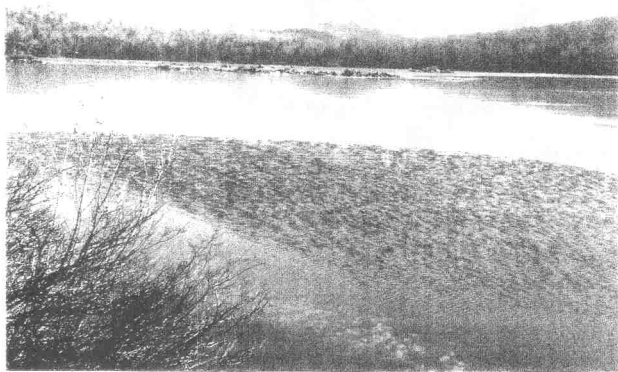


PILLSBURY SIGNPOST

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF PILLSBURY STATE PARK



It's getting cold at Pillsbury State Park Photo by Phil Huntley from the Narrows on 11-14-04

Welcome friends to the "late" fall FPSF newsletter. This is my first attempt at this newsletter so I am asking for your patience and your tolerance of some of my low-tech methods! 😊

Most of this newsletter will be dedicated to our dear friend, Rose Foote who, as most of you probably know, passed away on October 8, 2004. I knew Rose for about twelve years. I learned at her memorial service that there was a lot I didn't know about her but what I did know about Rose will stay with me forever. I have a picture of her campsite on my office wall, I added the caption, "What do you need to be happy?" Let's face it, she was happy living with just the essentials. Her example of a simple lifestyle and her appreciation of the natural world were important reminders for me. Our shared interest in animals and weather and all of nature was the topic of most of our conversations. She was also thoroughly clear on what/who she liked and disliked...let's just say we shared some laughs.

At the end of one season, I gave her a notebook and asked her to write down all the weather sayings that just roll off her tongue all summer long. She wrote a few things about her time at Pillsbury and of course fishing. Following are a few of the gems she wrote down for me.

When the wind is from the east, the fish bite the least.

When the wind is from the west, the fish bite the best.

When the wind is from the south, it blows the bait into the fishes mouth!!

Heavy dew on grass-no rain. No dew on grass-it will rain./When smoke goes down a rain is coming./When spiders come out, rain is coming./Rain before seven, clear before eleven./A "mackerel" sky foretells rain./When the wind turns over the leaves so the underside shows-it foretells rain./When the sky is perfectly clear, it foretells rain./In dry times, all signs fail!

When we first came to Pillsbury, Hamel said there were no fish in May Pond (they had been killed out!) "Go to North Pond." So we did and caught some small perch and horned pout and one big pickerel. The bucket was there with them all in it. A man came hiking and asked if we caught any fish. Pa said, "Yes-a few small ones!" He never saw that pickerel!!

We made a fire by the dam when we finished fishing and had cocoa and cookies. There was a half moon. It was beautiful!

We put up the tent between two trees. Heard a bear cough that night.

Susan Dionne

Rose F. Foote, MARLOW She enjoyed camping, kayaking, hiking and fishing
October 12, 2004 8:31AM Concord Monitor

MARLOW -- Rose F. Foote, 96, of Marlow Hill Road, died Friday, Oct. 8, 2004, at home.

A celebration of life will be held Saturday at 1 p.m. at Campsite No. 3 at Pillsbury State Park, Washington.

Memorial donations may be made to the Friends of Pillsbury State Park, P.O. Box 415, Washington 03820-0415.

Foley Funeral Home in Keene is in charge of the arrangements.

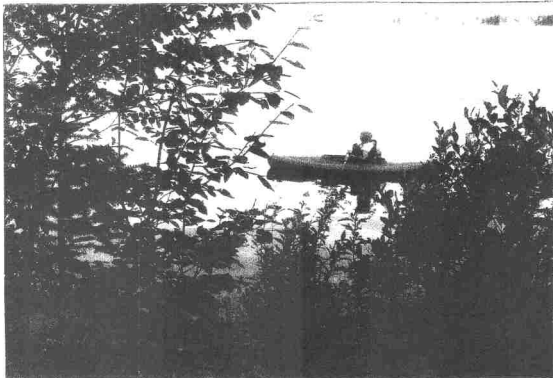
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She was born in Vicksburg, Miss., the daughter of Samuel H. and Helen (Brown) Emmich.

She grew up in Mississippi, spending most of her adult life in the New England area. She attended college in Boston, traveling to Boston on several occasions to attend alumni functions. During her college years, she also traveled with her family to Europe. In 1934, she became a lifelong member of the Christian Science Church of Boston.

In 1940 she married Allyn F. Foote in Weare. They moved to Marlow in 1947, where Mrs. Foote was a homemaker and helped her husband with the daily chores on the family farm. She was very active in Marlow town affairs. She enjoyed hunting, fishing, hiking, snowshoeing and kayaking. The day before her death, Mrs. Foote spent the day out in her kayak. She especially enjoyed camping, spending more than 40 summers camping at Pillsbury State Park. She was an avid reader and knitter.

She is survived by a son, Thomas F. Foote and his wife, Gladys, of Marlow; two granddaughters, Virginia L. and Rebecca L. Foote, both of Marlow; and several nieces and nephews. Her husband, Allyn, died May 27, 1996. A brother, Morris Emmich, died earlier.



Site Number Three  
(Rose Foote a life of camping)

Gloomy, gray and overcast might be a fair description of the day. In the distance the pond looked cold and uninviting, even the loons had left. Mid October usually finds the campgrounds empty, picnic tables and cooking rings have completed their tasks for the year. The chipmunk population has had to forage for food in places other than under the picnic tables and most of the summer song birds have left.

Today something is different in site number three, brown smoke is rising from a rusting stovepipe that is attached to a tent, which has seen much better days, a pile of wood covered with a plastic tarp, a picnic table and a kayak, to complete the picture standing in front of the tent a large group of people. The group consists of a baby, only a few days old, and then the ages run the life cycle from young to senior citizens. No particular dress code, suits, ties and shined shoes mix with jeans, sneakers and fire department jackets.

All in attendance have traveled to the campsite for one reason, to honor the life of Mrs. Rose Foote or better known as "Ma" to her many friends. Upon arrival campers look around for old friends that they had meet while camping in Pillsbury State Park. Hands are shook, hugs are given, then a person walks to the front of the open tent and a hush falls over the group, the memorial service has begun. After the reading of the scriptures members of the group are invited to speak and relate their favorite stories and experiences with "Ma". Those who speak do it with humor, affection, emotion and love of their friend. The memorial ends, food and drink have been provided, the hush has ended and people move from group to group relating many stories of camping.

People begin to leave walking slowly wanting to cherish those last few minutes. As my wife and I leave I have one final thought, I believe with all my being that somewhere in that campsite "Ma" was watching and listening and enjoying every minute. Those of us who knew "Ma" can say our lives have been enriched from the experience of knowing that great lady.

Respectfully written by  
Charles B. Fletcher



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## **HOW ROSE LOVED FISHING!**

A few years ago I planned a week's vacation at Pillsbury SP. It is uncanny how I always choose a week that is filled with intermittent rain between downpours and this week was no exception. Well, I set up my camper, tied up a tarp over the fire pit and enjoyed the company of other campers that dropped by and sat by the fire to warm up and dry off. This was a good opportunity to catch up on some reading that I never seem to have the time to do at home. Rose stopped by and reminded me (several times) that I had promised to take her fishing. Rose enjoyed fishing for horn pout and on a few occasions we were quite successful. (check the picture in the manager's cabin). One evening the rain began to let up and we went fishing and yes, in a very short time it began to rain and then to pour. My rowboat soon had a couple inches of water in the bottom of it and raincoats can only do so much. I waited for Rose to suggest we go back to shore but I did not hear the words. I was soaked and cold as was she and I said to her "Rose, have you had about enough?" To that she pointed down the shore line and said "lets try over there for a while." I don't remember if we caught any fish that night but I'll always remember how Rose loved fishing!

Rose certainly was a remarkable lady and I am glad to have known her for the past eight years. She was a woman of a simple lifestyle with wisdom and humor, and a conservation advocate. Her donuts, beans, (coffee that we won't talk about) and her occasional honest, outspoken opinions will be remembered for a long time to come. During my time as President of FPSP, Rose served on the Board of Directors for a little over four years until her passing. Rose seldom missed a meeting.

Thank you Rose for the memories you have left with us. May our legacy be as bright!

Phil Huntley

The Adopt-A-Highway program provides an avenue for individuals, organizations and businesses to help the NH Department of Transportation maintain sections of roadside on New Hampshire's state highway system.

Since the Adopt-A-Highway program began in 1994, thousands of volunteers representing over 700 groups have maintained over 1500 miles of New Hampshire roadside. In the process nearly 130,000 bags (donated by [NHtheBeautiful.org](http://NHtheBeautiful.org)) were filled with litter and removed from the roadsides! The value of our Adopt-A-Highway program can be measured not only in financial savings to the taxpayers, but in the dedicated hours that hundreds of volunteers have unselfishly donated to keep New Hampshire beautiful for all of us.

This year FPSP volunteers collected a total of 26 bags donating 28 hours of labor to maintain the adopted 3 mile stretch of Route 31 in Washington, NH approximately 1&1/2 miles north & south of the park entrance.

Phil Huntley  
Adopt-A-Highway Chairman



For sale:  
1995 16' fiberglass Ranger canoe.  
\$200.00  
Call Phil Huntley (603) 464-3049  
phuntley@comcast.net

FUTURE NEWSLETTERS

In the future, please e-mail me ([cwoutdoors@comcast.net](mailto:cwoutdoors@comcast.net)) with any articles, pictures, requests, anecdotal Pillsbury stuff, etc. that you want included in our next newsletter.

Thanks  
Susan Dionne

2005 BOD Meetings:  
February 26, 2005 at Phil Barker's house.  
Potluck at noon, meeting at 1:00 PM.  
April 30, 2005, June 18, 2005, Aug 20, 2005,  
Oct. 22, 2005. At the Park!  
Work detail at 9:00 AM, potluck at noon,  
BOD meeting at 1:00 PM.  
Fun Weekend September 24, & 25, 2005  
with Annual membership meeting  
at 1:00 PM on Saturday Sept. 24, 2005.  
(Brief BOD meeting immediately  
after Annual meeting for the purpose of  
electing officers).

Phil H.

One more "Rose" story from Phil

We always use to camp at North Pond. Also, we would go fishing (horn pouting at night.) I had bought a cookie tin of chocolate chip cookies. One night we left the tin out on the table not thinking the coon would be visiting. When we got back the cookie tin was gone. We could hear the coon trying to get the tin open. Pa took a big flashlight and searched for it but with no luck. He said he thought the coon worked at opening the tin lid but couldn't get it open. Pa searched again the next morning but still no luck. We came back a month later and there was the cookie tin open and empty! I think the coon wants to come back for a refill!