo Game (1994), and The Devil's End Game (2002, also published in Italy), as well as Footprints in the Sand (1995), a book of light poetry (humorous and featuring Bill's favorite format, the limerick) and a combination autobiography and history of the Knight Family, Letter to the Twenty-Second Century (1998). He described it as "a bridge attempting to link past, present and future, hopefully providing distant descendants some understanding of their roots...a middle class lot, living out our spans in hardworking, functional families contending with the ordinary vicissitudes of life." With good humor, he was not afraid to encourage his friends and family to buy his books.

Bill and Ruth travelled regularly -- walking tours in England, house rentals in France, and visits to Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Egypt, and Italy, as well as a return visit to the Philippines. They actively pursued their addiction to tennis with many friends at the Army Navy Country Club in Arlington, Virginia. Their core annual activity, and the experience that continuously refreshed them, were the summers

spent in Randolph, hiking the White Mountains, participating in RMC events, renewing and expanding lifelong friendships in a community which provided a stability and foundation which the peripatetic Foreign Service life could not. Here, as elsewhere in life, he loved to display his love of light verse, of the revue format, of limericks and song, as he did in the 175th anniversary celebration.

Bill served in several capacities in the Randolph Mountain Club and the Randolph Foundation, and assisted Ruth with the Colloquy. His ashes will be laid to rest in the Colonial graveyard in the valley facing Mounts Madison and Adams, with a memorial stone inscribed, in his words: "In the exploding emptiness of black space. We have ridden our kindly blue dot. What incredible luck!" His family would love to learn of memories you have of Bill and Ruth in Randolph. My memories of their activities there are sketchy. My father loved Randolph, but hated being a bore, and would not bore even his children with the minutiae of his life. Please send any thoughts or memories to me at jwknightjd@aol.com. They will be much appreciated.

A memorial service for Bill will be held at the Randolph Church on Saturday, June 26 at 2:00 pm, presided over by Avery Post. You are all welcome to attend. Contributions in Bill's memory are encouraged to the Randolph Mountain Club (www.randolphmountainclub.org) and the Randolph Foundation (www.randolphfoundationnh.org).

Martha Clark Wenk

Martha Clark Wenk passed away on October 20, 2010. Martha, whose early hiking in the Presidentials is recorded in *Remembrances of Crag Camp 1909-1993*, introduced her husband Howard to the White Mountains. Beginning in the 1940s they visited Martha's childhood friend, Miriam Sanders, in Randolph, began making annual visits with their family, and finally spent every August in Randolph when they eventually inherited the Sanders cottage. They frequently participated in RMC hikes, especially the annual Gourmet Hike, and continued hiking into their 90's, climbing North Baldface and to Crag Camp in 1994 at age 81. Martha leaves three children (Arthur Wenk, Carol Bellisio and David Wenk) who with their families continue to enjoy their summer vacations in Randolph.

A memorial service was held in Mountain Lakes, NJ on December 29th. Donations may be made to the

Randolph Mountain Club Trailhead Project, c/o William Arnold, 403 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, NH 03593.

Provided by the family



Photo provided by family

What's Cooking in Randolph?

By Dede Aube



Waiting by D. Aube

As winter makes tracks for the warm days of spring, maple syrup hobbyists in Randolph are tapping their maple trees in hopes of hearing the rhythm of the dripping syrup.

Maple sugaring has been an early spring tradition in Randolph as long as any of us can remember but it

is also one of the few agricultural ventures not brought

to this country by European immigrants. According to the *North American Maple Syrup Producers Manual*, 2006, Native Americans are given credit for discovering that sap could be processed into syrup. They would cut a slash in the maple tree and collect the sap as it dripped out. Hollowed logs were filled with the fresh sap and white-hot field stones were added to cause the sap to boil. The Indians processed the sap through the syrup stage and ended with crystallized sugar, which did not spoil when stored. Although considerable improvements have been made in the tools and techniques for sap gathering and syrup making, the principle of processing sap into syrup by evaporation and boiling remains pretty much the same. Here in Randolph, the techniques of gathering and processing maple sap differ slightly among the hobbyists. The end result however, is always the same. Pure NH maple syrup is absolutely yummy!

Pure maple syrup is an all natural sweetener. It is a well researched and documented fact that Jim Penney of Broadacres Farm had shredded wheat with pure maple syrup for breakfast 365 days a year.

In our home, there is nothing we enjoy more than my father's crepes drizzled with pure maple syrup or hot creamy oatmeal topped with walnuts, sliced bananas and pure NH maple syrup. But we also like it on fish.

Broiled Curried Scallops

This recipe comes from the New Hampshire Maple Producers' Association, 2001. It is fabulous with salmon as well.

2 lbs. scallops
 ¼ cup Pure NH Maple Syrup
 ¼ cup prepared mustard
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 1 tsp. curry

Line the bottom of a broiler pan with foil and arrange scallops in it. Thoroughly combine syrup, mustard, lemon juice and curry. Brush tops of scallops with half the mixture, slide pan under broiler at lowest level and broil 10 min. Turn each scallop, brush with remaining syrup mixture. Return to broiler and broil 10 minutes.

Selectman Ted Wier and his wife Sandy are avid sugar makers. Sandy shares this recipe for Maple Pecan Squares from Sunnyside Maples in Loudon.

Maple Pecan Squares

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

For the crust: 1½ cups flour
 ¼ cup brown sugar
 ½ cup butter

For the Filling 2/3 cups brown sugar
 1 cup maple syrup
 2 eggs beaten
 2 TBs flour
 ¼ tsp. salt
 ½ tsp. vanilla
 1 cup chopped walnuts

Combine flour, ¼ cup brown sugar and butter in a bowl. Mix with a fork until mixture is the consistency of corn meal. Press this mixture into a 9 by 13 inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

Combine 2/3 cup brown sugar and maple syrup in a small sauce pan and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour maple syrup mixture over bean eggs slowly, stirring constantly. Stir in remaining ingredients except nuts.

Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool in pan. Cut into bars.

Jeff Parker and his wife Maria Neal of **Boothman Sugar Orchard** on Randolph Hill were busy indeed this spring. Maria writes: At our little place in the big woods we look forward to the first draws off the evaporator. Sweet and light, it is perfection over vanilla ice cream or in the grand old tradition of the sugarhouse- over a golden stack of grilled cheese. Yes, you read that correctly. Though it sounds odd to the uninitiated, there is nothing more delicious

than this sweet and savory pairing. Fried up on the wood stove in a cast iron skillet is best of course, but any pan and heating method will do.

100% pure maple syrup is such a star why confine it to Sunday morning pancakes or oatmeal? A favorite way to showcase maple's sweet and complex flavor at our house is in a marinade and this one always gets rave reviews!

Maple Lemon Glaze for Roast Chicken

1/2 c lemon juice
1/4 c olive oil
1/2 c maple syrup
4 large cloves of garlic roughly minced
1/2 tsp cayenne pepper
1/2 tsp each salt and pepper
2 Tbs of fresh parsley

Using a whisk, mix together and pour half of mixture over your chicken, who is already in the roasting pan and has been subjected to whatever other treatments you like (butter under skin/ onion and lemon in body cavity for ex). Take care to slowly pour and cover most of the chicken's surface. Roast your chicken using the other half of your mixture throughout the roasting process to baste. Remix with before applying as ingredients will separate.

Enjoy, and remember to support your local farmers when sourcing the ingredients for your culinary creations!

Sources: New Hampshire Maple Recipes, New Hampshire Maple Producers' Association, 2001; North American Maple Syrup Producers Manual, Ohio State University Extension/North American Maple Syrup Council, 2006



Sugaring on Ray Crest Drive with John and Isobel Miccuci. Photo by Mike Miccuci

The Randolph Foundation Will Receive Grant Requests

Laurie Archambault

The Randolph Foundation is pleased to report that with careful investing and stock market improvement, funds are once again available to support requests to the grants program. Primary support last year was the continuation of scholarships for undergraduate and graduate students in Randolph and assistance in raising funds for the trailhead on Randolph Hill Road. As future requests are considered, the board of directors will target grants that continue to inspire local residents to pursue educational activities, provide greater opportunities for youth and help to improve the infrastructure of the Town. Refer to the grants page of the website: randolphfoundationnh.org for more information or to apply for a grant.

Over the course of the next year, the Randolph Foundation is interested in what YOU (the citizens of Randolph and contributors to the foundation) think are worthy projects and programs for future grant revenues. The Board will host a social gathering in July in order to have conversations regarding this matter. The annual meeting in August will include a program designed to expand on those ideas deriving from the July event. These dates and times will be posted in the June edition of the "Mountain View" as well as the July and August "Weeklys".

Your input is more than welcome. Please send ideas to info@randolphfoundationnh.org. These ideas will be the catalyst of things to come! The Randolph Foundation is an important community asset which allows all of us to retain and enhance what we love about the town and promote change when and if it is needed.

The Randolph Foundation Scholarship

Lynn Hunt

Since 1966, the Randolph Foundation has awarded scholarships to eligible Randolph residents to pursue their studies at the post-secondary level. The Foundation recognizes any courses at an accredited institution that provide undergraduate and/or graduate work. Undergraduate students who maintain a G.P.A. under 3.5 receive \$600.00 per semester, and undergraduate students who maintain a G.P.A of 3.5 and above receive \$750.00 per semester.

Scholarship recipients for the 2010 – 2011 school year include: Chris Brockett (WPI), Sarah Brockett (Colby College), Kayla Demers (Trinity College), Eamon Kelley (Boston College), Eoghan Kelley (U.N.H.), Aoibhinn "Evie" Kelley (White Mt. Community College), Katlyn Lowe (University of Maine at Farmington), Nathalie Ouellette (Norwich University), Corey Gagnon (U.N.H.) and Tami Hartley (Springfield College).

Scholarship guidelines and applications may be downloaded on the Randolph Foundation website, www.randolphfoundation.org.

What's Randolph Reading?

By Dede Aube



Peaks and Paths written by Judy Hudson,
photo by Angela Brown

If you are associated with Randolph in any way, there is a good possibility there is at least one book on your bed stand waiting to be picked up each evening,

(perhaps there's another on your coffee table and one more in the bathroom as well.) Randolphians tend to be passionate about ideas, literature and words and many enjoy extending the pleasure of their reading by discussing it with others. So what is being read these days?

The Mildred Horton Book Club has spent the frosty winter with such books as Chrysalis, a spell binding biography by Kim Todd and reviewed by Angela Pfeffer; a poignant piece of fiction, Cutting for Stone, written by Abraham Verghese and reported on by Clover Koopman; and The Fruit Hunters : A story of nature, adventure, commerce and obsession, by Adam Gollner which was reviewed by Hildy Danforth who is also the contact person for this group at 466-2621.

The Back Porch Readers found themselves captivated with the tense and haunting novel, The Cellist of Sarajevo by Steven Galloway and transposed with ebb and flow to a remote rocky island off the coast of Maine by way of A Pocketful of Names written by Joe Coomer. They were enthralled with the unusual characters in the novel Cutting for Stone by Verghese. Future readings include Loving Frank, by Nancy Horan and The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks by Rebecca Skloot. Contact Barbara Arnold at 466- 2438 for more information.

Our town librarian, Yvonne Jenkins (466-5408) reports that new and popular books for adults at the Randolph Public Library include the biographies Extraordinary, Ordinary People by Condoleezza Rice and Cleopatra: A Life, by Stacy Schiff. Popular new fiction includes Ivan Doig's Work Song, and Ape

House, by Sara Gruen, author of the bestselling Water for Elephants. Still in high demand are last year's favorites The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks by Rebecca Skloot and Cutting for Stone by Abraham Verghese.

Popular with young adults at the town library are The Hunger Games, a science fiction series, written by Suzanne Collins. I happened upon school board member Angela Brown engrossed in this series while doing her workout at the Royalty. Clearly this book is written for all young at heart, age 12 and up.

The K-3 "Hop-off-the-Bus" Book Group at the library, has been spending the winter enjoying Mary Pope Osborne's Tales from the Odyssey which is based on Homer's The Odyssey . Yvonne says other popular subjects with the kids include horses and Star Wars

Julie Barrow promises there will be a Summer Reading Group in the White Mountain Room of the Randolph Library again this year. The list of books, dates and discussion leaders will be forthcoming in the June issue of the Mountain View and repeated in the summer Weekly. One of the books that will be included is Pearl Buck in China by Hilary Spurling. I personally cannot wait to read this as The Good Earth by Pearl Buck is one of my all time favorite books. In the meantime, Julie recommends The Warmth of Other Suns: The Epic Story of America's Great Migration, by Isabel Wilkerson. "It sounds like a heavy topic," reports Julie, "but I can hardly put the book down."

So ... What are you reading? Send me an email at daube@ne.rr.com.



T'was the night before Christmas
Alex Dery Snider reads to her son, Henry.
B. Arnold photo

A Cross Journey Around the World Part III

Prepared for publication by Laurie Archambault



This is the final installment of Daphne Cross' letter to her grandson regarding the "around the world trip" she and her husband Hersh took in 1989 on 1st British

Airway's Concorde. The article concludes with a thought provoking contribution from Hersh.

Leaving Saturday (late because of the almost perpetual slow-down union movement) we flew straight to Sri Lanka with a stop for fuel only at Perth.... I don't think chapter and verse of our two days there will enthrall you so I'll leave it there. I'll just say it was with a sigh of relief that I left the bus with its non-functioning air conditioning and boarded Concorde in the Colombo Airport.

Next stop, Mombasa, 2915 miles distance covered in about 2 ½ hours. How great is the Concorde! There we were pushed around the airport building by various incompetent officials who were official with a capital O. Eventually we all crowded into a variety of small planes – the largest being 40 passenger DC3 for the flight to the Keekorok Lodge in the Maasai Mara National Preserve of Kenya. There we spent the very best two days of the trip. We were on a 5000 foot in altitude plain stretching as far as I could see. Miles and miles of undulating grassland sparsely broken by a few trees of moderate stature and surrounded with low hills. All this vast area is populated by thousands of antelope and deer grazing in great herds, and by small groups of other creatures such as elephants, lions, buffalo, giraffes, hyenas, jackals, hippos in the river. It was an experience never to be forgotten. I will always remember Thompson Gazelles scattering like leaves in the wind at our close approach, or elephants quickly pushing the tiny babies to the center of the group; giraffes unconcernedly reducing the stature of one of the few trees; lions yawning at this invasion of their siesta while we hung out of the roof hatches of our vehicle with snapping cameras. My only regret is that we did not have a better camera. We needed a telephoto lens to catch the lion who

woke us up one morning growling some 50 feet from our window. If we had any doubt as to the wildness, a sign on our wall warned us never to leave the floodlit area at night and never to leave doors or windows open for the monkeys and baboons to enter.

... We left Cape Town with some regret since it would have been nice to visit the countryside on that lovely, blue day. Instead we flew (well fed as always) three hours to Monrovia where we paused on its single runway for refueling and three and a half hours more to London. What was it like in London? Wet of course, and home. Two more days to wind down with a final banquet, a paddle in the rain to the British Museum, dinner at Simpsons with our good friends the Hunters and a train trip to Bournemouth to take Jessie out to lunch.

The trip home was uneventful – Concorde to NYC and then back to the mundane world of subsonic aircraft. We both found the 8 hour time differential difficult. I kept waking up at 3 a.m. wanting lunch!



Our authors, Daphne and Hersh Cross
Courtesy photo

A few added thoughts from HC

This was a staggeringly complex trip that was made extremely simple by the speed and comfort of the Concorde. Flying at close to 60,000 feet took us above all weather and possible turbulence. To do it in conventional planes would have been a tough chore.

I am so glad that we did the trip – it will be a source of many memories. Would I do it again? Not as such. I'd be delighted to revisit New Zealand (where the "Southern Alps" as they are called are just about as spectacular as the European Alps.) This was our second trip to Australia where the people are great, but the topography isn't very unusual. The big island of Hawaii is so young geologically that it is fascinating (smoking volcanoes, steam vents, fresh lava flows cutting across highways) Tahiti was a simpler version of our Hawaiian Islands. Sri Lanka is much like India, some spectacular jungle scenery. Africa's Maasai Mara (just north of the famed Serengetti Plain) is fantastic – with an abundance of animals to match the miles and miles of open plains we flew over to get to our Keekorok Game Lodge. It isn't a jungle at all – just open plains, lush with grasses, where the land rovers can speed across country with no roads at all. The planes just land and take off in the grass which is almost as smooth as a paved runway. Our open game park is 700 square miles – and that is a lot of real estate. It is surely worth a visit –once, I'd say. We both loved every minute of it.

Every trip I take abroad (and this one just reemphasized my earlier observations) makes me realize how the countries of the work are rushing to emulate each other – and the speed of this "homogenization" is increasing at a frightening pace. Even the languages are using more words and ideas that are closely related or even identical. In my time, I have seen this phenomenon accelerating – we're rapidly moving toward a "one culture" world.





Remember—the bears are back!
L. Morneweck photo.

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

03581-0283
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
GORHAM, N.H.
PERMIT NO. 9
PRESORTED
STANDARD MAIL

To: