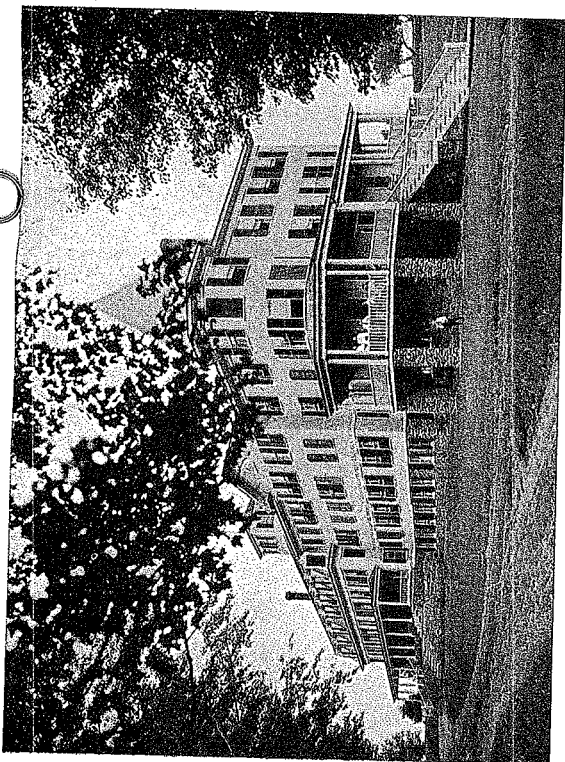


MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT



MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, PART OF SOUTH AND EAST FRONT

WHITEFIELD is a flourishing town of 2,500 population, beautifully situated in the midst of the White Mountains. The village is nestled among the hills on the Johns River, at the junction of the Boston & Maine, Maine Central, and Whitefield & Jefferson R. R. It is the railroad centre, as well as the farming and commercial centre, of the mountain region, and contains numerous first-class stores, bank, a public library comprising several thousand volumes, which are free to all, visitors as well as residents, several churches, handsome residences, skillful physicians, and a thoroughly equipped modern hospital.

The location of the Mountain View House is incomparably grand and beautiful, situated on a beautiful slope, 1,300 feet above sea-level, and encircled by an unbroken chain of mountains.

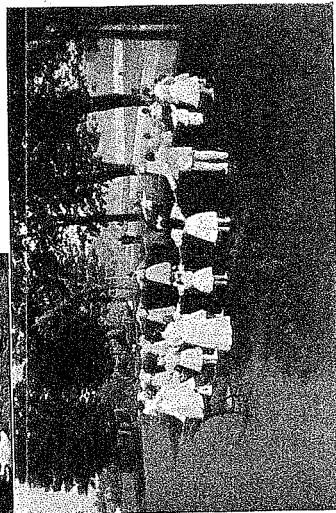
As you sit upon the broad piazzas, before you rises the lofty and graceful crest of Lafayette, noblest of the Franconia Range, with Profile Mountain on the right. Turning westward, the hills of Littleton and Dalton come into view. You catch a glimpse of Lunenburg, Vt., with its white houses and glistening spire. In the

distant north are the Green Mountains, and eastward rise the twin gray, bare, pointed peaks of Stratford. Still nearer is Prospect Mountain, with green pastures stretching far toward the summit. Turning eastward we find the horizon bounded by the ridge of Starr King Mountain. Then rise in succession, like a giant staircase, Madison, Adams, Jefferson, and Washington, with Cherry Mountain in the foreground; then the Twins, Haystack, and Mt. Agassiz to complete the circuit.



WATCHING
THE TENNIS
TOURNAMENTS

The history of the growth of this house is unique and interesting. In 1866 the old Dodge Farmhouse, which had its beginning in a log cabin in the wilderness, was



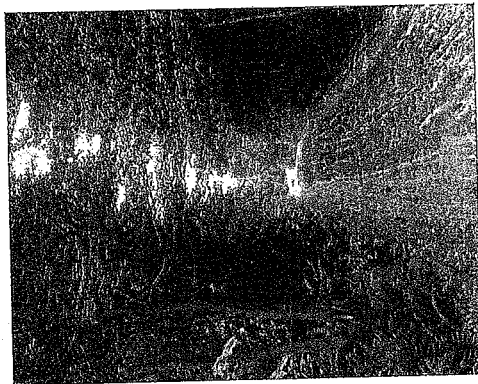
CHILDREN'S PARTY

fitted up to accommodate a few summer boarders. Seven years later the old farmhouse was enlarged. Again and again were improvements and enlargements made, to meet the demands of an increasing patronage, until to-day the Mountain View House ranks among the first-class hotels of the White Mountains.

The house accommodates one hundred and fifty guests, and since the recent enlargement and improvements is perfect in all its appointments, being equipped throughout with steam heat, electric lights, local and long-distance telephone, electric bells, and private baths, single or *en suite*.



ROADSIDE RESTING-PLACE



GLIMPSES BY THE ROADSIDE

The public rooms consist of a large Music Hall, Parlor, Writing and Reading Room, and an especially beautiful Office, all of which have open fireplaces.

All the bedrooms are large; each has a roomy closet and tasteful furnishings. A large part of them have steam heat, while a few have open fires and hardwood floors.

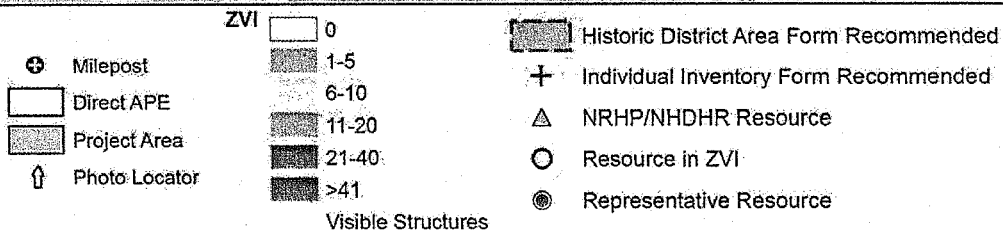
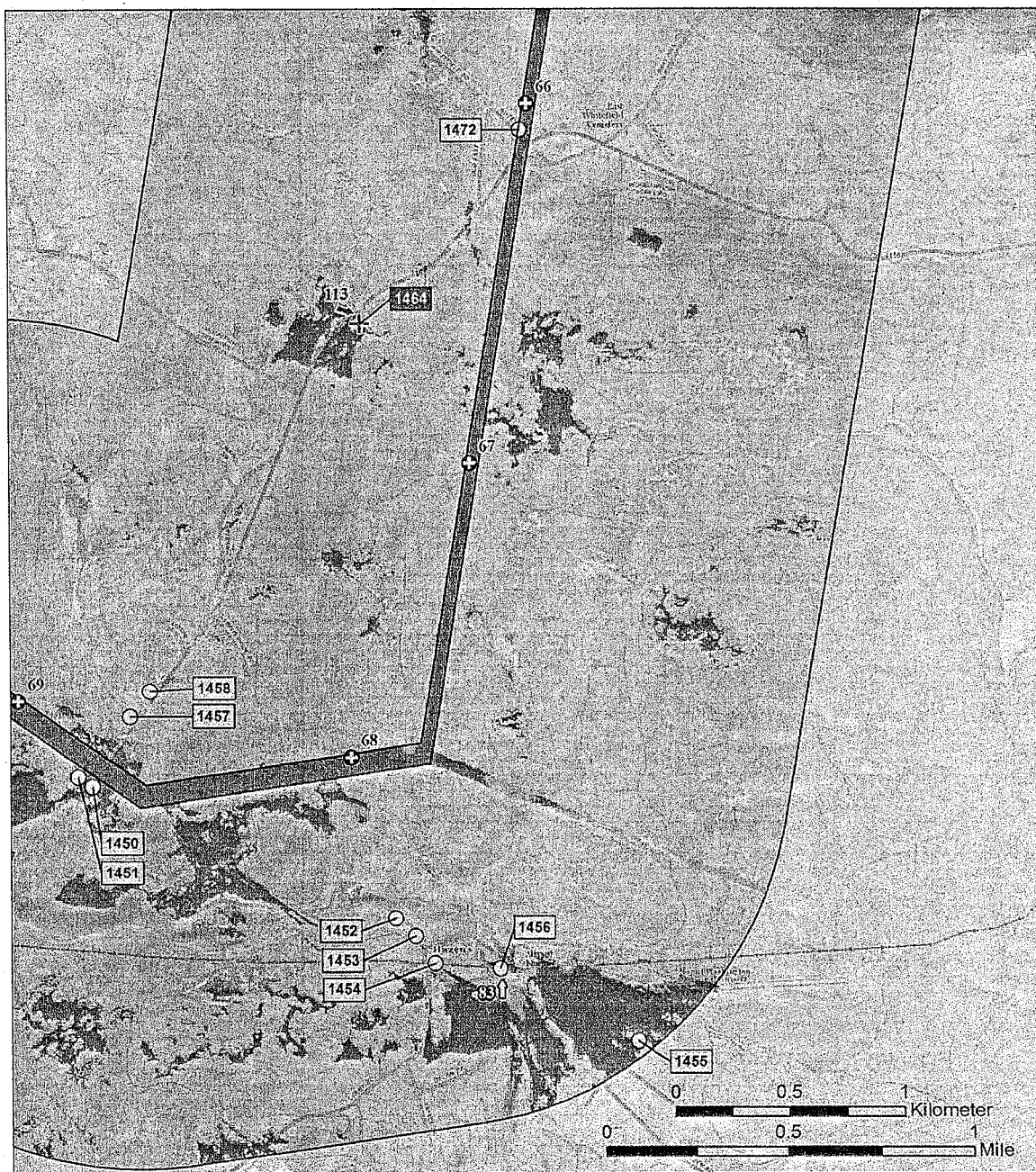
The table is in all respects of the very best.

A livery and laundry are connected.

For those who love outdoor games, such as golf, tennis, baseball, or croquet, the

AREA FORM

AREA NAME: NORTHERN PASS – WHITE MOUNTAINS



Sketch Map B.

8/28/75

WALL STREET JOURNAL, Thursday, August 28, 1975

This Summer Resort Struggles to Stay Behind the Times

* * *

Plush Mountain View House
Offers Guests Comforts
And Style of a Bygone Era

By DAVID GUMPERT

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

WHITEFIELD, N.H.—Like most modern resorts, Mountain View House boasts a challenging nine-hole golf course, tennis courts and an Olympic-sized swimming pool, where a daily poolside buffet is served.

But there its nod to the contemporary ends, for Mountain View House is a 110-year-old summer resort that caters to the wealthy and the well-to-do in a style often reminiscent of another era. Guests partake of such rituals as Saturday afternoon tea and Sunday noon sherry, and are welcomed with flowers and personal notes from the manager when they arrive. Bellhops handle all luggage, the beds are turned down each evening and shoes can be left outside room doors for overnight shining.

When they're not sipping tea or sherry or being otherwise coddled by the attentive staff, guests at the 195-room resort are free to enjoy more basic luxuries. The truly dedicated, for example, can spend a good chunk of their time in the dining room, working their way through the three substantial meals served daily. These feature traditional New England specialties; the breakfast menu, for instance, includes broiled Boston scrod, finnan haddie and creamed chipped beef.

Rolling Out the Red Carpet

"Our guests look at Mountain View House as an estate, and if you come to an estate, you expect to be treated like you're at an estate," says Frank Schuyler Dodge Jr., the amiable 47-year-old manager and part owner of the 374-acre resort. Guests, by and large, seem well-suited to the estate like atmosphere. Most are over 55 and include a high proportion of doctors, lawyers, businessmen and well-heeled retirees. Most come from the Northeast, but a few travel from as far away as Florida and California. Each summer, about 35 guests show up with chauffeurs, governesses or aides in tow, Mr. Dodge says. About a dozen fly into nearby Whitefield in private planes, and one couple earlier this summer arrived in a helicopter, which they parked on the resort grounds.

Rates range from \$34 to \$76 a person daily, including meals. Tips and extra fees for golfing and tennis can easily add 20% or more to the bill. Nonetheless, many guests return year after year. About 60 of them stay for the entire summer season.

"We feel quite at home here," says Eddie Stephens, 71, a Coral Gables, Fla., men's-wear retailer who, with his wife, has spent two months of each of the past eight summers at the resort. "They almost roll out the red carpet for you," he says.

Conventions—a Salvation

In an age of jet travel and convenience motels, Mountain View House and old resorts like it are anachronisms of sorts. While earlier in the century hundreds of such resorts were scattered through the nation's mountains and along its seashores, only a few dozen have survived, according to the American Hotel and Motel Association.

"People rarely go someplace to stay for a month or six weeks," says Al Kudrie, public-relations director of the trade group. When they do go to an old summer resort, they usually stay only a few days, he says. Not geared for such rapid turnover, most overstuffed summer resorts have foundered. Most that remain have turned to convention business as "their salvation," Mr. Kudrie says. Such gatherings allow the resort not only to fill empty rooms but also to plan ahead as they could in the old days, and thus operate more efficiently.

leaned on such business gatherings to fill gaps in the spring and fall that were once filled by travelers. As a consequence, its "social season," or the time it is open to the public, has shrunk. Twenty years ago, it was open to the public from mid-June to mid-October. Today it admits regular guests only in July, August and a few weekends in September.

Selling Snob Appeal

The business meetings provide more than just supplemental income. While they account for 40% of the resort's operating days, they bring in 65% of its approximately \$1 million of annual revenue, Mr. Dodge, the manager, says. Though he declines to be specific about profits, he stands in the modern auditorium built 10 years ago to accommodate business meetings and observes, "If it weren't for this building, the rest of this hotel wouldn't be here."

Reduced though it is, the Mountain View House social season has become increasingly difficult to fill over the years. The resort averages about 70% occupancy during the summer months, with the typical guest staying two or three weeks. Twenty years ago, the average stay was "a month or better," he says, and the resort was filled all summer. Mr. Dodge's mother, Mary Silk, who owns a majority of the resort and helped to run it before her son took it over, says that 30 years ago, "we'd be completely booked for the coming summer by March 1 and we'd go to Florida for five weeks."

Nonetheless, Mr. Dodge has resisted closing the resort to the public and restricting business to meetings and conventions. The social season indirectly helps convention-type business, he reasons, by giving the resort snob appeal. A conventioneer "in the \$10,000 or \$12,000 income bracket will enjoy the fact that he's staying in a place where people making \$50,000 hang out during the summer," he says.

That snob appeal is evident even before the Mountain View guest arrives at the resort's front door. No billboards emblazoned with its name beckon to tourists passing through the area, and motorists speeding along Route 3 can easily miss the single small sign that indicates the turnout to the resort. The soft sell is intentional. "We're not here to serve the traveling public," Mr. Dodge says. "We're here to serve our guests." Guests usually find out about Mountain View House by word of mouth (although it advertises in a few publications like *The New Yorker*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Christian Science Monitor*).

There's certainly no mistaking the place for a Holiday Inn. The main hotel is a long, four-story, yellow frame building with green shutters and a wide front porch where elderly guests congregate on padded wicker chairs. Bright flowers abound on the manicured grounds, and there is no shortage of Cadillacs, Mercedes-Benzes and Jaguars in the parking area. It is all situated on a 1,300-foot-high plateau that offers an unimpeded, breathtaking view of White Mountain's highest peaks.

Mr. Dodge personally selects the room furnishings, and notes with pride that each room is a bit different from all others in its wallpaper pattern, carpeting or the pattern of upholstery on its easy chairs. In deference to the cool mountain breezes and abundance of outdoor activities, rooms have neither air conditioning nor television, though both can be rented on request. Each room also contains a vivid reminder of the past—a huge walk-in closet that once stored the trunks of the many guests who came to spend the entire summer.

Meals are served in the roomy, circular dining room, complete with rotunda. Men are requested to wear cardigan sweaters or sport jackets to breakfast and lunch, and ties and jackets to dinner. Tuxedos are suggested for Saturday evenings. Bathing suits aren't permitted in the lobby or on the front porch; bathers use side exits. The sense of propriety even extends to the newsstand, where the cover of *Playboy* magazine is kept intentionally covered by a less risqué periodical at all times.

Running the resort on its current grand scale is no easy task, and Mr. Dodge cuts few corners. Its 225 employees often outnumber guests. There are four gardeners, three plumbers, two canape chefs and five bakers. A full-time florist, nurse, butcher, painter, singer, golf pro, tennis pro and husband-and-wife ballroom-dance team are also in residence. Mr. Dodge refuses to cut staff to save money. "You've got so many older guests who are used to certain service and if you start cutting back, they'd go home and talk about it."

Mountain View House became a resort by accident. One night in 1865, a stagecoach on its way to Montreal got stuck in a mud-hole during a rainstorm half a mile from the farmhouse of Mary and William Dodge, the present manager's great grandparents. The two passengers found the farm, were welcomed by the Dodges, and decided that they liked the food and view so well that they wanted to stay a few days longer. The next summer the travelers returned for a few weeks and convinced Mr. and Mrs. Dodge that they should build an addition to their house, take in boarders and advertise. (An 1884 newspaper ad promised that "the pure invigorating air is a sure cure for hay fever and malaria.")

As more vacationers heard about the boardinghouse, more additions were built, and by 1932 the main hotel looked essentially as it does today. Most travelers arrived by one of the half-dozen or so daily trains that passed through Whitefield on their way north from New York and Boston.

In those days, life at Mountain View House was even more sedate and formal than it is today. Saturday tea was spread on white tablecloths on the front lawn, and guests nibbled sandwiches while a full orchestra played. Morning, afternoon and evening concerts were held frequently. Guests joined in singing hymns Sunday evenings. Drinking was done discreetly in guest rooms. Men couldn't smoke in the dining room, and women weren't allowed to smoke anywhere. Tuxedos were worn by most men to dinner each night.

The resort's elegance and air of exclusivity drew the rich and the influential. President Harding visited several times, as did Eleanor Roosevelt. President Eisenhower stayed a few nights during his 1956 election campaign.

"Too Stultifying"

The concerts and hymn singing have been discontinued and tea now is served in the lobby, but otherwise entertainment is little changed from the earlier days. There's ballroom dancing six nights weekly, rather than twice weekly. The cocktail lounge opened in 1951, but it is often closed by 11 p.m. Besides dancing, cocktails and listening to the singer, guests can read, play cards or bingo, or watch 1950s movies.

Some guests are unprepared for the stuffy atmosphere. Sherman Cohen, a 48-year-old Sharon, Mass., insurance-agency owner, came down to dinner his first night in a leisure suit and a new open-necked \$90 silk shirt. He was told to put on a tie. A tie with such an outfit "would have looked lousy," Mr. Cohen says. He eventually compromised with the maitre d' and wound a silk scarf around his neck.

For some, the stiffness is simply oppressive. While admitting that "they really pamper you," Lee Lapin, a 58-year-old guest from Mt. Kisco, N.Y., says, "After a while, though, it's too stultifying." She and her husband cut their stay to five days from a planned week as a consequence. And Frank Kahn, a 37-year-old professor of mass communications at City University of New York, complains about what he calls the resort's "geriatric aura."

Old-time guests, however, regard the "transients" and newcomers as the problem. Mountain View House "is no longer a house party, it's a hotel," says Lester Provo, 76, a retired Boston investment adviser who has been coming to the resort since 1929. "I miss the old days."