

Mountain View



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



The Best Maple Syrup of the Year comes from Randolph

Scarinza Sugar House of Randolph won the "Carlisle Award" for the best syrup in New Hampshire. This award is presented annually by the NH Maple Producers Association (NHMPA) for excellence in production of maple syrup.



The award is named for Lawrence A. Carlisle, a commissioner of Agriculture in the 1920s and 1930s, devoted to the development of the maple industry in New Hampshire and best known for introducing the maple grading system. A NHMPA member must enter their syrup in a participating NH state fair for judging. NH Department of Agriculture inspectors at each fair award prizes based on all entries, including those

from non-NHMPA members. Entries are judged by the state's standards for density, clarity and flavor. Post-fair, the NHMPA recognizes the top three syrup entries made by NHMPA members. That recognition qualifies for the Carlisle competition.

The Scarinzas are thrilled, of course. The shiny silver bowl engraved with their name sits proudly just inside the door of the sugarhouse, on a shelf made by John. The winning syrup came from a batch that had been saved for the May family wedding, held in Randolph on Labor Day, 2019. Jenn and John wanted an exceptional batch for the wedding syrup. Sarah Gallop, best friends with the bride's mom, Lisa May Kelley, happened to be in the sugarhouse on March 30th and tasted the syrup. She deemed it worthy of wedding favors, so they labeled it as such, and at the same time, filled 3 jars required for competitions. They won blue ribbons first at the Lancaster Fair and then at the Deerfield Fair. Therefore, they had a pretty good feeling about this batch, and the judges agreed! Since then, they have been interviewed by the NH Farm Bureau Communicator Newsletter and were asked to be on the NHPR talk program, The Exchange, to talk about maple sugaring.

Scarinzas tap somewhere between 600 and 700 trees in Randolph. Jenn teaches "Maple Sugaring" at White Mountain Regional High School in Whitefield. Her family has sugared for generations. John Scarinza says he started out sugaring with seven leaky buckets when he was about 11 or 12 years old.

Jenn and John first met at Fuller's Sugarhouse in Lancaster, NH on Maple Sunday in 2004. John dressed in his best "woods tapping clothes" stopped at Fullers to get some supplies and Jenn decided to introduce herself to the guy dickering with Dave Fuller over a new finishing pan. The rest, as they say, is history. Now married, Jenn and John are a team in Scarinza's Maple Syrup which is located on the south slope of the Crescent Range in Randolph, NH.



Left, Nick Kosko, President of NH Maple Producers Association, Center, Jenn & John Scarinza, Right, Steve Robarge, competition judge from UNH Cooperative Extension Service. Courtesy Photo

Articles, poems, notices, inquiries and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Dede Aube, dedeaube@gmail.com (603-723-0847) by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April & 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 24th of the preceding month. The **Randolph Weekly** is published in July & August only. A Randolph Foundation grant makes these publications possible.

Diana (Dede) Aube Editor & Design 603-723-0847 Gaye Ruble Mailing List Laurie Archambault, Publisher
Mountain View Publications, Randolph Foundation, PO Box 283 Gorham, NH 03581

AMBULANCE	911	LIFELINE Heather Wiley	466-5179
FIRE DEPARTMENT Chief, Dana Horne	911	PLANNING BOARD Chair, John Scarinza	466-5775
RANDOLPH POLICE Chief, Alan Lowe	911	Meets 7pm at Town Hall on 1st Thurs. of the month	
BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT Chair, David Ruble		RANDOLPH CHURCH Moderator, Beverly Weatherly	
Call for dates and times of meetings		Sunday morning services July & August 10:30am	
BOARD OF SELECTMEN Co-Chairs, Michele Cormier,		RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST Chair, John Scarinza	
Lauren Bradley; Assistant, Linda Dupont	466-5771	Meets 7pm at Town Hall on 1st Wed.	
Meets 7pm 2nd & 4th Mon., Town Hall		RANDOLPH FOUNDATION President, Sarah Gallop	
BUILDING PERMITS See Board of Selectmen	466-5771	RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB President, Jamie Maddock	
BURNING PERMITS Jeff Parker, Forest Fire Warden	662-4050	ROAD AGENT Kevin Rousseau	466-5185
CEMETERY TRUSTEES Chair, Steve Hartman	466-5771	TAX COLLECTOR Anne Kenison by appointment	466-5771
CONSERVATION COMMISSION		TOWN CLERK Anne Kenison Mon. 9-11am Wed. 7-9pm	
Chair, Bruce Kirmmse 466-5777 Vice Chair, Jim Hunt	723-6653	TOWN HALL Linda Dupont, Mon.-Thurs., 9am to noon	466-5771
DOG LICENSES Obtain/renew end April, Town Clerk	466-5771	TRASH COLLECTION Must be at roadside by 7 am	
GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD SAU 20	466-3632	Trash - every Tues.; Recycling, 1st Sat. of each month.	
Meets at 6:30pm, 3rd Tues. of month. Location varies		RECYCLABLES Separated and collected on first Sat. of each month,	
LIBRARY Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins	466-5408	starting at 7:00am.	
Mon. & Wed. 3-8pm; Fri. & Sat. 10-noon			

WIER'S WEATHER WISE

Oct Thru Mar 13, 2020

Rainfall		Days with A Trace or More of Rain	
Oct	7.38"	23	
Nov	1.38"	7	
Dec	1.83"	6	
Jan	1.02"	3	
Feb	0.06"	2	
Mar	0.72"	3	
Total:	12.39"		
Snowfall		SWE*	Days with A Trace or More of Snow
Oct	0.0"	0.0"	0
Nov	27.3"	2.98"	17
Dec	33.7"	2.95"	20
Jan	41.7"	3.54"	19
Feb	42.4"	4.44"	19
Mar	3.6"	0.35"	9
Total	148.7"	14.26"	
Temperature		Wind	Peak Gust
	Max	Min	
Oct	65.0	29.5	ESE 35 mph (17th)
Nov	70.0	3.6	WSW 49 mph (1st)
Dec	49.0	-5.4	W 47 mph (15th)
Jan	55.8	-7.3	NW 38 mph (12th)
Feb	52.3	-11.7	NW 37 mph (19th)
Mar	56.7	6.7	ENE 38 mph (13th)
# Of Days Below Zero: (9)			
Total Snowfall, Oct 1st To Mar 13th 148.7" - Last Year 185.9"			
* Snow Water Equivalent (the amount of water you get when the snow is melted)			

RMC

Spring Libby's Dinner- TBD, watch for more information

Friday, July 3rd- Minifie and Friends' concert

Saturday, July 4th- Annual 4th of July Tea

Thursday, August 6th- Gourmet Hike

Saturday, August 8th- Annual Meeting

Saturday, August 15th- Annual Charades in Mossy Glen/Barn Dance at Sugarplum Farm

We are also exploring the possibility of some cookouts at Ravine Pool after Saturday Trailwork Trips.

For more information, contact the Social Committee: Jenn: jbarton@ttlc.net

Franklin: franklin@stonewenk.com

Bev: rirunner@yahoo.com



Karen Eitel Photo



North Country Civil Air Patrol Cadet Phoebe Ross of Randolph is Selected for Prestigious Flight Training School

Cadet Chief Master Sergeant Phoebe Ross of the New Hampshire Civil Air Patrol's Mt. Washington Flight has been honored with selection to the prestigious Cadet Wings Program. Cadet Ross has been offered an opportunity to attend a two-month summer university in-residence flight school at a major academic institution. Purdue University hosted the program last year.

The commanding officer of Civil Air Patrol's New Hampshire Wing, Colonel Darin Ninness, stated, "This flight school is a fantastic way for CAP to provide quality private pilot training to our young men and women. This is a tremendous opportunity for Cadet Ross, and I am very proud of her selection. I'm sure she'll do well and while proudly representing our New Hampshire Wing."

Lieutenant John E. Tholl Jr, the commanding officer for Mt. Washington Flight, echoed the sentiments of the Wing Commander. "Cadet Chief Master Sergeant Ross's selection to the Cadet Wings program well reflects her initiative and interest in aerospace," said Tholl. "As an original member of the Mt Washington flight she's an inspiration for our North Country young people. As our ranking cadet, she helps guide the newer cadets through the basics of CAP membership." Tholl added that Ross's earlier work earned her an invitation to attend a two-week flight academy and an opportunity to visit a Cessna plant where she observed the aircraft manufacturing process first-hand.

Phoebe was very pleased to learn of her selection for the Cadet Wings Program. "I was thrilled at the news," she said. "I plan to make the most of this wonderful opportunity."

A junior at the White Mountain School in Bethlehem, Phoebe is the daughter of Todd and Ellen Ross of Randolph.

The Mt. Washington Flight meets Tuesdays at 6:30 pm at the American Legion Hall in Whitefield. It joins seven other CAP Cadet or Composite Squadrons and a Concord headquarters to make up the New Hampshire Civil Air Patrol Wing. The CAP mission involves supporting aerospace education, cadet programs, and emergency services. More information may be obtained at <https://nhwg.cap.gov/>

Michael I. Moffett (LtCol, USMCR, Civil Air Patrol)



Mike Micucci

Door to Door –
Home to Work
March 1, 2020



Mike Micucci



THREE CROWS ON A FENCEPOST

My name is John Scarinza, and this is my story about three crows on a fence post. Some will argue that there were only two crows on the fence post and while they may be right, during the space of time, I remember three. But two crows, three crows, or even four crows, it doesn't matter for it is the moral of this story that is what is important on this extraordinary day.

I want to take you back 25 years or so to a prior century when I was a young patrol trooper with the New Hampshire State Police. Bill Clinton was president and telephones were attached to the wall with a long cord. (Mine still is.)

On this morning I was standing in the gift shop at the Grand View Lodge when a woman burst through the door obviously very upset. "You need to get down there right away," as she pointed west. "You need to get down to Trails Parking right away, that's where they are. There's three of them, hanging out there like, like three crows sitting on a fence post for all the world to see." I had no idea what she was talking about.

Just as I was getting into my cruiser, however, I received a call from Troop F about three naked hitchhikers by Appalachia and asking that I check it out. So by now this had piqued my interest. We had three crows on a fence post and now three naked hitchhikers... all at Trails Parking on Rt. 2.

As I approached the trailhead, I saw several hitchhikers in the westbound lane. I started to slow and pull over. The hitchhikers seemed genuinely pleased to see me coming their way. As I got closer however, their enthusiasm clearly waned, perhaps as they saw the light bar on the top of my cruiser, and the words "State Police" on my license plate. It was probably then that they realized I was not the type of ride they had been hoping for.

I pulled my car to a stop. The three men were in fact hitch hiking naked. As I slowly exited my vehicle, I put on my sunglasses to protect my eyes from the view and deftly installed my campaign hat atop my head at a proper 30-degree angle forward, so the brim just cleared the top of my sunglasses. You know the look.

Once out of my cruiser, I stood for a moment taking in the scene. Cars were driving by slowly and several blew their horns. I noticed that the hitchhiker in the center was holding a small cardboard sign which he now held low on his body just below his belt line. The other two were not so lucky. One was holding a shovel, the other a grub hoe. I learned that day if you are going to hitch hike in the nude, a shovel is a better hitch-hiking tool than a grub hoe. A shovel held properly is about the size of a fig leaf and will help shield one's private parts from the mid-day sun. A grub hoe, however, is a different matter, for to get maximum coverage with a grub hoe, the handle must stick straight out from the body... that being a some-

what awkward pose, especially when hiking in the nude. I pondered for a moment on what my opening salutation should be and then said to the three hitchhikers, "Please, please tell me you are not the trail crew of the Randolph Mountain Club. "No," the center one assured me. "We work for that other hiking club, the AMC."

They explained that a couple of friends were going to be coming along from Gorham, and this seemed like a great prank to play. But now, here they were standing on the side of the road three moons facing west, and a shovel, a small cardboard sign and a grub hoe, protecting things to the east.

I asked them their names, and just to torment them a bit, for some form of written identification, which I knew they couldn't provide, but I just couldn't help myself. After further questioning, I told them this case was closed and suggested that they get their private parts properly covered before looking for another ride. They happily agreed and headed off toward the woods.

But Randolph is a small town and secrets are hard to keep. The newspaper called and the story ran on the front page the following week.

This past spring, Jenn and I flew west to do some hiking in Zion and Bryce National Parks. We had a great week hiking the cliffs in Zion and the Canyons of Bryce; now it was time to fly home. We boarded the airplane, and a wonderful family of four seated themselves to my left with the father of the group sitting down next to me. We buckled our seatbelts and the plane took off.

After some time, the man and I struck up a conversation the way strangers on cross country flights often do. We talked about our work, our vacation, and where we lived. Before I knew it, we were half an hour out of Boston, the seat belt sign came on and the plane started our decent back to earth.

The man next to me then asked politely, "Do you by chance recognize me?" I thought for a moment and replied that perhaps we had met but I couldn't put a place or time to his face. He said that we had met once before in my official capacity as a state trooper. "Well," I asked, "did I arrest you, and if so, how did it go?" He explained that many years ago he and a couple of friends were hitchhiking on Rt. 2 near Trails Parking in Randolph when I stopped by to greet them. At that moment I was clueless, and said to him, "Huh? You were hitch hiking? So, what was the problem with that?" He then smiled and leaned in a little closer and in a low voice said "...You stopped us because we were hitch hiking." He paused for a moment and continued, "you stopped us because we were hitch hiking... we were hitchhiking in the nude."

2019 Story Slam by John Scarinza

A Boothman Cottage

By Val Bailey

Although I never had the pleasure of meeting John Boothman (he died in New Hampshire the same year my husband, Darrel, was born in Missouri) I am deeply indebted to this extraordinary man – visionary, entrepreneur, builder, craftsman, innkeeper, selectman, woodsman, a founder of the Randolph Mountain Club and more. He developed our tiny mountain town into a charming community of quaint summer cottages, built by him and his crew beginning in the late 1800's.

In 2012 my husband and I became the proud and grateful owners of a 1917 Boothman cottage that is in pristine, near-original condition. It is wonderfully pleasing in symmetry and proportion and graced with a brick fireplace in the great room, two staircases, five generously sized porches, ceiling beams in every room, and over 50 multi-pane windows with original wavy glass. Our cottage was solidly built of huge spruce timbers, paneled spruce walls, rock maple flooring and red cedar shakes, lending it a simple beauty borne of the rustic materials themselves (now with the glowing, amber patina of 200 years) and the honest, sturdy construction that is a hallmark of all Boothman cottages.

Mr. Boothman situated our cottage winsomely in a small clearing ringed by red spruce and bordered by a 27-acre boreal forest of reindeer moss, mixed confers and fragrant balsam fir. He designed a spacious veranda (that I transform each spring into my flower porch extravaganza) to face the awe-inspiring view of Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams.

What a marvelous blessing and delight this mountain home has been to my husband and me, our many guests, five children and their spouses, 18 grandchildren, our parents, siblings, and friends these seven summers. We have unforgettable memories to treasure forever. I wonder if Mr. Boothman ever imagined the joy his cottages would continue to bring year after year to so many Randolph families—the precious memories made, the traditions established and carried on from one generation to the next? Could he have guessed that this sturdy summer cottage he built would become a legacy? I wish he could know that the unique community he created is alive and well, dear to my heart and the hearts of so many. I wish I could thank him for his precious gift to me, my beloved shingle cottage, designed and built over 100 years ago by John H. Boothman himself.



Sign Your Work!

by Laurie Archambault

Now, anyone who knows me, knows that I would rather spend five hours outside in my garden than five minutes cleaning my house. But at some point the cobwebs call, especially when the sunlight hits them in between the storm window and the inside window. It had been a while, to say the least, since my windows had been cleaned.

Now, when I clean windows it becomes a fulltime project. I take them out of the casing, inspect the glazing, replace if necessary, and then repaint. I had done this within the last seven years so I was hopeful that every window would not need the full treatment. Then I remembered – oh dear – I never really got to those windows in the back of the house on the second floor.



But since most people only see our downstairs, I started there and was moving along at about three hours per window. Wow, what a difference! Only seven more windows to go. I was encouraged. We had guests coming so I thought – 'I'll start with those back windows.' It was getting warm – 75-80 degrees; the sun was shining; the garden was beckoning, but I was resolved to finish.

So I took the first window out – inspect – surprisingly not much repair needed. Then I took the second window out and to my surprise receive reward for my hard work –see left.

What a delight –as if the man himself was encouraging me. All you carpenters out there – please sign your work!

Alan Williams Horton

Alan Williams Horton died peacefully on Monday 24 February 2020 at the Kendal retirement community in Hanover NH. He was 98.

He was born 31 July 1921 in Middletown, CT, a son of Douglas and Carol (Williams) Horton. After spending a year in France at the University of Strasbourg, he entered Princeton in 1939, graduating in 1947 following the war. In the 1950s he earned a doctorate at Harvard in social anthropology.

During World War II he served in the U.S. Navy for four years and was awarded a Silver Star for action at Okinawa with the Underwater Demolition Teams (the precursor to what became the Navy SEALs).

In 1947 he began the study of Arabic at the American University in Cairo, and worked for the American Friends Service Committee in the distribution of relief to Palestinian refugees in the Gaza Strip, where he met his wife-to-be Joan. Later he worked for the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) as the Deputy Chief District Officer in Lebanon. In 1952, Alan started a PhD in Anthropology at Harvard. He and Joan moved to Aleppo, Syria, for a year, where Alan did field work for his dissertation. In 1955, after graduate studies, he was appointed Dean of the Graduate Faculty at the American University in Cairo, and in 1962, remaining in Cairo, he became the Middle East correspondent for the American Universities Field Staff (AUFS). Asked to become Executive Director of the AUFS in 1968, he moved its headquarters from Manhattan to Hanover, NH where he served for ten years. In 1978, in semi-retirement, he took the job of director of the AUFS Center for Mediterranean Studies in Rome, Italy. In 1993, he and his wife returned to the family home in Randolph, and then moved to their retirement home in Hanover, NH, returning to Randolph for shorter summer visits.



Horton was a member of numerous boards, among them the American Friends of the Middle East, the Advisory Council for Middle East Studies (Princeton, chair), and several committees working on problems of reconciliation. In Rome, he was a warden of the Episcopal parish, chair of the Rome Committee of the Keats-Shelley



Memorial House, member of the Fulbright Commission, and trustee of the Anglican Centre in Rome. More recently he was a founding trustee and principal money-raiser for the American Friends of the Anglican Centre. His writings include articles for AUFS on the politics and society of the Middle East as well as a novel, "The Road to Ramallah."

Randolph figured largely throughout Alan's long life. As a young man, Alan worked for John Boothman (and alongside son Jack) on the crew that built the Horton family home in Randolph. He also spent several summers on the AMC hut crews, at both Madison and Lakes of the Clouds, where he used to sign the logbook as "Chops." That moniker went on to be used in the name of the extended family climbing group called "Camp Chops" on trips across the range, and in later years to the Alpine Gardens and other mountain lunch spots. Alan fished for many years with brother-in-law Norris Tibbetts, Jack Boothman, and others at locales in and around Randolph. He and Joan cherished the community of family and friends that make Randolph so important to so many of us.

Alan is predeceased by his wife of many years, Dorothy Joan (Ryder) Horton, always known as Joan, who died in 2010, and his siblings Alice Tibbetts and Margaret (Peggy) Grant. He is survived by a daughter Carol R. of Randolph; a son James M. of Hanover and wife Nancy, and grandchildren Jenna and Oliver; a son Edward (Ted) A. D. of Surrey, England and wife Zoe, and grandchildren Lily and Eliza; one sister Elizabeth (Betty) Breunig of Hanover NH; and many nieces, nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews.

An informal gathering to celebrate Alan's life will be held in the Randolph Town Hall from 4:30-6:30pm on Tuesday 25 August 2020.

Any donations in Alan's name can be sent to The Randolph Foundation, Treasurer, P.O. Box 283, Gorham, NH 03581.

Please send any remembrances to daughter Carol at chrhand@gmail.com or by regular mail at 144 Durand Rd, Randolph NH 03593.

Donna J. Cairns

Donna J. Cairns, age 80, died on Monday January 6, 2020, surrounded by her family after a long courageous battle with cancer.

Donna was born November 6, 1939, in Lancaster, New Hampshire on January 25, 1958, Donna married Bruce Cairns and together they raised three daughters, Deidra, Audrey and Bethany.

Donna was very involved in many activities and loved them all. These activities included volunteering in her churches in Gorham, New Hampshire and Springhill, Florida. She loved doing her puppet shows at the church and nursing homes. In later years, Donna took up the ukulele and enjoyed performing with her friends.

Donna was a talented crafter, she created pine needle baskets, and was involved in quilting and photography. She loved putting these works of arts in the Lancaster Fair where she received many blue ribbons.

Donna had many adventures with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, whether she was taking them fishing, bike riding, hiking or building forts. Donna loved sharing her and Bruce's camp at Maidstone Lake with friends and family, where all enjoyed swimming, kayaking or just playing games. Donna enjoyed taking her grandchildren and great-grandchildren to

the Audubon Society to share her love of birds and participate in the bird count.

Donna is survived by her loving husband of over 61 years, Bruce Cairns; daughters Deidra Gibson-Cairns and her husband Robert of Portland Oregon, Audrey Cairns and partner Ejike Esobe of Randolph, and Bethany Poulin and husband Louis of Berlin; grandchildren Nathan Cairns, Liam Cairns, Katharine Ashby, Niko Gibson, Kyle Poulin, Eli Gibson, and Nicole Nelson; great grandchildren Trinity, Liam, Emerson, Mackenzie, Luc, and Zae; brothers Dale Farrar and wife Lorraine, and Jamie Farrar and wife Linda; sister-in-law Becky Farrar; and many nieces and nephews. Donna was preceded in death by her mother Josephine Farrar, her father Almon Farrar, her brother Blaine Farrar, mother- and father-in-law Dora and William Cairns.

Funeral services will be held this summer at the Randolph cemetery.



Lydia Phippen Ogilby



Lydia Ogilby, a long-time Randolph summer resident, passed away peacefully at her home in Belmont, Massachusetts on November 1, 2019. She was 98. Lydia started visiting Randolph in the 1940's with her soon to be husband, John David Ogilby. Lydia was predeceased by her husband in 1966. Lydia would visit the Ogilby family at their cottage

named the Airplane because of its side porches. This cottage, originally a candy store located across the road from the Mt. Crescent House, burned in 1966.

Lydia spent most of the year in the Belmont area to pursue her career and manage the family vegetable farm. She owned a nursery school in East Boston

called Moms and Tots which is now a model pre-school at UMass-Boston. She received her master's in social work from Boston University and worked as a clinical social worker. Being in Randolph was her escape from the busy city pace.

Lydia enjoyed being active with various summer Randolph Mountain Club activities especially Charades. She was a dedicated swimmer in the Ravine House Pool and Durand Lake. Lydia's favorite adventures were hiking with her friends Eleanor Phinney and Eleanor Mudge, always with a warmup hike to Pine Mountain. The trio were not concerned about late hiking starts or an ambling pace. She enjoyed the thrill of driving the Mt. Washington Auto Road. A favorite place of hers to explore was the Alpine Garden near both Huntington and Tuckerman Ravines. The Sunday evening Hymn Sings which were started by her father-in-law decades earlier, were another event which she looked forward to attending.

On August 8, 2020 there will be a Celebration of Life reception for Lydia in the Randolph Town Hall from 2:30-4:30 pm.

How the Randolph Church Came About the Acquisition of a Ruggles Organ

By Story Slam 2019 by Arthur Wenk

For as far back as I can remember my family would come to Randolph for one week each summer to visit Miriam Sanders and hike in the White Mountains, often beginning our excursions at the Ravine House. On Saturdays we would enjoy Jack Boothman's buffet at Mount Crescent House, perhaps followed by square-dancing at Sugar Plum Farm. On Sundays we would attend services at Randolph Church, and when I gained sufficient skill on the organ, I joined the church's rotation of musicians.

In those days we played on a one-manual Estey reed organ, an undistinguished instrument at best. A reed organ employs the same principle for making sound that you use in holding a blade of grass edgewise between your thumbs and blowing across it. Sometimes I wondered whether blades of grass might have been preferable. But who I was to complain? The organ's wind system had recently been electrified so that you no longer had to pump with your feet to make the thing sound.

The organ's inadequacies became particularly apparent in hymn-playing. The congregation sang lustily but always behind the beat, and the poor reed organ was just too feeble to enforce the tempo. But pity the inexperienced organist who slowed down to keep with the congregation. They would just slow down more, and you'd be lucky to get through the hymn alive.

Things came to a head when Daphne Cross's funeral saw the entire population of Randolph attempt to cram into the small sanctuary. The pitiful reed organ was hopelessly overmatched. At the reception Hirsch Cross approached the head of the music committee, Heywood Alexander, and said, "That organ really isn't adequate for the church, is it?" Heywood, stifling a cough, diplomatically agreed. "How much would a pipe organ cost?" Hirsch inquired. When Heywood told him he said, "That much, eh?" echoing the sentiments of every church organ committee that has ever met.

A bit later Hirsch returned to Heywood and said, "Tell you what: I'll give you half." Heywood was too astonished to reply to this munificent offer from a man not known to have crossed the threshold of the church in many a year. Still later Hirsch came back to Heywood to say, "Hell. You're never going to be able to raise the other half. I'll pay for the whole thing."

Heywood got in touch with organ-builder Charles Ruggles and that is the story of how we have the magnificent two-manual tracker-action organ that has graced Randolph Church since 1997, subject only to occasional attacks by resident mice. And the hymn-singing has never been better.



Three Weekend Events Devoted To Benevolences

Sunday, July 26, 4:00 pm

- Linda Alexander with Leslie Stroud, flute, and Matthew Odell, Julliard pianist, Chamber Music at the home of Martha and Tim Sappington.

Sunday, August 2, 4:00 pm

- Randolph Church Concert, Susan Ferré with Charles Lang, viola da gamba and Baroque violoncello

Saturday, August 8, 4:00 pm

- Story Slam



Town of Randolph Coronavirus Response Plan New Hampshire State of Emergency

The primary goal of the State of New Hampshire and the Town of Randolph is to contain the coronavirus to the highest degree possible.

After a meeting of the Randolph Select Board, with our town Health and Safety Officers and representatives of the town Fire and Police Departments the following actions are put in place effective immediately. (March 18, 2020)

All non-governmental uses of town buildings is temporarily discontinued.

No non-essential persons will be allowed in town buildings.

All town office doors will be kept closed.

Communication with the Select Board will be by phone and then by appointment if direct contact is deemed necessary. (603-466-5771)

Lauren Bradley (907-242-9014) Michelle Cormier (603-915-3500) John Turner (603-723-1604)

Town clerk business will be conducted by phone, mail, and email. Tax payments or inquiries can be mailed to, or left in the drop box, at town hall and motor vehicle registrations will be processed using a form to be filled out by residents. This will enable the clerk to process the registrations without close contact with residents. The form will be made available on the town website and at town hall. (466-5771, 603-466-2606)

The town recommends that residents practice social distancing. The CDC recommends that people avoid social contact as much as possible, refrain from gathering in groups of more than 10, and when in contact remain at least 6 feet apart.

Residents who have been exposed to the Covid 19 virus and their entire household, will self-quarantine until 14 days after the last symptom is resolved.

Residents who need assistance in order to follow these recommendations should contact town hall for the names of volunteers who can assist. (466-5771)

All medical questions should be brought to your primary care provider or if not available to the New Hampshire Health Hotline (211).

Guidelines and information surrounding COVID-19 (coronavirus) are developing and evolving rapidly. This is the most recent information presented by the town of Randolph at the time of the printing this issue of the Mountain View.

What's Cooking in Randolph?

How Does a Midwestern Boomer Become a Vegan?

By Kathleen Kelley

Slowly! For my health, the health of the planet and for my adult children who embrace vegan living, I have been experimenting with vegan recipes. The culture of a vegan diet is hard to assimilate into my life even though my hunger is satisfied with every meal.

Hey, what's going on? My mom and her family lived long and healthy lives eating meat and potatoes. I am one of the 40% of overweight Americans struggling with heart disease and inflammation. It is affecting my lifestyle and longevity, so maybe I really should take a plunge. My cardiac doctor is vegan, two of my family members are vegan, friends are vegan, there are vegan restaurants and there are delicious vegan recipes. When I eat 12-13 servings of vegetables daily, I feel less pain. This vegan diet cannot be all bad.

But Mom and Mrs. Polling, my 4-H leader, said protein was essential at every meal. Protein is meat, eggs, fish, and chicken, right? Wrong! Protein can come from legumes, nuts, quinoa, buckwheat, rice, peas, etc. I will have to cheat on a vegan diet if I go out to dinner with Mark, right? Wrong! There are a few things I can carry in my purse that will make eating vegan at any restaurant easier. Vegan cooking is a challenge, but like a sudoku puzzle, I can do this.

There are a few things I need to remember. Drinking my weight in ounces of water is very important but it is even more critical because I am digesting more roughage. Bloating and indigestion are normal until one's body gets used to the diet because of the increased fiber. The vegan diet is not as complicated as it seems; I just need to be sure to eat a variety of foods every day. The vegan diet is not expensive; I eat what is in season and do not waste food. The vegan dinner, lunch, and breakfast each look different; there is more color, texture, and spice on my plate.

To help, I have created a "vision board" with meals to remind myself that though different, a vegan diet will equally satisfy and make it possible for me to enjoy being with my grandchildren.

Is anyone feeling the same?

Hummus Roasted Veg Wrap

roast peeled cubed butternut squash or sweet potato

roast peeled cubed beets

roast peeled carrots

(or use left-over roasted vegetables)

Mix vegetables lightly in harissa paste or siracha (this could be omitted)

Spread hummus over a tortilla wrap. Sprinkle some spinach leaves. Then top with the roast vegetables. Roll and eat. (An alternative to hummus is pesto.)



Carrie Aube Photo

How do you Keep'um Trekking?

A request from Renee Dunham

So how did you keep your young'uns trekking? With M&Ms? Word games? Will you share your creative tactics with me for the Story Slam this summer? Wouldn't it be cool to have a ready guide for the next parent whose young'un just doesn't want to walk any farther in the woods? You may send your ideas, your memories to Renee Dunham: rgdunham@icloud.com.

Thank you. I may need your help with my grandkids!



From the Selectmen's Office

Another Town Meeting has come and gone, and thanks to good weather conditions, we had a very good turnout. We would like to specifically thank Dr. John McDowell for making a brief presentation at the beginning of the meeting advising us on good practices in dealing with the Coronavirus outbreak. We all know to wash hands frequently and keep social distance but it was reassuring to hear from John about what symptoms to expect and how to deal with them.

At Town Meeting it was voted to revise the solar exemption to reduce from valuation the entire assessment of solar panels rather than the flat rate from the past. This will make valuation more equitable and encourage people to consider investing in solar.

We also passed a resolution affirming State law which governs public assembly. This allows the town to recoup costs incurred in the event of a gathering which requires town resources, such as fire department or police. The purpose of this is to reduce hazards at major assembly locations, such as the Motorcycle Memorial on Route 2, but could also apply to any major gathering which might have an impact on traffic safety.

The Town is currently updating its Emergency Operations Plan, a process that requires town participation in about six meetings to review our current plan and make changes as conditions require. We welcome all public participation in this process and are reaching out to you, the residents and taxpayers of Randolph to urge you to volunteer to work with us on this. If you are interested, please call the Town Office at 466-5771.

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

Note from the Town Clerk

Please be advised that the last date to change your party affiliation for the September State Primary is June 2, 2020



RMC Dance Band "Better Late Than Never" Bettina Blanchard, accordion; Sue Reeder, fiddle; Monica Mann, fiddle; Julie Gordon, accordion; Dexel Gordon, guitar, and Paul Cormier, Fiddle



Anne Kitson and Steve Snook



Photos of the "Cabin Fever Reliever" Dance, sponsored by RMC on March 7th at the Randolph Town Hall were taken by Barbara Arnold.



*First Boil 2020
Jenn Barton Scarinza*

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To:

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