

# Mountain View



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



*Top: Rainbow over Mt. Crescent, Judy Owen; Middle left-to-right: First Snow, Martha Sappington; Wildflowers at Durand Pond, Tim Sappington; Bottom left-to-right: Water over the Dam 10/31, Wendy Walsh; Randolph Church in the Snow, Susan Ferre*

*Articles, poems, notices, inquiries, and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Lucy Sandin, lucy.sandin@gmail.com (207)831-7127, by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April, and June. **The Blizzard** is published the first of each month, with the exception of July and August. Send winter event notices to Linda Dupont, linda.dupont90@yahoo.com by the 20th of the preceding month. **The Randolph Weekly** is published in July and August only.*

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Meets 7pm 2nd & 4th Mon., Town Hall		<b>RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST</b>	
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		Mon. 9-11am, Weds. 7-9pm	466-5771

## From the Selectman's Office

We are asking local artists to consider displaying their works in the Cross Meeting Room for a 3 month period beginning Jan. 1. Please contact the selectman's office (466-5771) if you would like to show your artwork. Each quarter new artists will be displaying so if you don't have an opportunity to show off this time, the next quarter display will begin April 1. We are happy to honor the local art community and feature the local talent. We are hoping that the annual art show will also take place this summer, but this helps us "decorate" our space between shows.

Winter is already here, so PLEASE give way for the town plow. If he is ahead of you, be patient. He will let you by when the way is clear. Don't crowd and don't try to pass until it is safe. For those of you who plow their driveways, it is illegal to plow out across the street. It leaves two small berms which freeze hard and make it difficult for the town plow. If you must deposit snow out on the road, be sure to feather it out along the roadway. Also do not dump snow on your culverts. When the thaw comes, this area needs to be kept open for drainage. If you are visiting Randolph during the winter months, be sure to find off-street parking for your vehicles. It is important that the plow can keep the roads open, not just for residential traffic, but also for emergency vehicles.

Some of you may have received letters announcing a revaluation of your property and intent to visit your home. You may say, "but we just had a reval" and you are right. The State requires revaluation of properties every 5 years. Our most recent reval was in 2019. The assessing company takes the two preceding years to collect data (2022 and 2023) and the reval is completed in the 5th year, 2024. So we are right on schedule and we hope you cooperate with the assessor next summer when they make site visits.

Also keep in mind that there is an opening coming up on the Select Board in March. Please consider running for the position. Your involvement in town government is part of what makes New Hampshire the state it is. Feel free to stop in and join us for a meeting. All meetings are open to the public and your input is helpful.

You can always call the selectmen with your concerns: John at 723-1604, Lauren at 915-9087 and Michele at 466-5841.

## Randolph's Newest Aviator

**Ellen Ross**



Do you know what percentage of pilots in the US are women? 40%? Nope. 25%? Not even close. If you guessed 5.7% then you would be correct.

Phoebe Ross, 19, of Randolph, recently joined the ranks of that elite group of female pilots.

Phoebe is a cadet with the New Hampshire Civil Air Patrol (CAP), Mt. Washington Squadron, and on August 8th, 2021, earned her private pilot wings at D2 Flight Academy in New Bern, North Carolina. This was made possible through the CAP Wings Commercial in-residence scholarship program. The full scholarship, two-month intensive flying program included the hours of aeronautical knowledge, a minimum of 40 hours of flight instruction, travel expenses, and room and meals. In addition, she earned five hours of college credit. She was able to complete 60 hours of flight training at the academy, including time in an FAA certified Advanced Aviation Training Device called the Redbird FMX full motion simulator. She flew 5 different planes: 3 of the Cessna 172N models and 2 of the 172M models.

Prior to attending the CAP flight academy, Phoebe also received flight training at the CAP North Central Region National Flight Academy in Nebraska, and private flight training at Sky Bright FBO in Laconia, NH, where she flew a Piper Warrior. Through CAP she has had opportunities to pilot gliders in Springfield, VT, and attend CAP Aircraft Manufacturing Academy at a Cessna factory in Kansas.

Cadet Ross said: "I have had a wonderful experience at my flight academy. I was able to complete my flight training by the end of week 7, and had planned to take my checkride on August 2. The weather ended up delaying my checkride until the morning of graduation. I completed it with about 10 minutes left until graduation! My certified flight instructor (CFI) Alice was amazing. She was new as a CFI, and I was her first student to complete a checkride, so it was a huge moment for both of us. Receiving my Private Pilot Certificate has made it so I

am one step closer to my next goal of becoming a certified flight instructor." Phoebe has plans to attend an aviation college in the future, and pursue additional certifications and ratings.

Phoebe is the daughter of Todd and Ellen Ross, of Randolph, NH. Mrs. Ross traveled to NC to attend the graduation ceremony for the 19 cadets in the program, which was held at the D2 Flight Academy hangar. According to Ellen, it was a very patriotic ceremony, opening with the Star Spangled Banner and the Pledge of Allegiance. All the cadets were in their flight suits and during the ceremony were awarded their name badges with their pilot wings. The ceremony was attended by a number of family members, the flight school staff and instructors, and a number of esteemed guests.

Cadet Ross was able to take her mother on her inaugural flight as a newly certified private pilot, in her favorite plane at the flight academy: a 1975 Cessna 172M. "To say I am proud is an understatement", said Ellen. "I know how hard Phoebe has worked to get this far and was just amazed to see her operate the airplane so adeptly and professionally." "I encourage more young people to join the Civil Air Patrol, as it has many amazing opportunities available to the cadets. I am thankful for CAP and for the volunteer Senior members who work to provide emergency services, aerospace education and guidance for the cadet programs".

For the 2021-22 school season Phoebe will be taking general education classes at the White Mountain Community College and working as a brakeman at the Cog Railway on Mt. Washington. The CAP Cadet WINGS Scholarship also provides funding for Cadet Ross to continue flying in a CAP Cessna for several hours a month, which is important to keep up with aviation skills and knowledge. She will have additional training to fly safely in our beautiful White Mountains.



*Photo at Top: Phoebe on graduation day, doing pre-flight documentation on her favorite plane at flight academy, a 1975 Cessna 172M*

*Photo Above: Phoebe another Cessna 172M airplane.*

## Christmas in Randolph

### Santa and the Christmas Eve Carol Sing

I hope this finds you well and beginning to enjoy the winter season. As I write, Randolph is receiving its 3rd dusting of snow. While none of the previous dustings stuck around, this one is a wetter snow. Temperatures are starting to trend downward finally so it may be the start of a snowy December. Randolph is getting ready for the holiday season.

This year finds our area continuing to have difficulties with Covid 19 community transmission. As a result of that, celebrations need to be altered in the interest of safety.

The Randolph Fire Association has asked Santa to ride in a fire truck for his visit to the children of Randolph. A mailing or email has gone out notifying parents that Santa will be here on Saturday, December 18, 2021 between 6 PM and 8 PM to visit children in Randolph ages 10 and under. If your family includes children aged

**Barbara Arnold**

10 or under and has not received this letter, or if you would like more information, please contact Barbara or Bill Arnold at 603-466-2438 or via email at barnold@ne.rr.com.

The traditional Christmas Eve Carol Service will be virtual thanks to Angela Brown and her family. As always, it will be held at 4 PM on Christmas Eve. The YouTube link will be available about a week before Christmas on the Town and Foundation websites (<https://randolph.nh.gov/> and <http://www.randolphfoundationnh.org/> respectfully). You can also contact Barbara or Bill Arnold for the link via email, barnold@ne.rr.com .

Angela will be soliciting favorite carols via email at [angela\\_f\\_brown@yahoo.com](mailto:angela_f_brown@yahoo.com) . It may not seem possible but voices could be heard in the air last year, thank you for joining us in song from your home.

### December 17th Caroling Party from Lauren Bradley



### The Wholeness of Trees

**Dana Snyder-Grant**

*Written 9/2021 after leaving Randolph.*

Out the front window, light opens up  
see trees dotted on mountains  
lifting up to sky  
the bald head of Madison, the jagged shoulders of Adams  
leaves dappled by the sun  
red-green-yellow-tan  
soft and quiet  
breeze lifting the branches, fluttering

Trees know stillness.  
their silence speaks of the holy  
holy in the heart of these mountains  
when we are whole, there is no ego  
no debate or need to figure things out

Part of something larger

Go down to nymph land in the woods  
sit on the earth under trees that darken the world  
wrapped in its blanket, safe and protected  
*this is the meaning of grounded*  
quiet inside without self talk nor judge

How is it that darkness lights up our lives?

## Broadband Wrestle

**Kathleen Kelley**

**Randolph's Coos Broadband Commission Representative**

Have you ever called your internet provider for support? How successful was it? Did they offer any workable solutions? Did they tell you to “restart your modem?” Or did they tell you that you need a new router?

If it seems like your internet provider has an attitude problem, and that you are just a number, and you are listening to a recording ... Welcome, to a growing body of very frustrated and very unhappy broadband customers ... across Coos County and the US. For example, in the just last few years, several well-known internet providers, have lost dozens of lawsuits worth hundreds of millions of dollars, brought by State Attorneys General from New York to California. These were for breach of trust, promising one thing and then delivering half the speed you purchased, or for outrageous monthly add-on charges, that you never approved.

Suppose your ISP provider has throttled your service because you use a competitor’s service or streamed one too many shows. In that case, you can add a VPN to “hide” your IP address from the ISP provider and therefore thwart their effort to cut down your usage. Look at increasing your “data cap” within your ISP contract.

“Resulting from the 2019 net neutrality ruling by the DC District Court, ISPs can still legally stifle your internet, limiting your broadband if you’re streaming more TV than they want and serving slower connections to websites owned by their competitors (CNET article by David Priest 7/25/21).” Most of the time, I would like to throttle my provider.

To figure out what is going on and what you are really getting for speed. You can test your internet speed at <http://www.dslreports.com/speedtest> and click cable.

Note: it’s important to test without anything turned on ...like video streaming, Netflix, gaming stations, or a smart TVs, or laptops or cellphones. Otherwise, it’s like desert, you need to measure what was put on the table ...and not what’s left. You want to measure what your internet provider is delivering to you house. (For example) at different times of the day:

- When people are sleeping in the house.
- When people are on their internet devices.
- When no one is gaming.
- When no one is downloading a big file.
- When only one person is on a device.
- When just your Smart TV is on.

Do this for several days, chart the speed compared to the rate you are paying for in your ISP contract.

When we complain about internet service, it’s not always the provider’s fault. I spoke to one service provider who said that 75% of the calls he receives require clearing the problem between the customer’s ears! Like when the kids plug in multiple gaming stations and nothing is left.

Tonight, both my husband and I have a Zoom meeting at 7 pm. It will be trying because with a 25/5 Mbps contract, if any other “smart or Bluetooth devices” are on, I can guarantee we will have spotty service. If you have added a new Smart TV, Smart Refrigerator, Smart medicine dispenser, or a new iPhone to your house, I can guarantee that you will see service degradation.

Check the age of your internet equipment: modem, WiFi extender, router, or VPN. Check the age of your computers, gaming devices, and phones. If older than five years, it may be time to replace them. Check the location of your router. Another option is to connect through an ethernet plug in your home. You should try to unplug your router and modem every once in a while, for about 30 seconds and allow it to cool down, clear system memory, and establish fresh communications with the ISP.

Because of the pandemic, neighbors are working from home or running their business at home; yet they have not purchased a business-level internet service. This situation impacts your service AND your neighbor’s service, mainly if you use cable or wireless providers. Consider upgrading to the next level of service if you are constantly having reliability issues.

Randolph Selectmen are conducting a survey to gather feedback about internet access in Randolph. Please be sure to complete the survey if you haven’t already. There may be new resources available to help improve internet access in 2022. They would like to have an understanding of the challenges with internet access by the end of the year so they can plan accordingly.



*Photo above: Fall Moonrise by Martha Sappington*

## Misguided II

**Bob Kruszyna**

*A continuation from the September 2021 issue...*

Since its founding in 1906, the Alpine Club of Canada has convened every summer a General Mountaineering Camp (GMC) for its members as well as for prospective ones. For many decades, these camps were held in one or another of the Canadian mountain parks - Banff, Jasper, Yoho and Glacier. In recent years, the Club has been forced elsewhere or to alter its format as national park regulations become more restrictive. However, since the beginning, with the famous "Swiss guides" brought to Canada by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the Club has provided one or more guides to lead climbs at the camps, along with so-called "volunteer amateur leaders".

A Climbing Committee composed of experienced members, along with the guides, assigned leaders and members to the various expeditions, weighing their capabilities and desires. Serving for a number of years on the Climbing Committee, I worked with a number of guides and became aware of their point of view: exceedingly conservative. Not necessarily to protect their inexperienced charges, but equally to protect themselves from their inexperienced charges! It really didn't matter much, since the Alpine Club of Canada remains the most conservative - one could say fossilized - of all mountain associations of which I have knowledge. Well, the AMC fits in there too.

In 1997, when Harriet was unable to accompany me to the mountains, I signed up for the GMC after a hiatus of some 20 years. Things had changed! Instead of two one-week sessions attended by upwards of 100 people, the camp now ran for five or six weeks with 30 people per week. The infrastructure, however, had not gotten any smaller! This was due, no doubt, to the use of helicopters to ferry in those mountains of gear, including the personal gear of the participants. Whereas in former times, there was one, or at most two guides to serve 100-plus climbers, now there were two for 30, three if one included the camp manager who was also a certified guide.

The camp was located between the Vowell and Bugaboo groups of the Purcell Range in British Columbia, where I had climbed extensively in the 1960s, pioneering several new ascents and routes. Moreover, I had been awarded in 1965 the Silver Rope, the Club's highest honor for leadership. Nonetheless, I was not permitted to lead a climb as I did not have the paper credentials required even of "volunteer amateur leaders." Sad, since I earned my credentials on the cliff, not

in the classroom. The most crucial attribute of a leader, judgment, can be learned, but cannot be taught. The irony of it all was that I was asked by many people, including the two professional guides, to autograph the climbers' guidebook I had written. In addition, the most popular climb at the camp was the "Archduke Trio", a peak Leigh Andrews and I had first-ascended in 1963. Indeed, I was asked how we did it in mountaineering boots (Limmers, at that!) when they now found it necessary to use rock-climbing shoes.

I was, however, allowed to lead a rope in a party led by a certified guide. On one such easy route, we climbed as two ropes of three each, but on the descent down a modestly steep, snow-covered glacier, the guide decided it would be safer if we went as one long rope of six, not a good idea in itself. Then he started down the slope, leaving me as the last, and anchor man. Error number one (or is it two?): on the descent, the guide (or the most capable climber) always goes last to secure his party. Not only did he ignore that rule (if he was indeed the most capable climber), but, error number three, he went down the slope diagonally, so I had to keep moving sideways in deep, soft snow in order to maintain the anchor position directly above the party.

The west ridge of Pigeon Spire in the Bugaboos is a pleasant, moderate route on good granite (which I had already led a few times). It is, however, rated grade II, putting it in a class with the Aiguille des Pélerins, described in an earlier article. No place for novices or for a large party. Nonetheless, we were eight: two ropes, one led by a guide and the other by a volunteer leader. Leaving camp at a casual hour, we halted on the glacier at 10 AM (10 AM!!) for the obligatory radio "conference call" among the various leaders and guides and camp. "Where are you?" "How's it going?" And other useless and time-con-



*Misguided II continued...*

suming palaver. By the time we reached the beginning of the ridge, we should have been on the summit! Well, we did eventually get there, but it was slow going because of the size of the party and the inexperienced members.

The pitches on the summit block require some real technical rock-climbing, so the best way off is to rappel down to the easier part of the route. Once the anchor was set, either the guide or the amateur leader should have descended first, to clear the rope from snags, then to tie in the members on the landing platform as they arrived, and generally to expedite the process. But no, they sent down one of the less experienced people to perform this crucial task. Happily nothing went awry, but it took forever. As we reached the glacier, a thunderstorm was gathering over the peaks. Even so, we stopped so the

guides could have their afternoon conference call. Thus we slogged over the slushy snow in a downpour, reaching camp soaked to the skin. The guides and volunteer leaders may have had all those courses and certifications, but when it came to leading a mountain climb with amateurs for whom they were responsible and to whom they owed a good time, they fell well short of the standard I have required of myself. Hiring a guide resembles a lottery (as in the case of a doctor or a lawyer). You have no idea what you are getting. He may have all sorts of credentials and technical prowess, but is he wise and judicious? Is he even at minimum a pleasant companion?

To be continued...

*Photo page 6: A painting of Mounts Madison and Adams by Tim Sappington*

## Steaks, Boots, and Sneakers

**Doug Mayer**

*This article was originally published in Trail Runner magazine. It is reprinted here with permission from Big Stone Publishing. To read the full version, visit Trail Runner magazine.*

At 2 a.m. on August 14, 1958, four days after his 20th birthday, Chris Goetze ate a steak cooked by his parents, Klaus and Erika. They then drove him from the small mountain summer community of Randolph, New Hampshire, 39 miles west and south to Franconia Notch. His trail run for the day would entail just over 52 miles and 18,739 feet of vert over some of the most technical terrain in the United States.

Over 16 hours 41 minutes, Goetze proceeded to not just beat, but obliterate one of the toughest records in the rocky, craggy 750,000-acre White Mountain National Forest, the traverse connecting the eight Appalachian Mountain Club huts. To this day, it remains a classic test piece. Goetze's record wouldn't be beaten for nearly 20 years, despite efforts by some of the strongest mountain runners. Over that month of August more than six decades ago, Goetze pushed hard—very hard—in the mountains. The wiry, determined 5'8" Goetze quietly went about setting several records, some of which would not be touched for over a half century.

There was no trail-running scene in the White Mountains then. In fact, the sport of trail running didn't even exist. At the close of the month, Goetze returned to college as a sophomore at Harvard and never raced through mountains again. In the ensuing two decades, he quietly ticked off first ascents in Alaska and Canada, edited a renowned mountaineering journal and established himself as one of the country's preeminent geophysicists. Then, less than two decades later, Chris Goetze was gone, at the age of 38.

Goetze was one of the first trail runners in the modern era, if not the first, and what happened in that

one month of August 1958 echoes to this day around the peaks and valleys of New Hampshire's White Mountains.

### West to East through the Mountains:

It all would have been lost to history, were it not for his pride-filled father, Klaus. First published in 1876, Appalachia is the country's oldest mountain-news publication, and the December 1958 issue included "Far and Fast," an article by the elder Goetze that recounted his son's speedy exploits. In the decades that followed, trail runners from around New England would photocopy musty editions, passing around charts of splits, distances and elevations like a Rosetta Stone from a bygone era.

Goetze's huts-traverse record might never have happened had it not been for a chance crossing with one of the legends in the White Mountains of that era, Joe Dodge. The crusty, outspoken Dodge was for 31 years manager of the Appalachian Mountain Club's (AMC) Pinkham Notch Camp. Goetze was introduced earlier that summer to Dodge by Randolph summer resident Miriam Underhill, one of the great climbers of her generation. She announced, "Here, Joe, is the man who is going to break the Hut System record." Dodge sized him up. He was skeptical, and didn't hold back. "Lots of people have tried that," he pronounced. "It's harder than you think." Goetze's record started with a quick out-and-back from Franconia Notch, a deep cleft on the western edge of the White Mountains, to Lonesome Lake Hut, the outlier in the AMC's system. There, he pinned a note to the locked door while guests were still fast asleep. "Here at 4:12 am, Christopher Goetze."

It was all business for the next 52 miles. Goetze was a meticulous planner, and his first aid station came nearly halfway into the traverse, at Crawford Notch, where he was met by his parents and friend Bob Underhill, Miriam's son. Goetze changed socks, ate another

*Steaks, Boots, and Sneakers continued...*

steak with some grapes, downed a quart of milk and was off 30 minutes later. It was the first time he had paused in seven and a half hours.

When it came to fueling, steaks were go-to energy for Goetze. Mike Field, a cabin caretaker for the Randolph Mountain Club (RMC) in 1958, recalls the system Goetze had developed. “Assistants would watch for Goetze with binoculars. When he came into sight, the steak would go into the frying pan.”

That day on the Hut Traverse, Underhill cooked Goetze a third steak at Edmands Col, 36 miles in. But at Pinkham Notch, bad news awaited. “Our supply of steaks had run out, to his annoyance,” his father wrote. “Pork chops had to do, and he ate them while walking the highway, drank pineapple juice, but the legs never stopped moving at a pace none of us could maintain.”

Arriving at the day’s terminus at Carter Notch Hut, Goetze woke up a hut staffer to verify his time. Not yet fully depleted, he then turned around, walked the rocky 3.9 miles down to New Hampshire Route 16, and drove home to Randolph.

In the end, Goetze didn’t merely beat the record. He absolutely crushed it. His time of 16 hours 41 minutes beat a 22-year record held by his mentor, the legendarily tough Bert Malcolm, by over five hours. (The summer prior, Malcolm had suggested Goetze try to beat his record, telling him, “It is about time that my record got broken.”) It’s a result that has far more in common with the strongest of today’s mountain runners than with the speed hikers of Malcolm’s era.

In the years after, a few of the strongest mountain runners went after Goetze’s time. One of them was a young hut boy named Tom Deans, now 81. Deans would go on to become Executive Director of the Appalachian Mountain Club system for which he worked. He started in the system at age 15. In the summer of 1960 he was 19 years old.

That year, word was circulating between the two mountain clubs of a kid from Randolph who was burning up the trails. “There was a bit of bravado. Who was this person, coming in and taking our records?” remember Deans, alluding to the low-key competitiveness that has existed for decades between the two neighboring mountain clubs, AMC and RMC.

Deans and his hut friend Chuck Kellogg decided to test themselves against the nimble runner from the neighboring club. Both were strong in the mountains. Deans twice ran the 7.6-mile Mount Washington foot race up the auto road to the summit of New England’s highest peak, once completing the famed hill climb wearing heavy leather hiking boots. He loved to pack massive loads when supplying the huts at which he worked—he maxed

at carrying 179 pounds 2,459 feet up the Old Bridle Path to Greenleaf Hut. Kellogg, for his part, would later be a member of two U.S. Olympic biathlon teams.

With Goetze’s times written down, the duo left Lonesome hut at midnight. They were within an hour of Goetze’s splits as they passed through the “western division” of the huts, but a heatwave slowed their progress and brought on severe dehydration. Fourteen hours in, they bailed. That was the closest anyone ever came to beating Goetze’s record time for the full course.

In the years since, the traverse route has changed, and is now five miles shorter. Even so, it took 19 years for someone to do it faster, when two hut boys, Jonathan Waterman and Sam Osborne, lowered the time by 39 minutes. “Chris was exceptional,” says Deans. “He was totally committed, a singular figure, doing these treks at incredible speeds.” He was so far ahead of his time, it seemed unclear just what had transpired. “Trail running was not identified in those decades—not really until the 1980s,” says Deans, pausing and adding, “I still speak Chris’ name with a certain reverence.”

Goetze would soon tick off another mountain run that was, arguably, even more impressive. The record would last for 56 years.

**Laying the Base**

Goetze’s blazingly fast results were not a fluke. His focus on mountain running had started four years earlier, at age 15. That summer, Randolph summer residents



*Photo above: Rollo Fall, Martha Sappington*

*Steaks, Boots, and Sneakers continued...*

held informal races up to Crag Camp—a short, hard push of three miles with 2,800 feet of climbing. The year after, he ran on his high school's cross-country team at Phillips Exeter Academy, where his father taught piano. His coach trained the young Goetze to keep his speed under control, a tool that would serve him well in big mountain days.

When the summer of 1958 arrived, Goetze snuck out of the house at 3:30 one morning, leaving Cambridge, Massachusetts, on a bike he had modified. By 8 p.m. that evening, he was 170 miles north at the door to his family's rustic summer cottage. Goetze didn't tip off his parents, instead confiding the plan to his older brother Rolf, who broke the word over breakfast. "He did what?!" was the parental reaction. Goetze, by then, was already on his way—fueled this time by orange soda and peanuts.

Two months of hard trail-crew work ensued, Goetze's third summer on the job. The four crew members patrolled the rugged, boulder-filled trails of New Hampshire's Northern White Mountains, clearing blowdowns with axes and hand saws and using a sickle to brush back the ever-encroaching underbrush.

Two days after the trails were cleared, on August 5th, Goetze got down to business. He ran the Presidential Range, a trek of 17.5 miles, in 4 hours 35 minutes—easily a new record for one of the most famous hikes on the East Coast. (63 years later, the current record is 53 minutes faster. Hikers often take two or three days to traverse the range.) Goetze skipped a planned rendezvous with his father, and continued another 17 miles. In the end, though, he wasn't pleased with the run. In his mind, he had tired too soon. More training was needed.

And so, two days later, over the course of 13 hours 56 minutes, he ran up and down 5,774-foot Mount Adams, the second highest peak in the White Mountains, four times—18,072 feet of climbing and 36 miles amid some of the most demanding trails in the country. He managed his pace perfectly, each run faster than the one prior. Today, that would be an epic tough day for an elite mountain runner. For a 1950s teenager in sneakers and carrying a metal canteen? It's totally badass.

A week into August 1958, Christopher Goetze was in the fittest shape of his young life. Trail running in the U.S. was about to be forever changed.

**A Mountain Town Unlike Any Other**

In 1958, Randolph had a year-round population of 140 that swelled to about 400 as summer residents settled in for as long as three months. The community attracted academics and clergy, including two Nobel Prize winners. Some of the summer folks were noted climbers with first ascents around the world. All had a penchant for the mountains.

It was amid this mountain enthusiasm that Chris'

natural inclination and talent was nurtured. "The culture at that time," says Tad Pfeffer, who spent summers in Randolph a decade after Goetze and was himself one of the early trail runners in the region, "would have been very supportive of what Chris was doing." Pfeffer himself, now 68, went on to climb around the world.

"Kids were free range. We were allowed to disappear into the woods and go into the mountains," says Judy Hudson. Hudson, 85, grew up in Randolph and is now an author and White Mountains historian. She remembers going into the mountains at age 10 with a brother just two years older. They stayed at a hut and scrambled on crags above treeline. "It was a very tight-knit group of kids. We spent all of our time on the trails. It was just what you did," explained Pfeffer. In the evenings, there were square dances in the barns around town, and at the Waumbek Hotel in Jefferson.

Growing from playing on trails, Chris' turn for the trail crew came in 1956, the first of three such seasons. The following year, Brian Underhill joined the crew and the two became friends. "Chris always had a nice smile," Underhill, now 82, recalls. "But under that smile he was very serious. He wasn't into small talk." Goetze was determined and very detail oriented. "I sharpened equipment when I got around to it," says Underhill. "Chris, on the other hand, always made sure everything was ready to go."

Patrolling trails, the two had time to daydream about adult life. "We talked about how we could structure our lives so we weren't stuck in an office. We both wanted to be outdoors," recalls Underhill. "We wondered, 'how can we avoid the doom that was written for us?'"

At the close of the summer of 1957, Goetze and Underhill went on a hike that foreshadowed what would transpire the following summer. Six decades later, Underhill recalls the day with vivid detail. "It was one of those days you sometimes see in northern New England: bright, cool, perfectly clear and not a cloud anywhere. The mountains seemed so close, we felt compelled to just get out and go fast, feeling like we could go anywhere."

The two played the route by ear, going up the cone of Mount Madison, down into the Great Gulf, then up Mount Jefferson. "We liked the steep trails with all those roots and rocks. When you were in shape, you could just march right up them. We wanted to get up high, fast."

They were wearing cotton shirts and shorts, a shell tied around their waists, carrying lightweight packs that held food, a sweater and not much more. For hydration, they would sling a metal canteen over their shoulders. On their feet, they wore sneakers-- among the first to do so. "It was very basic," says Underhill. "It was whatever we could get at the Army Surplus store. We didn't

*Steaks, Boots, and Sneakers continued...*

have a lot of money."

"Chris was just discovering he could go like crazy," remembers his hiking partner. "We didn't call it trail running in those days. There was no such sport." Nor were there races, or accolades, or famous records to beat. It was, for all intents and purposes, just a lark. In the hardcore mountain town where ten-year-olds soloed boulder problems above tree line, no one in Randolph thought too much about it. "We all thought, 'the guy is good,'" says Underhill. We didn't realize at the time just how outstanding he was."

### **The Echoing of Footfalls**

On a winter mountaineering trip in the White Mountains, the first of many debilitating headaches overcame Goetze. The cause, an inoperable cancerous tumor,

was likely not just bad luck. In the summer of 1962, during two years of military service after college, Goetze had been called upon to witness atomic bomb tests at a Nevada Test Site.

Chris Goetze went into a coma on November 16, 1977 and died five days later. He was 38. A memorial was held at the MIT chapel in early December, and later that month, Lydia and three friends scattered Chris's ashes near the summit of Mount Adams, on a windy winter's day when the temperature plummeted to -20F. The second highest peak in the White Mountains, with a broad view looking north to Randolph valley, it was the peak that Goetze had summited in four successive runs, during one magical day in August, 1958.

## **A Family Affair**

**Dede Aube**

the female started to hang low on the tree trying to coax her babies out of the nest. Sometimes she would fly by without stopping.

Young Pileated Woodpeckers leave their nest 26-28 days after hatching and that is exactly what these birds did. We did not see them leave. We understand there is an emergency exit cavity but we never found it.

When David and Anne Forsyth came for a visit in early June, we suggested they bring their birding equipment with them. Through their eyes we were able to see the mother, father, and babies up close and personal. The results are these amazing photos taken by David.

The whole family has left and is not expected to return, but we are able hear them calling to each other in the forest and knocking territorial alarms on hollow trees. Other critters such as owls, Tree Swallows, bluebirds, wrens, and Great-crested Flycatchers may one day make use of this well-built Randolph home. Viewing this process was one of the greatest honors we received this summer. We feel especially privileged that their family chose to be a part of our family for a short while.



*Photo Far Left:  
The Female Pileated  
arrives at her nest.*

*Photo Left:  
The Female Pileated feeds  
three chicks.  
Photos by David Forsyth*

## A Service of Remembrance

From Betsy Hess and Yvonne Jenkins

At the New Randolph Cemetery on November 1st, 2021, a Service of Remembrance was held to celebrate the lives and fondly remember Randolph residents who have passed away. At the Service of Remembrance, each individual buried in the New Randolph Cemetery was remembered by name, as were other Randolph residents who have recently passed away. Paper lanterns were lit throughout the cemetery, and the result was a gorgeous and moving scene of celebration and remembrance. The photos below show the lit lanterns.



## Randolph Remembers

### Celebrating Beth Ann Thompson:

Beth Ann Thompson, age 72, died peacefully on August 8, 2021 in Redding California surrounded by her family. Beth had been diagnosed with ovarian cancer in late 2020.

Beth lived in Randolph with her former husband, Sandy Harris, for many years, where she created enduring friendships. During her time in Randolph, she worked as a health educator for the newly established Family Planning and Education Center beginning in 1975. She was an avid and excellent skier and a lover of dogs (and cats). She was an outspoken advocate for many social causes and remained a committed and active life-long Democrat.

Beth left Randolph in the early 1990s and moved to Austin TX where she was hired as a Health Educator, later she moved to Oregon and then Redding CA where she worked as a Health Educator and leader for the smoking cessation campaign for the Shasta County Health Department.

Although Beth had lived in many different places, and had a strong community of friends in Redding, CA, Randolph always had a special place in her heart. She returned to Randolph often over the years, where she loved to reconnect with old friends and walk the Pasture Path one more time



## Randolph Winter Haikus

Walking in crisp air,  
I feel fall's end approaching,  
and winter very near!

With dark days ahead  
And icy winds endure,  
We must battle on.

As Christmas draws near,  
It shines forth a ray of hope  
To comfort us all.

**By Carol Ryder-Horton**



*Photo above: A Fall afternoon at Pondicherry, with winter approaching! From Scott Meiklejohn.*

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