

Sample Transcripts

Sample #1: *Winning the Olympic Gold Medal by Charity Marlatt*

My dad was Alan Washbond, and he won the gold medal for the United States of America in the 1936 Olympic games in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany. Back then, you know it was a very interesting time because they actually, he and his partner, Ivan Brown, actually built their sled in our garage, and my dad and Ivan and the group that were representing the United States were really in part of a great controversy over whether or not the Olympic team should actually go to Garmisch or not because, at the time, Adolf Hitler, was the tyrant that was trying to prove white supremacy and in a very horrible way.

So there was a great deal of question as to whether or not these people should go. Avery Brundage was then the President of the Olympic Association, and he felt that these young man that had practiced for whatever, skiing, skating, whatever, or bobsledding, that they all should be allowed to go to the games. And so the decision was made, and they set off, created their sleds, and sent them to New York and went to leave on this ship, which was just a really wonderful experience. It was two weeks that they were on this ship, and they arrived in Europe. Then the sleds had to be taken to St. Moritz where they were going to practice for a while, probably stayed a week, and went on to Garmisch.

And then they ... Of course the very first thing that happens at the Olympic games is the Parade of Countries, and all of the participants from the United States were determined that the flag would not be dipped in honor of this tyrant, Adolf Hitler. So my dad would tell with great pride that that never happened. They never dipped their flag, and they never looked his way either.

So, after that, he and Ivan did their four runs, and on the fourth run, they came up with the win! And yes, yes, they had won the gold medal for the United States of America. How exciting is that? But, I will tell you, before he left for Garmisch, my mom had said to him, "Will you please bring home the bacon?" Of course. And, so, the story goes that my dad actually went around all the small shops in Garmisch the night before he was coming home just to find the right gift for my mom. When he discovered this tiny, little ivory pig, and he brought it home to her, he had brought home the bacon and the gold medal!

Sample #2: *Who's the Newcomer?* by Betsey Thomas-Train

So my husband David and I moved here in 1981 and have lived here ever since. We've raised our three children here, and a few of them have returned because they've loved it so much.

But David's history is spending every summer here from when he was a baby, and he had an idea of summer as country club, hiking, golf, tennis, canoeing. There was a housekeeper, there were house guests, there were 46 peaks and lots of stories that I had never been part of in my childhood.

My summers were much more about, I grew up in New Jersey on the shore, and my summers were much more about riding bikes around the Good Humor trucks, saltwater and sand, and

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visiting relatives, and maybe hamburgers and hot dogs in the backyard. Every house looked alike. Up here, every house was fantastic and different and new, and some of them even had names.

So we had a little bit different background, and I always felt like I was the newcomer and he was the one that belonged to the place. Well, now I belong to the place. I've lived here for a long time and am very much a part of the living community.

But then I heard a story a few years ago that gave us pause about who had been here the longest and who was the newcomer.

I was walking down the street one day and passed the library and saw a poster for part of the Monday night lecture series in the summer. This was a lecture to be given by Pete Nelson, and it was called The Great Legacy of Charles Brodhead, The Surveyor. And I thought to myself, "Charles Brodhead." Well I have a beloved, or had a beloved uncle named Charles Brodhead, and my grandmother's maiden name is Brodhead. My brother's name is Robert Brodhead Thomas, and honoring that name, my son is Asa Brodhead Thomas Train.

So I got in touch with Pete, and I got in touch with my brother, who's the historian of the family, and they each did their own research, and I learned that in fact I was a 12th-generation descendant of this Charles Brodhead. As I learned more about him, well he had to survey this really rugged line from Lake Champlain through the High Peaks, all the way to the direction of Tupper Lake. Some very rough territory to drag that surveying equipment.

Then I learned further that Charles Brodhead, the surveyor, is the first recorded white man to stand on top of one of the Adirondack High Peaks... that was Giant Mountain... in 1797. David's father had bought a house in Keene Valley in 1947. So clearly he was the newcomer, not I.

Sample #3: *Recollections from My Grandmother's Diary* by Susan Doolittle

My name is Susan Doolittle, and I am descended from some of the founders of Putnam Camp. My grandmother's sister was married to one of the Putnams for whom the camp is named. My two grandparents, my grandmother and my grandfather, who were second cousins, were part of an intimate group of Boston cousins who came up regularly to Putnam Camp in the late 1800s and early 1900s. What I am going to read is from the letters and diaries of Margaret Cabot Lee, my grandmother, and a copy of the book, which was edited by her husband Joseph Lee, is available in the archives.

They would come up from Boston to Vermont, take a boat across Lake Champlain and then it was a six hour wagon ride into camp. "It is a beautiful autumnal morning," she writes after arriving in camp. "I nearly froze last night, but a bath in that freezing brook warmed me up." That was from August 19th of 1886. Next excerpt. "Yesterday, all the men and Fannie Curtis, Ms. Lizzie [Toboutages 00:01:32] and I went Noonmark and had our luncheon on top of the

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mountain. When we got to the top, some of the men went right down again, but others of the girls stayed there two hours while Fanny read aloud to us Socrates' Apology."

This is from August 19, 1889 in a letter to a friend. "We have done two things which I think would have had made you perfectly wild if you had done them, too. First, we went up the Gothics and came down over the slides. I wonder if you realize what that means. I think it was the most exciting thing I ever did. We started on the top of the trees and slid down their branches to the trees below. Spruce and alders grow along the slide, and we swung ourselves down from one tree to another, doing almost all the work with our arms, as the footing was insecure. Ted crashed ahead, hurled boulders down, and tore away trees like a mountain god. He seemed to belong there, to be part of nature, as if he had at last found a place big enough to breathe in. We had a long, rough scramble after getting down the slides. We did eight and three quarters hours of hard walking that day.

"The other experience was camping at the Upper Ausable. Eight of us went there for the night. From nine to 12 PM, Herbert paddled me noiselessly down a little creek, winding in and out among the firs and alders. There wasn't a sound except an occasional screech owl. We had a big camp fire burning in front of an open shanty where we slept on balsam. We got up very early to see the sunrise. We bathed in the lake, then stood on the logs of the campfire to keep warm while we did our hair. Breakfast at six, then another row down that enchanting creek, and a walk through sunlit woods home."

And this last one from 1989. "We go tomorrow, and I hope I shall never forget these two days. If I should ever break my heart, bring me here and leave me, and I will promise to come back restored."

Sample #4: *The Red Barn* by Joanne Whitney

Hello. My name is Joanne Whitney, daughter-in-law of Reginald Whitney, Sr. and wife of Michael Whitney, his eldest child. This is the true story of what has been referred to as the most photographed image in the Adirondack Park, the beloved Red Barn which once stood at the bottom of Spruce Hill. The waning days of 2016 were the last for the iconic Red Barn in Keene at the intersection of route 73 and 9N. It's hard to imagine how many times the Barn's image has been captured. Much speculation exists concerning the origin of the structure that endured over 50 years of relentless Adirondack weather, unimproved. It is true that the barn was only used for its intended function for several years in the early 1960s. A Holstein milk cow and a Herford beef cattle were housed in the barn adjacent to the fertile pasture. Hay was also stored in the loft. Reg's and Mary's snack bar, a combination gas station and diner also occupied the site serving such fare as hot dogs, hamburgers and ice cream.

Reginald Whitney, builder and original owner of the barn, cooked while Mary waited table. The barn was built circa 1959, using primarily materials obtained from the demolition of the Tamarack Inn in Keene Valley during a transitional time when sustainable farm culture was common in the region. While a sound craftsman, Reginald Whitney is likely known more for his

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work as an authentic Adirondack guide, this was the trade he enjoyed the most. The property was sold to the state of New York and the gas station-snack bar was torn down, leaving only the Red Barn as a reminder of what was once there. Reg, Mary and their young family relocated to Alstead Hill where he restored an old farmhouse and improved the farm over a long and loving marriage.

He built another barn and practiced sustainable living over the next 44 years with the help of his many adoring children and grandchildren. It continues to be a family homestead. Even now, his many great-grandchildren enjoy the harvest from the gardens and fruit trees on the family farm. Some of the images of the barn were compiled in a book by Michelle Book entitled the Red Barn. Many others have been printed and sold in farmers markets and stores in the Adirondack region. Reg could never have imagined how many images of his barn would be hanging in homes all over the country and the outpouring of affection for it when it was torn down.

Sample #5: *Olympic Dream Fulfilled* by Tommy Biesemeyer

My name is Tommy Biesemeyer, and I'm going to talk to you about how I became an Olympian. My path is not the fairytale story that a lot of people associate the Olympics with. I have been plagued with injury and setbacks. Despite being sidelined and missing opportunity, I have never lost that belief in my dreams, which has always kept me moving forward.

Growing up in Keene, I was always wanting to play sports. I didn't care what it was. I just wanted to compete. I believe my parents figured that out quickly and gravitated towards the local ski programs. At first, I started ski jumping on Tuesday nights, cross country skiing on Wednesday, and then alpine skiing on the weekends. My ski jumping coach at the time always said, "Fat doesn't fly," and if you ever met me you would understand why my ski jumping career never got off the ground. I realized that maybe Alpine skiing was the right path for me.

Like anything in life, you start small and then work your way up, and that is exactly what I did with my skiing. I started to have success at a regional level, which led to a state level, eventually leading to a national and international stage. I made the US ski team at the age of 19 and I'm entering my 11th consecutive year. When I qualified for the national team, I initially thought I'd made it. I believed I reached my goal. I quickly realized it was just the beginning. I wanted to be named to the World Cup team and eventually the Olympic team, and it was at that moment I realized my dreams became attainable.

However, it didn't come quickly. Even though I had lots of successes, I had a lot of setbacks, which sidelined me from two Olympic cycles. Among the 11 major surgeries I have endured throughout my career, my ACL tears in 2010 and 2014 barred me from those Olympic teams. Through perseverance and determination, I never gave up on my goals that were so within reach to finally being named to the 2018 Olympic team.

Far and away, my most memorable moment from my career where the opening ceremonies from the PyeongChang Olympics. I cannot avoid sounding cliché so I won't. It was an honor, a dream

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come true and it gave me chills talking about it. There is not one moment that I can pinpoint to illustrate the opening ceremonies. It was the whole process. You arrived at the stadium hours in advance, going through series of metal detectors, security checkpoints and different modes of transportation which lead you to the staging area. It was the first time I felt like I was an Olympian.

Moments before the US was cued to walk into the light, you are overtaken with pride, honor, and reward. To the beat of Gangnam Style, Team USA walked as one. As a kid, I would fall asleep at night dreaming of being an Olympic champion. This I still do, envisioning the fairy tale story of Olympic success, but after tearing my Achilles in the final training run the day before the Olympic downhill race, my dream could not have been anything but opposite. I will never lose sight of myself and I am forever grateful for my parents who encouraged me to go for it.

Sample #6: *My Brother David* by Valarie McDonough Warner

My name is Valarie, and I'm here to talk about my big brother David McDonough. 66 years ago today, he was born in the old Keene Valley Hospital where the Nature Conservancy building is now. David was the oldest of nine kids, and he was our go-to guy. We looked up to him not only because he was six-foot-two, but he was wise, protective, caring. He kept us all safe. David was a devoted family man. His wife, Paula, and children, Tiffany, Tatum and Ewen, and his grandchildren were so precious to him.

While attending Adirondack Community College in 1973, he was offered a full-time position at Keene Valley Hardware. They say, "You have many different careers over the course of your lifetime." David has had his all under one roof, the hardware. First, he was a custodian, then laborer, then clerk, then bookkeeper, then part owner, then became owner in March 2001. David was a humble, generous, kind-hearted soul who would give you the shirt off his back, always said he was a male version of our mom, Patsy, always putting others first.

When Hurricane Irene hit, we had three feet of water in the store and about five feet in the sheds. The heavy flower boxes, propane cage and lumber were floating down Main Street. When we were able to get back in the store, the look on David's face was of utter devastation. He was as white as a ghost. This store was his baby. There was sludge mixed with merchandise. Racks had fallen over. Stuff everywhere. It looked like a bomb had gone off. He raised his hands and said, "What are we going to do now?"

At that moment, young kids, teenagers, summer residents and town folks started pouring in with their sleeves rolled up and ready to help, and help they did, shoveled sludge, mopped, cleaned merchandise, whatever needed to be done. They offered garages for storage, equipment, money, time, love, and tons of support. What a community. David was so grateful. The hardware store survived, but sadly, David was diagnosed with cancer in 2012 and lost his courageous battle on June 10th, 2013.

His presence is surely felt in every nook and cranny at the hardware. His smile shines down on us from the picture at the cash register at the store. He is fondly remembered as our gentle giant and our big teddy bear. He is loved and missed every day.

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