



Radkin 1945 – 2012

Comments from friends

Forty-three years of Radkin

I first met Radkin when I was 16 in 1969 at Unitarian Universalist Rowe Camp in Rowe, MA. Radkin was Dick Burgess then. He was a maintenance person at the camp, but he spent a lot of time talking with me, mostly about the universe and the various wonders of the world. He was very into hydro and wind power. He was probably the first vegetarian I met. He ate such a healthy diet--or so I thought until years later I discovered he loved marshmallow fluff and peanut butter sandwiches!

We reconnected in Burlington VT in the mid-1970's. I used to tease him that my apartment was his telephone booth--he was always stopping by to use my phone (pre-cell phone days).

In the early 1980's, Radkin, John O'Brien and I took care of Art Williams. Art and Radkin were 2 peas in a pod. They both collected things and both loved to tinker. Radkin found a 1966 Volvo sedan for me to buy (1980?) and he and Art just loved to open up the hood and do I don't know what. Art lived in the house he was born in on N. Union St. It was full of trash with a wood stove so Radkin removed the wood stove and shoveled out Art's house and took MANY trips to the dump. Radkin & I saved Art from a slimy lawyer who was trying to declare him incompetent to steal his valuable properties. Art needed money so Radkin convinced the Nature Conservancy to buy what is now Williams Woods in Charlotte. We helped Art until we found his cousins who took over until his death.

Radkin's "collecting" started with having two bicycles. He always wanted a second in case he found his true love/soul mate--always the romantic! He wrote many love songs--"Dandelion Rose" is the one I remember. He had such a lovely, resonant voice.

Radkin was also very concerned about peace and justice issues and had some strong ideas about what I should be doing at the Peace & Justice Center (where I work).

Radkin loved nature, LOVED Shelburne Point, loved to sail, loved to TALK! He loved life--thank you Frank for doing the valve job on his heart to keep him going. I'm going to look for photos to share. – Wendy Coe



My good friend...

We first met Radkin at the Waterbury Flea Market. We were with a friend, who on the way to the market talked of the political nature of WDEV and asked if I had ever heard a guy named "Radkin" call in. I said no, and she continued on about him to the point that I could tell she was infatuated with his ideas and his common sense attitude towards Truth and Justice, and the environment. Lo and behold, while I was looking at a booth's antiques, our friend grabbed me and was all a twitter, about this person standing across the way at an adjoining booth, who she professed was "Radkin" and she knew because she recognized his voice from radio WDEV. I asked "did you say hello?" and she was embarrassed to, so, me bieng me, I strutted on over with our friend in tow, and with his back to me, when he finished speaking, I asked "are you Radkin?". He turned, and with his straw hat, pigtails, tee shirt, shorts and old green "croc" shoes, with strips of toilet paper hanging from both nostrils, said "Yes I am, who is asking?" Right then I knew it was going to be a wonderful, and very interesting friendship. Right there I learned about chem-trails (hence the toilet paper) and all the poisons we are subject to from constant spraying. We exchanged pieces of valuable information, most importantly contact info, and we have been best of friends for the last 13 years of his life. Through the years, we shared websites, news articles, political views, and ideas on how to make the world a better place. We talked endlessly on subjects ranging from radio waves and extra-terrestrials, hard money, and fiat currency, how to protect what you have, and how to keep what you need to survive in the "aftertimes" We talked about our Creator God, and all the wonderful things He put on this planet for us to enjoy. We talked about life, and about death. One of the most facinating aspects about Radkin was that in fifteen minutes you could hit 50 different topics, and be satisfied with the outcome of every one of them. Each bringing new thought to the other, making you want to continue for ever. He stayed with us a few times, visited when he was "in town". I would go visit him, not as often as I should have, but enough to make him upset to the fact that "it cost too much for gas! Don't drive way up here to see me! send a message! call !!! don't drive up here! Save the money!" and I'd drive up any way. I just loved to be around him. One time in particular my son and I rode our bikes (Harley Davidsons) up to see him and when we pulled in to the yard, and shut 'em off, I hollered "Radkin! Radkin you home!!!" It was a few minutes, and I thought he wasn't there. We were waiting for him to come out of the house and I heard a noise behind me in the barn, so I took my sunglasses off and peered into the darkness

and Radkin says " Fred ! is that you ? Jesus I thought the Hells Angels were after me for something ! " And there he was , tiptoeing out from all the "collectables" in his barn,,,,,,,,,,,,,buck naked. After encouraging him to get a loin cloth or something on, (he then asked if I was homophobic) we had yet another great talk. 37 topics in 30 minutes. He was busy, and we were on our way,,,,,,,,,,

We were like brothers in the fight, to make things right. To bring attention to the masses, to share the knowledge that it's ok to want to be free, to want less government, to have clean air to breathe, water to drink, and a place to call our own. His "simplistic life style" was just that. Just how God intended it to be.

He was a smart man, it just don't make sense to me,,,,,,,,,,his passing. I do know one thing, he has forever touched our lives, and I WILL see him again !

And,,,,The TRUTH Shall Set You Free!

Fred Matheson

Man on a Mission

Radkin was a dear friend to all at Rathe's Salvage in Colchester, VT. A man with so many stories and a big heart. We will miss him so much! Peace my friend

Armand Rathe

A will to pursue, a heart to give

Radkin was crew boss on the boat launch team at Shelburne Shipyard, it was 1978, and I was 17. I was on the painting crew; his spirit, lifestyle an eye opener, his gracious and open nature a comfort as I struck out on my own. We spent hours together, we had an immediate friendship, we had common ground in prep. school background, technical interests and his constant ability to resist the norm was intoxicating for me. He was still living in the pumphouse, heading to the big open space on the point, house trailers being built, and readied for permanent (as Radkin would consider) dwelling. His conestoga wagon was a bit cramped from his Waitsfield time, so multiple new trailers and the greenhouse were so grand. I ended up living in Art William's 1937 Pierce Arrow travel trailer out on the point for a summer – bailed hay and loaded trucks into the dawn hours with the wto of us – he had those twin hay trucks (but only one ran) –when I brought a date out - she would be curious about the strong, toned red headed guy coated with peanut oil bare chested - loin cloth clad - and at the ready to say something good about me. I still have a Radkin made loin cloth -red w/eylits from his sewing machine -a treasured item with its own stories.

It was water and peanut butter, and myriad other good foods, for Radkin but not exotic, and always practical “why waste money on juice”. He would pop into Burlington during college, we would help each other wherever needed, haul an old farm implement to the Point at midnight. We then ended up at NRG Systems – soldering together, building vanes, and then sharing a bunk for two weeks in an RV parked in the woods in Heartwellville, Vt as we built the ATV roads and installed the meteorological towers for Vermont's first Wind farm –Searsburg.

We would spar, we would talk politics and discuss how we could change the world – renewable energy was not enough. I would ask why the latest girlfriend was not the right one for him – he was too fussy, wanting to be with someone but not quite willing to compromise or was it something else – I just knew there were special women around him and he had so much to share. He created his own electronics lab to build vanes; avoid the commute, be able to listen to music and assemble vanes in the wee hours of the morning –always so much to do, the next project, change the boat and ready it for a voyage (although many years later he admitted that he was anxious about sailing out into the ocean –one of the few times he was not sure about an adventure, a project) His first heart valve was his early moderator – he had to slow him down for at least a moment, many friends, a few very attentive in this time of healing - one of the few times he did allow others to take him in, take care of him –

So many thoughts as I write; his father passing, Fournier's Spring auctions, calls via radio, an invitation to travel the world with a smart, spirited gal, his pony tail caught in the drill press, the grinder disc making a deep cut.

His commitment to caring for people - people older than he: two examples; Art Williams, John in Lincoln, people needing appreciation and respect – Radkin admired these men and women, he was of an older generation himself and was excited by the innovation of the previous 100 years. Even his name Radio Kinetics was part of this spirit. He never understood why people used drugs or drank –I would offer him a toke, he was curious, logical, never chastised, but never accepted it.

He was one of my better critics – very specific and most often informed in his views - if he felt anyone was selling out. He was often giving David Blittersdorf and I a hard time both at NRG and Earth Turbines, and wondering how North Wind Power Company had become New World Power - Wall Street, big money and more.

We stayed in touch, we drifted, we argued we had long talks, I got mad at him for being paranoid, he defended his views – our most recent chat was early January- he was upbeat, wanted to know about our new life in Maine, we talked about big picture energy, small details of what he was up to, Alburg house, his connection and lack of it as he was up in the islands rather than Shelburne, the whole concept of owning land, property –as compared to being a caretaker (“why do we need to own, posses”) then a house project and Entropy – he was quite circumspect about death, about natural causes, systems failing he tried to prevent the aging of old farm gear, tools, machinery, but was more comfortable with his own short time. He had more people to educate, inform rather than worry about himself.

Radkin you have been (and I assume will remain) a mentor, a strong friend to spar with and to learn from, willing to chase, examine and pursue ideas –this was our bond – this is what I will miss most.

Lawrence Mott

True to himself

"Have you ever met someone with only one name?" "Yep. You?" "Yeah, I met this guy who was living out on Shelburne Point/driving an old Metro/was talking about something on the shortwave..." "Oh, you mean Radkin." "Yes! You know him?"

How many conversations have started this way over the years? 20? 30? I don't know, but I do know that Radkin touched the lives of every one of these people - just as he did mine.

I first met Radkin when my brother (A Will to Pursue, below) was working at Shelburne Shipyard. We too had things in common, but had taken different branches on the road of life. Not that I'm a straight arrow, but compared to Radkin's worldview, most everyone else is. I can remember so many times on the Point: "It's the timing" "No, it's the carburetor" "OK maybe it's both". "Don't you need to go swimming? I thought that's what you came out here for?" I had actually worked as a mechanic, but Radkin's innate understanding of how things work took him far beyond "school taught". He could've written Zen and the Art of Tractor Maintenance - but probably would've considered it pointless - though he'd share his knowledge with anyone wanting to listen. Can you give me a hand moving the baler? 2 hours later I knew that 5 other things had to be moved first & 3 of them had flats that needed to be fixed. What a wonderful lesson in how you go with the flow, deal with what needs to be done & simply do it. Few in this world can look at things this way. Radkin did.

In the last few years I'd most often see him at the car auctions in Williston. "I'm converting minivans into campers, do you think this is a good one?" We'd check over all the minivans to find the best ones, all the time talking about politics. "I heard on the shortwave last night..." and we'd be off & running. "Just 'cause you heard it on the shortwave makes it true?" "More believable than what's on the regular radio!". I loved to play devil's advocate/Doubting Thomas to his outrage & we'd have a great time - as he'd do his darndest to convince me - even though we both knew I really didn't need convincing on many of the topics. As it was time to go (maybe) bid, he'd make some comment about my purple/red/blue (depending on the day) crocs & I'd tell him that they were better than sickly yellow & off we'd go, grinning like 6 year olds on a new adventure.

I will miss that man & so will many others. Did I know him? Yes, but not as well as I'd have liked. The world is a better place for his having been here.

Garret Mott

Radkin the independent thinker...

and there was always more to figure out!

Our paths crossed many times before we had our first in depth conversation, which would have been about 10 years ago. I met him at vonTrapps farm in Waitsfield. Martin and I were talking about how the Twin Towers in New York could not possibly have come down as per the official story. Radkin excitedly went to his vehicle and brought back a book dealing with that exact topic. There were not many people at that time who would question what was going on in that regard, but I could see that he had been doing much questioning and trying to figure out what made actual sense. I saw him many times afterward at various places, and he would always work the conversation towards some new source or idea and what did I think about it. He would call me in the evening, sometimes several times in one night, as if he had thought of something else that couldn't wait. He would talk about his projects and how best to resolve mechanical problems. He knew alot of people and had a good memory it seemed to me. I enjoyed conversations with him because he was so honest, he spoke exactly how he felt. There is much in his earlier life that I am not aware of, and I like learning about his history. His most striking traits to me were his enthusiasm for learning the truth about the world we live in as opposed to what we are taught as history, his frankness and simple honesty, his genuine interest in the viewpoints of others, his concern for the health of the planet Earth, and his ongoing energy for all the diverse things that interested him and kept him growing. His non typical dress, lifestyle and viewpoints would give many people the impression that he was too different to be taken seriously, but he actually understood the world in many ways better than most ever will. I miss him but am glad to have been able to know him.

John Gallagher

Radkin, dear friend...

I'm grateful for the memories

I've been sitting here not knowing how to begin to write my memories of Radkin! Just about every single time I was with Radkin was a special event in my life. Even phone conversations were often adventures in thoughts and wit!

My first solid memories of Radkin - 1976-77 - I was sneaking down to the shipyard at night, with my baby daughter, Erin, and I would spend the night and early morning in his truck, he'd show me all his gadgets and wirings, and I was amazed over and over again by him - He'd serenade me with his trumpet in a big empty building, share meals of peanut butter and apples, wading through the swamp out there, just for the fun of it. He was curious about so many things, and loved to share it all - with talking, which was an outlet for the exuberance inside him for so many things!... He captured me absolutely, and I always hated to leave him, even when he'd get prickly.

Later, through the 80's, early 90's, I visited Radkin whenever I was in VT, - I'd take my 2, 3, then 4 kids by the hand and enter Radkin's World. I never knew what kind of reception I was going to get, but I knew I/we were in for adventure, helping with haying (or hindering more likely), riding horses (my own horse had his last years out there too), hiking out and swimming in the lake (out to the island) at night, taking out various boats/innertubes, playing with the kids. He always made time for explaining projects, how things worked, showing his newest inventions, structures, projects - I could never quite follow it all, but loved being included.

Radkin had some majorly endearing qualities about him, and time I spent with him was magical (I have been trying to think of a better word, but it's the right one) - I couldn't always ride the wave he'd generate, but when I could, it was quite the ride!

One day I got a call from Radkin - he was in the hospital readying for his second heart operation, "They tell me I need spare blood. Well, I don't want just anybody's blood - who knows what they've been up to, what they eat, or smoke... So, I want YOUR blood..." I did give blood the next day, but the docs ended up persuading him it would be too much of a process to have it "ready" for him in time for his op.

Radkin - the exuberance of a child, the mind of a scientist, a tender heart -

He brought out extreme emotions in me sometimes - so happy I could burst, so sad I could slide into the earth, so mad I could throw firebolts with my eyes...

Yes, I have many great memories that will stay with me, but I do so wish that I could have some more. And I really wish that I could figure out how to upload some pictures.

I love reading these stories! Because one thought that I used to have when I was having adventures with Radkin, was "I wish other people could have this kind of relationship too." - The idea of Radkin enriching many other people's lives, as he has enriched mine, makes me happy!~

Guthrie Smith



Dear, Sweet Radkin

Radkin was one of a kind; there is no other way to say it. He could be a study in contradictions. He was exhilarating and at times, exasperating. He was lovable and cuddly, but could be prickly and distant. He was tremendously amusing but could be very serious.

I met Radkin the year his father died, which was 1992 and we were fast friends after that. We spent a lot of time together and I must admit I found myself fairly smitten in those days. He would often voice his concern about some of my romances and he was usually right. Though romances would come and go in my life, my one constant was my friendship with Radkin. He was my best bud in those days. I could talk with him about anything and, in particular, we used to talk about our relationships with other people.

We used to talk about being alone in our old age, and if that were the case, we had agreed to take care of one another. I trekked all over Shelburne Point with him in those days. I rode on the back of the tractor, mowing hay, gathering sap and truly enjoying his company and the beauty of Shelburne Point. I also loved Willie and Whimpie (see photo gallery). I won't go into the fact that I broke my ankle on one of those treks to the Point.

He used to serenade me with his piano and guitar and sing (what a great, strong, beautiful voice he had). I will miss his voice most of all. We would talk for hours and hours on the phone about many different topics and we used to kid about how we should have a radio talk show together. We talked about sailing away on his boat to distant islands and never coming back.

Radkin was my "date" for at least a couple of weddings and he was delightful and dressed very handsomely because I begged him not to embarrass me (see photo gallery). We also used to visit my parents in Jeffersonville and he enjoyed that very much.

One time Radkin arrived at my house after being kicked (severely) by the horses he was taking care of. He would not go to the hospital so I called friends of mine with medical backgrounds and I took care of him through that experience.

Another time I was walking up the street towards my house with my very large dog and Radkin pulled into my driveway on Route 7 in broad daylight with his bright yellow car, and as I approached the car, I couldn't help but notice he was stark naked!! He asked me (in that mischievous way of his) if I noticed anything. To which I responded "no, not much." I think he loved to try and shock me, but it never worked!

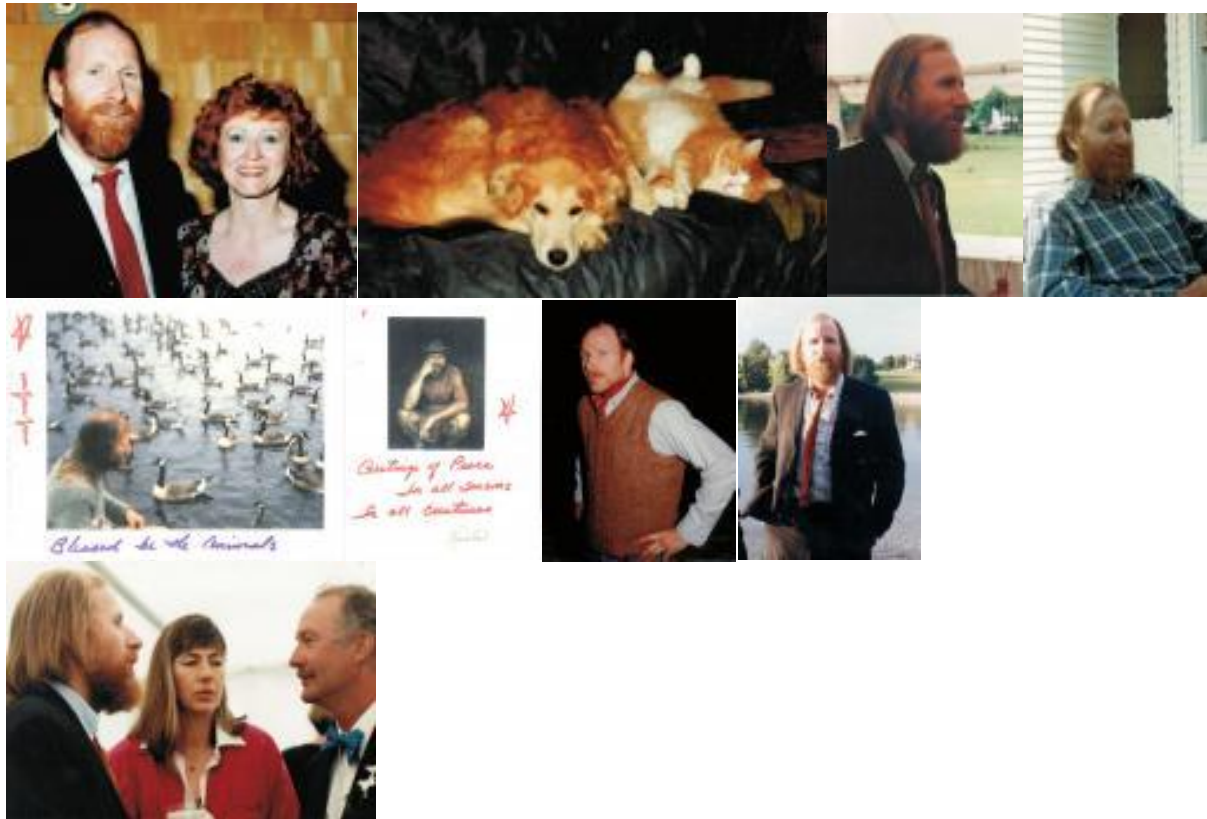
He lived in a magical world and to enter that world, if only for a short period of time, was intoxicating. Looking back on it now makes my heart truly ache for those times.

I regret the last few years that I lost contact with him after he moved (my fault, not his). We did speak occasionally but not enough and for that I am truly sorry. I loved him. I will never forget all he brought to my life and I am so happy to have been a part of his. I can only hope he knew how much I cherished him, because sadly I don't think I ever told him.

I don't know if there is an afterlife, but if there is, Radkin is frolicking naked in the grass with Whimpie and Willie.

I would love to hug him or just hear him speak one more time, or at least have the chance to say a final goodbye to Dear, Sweet Radkin. I'm hoping this website will give us all the chance to say our final goodbyes.

Betty Marcher



Searsburg Tower Install



- Radkin and crew in the woods. Radkin always innovative, hard working. As I recall this is late 80's. (Pictures uploaded by friends, colleagues at NRG Systems.)

Posted by lawrence mott on April 2, 2012 7:15 pm

Radkin at Mad River Glen

It was quite the pair that you would find when you finally ascended to the unloading zone at the top of the single chair at Mad River. First there was Guy Livingston, a short, full-bellied man of few words though always pleasant. And then Radkin came along in the 70's to join him, hair flowing and that knowing look of a wise and contented man. He spoke gently yet always in a friendly and knowing tone. He was calm and serene even when the winds were raging and the mercury was well below zero at the top.

Two special memories of Radkin. The first was when I was skiing the 20th hole with some friends at the end of the day and we were getting close to the Mad River Barn when we exited the woods into a clearing by a brook and stumbled onto Radkin's "house." That was his bus that he lived in during the winter. To a 15 or 16 year old, this appeared to be a magical and very cool way to live. We were awestruck by his back-to-the-earth commitment out in the woods and off the grid.

The second was when he entered the Easter Parade costume contest at Mad River as the Single Chair. It was incredibly and well constructed and looked like an exact replica. Needless to say, he won the contest.

Fred Hollister

Radkin at Mad River

The following link is to an older [Seven Days article on Mad River](#). But it contains the essence of Radkin while he was there.

And it mentions another very good friend of ours and Radkin, Bill Heinzerling. Bill was also another tragic loss to the community.

May his trumpet play for ever.

geordie hall

Radkin

Radkin.....When they made him....they broke the mold!! There will never be anyone like him. He could drive us CRAZY !! But we loved him !! So many things I wish now.....I wish we had seen him more the last few years....I wish I had recorded him playing the piano....I wish we had taken more pictures. One time we came from the Islands down to Shelburne Point by boat. When we left, I snapped some photos of Radkin waving good-bye to us in his all-over-tan "birthday suit". Unfortunately, I haven't been able to find those:-) , but will post the ones I have. Radkin..we will miss having you on this earth.....

Ruby Willis



that lovely resonant voice.. I will never forget..

Betty -- you have created a wonderful opportunity for his many scattered friends to share their memories -- and it has really helped me to share his loss.

My earliest memory of Radkin was in the mid 70's. He was living in the tiny lift shack at the top of teh single chair at Mad river Glen -- and early one morning before the lifts started to operate, there he was, a lone skier gracefully coasting down on one leg.

He picked me up hitchhiking in his litte yellow MG.. and we struck up a friendship that endured over the years even when I moved away. I would answer the phone to hear lovely piano music playing on and on, then Radkin's soft resonant voice, "Good morning Debbie..". That voice, I will never forget.

I visited Radkin now and then out on Shelburne Point. He'd contructed a whole enclave of little houses on wheels, and interesting inventive items that he would rig up out of bits and pieces he collected. I was fortunate to visit a few times when his terminally ill father was there in the last weeks of his life. Radkin had driven out to Arizona to bring him back to care for him. His father joked about how long it was taking to die - but I had a feeling the reason his father lingered was to experience his son a little longer; his love, his humor, the lively piano playing, and his tender care. Radkin had made the pine box that he later lay his father's body in, drove him to Fletcher Allen to have him pronounced dead, and then on to the crematorium. If only someone could have cared the same way for Radkin in his dying hours.

It's unbearably sad to realize how he died - the loneliness and how he might have suffered. I deeply miss his big heart, his humor, his exuberance and that lovely resonant voice.

Deb Van Dyke, Waitsfield

Serenade

It was May 29th, 1980, at Shelburne Shipyard where Radkin was on the boat-launching team. Our ketch, *Spindrift*, had wintered there and then, in the spring, had undergone some repairs, so we and our boat had become friends of the staff. As we sailed away, from the dock came a lovely trumpet serenade from Radkin: "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face." Never before or since have we had such a memorable departure.

Ginny Walters

Thank You, Radkin

Wee hour talks

Yesterday Radkin's 67th birthday. Today would have been my father's 108th. It seems fitting to put a memory up on this day; these two men would sit up until the wee hours of the morning, solving all problems related to radio and mechanics. Who really knows what all they discussed. When it came to cleaning up felled trees, here would Radkin be to help, when i needed a solar panel, he arrived with a built system; just what i needed. Years after my father died, Radkin would call asking if John was around, i'd usually say yes, just talked with him today, as Radkin continued talking with his father.

So I may as well thank Radkin again, Hope he knows how much we all still care and what good times he gave us.

With loving thoughts to all of you others who miss him.

Martha Osmun

My Mother's Boyfriend

Radkin in Alburgh

I first met Radkin at the Alburgh Auction House. Tim & Ralph must have been thrilled when he was there...he would buy most tools and all things metal. Some days he'd buy lamps and fainting couches. We joked that his place must be pretty interesting. And what he could pack into his vehicles! And he never hesitated to ask someone who outbid him to buy one of their items; usually we were happy to oblige.

Then one morning my mother Phyllis (in her 80s) and I went to the American Legion to have a pancake breakfast. We sat down and joined Radkin. We had a very long and interesting conversation about the environment, politics, religion, life, and who knows what else. At one point, Radkin looked over at Phyllis and said "You know, if I were to date either of you, it would have to be you because your daughter is way too liberal". After that time, I always referred to him as "Phyllis's boyfriend". She would not remember who he was by name until I said, "you know, your boyfriend". We all had a good laugh about that.

Years later I finally took a picture of Radkin at the auction and put it in one of my photo books. When I saw him the next year, I showed it to him, complete with the notation "Phyllis's boyfriend". When I reminded him of our breakfast talk, he had a terrific laugh about it.

I'll miss his presence at the auction and at many community events where our paths would cross. He was a unique guy with great intellect and a terrific sense of humor. I'll miss him. I am so sorry for the way he died, but oh, what a life he lived. Rest in peace, Radkin.

Charlene Urwin from Spicewood, TX

Radkin will be missed

I've know Radkin for about 15 years, yet did not know him well. The times I would run into him were always memorable though! From the first time I met him (at a grocery store in Burlington) I knew he was something special. We never had enough time to discuss the topic of the day, but I could have spent hours listening to him and picking his brain, so to speak. I re-found Radkin up at the Alburgh Auction House after he bought his property. It was so good to see him again as it had been a couple of years or so.

I would like to thank all of Radkin's friends who have posted their memories here. They have been wonderful to read and to have gotten to know Radkin in death what I missed out on in life. I would also like to thank Radkin for the few precious memories I have of him, and that he certainly made us better people by knowing him. Rest in peace Radkin, you will be dearly missed. I look forward to seeing you at the next level!

Sheila Gorski

Passionate about everything!

Radkin!! Memories have been flooding in along with the tears of his passing. Here are some of mine:

Radkin was passionate about most everything!! Never short on words, thoughts, funny stories, ideas or dreams! Being around him was certainly an adventure.

I first met him in '83 when we both played the trumpet at a Bread and Puppet performance in Burlington. One firm handshake of introduction and a few words about caring for the elderly and our lives were entwined for the next 4 years and beyond.

That winter we rented a small house near Shelburne Point to care for Art Williams, his old well-driller friend. His love of Art was shown daily in the care he showed him. We had lots of funny and tender moments with him. We acquired various animals, some to keep his horse company down on the Point and some to save them from the slaughterhouse (at least for a while). We milked Snowflake 2x day and I have to say, it was the one thing I could do better than he could. I attached a picture of the "cow wash"

When plans to rebuild Art's old house in Charlotte fell through, we moved to the Point. At the break of dawn, his horse, Bonesy would bite open the door to his little house and his rooster would hop in, fly up to the sink and crow!! What an unusual alarm clock that was to wake up to.

Lathered in sunflower oil and a loin cloth---, we made hay while sun shined with old farm equipment purchased at the farm auctions. Fixing the old farm equipment was a constant and he was brilliant at it. Many nights were spent getting the hay in before the rain, with sunbathers help, if we were lucky.

With a horse-drawn plough, Radkin and Bones tilled the garden. We gardened. We took mud baths and lake baths and sometimes just swam.

Rainy days or evenings were spent going to visit friends, even to my Home Health clients, he took his guitar to sing for them. His songs.

His sailboat was launched that summer after teaching me all the knots that you need to know and I have memorable memories of some midnight sails.

When we began to get crowded it was decided that I needed my own little house on wheels. I designed it, bought all my own hand tools for the job and after many trips to salvage yards we found a suitable chassis for the foundation, and with his expertise and guidance I started building. He was adamant that I do it myself and only after hand sawing each board about 3 x and still not getting it square, my frustrated tears would get him to come and help. Actually, I needed a lot of his help. The house was perfect. Just how I imagined it. It was built to come apart and a few years later we devised a plan to disguise it as a load of hay and hauled it from Shelburne Point to South Starksboro with his tractor. No small task. He made fast friends with John Osmun and his daughter Martha there.

When his Dad was with him he called me for help bathing him, due to a misunderstanding with Home Health. His father passed peacefully to the spirit world that same night while I was there. I know Radkin is with him now and with all the many friends he has known. That is what gives me peace.

I have so many more memories and it seems like it was a mini lifetime in itself, yet it was only a few years-- and long ago. We did so much, learned so much and I loved him so much. Still do.

Thank you Radkin.

Susan Kass



How the Gibsons met Radkin circa 1970

One evening, soon after we moved into our house near the Shelburne Shipyard (then Marina), there was a knock at the door and Radkin entered our lives. He wanted to know if he could live in our old, disused, half ruined, stone pumphouse down by the lake. He seemed disproportionately civilized despite his somewhat scruffy appearance and so we agreed. Following that introduction we got to know Radkin quite well and found him to be a helpful and multi-talented neighbor.

Soon after we met, Radkin was having symptoms which indicated to me that he had a significant cardiac problem. With some difficulty I persuaded him to get checked out and indeed he had, as suspected, a major heart valve narrowing which required replacement.

For many years after Radkin moved to his complex on the end of Shelburne Point I visited regularly and was often visited in return. We had much conversation including concepts both sensible, and at times, outlandish. He was a remarkable man who might be considered eccentric on one hand, but on the other maintained a philosophy which consistently castigated the stupidity of our times. I will miss him!

Radkin at Memorial for Bill Heizerling

Mad River Glen - 2010



A GOOD OLD BOY

My name is Bill Worthen and I met Richard Radkin a few years ago at the Waterbury Flea Market. I knew he was a good old boy from the first time I met him. We exchanged goods and would have wonderful conversations together. I feel that he was one of the smartest men that I have ever known. I have enjoyed listening to him on the local WDEV Mark Johnson Show and the Channel 15 television station in Vermont. I'm deeply saddened to hear of his passing, he will be missed! He was enjoyed by his fellow colleagues and friends at the Waterbury Flea Market.

Rest in peace Radkin!

Bill Worthen, Burlington, VT

A CLOSE FRIEND AND ELECTRONICS BUDDY

I've known Radkin for about 20+ years. I met him at an auction and after seeing him at many auctions I became friends with him. We shared a lot in common, radios. Sometimes in later years I would see him sitting putting little parts together for his job. Then I started to do the flea market where I would see him once in a while. Sometimes he would go there every weekend. He would stop to see me and talk for long periods of time. I would sell him the things he liked. Through the years I would give him many free things. He would say Dale, you don't have to do that. A lot of things I didn't know what it was and he would know. Dale that's a radio condenser or that's a tool for wood working. A very smart man, I learned a lot from him. He didn't go to many of the auctions or flea markets in recent years, but we stayed in touch. He would call me and say Dale are you at the flea market, once he said it's raining in Alburgh. I said it wasn't raining here in Waterbury so he said I will be there wait for me. Once he came to my house and I wasn't home so he waited for me taking to my wife for about an hour. My wife was impressed with his knowledge. We go to South Carolina in the winter time. When we came back I had accumulated some stuff he liked which I was going to give to him. I went to the flea market where I learned of his death. I already miss my radio buddy, and will never know another man like him. Goodbye Radkin Dale Newton

Memorial Celebration of Radkin

Sunday, August 26, 2012

We have finally set a date for August 26, 2012. The time has not been set yet but I will post it here as soon as I can. The event will take place on Shelburne Point property, probably in the location where Radkin actually lived, although that is not certain yet. I will be posting a map for those of you coming from out of town so you know exactly where to go. Parking will be available to us through the generosity of the Shelburne Shipyard. This will be a very informal event, much like the man himself! I hope to meet many of Radkin's friends and hope you all can attend!

Getting to know Radkin

Was it possible to ever know Radkin

My memories of Radkin go back to when I first met him when I was a rookie paid patroller at Mad River Glen in December 1977.

I was amazed to learn when he told me with a smile he was going to live [and live quite comfortably so] the entire winter in the 4 foot by 7 foot lift operators shack (dimensions are a generous estimate) at the top station of the single chair lift. All would agree that is a pretty small space but do not forget it was also space he shared during the day with another liftie. Radkin (I was told that was short for radio kinectics....) relished his early morning & perhaps late evenings

snow baths and I suspect the hours of solitude at elevation 3670 feet after the daily crush of skiers and commotion. His home built wind turbine gave him all the power he needed for his daily routine(s). He continued with his ample yet frugal appearing way of life after moving on from MRG to Shelburne and points beyond. I am sure there are and will be plentiful stories of the naked guy holding court out on Shelburne Point.

Radkin - may the force always be you ! May your force & outlook always be with us !

Memorial Service RSVP and Directions

As I posted previously we are set for August 26th on Shelburne Point at 2 pm. It would be most helpful to get an idea how large this group will be.

If you could take the time to send me an email letting me know if you can make it that would be very much appreciated. Please email me at this address bmarcher@aol.com

Thanks so much.

I hope to meet lots of you in August.

Betty Marcher

Radkin Reading to Cal

Ann Day was kind enough to mail me these photos, and I couldn't wait to share them. Radkin is reading to Ann and Bill Heinzerling's dog Cal. As you can see from the photo's Radkin was a handsome young man!

Betty Marcher

Days Gone By

Out in the Fields

Radkin had an indomitable spirit. Sure, oftentimes he could be gruff, obstinate and stubborn, but it was a means to an end; that being perseverance in pursuit of achieving whatever was at hand. He was ***always*** up to something.

Over a steady progression of years (70's, 80's, 90's), I spent many a summer day helping to bring in the hay crops on Shelburne Point. Invariably understating the task at hand, Radkin made sure we (however many we were) would still be at it whether challenged by something minor, such as darkness having descended, or the more formidable onset of gale force winds and fast approaching storms. Some of the resultant adventures form a host of fond memories. He loved the hay he grew, but it took me two weeks of lobbying to convince him that a barn with only two and a half walls would not safely protect hay bales from the elements, regardless of the number of tarps employed. We did the construction deed in a day. Very satisfying for a desk jockey like myself.

I always looked forward to drop by Radkin's humble abode on the Point, even to simply chat and comiserate about the state of the world at large. And, of course, a standing invitation was extended to bring friends over to enjoy nature by way of skinny dipping in the most idyllic of surroundings. Radkin's dictionary did not list the word **formality**.

Sadly we fall into that well-known, but rarely avoided, trap of losing touch with dear friends when moving away. Distance cuts the cherished bonds of daily familiarity and accessibility. Radkin provided, literally and figuratively, a refuge from the humdrum of the daily grind. His welcome never frayed.

Al Bijunas