

Mountain View



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

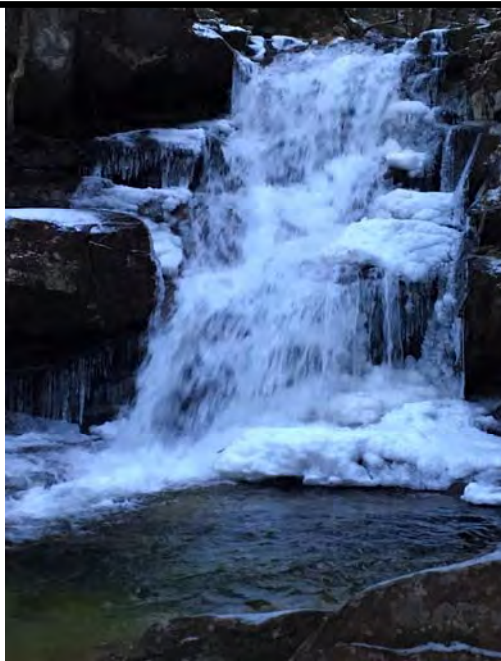


Mark MacDonald Photo

Thank goodness for the first snow. It is a reminder—no matter how old we became and how much we've seen, things could still be new if we are willing to believe they still mattered. *Candace Bushnell*



"What a great morning to be out!"
Sally Micucci Photo



Cold Brook Falls Freezes Over.
Dwight Bradley Photo



Clear skies for a walk on mountain
bike trails. Sally Micucci 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 grant from the Randolph Foundation makes these publications possible.

Laurie Archambault, Publisher

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Jim Hunt Final Proof Reader

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FOREST FIRE WARDEN Jeff Parker Burning Permits 662-4050
GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD SAU 20, 466-3632
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TRASH COLLECTION Must be at roadside by 7 am
 Trash - every Tuesday; Recycling, 1st Saturday of each month

December **24 Christmas Eve Caroling Service. Randolph Church, 4:00 pm**
8 Fire Department Christmas Party, Town Hall, 6 pm
15 Town Christmas Caroling Party, Coldbrook Lodge, 6:00 pm

WIER'S WEATHER WISE - Aug Thru Nov 16, 2018

Rainfall		Days with a Trace or More of Rain
Aug	4.73"	21
Sept	3.13"	11
Oct	2.83"	15
Nov	2.34"	8 (First 16 Days of The Month)
Total:	13.03"	

Snowfall		SWE *	Days with A Trace or More of Snow
Oct	18.7"	2.85"	12
Nov	21.1"	2.44"	8 (First 16 Days of The Month)

Temperature - Wind		Min	Peak
Max			
Gust			
Aug	88.3	46.6	Sw
29 Mph (29th)			
Sept	86.4	35.6	Wnw
35 Mph (3rd)			
Oct	78.3	23.5	W
41 Mph (16th)			
Nov	50.2	3.1	Sw
40 Mph (3rd)			
			Mph (13th)

Number of Days 80f or Above

Aug: 9; Sept: 5

Number of Days 32f or Lower

Oct: 13; Nov: 10 Thru Nov.16th*

Snow Water Equivalent (The Amount of Water You Get When The Snow is Melted)

Ted Weir of Randolph Hill Rd. is a weather hobbyist.



"Snow Pumpkin" Maria Neal Photo

Randolph Winter by Mary Clay Berry

John and I bought our house from Ben and Franny Minifree in the fall of 1980. Buying it at that point in our lives, with two young children and college tuitions looming in the future, was a bit of a stretch so we rationalized, "We'll use it in the winter as well as the summer. We'll ski and ski and ski."

But John Boothman built the house in 1904 as a summer house; no one had ever lived in it in the wintertime. It had no furnace, no insulation, no storm windows.

Never mind that! We hired Tom Bean to dig a hole under one end of the house and install a furnace. This was just after the oil crunches of the 1970s, so we put in a wood burning furnace, one that would kick over to oil if the wood ran out. That way we could ski for more than an hour at a time. Perfect!

To build this so-called basement, we had to demolish part of the wood shed. This meant that the only way into the basement was from the outside. But that didn't bother us; even if it was snowing, we were young and hardy.

We didn't want to do anything that would damage the house's beautiful interior, so we put the heating ducts under the house. There would be no heat above the first floor. But there was a big wood range in the kitchen, plus two fireplaces and a Franklin stove.

By now you're probably wondering, what were they thinking? John and I grew up in Tennessee and Kentucky respectively. We had no idea what a New England winter would be like.

However, I must have had a premonition because, at the last moment I bought a lot of electric blankets. We were all set for our first Randolph winter.

We wanted to share this experience, so we invited another family to join us. They had a daughter, a friend of our daughter, and a very small baby. To keep our son company, we invited his best friend to come, too. We arrived, four adults and five children of varying ages, on the evening of December 26.

We had the foresight to ask Jack Boothman to turn on the furnace a few days earlier so the house would warm up, in a manner of speaking. When we walked in that night, we found a note from Jack saying that the temperature Christmas night had been 25 below.

You will not be surprised when I tell you that the house wasn't very warm. But we lit a fire in the biggest fireplace and another in the wood range in the kitchen. We heated up some soup and ate it. The adults drank some bourbon. Then we ventured upstairs to make the beds.

It was very cold upstairs although some rooms were colder than others. The last beds I made were in the

room our daughter and her friend were to share, on the north side of the house. The room looked like a chamber in one of those Swiss hotels that are carved out of a glacier. Its walls were covered with several inches of ice.

That night we all went to bed without washing. I'm not even sure the children took off their clothes. The couple with the baby put a mattress and an electric blanket downstairs in front of the fireplace where they slept with the baby between them. They took turns getting up to put another log on the fire.

Over the next ten days, the house got a bit warmer. The kitchen became quite cozy and we spent a lot of time there. It was one of those Randolph winters that are very cold but not very snowy. Nevertheless, we all fastened on our cross-country skis and plunged into the surrounding woods, even the baby who was strapped to his father's chest.

And we worked out a routine for dealing with the chilly upstairs. We sat in front of the fire for as long as possible after dinner, playing Monopoly and I Doubt It, then we sent the children upstairs to turn on the electric blankets.

John had the worst of it for he had to get up and get the furnace going every morning. One day he met an ermine in the woodshed. The curious weasel followed him to the basement and watched while he stoked up the fire.

We had many chilly adventures and when the time came to leave, none of us wanted to go back to Virginia. And we didn't go because when we got up the next morning, it was 19 below and the car would not start.

John had read that on cold mornings in Alaska, people heated the oil in their cars to start them. So, he lit a camping stove, put it on a piece of wood, and carefully slid it underneath our car, keeping it well away from the gas line. Eventually the car started. Then we jump-started the other car and set out for home.

Since then we've spent portions of 38 winters in Randolph. Our house is snug and cozy and there's even heat upstairs. But every once in a while, someone will say wistfully, "Remember what an adventure going up to bed used to be?"

A July 2018 Story Slam



D Aube Photo



Art Of Steve Teczar Was On Display at Androscoggin Hospital

Steve Teczar of Randolph was the visiting artist with his beautiful paintings on display in the Androscoggin Valley Hospital Cafeteria until December 3 of this year.

Having retired from a 43-year career in art education, Steve and his wife relocated from St. Louis to Randolph, where he continues to apply his skills in the North Country environs. Such was his current display of paintings. He says, "The work I prepared for this show of New England subject matter is special to me because of direct contact and experience. I am inspired by nature and the formal elements of art and design."

Steve's paintings and drawings exhibit a variety of styles, techniques, and mediums. But, for a self-portrait, all are inspired by, but not duplicates of, scenes and images familiar to those of us who live and play in New England. He cites a Georgia O'Keeffe quote that informs his work: "I had to create an equivalent for what I felt about what I was looking at – not copy it."

Professor Emeritus of Art at Maryville University of Saint Louis, Steve has taught all levels of drawing, including seven years directing a study abroad program in Italy, teaching Drawing in Florence.

Every six weeks, the AVH Auxiliary Rotating Art Program features an artist and his/her work for display in the Hospital Cafeteria. Articles by Brad Wyman

Art of Randolph Art Group on display in the AVH Cafeteria

The Randolph Art Group is a group of friends who meet periodically to follow their passion for painting. (Some members are from Gorham or Shelburne, so one might say they are from Randolph In Name Only, or RINO.) From September 10 until October 22, 2018, eleven of these artists showed samples of their work on the wall in the Androscoggin Valley Hospital Cafeteria. Their paintings are an eclectic collection of oils,

watercolors, pastels, acrylics, and a collage. The subjects are as varied as the mediums and techniques, providing a fascinating variety of images and impressions.

Participating artists were Roberta Arbree, Dede Aube, Dorothy Borchers, Asa Brosnan, Ingrid Graff, Yvonne Jenkins, the late Harriet Krusyzna, Jean Malick, Jean Scolere, Greta Smithson and Steve Teczar.

For One Brief Shining Moment

By Jim Hunt

Perhaps two years ago, in the Fall, I was sauntering east with Shawnee on Pasture Path when a bright sparkling something in the trail caught my eye. I looked closer and found the tiny object to be a blue water bead, a round piece of colored glass roughly the size of a nickel, flat on the bottom and rounded on top. (You have, in all likelihood, seen them in flower jars or bowls.) When in direct sunlight the bead shines ever so brightly!

After thinking for a moment, I left the “vase gem” where I had found it—or it had found me. As I continued walking, I became aware of beads carefully hidden along the way: peeking from

under leaves, resting at the base of trees, embedded in the hollows of tree trunks, peeking out from under fallen leaves and so forth. Two other trails, The Short Circuit and Will’s Way, are also fertile territory for “the bead game,” which is also the title of a Herman Hesse novel.

When I reached the wide turn-around at the east end of Pasture Path Road, I found perhaps 50 to 100 beads scattered as though someone had thrown them. (My guess is a child.) I gathered them up, took them home, and they now rest in Barbie’s bathtub where an annoyed Ken reclines upon them. To this date I have no knowledge as to the original placement of the shining objects on Pasture Path.

That might be the end of the story, but it hasn’t been. I confess that I may be guilty of starting something. Yes, I rehid the beads remaining on the trail. Then someone else rehid them. And so forth. Hide and seek.

However, this frivolous game helped usher in a new perspective of “my back yard.” It occurred to me that rather than focusing in the typical fashion of my walks, where I might myopically, single-mindedly be striding from and returning to the house, for instance, I was, instead, paying closer attention to my surroundings. I was casting aside my built-in blinders and actually seeing the path I had been walking on for decades for the first time. For example, an “ancient,” rotting maple, broad at the base and slowly losing its upper-story, drew me to peer through two empty branch holes out into a hitherto unseen forest-scape. No longer was I in a hurry to go from start to finish. I was being mindful not only in the Buddhist sense but in a very natural, relaxed human sense.

So where does all of this leave us now? I’ve been approached by those who wonder where “the glass bead game” has gone or is now being played. I’ve also spoken to others who feel that Randolph’s paths should remain pristine, uncluttered by anything “unnatural” except for the ubiquitous trail markers. If we allow beads, who knows what will happen—perhaps miniature billboards or broadsides or leaflets or... Yes, I’m stretching things a bit. Innocent games will probably not descend into capital chaos.

And I don’t really think we have anything to worry about. After all, the miniature rock art of several years ago has disappeared. Perhaps, all we must do is to indulge, briefly, the bead game players and this too shall pass.



A Saturday Afternoon at the Opera

On Saturday, May 6, 2017, a rarity, the opera *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Franco Alfano, starring Roberto Alagna in the title role, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera. However, the performance was not made available as part of the Met Live in HD series, but only by a radio broadcast. Accordingly, a few members of the “Randolph Opera Group” gathered at the home of Ben and Arlene Eisenberg to watch a DVD video of the work. Attendees included Marie Beringer, Joan Rising, Nina and Bob Onaki, and Harriet and Bob Kruszyna. The production from the Montpellier (France) National Opera also starred Roberto Alagna. This performance dated from 2005. The cast included soprano Nathalie Manfrino as Roxane and tenor Richard Troxell as Christian.

Here is brief synopsis for those not familiar with the opera, or the play, or the Academy Award winning film of 1950. 1640. Cyrano is a brilliant swordsman, poet, wit, and critic of the hypocrisy of his fellow man. He also has a huge and ugly nose that makes him feel undesirable to women. Alas, he secretly loves his distant cousin, the beautiful and intellectual Roxane. She falls for Christian, a handsome new member of Cyrano’s regiment, and asks Cyrano to look after him. Christian is a clod, unable to say or write the beautiful sentiments to win her heart. Cyrano becomes his alter ego, writing the poetic love letters that enthrall Roxane. Roxane and Christian are secretly married, but de Guiche, an aristocrat who desires Roxane, orders the regiment to the battlefield to prevent the consummation of the marriage. Christian is killed in the battle, leaving Cyrano with his forbidden secret.

Fifteen years later. Roxane is in a convent where Cyrano visits her every day with the current gossip. On his way, Cyrano is ambushed by the enemies he has called out, and fatally wounded. In his meeting with Roxane, he asks to read Christian’s last letter to her (which he wrote). As he reads, it becomes evident to Roxane that Cyrano was the soul she had loved all along and she expresses her love. Cyrano dies happily in her arms.

Bob provided the following introductory remarks: “Poor Franco Alfano! His principal claim to fame is that he helped compose an opera by a much more famous composer. When Giacomo Puccini died in 1924, he left the final scene of *Turandot* unfinished, leaving only a few sketches and some indications of

orchestration. At the recommendation of Arturo Toscanini, the reigning Italian maestro of the day, Puccini’s publisher, Ricordi, commissioned Alfano to complete the piece. After much meddling by both Toscanini and Ricordi, Alfano did just that, basically recycling bits of Puccini’s music from earlier in the opera. At the premiere in 1926, still not satisfied, Toscanini put down his baton at the point where Puccini had left off. Subsequent performances utilized Alfano’s conclusion, at least for a few years. Recently, other composers have played around with it, including Luciano Berio, the 12-tone specialist. So nowadays, who knows whose hand is at work.

Enough about Puccini! Let’s move on to Franco Alfano and his oeuvre. Alfano (1876-1954) was a member of the group of Italian composers who, in the late 19th, early 20th Centuries, took over Italian opera and wrote in the “verismo” style. Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Cilea, Zandonai, and on occasion Puccini himself. While “verismo” translates as realism, there are very few operas by these composers that reflect ordinary people. It is the musical style that defines “verismo”: melodramatic plots, lush orchestration, passionate vocalism.

Of the 13 or 14 operas composed by Alfano, three have managed to gain occasional performances, invariably in Italy. One would be hard-pressed to recognize that the three were written by the same composer. The earliest, *Risurrezione* from 1904, based on the novel by Tolstoy, is a classic tearjerker in the verismo style. In our time, it has been championed by the legendary soprano, Magda Olivero. I have a 1972 recording from Italian radio featuring her that I have recently committed to CD. Olivero performed well into her ‘70’s and died in 2014 at the age of 104!

1921 saw the premiere of *La Leggenda di Sakúntala*, based on a Sanskrit play from the 5th Century BC. It is a mystical, symbolic work, unrelated to “verismo.” It is more akin to the operas based on the work of the Symbolist playwright, Maurice Maeterlinck: Debussy’s *Pélleas et Mélisande* and Dukas’ *Ariane et Barbe-bleu*, or Roussel’s *Padmavati*. It is a “modern” piece, almost contemporary with Alban Berg’s *Wozzeck*. I have a recording from Italian radio dating from the 1970’s.

Cyrano de Bergerac, is different from the previous two. Dramatically, but not musically, it is a throwback to the Romanticism of the mid-19th Century. Edmond Rostand's verse play, which first appeared in 1897, is itself an anomaly. The turn of the 20th Century witnessed a great ferment in artistic matters. Impressionist and Expressionist painting, plays by Ibsen and Oscar Wilde, novels by Zola and Proust. Rostand's play – sentimental, heroic, somewhat corny – does not fit into that turbulent era. Nonetheless, it was, and is, a hit – as popular as the best of Shakespeare's plays. Perhaps you saw the 1950 film starring Jose Ferrer, using Brian Hooker's celebrated blank verse translation. That had quite an effect on me, as I was in the throes of my first adult romance at the time. One critic disparaged the play, "unblushing sentiment, unstinting gallantry, unending heroics". Perhaps, but wonderful escapist entertainment at a sophisticated level.

Alfano's operatic version pretty much takes over the play wholesale, although his French librettist, Henri Caïn, had to condense five acts into three. So there

are some cuts and a couple of characters are combined (as in the film). The libretto, in the original French, is a free adaption of Rostand's verse. The premiere at the Teatro Reale, Rome, in 1936, was sung in Italian, but most subsequent productions have been sung in French, as is the current Met version. The piece has become a popular vehicle for tenors. The current Met production was mounted in 2005 at the behest of Plácido Domingo. Our video featured another popular Met tenor, Roberto Alagna, who sang it on the Met stage."

Opera is alive in Randolph!

Bob Kruszyna
Oct 2018

May 2017/ revised & completed

Excerpted from ON THE ROAD TO SAMARKAND,
Misanthropic Musings on Mountains, Music, and
Mankind, in preparation.



At the opening Reception at Randolph Town Hall of the annual Bach Festival, Tim Sappington created simple "sets" for a little play about young Handel practicing in the attic against his father's will, then subsequent trip to Weissenfels Chapel where the Duke recognized the child's talent (behind the mask) and offered to pay for Handel's music lessons.

Susan Ferré Photos





Randolph Remembers ...

Bea Alexander

Beatrice Sanderson Alexander died peacefully at her home at Kendal, Hanover, New Hampshire on November 5, 2018. Bea was born in New York City and raised in Greenwich, Connecticut. She graduated from Greenwich Academy and Smith College, where she majored in music. Bea married James Heywood Alexander, and attended Wellesley College during her senior year. She was a devoted and loving mother to Lucy, Linda, Jim and Betsy.

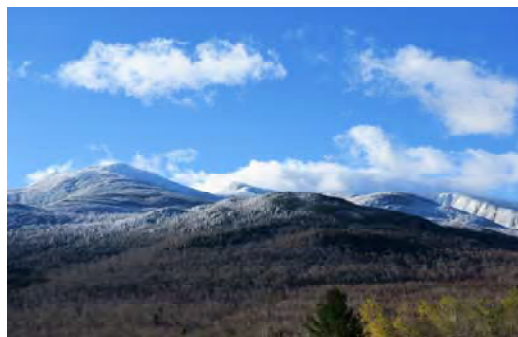
After several years in Amherst, Massachusetts followed by a year in France, the family moved to New York, and then to Cleveland, Ohio, where Bea lived for over 35 years. The Arts were central to Bea's life. She was an accomplished musician, was an alto soloist for a number of Cleveland churches and choral groups, and studied voice, piano and guitar. Bea was very active in the community. She was involved with the Cleveland Music School Settlement for many years and served as Board Chairperson. She was also actively involved with the Musart Committee of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Young Audi-

ences, and the Cleveland Chamber Music Society. Bea taught music at the Hathaway Brown School for fifteen wonderful years. She developed the Orff program for younger grades at the school, an approach to music education which combines music, movement, drama and speech.

Bea loved spending time with family and enjoyed the outdoors. Tennis, hiking – especially in Randolph, New Hampshire, biking and travel were favorite activities. Bea and Heywood enjoyed a number of walking and biking trips, both in the United States and Europe. In 2000, Bea spent several weeks with family exploring the Dordogne Valley in southwestern France. March was a time for enjoying the sun and exploring the beaches on Sanibel Island, Florida. Summertime always involved spending time with family and friends in Randolph.

Upon retirement, Heywood and Bea moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, where Bea was involved with activities at Kendal, Northern Stage, and Christ Church at Dartmouth College. Painting, both in oil and pastels, became an increasingly important part of Bea's life. Painting provided a new window to see and connect with the world. Bea's paintings were enjoyed by others at exhibitions held in Randolph, Norwich Vermont, and in Hanover, where she lived in her later retirement years. We will remember Bea for her artistic spirit, the love and support she provided to those around her, her sense of humor and her zest for life.

There will be a celebration of Bea's life held at the Randolph Church on Saturday, August 3rd at 10:30 am.



...Deborah Scott Stewart



Deborah Lamber-ton Scott died peacefully in her sleep near Portland, Oregon, on the morning of August 20, 2018. She was 86 years old.

Deborah was born on December 22, 1931,

in Darien, Connecticut. Her father, Philip Gordon Scott, was a minister in the United Church of Christ. Her mother was Susan Sumner Scott (nee Storke).

Deborah's love of Randolph began in 1945, when her parents purchased Windleblo Cottage, one of several cottages clustered around the Mount Crescent House at the top of Randolph Hill Road.

Deborah, her older brother, Philip, and her younger sister, Gail, grew up hiking in the White Mountains every summer. They were part of a generation of Randolph hikers that included a fellow named John "Jack" Stewart, who befriended the Scott sisters. Deborah participated in Randolph Mountain Club hikes, attended the Randolph Annual Picnic, and swam in the Ravine House Pool. She enjoyed square dances at the Boothman Barn.

At the end of August each year, the Scott family would return to their home in New Haven, Connecticut. Their father was the lead pastor of the Congregational church from 1936 to 1949. The Scott sisters grew up in a literary household, where reading, word games and big dictionaries were popular.

Deborah was only 16 when she graduated from the Prospect Hill School in New Haven. She graduated from Mount Holyoke College in 1952 with a BA in English and earned a degree from New Haven State Teacher's College.

In the summer of 1952 she met David J. Ernsberger, a graduate of Wesleyan College and a student at Yale Divinity School. They married on August 29, 1953, in New Haven.

They had three children: Paul Roos Ernsberger, born 1956 in Yonkers, New York; Daniel Livermore Ernsberger, born 1958 in Saginaw, Michigan; and Gail Scott Ernsberger, born 1962 in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The family moved frequently. Once all the children reached school age, Deborah returned to the classroom as an elementary school teacher. In the 1970s, she earned a master's degree in special education from the University of Texas and taught in various elementary schools in the suburbs of Minneapolis into the early 1990s.

When her marriage ended in divorce in 1986, Deborah became active in a variety of social organizations, including Woodswomen, a group that organized outdoor adventures. She participated in canoe trips, cross-country ski trips and completed a triathlon.

In 1997, Deborah married John "Jack" Stewart, a Princeton graduate whom she had known from the Randolph summers of her youth. By then Jack was a widow and had retired from the Physics Department at the University of Virginia-Charlottesville.

Deborah and Jack spent many happy years together, traveling every summer to Randolph. They were active in the Randolph Mountain Club and Deborah volunteered at the Randolph Library. They enjoyed taking Jack's dog for walks along Randolph Hill Road.

Shortly after Jack died in 2007, Deborah relocated to a retirement community in a suburb of Portland, Oregon, to be close to her daughter, Gail. She enjoyed living at the Springs of Tanasbourne, where she participated in a book club, poetry group, swim aerobics, and group excursions. She once described her new dwelling as "a cruise ship on land." She faithfully read the New Yorker and The New York Times, even when memory challenges led her to read articles several times. She still recognized her children and friends at the time of her passing.

Deborah is survived by her children: Paul of Cleveland, Ohio; Dan of Forest Hills, New York; and Gail E., of Portland, Oregon; and six grandchildren: Tim, Henry, Scott, Bianca, Eddy, Nathan and Stanley.

A memorial service will be held at the Randolph Church at 11:30 am on July 19 followed by a reception at the Randolph Town Hall. Donations in her name may be made to the Randolph Foundation or the Randolph Mountain Club.



Planning for Celebration 2024

The Town of Randolph, NH will celebrate its bicentennial in 2024! The Randolph Foundation is leading a collaborative planning effort to prepare for a fitting and memorable celebration that summer. A kick-off meeting was held at Guy Stever's house on August 11, 2018 to begin brainstorming about potential themes and activities. Many people throughout the community have been sharing ideas for the celebration. We hope you will share your ideas too, and volunteer to lead or participate in some aspect of this important historic occasion.

Based on the input we've received to date, we've divided the planning work into two categories:

Long term projects: these are initiatives that will take several years to complete. Each project needs a team of people to lead it. Does one strike your interest?

Bicentennial Design: Run a design contest next summer (2019) so we can create posters, t-shirts, pins, decals.

House-related project: tell the story of Randolph homes. Building on existing resources, this project would focus on the history of all kinds of houses throughout town. (So far, Guy Stever, Randy Meiklejohn, Franklin Stone Wenk, and Judy Hudson).

Stories: The Story Slam stories are on YouTube, and lots of other stories have been shared in the Mountain View over the years. This group would focus on collecting more, and compiling, our community's stories. (So far, Sarah Gallop, Julianne and Barry Johnston, and Mary Berry).

Community Quilt: Add to the existing one at Town Hall or create a new one. (So far, Carol Doyle and Barbara Arnold).

Historical District Designation: Could we apply for this designation? (So far, Tim Sappington and Lauren Bradley).

Establish a Randolph Historical Society (it's about time!)

Town Signs: Develop a temporary town sign or use the old hiker sign for the bicentennial celebration.

Art Exhibit: Collect historic art and photographs and/or run a contest. Have a pre-Fourth of July opening reception, and then display all summer. Work with the Randolph Art Show organizers and Friends of the Public Library.

Bicentennial Headquarters: identify a center of operations.

August 2024 weekend celebration: we'll need two co-chairs to be the overall organizers of the culminating weekend. And, we'll need individuals to be in

charge of each of the celebration components. Are you interested? Here are the potential activities:

- Parade
- Randolph Olympics and kids' activities
- Rendezvous
- Softball game
- Old fashioned charades with period costumes
- Hymn sing
- Community supper
- Square dance
- Fireworks
- Social media and communications



Gail Scott Sleeman and Deborah Scott Stewart at the Mossy Glen 2010 Rendezvous.

Other Ideas to Consider: would you like to lead any of these?

Create a Bicentennial postcard

Organize a Bicentennial concert

Create a commemorative bronze coin like we did for the Sesquicentennial

Put on an auction of donated paintings and pictures to benefit Randolph nonprofits

Work with USPS to create a souvenir Randolph, NH Bicentennial postmark

Represent Randolph in the Gorham, NH Fourth of July parade

Create an updated "Randolph Old and New"

Implement an important community project (bridge, bench, memorial place, etc...)

Exhibits and displays of historical items

New ideas are welcome as we continue our planning process. Ultimately, the final group of activities will depend on the interest of volunteers — which we think will be strong! Please be in touch with either one of us to share more ideas or to volunteer.

We look forward to working with all of you on these exciting plans.

Sarah Gallop (seg@mit.edu) and Guy Stever (gstever@ne.rr.com) Co-Chairs, Randolph 2024 Celebration, Randolph Foundation

Renee Dunham

On September 15, the occasion of Renee Dunham's 80th birthday, a contra dance celebration was held at the Randolph Town Hall. Michele Cormier wrote Randolphian words to the song "The Hills are Alive" from the musical The Sound of Music.

Happy Birthday, Renee

(with apologies to the Sound of Music)

Hiking in moonlight with headlamps a-flickerin'
Snowshoes in winter with hand knitted mittens
Swimming in rivers without bathing suits
As long as you're wet, it is always a hoot

Growing some rhubarb especially for pies
Watching the stars lighting up the night skies
Walking the hill road and meeting old friends
Why must the summer always end?

When a bird sings
When the phone rings
"Do you want to play?"

We always remember our favorite things
And that really makes our day

We're off to Marie's to take up some dancing
Bowing and swinging with both feet a-prancing
Brushing out trails and painting new blazing
Making new friends with stories amazing

Skyping the grandkids and sending them kisses
Dressed for Charades as Japanese misses
Meeting the crew every year at the Fourth
Hearing the RMC Prez holding forth

Projects can wait
It's a perfect day
"That sounds like a plan!"

We always remember our favorite things
Because we know that we can



Angela Brown was honored for 10 years of non-profit service and for her wider contributions to music making in the community by Music in the Great North Woods. The award was presented at the Opening Reception of the Big Moose Bach Fest, Labor Day Weekend, Friday evening at Randolph Town Hall, by President of the Board, Betsy Hess.

From the Selectmen's office

PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE IN TRASH PICK UP FOR THE HOLIDAY WEEK

MONDAY DEC. 24 (NOT TUESDAY)

MONDAY DEC 31 (NOT TUESDAY)

We welcome your participation in the town's review of our Hazard Mitigation Plan, a series of workshop meetings monthly through May 2019. Our Jan meeting is scheduled for Jan 16 at 6:30 pm. Please join us.

We want to provide you with an update on plans for the Durand Road reconstruction project. We had hoped to have our plans complete by the end of this year and a proposal ready for your consideration at Town Meeting in March. However, the surveying and preliminary planning is moving more slowly than we expected. We prefer to have our plan complete, and options fully explored before we bring it to the voters. In the meantime, we hope you make comments on how you would like to see the project completed prior to our final submission to you, the voters. We are already looking at expanding parking at the Ravine House Pool site to accommodate swimmers and other summer users.

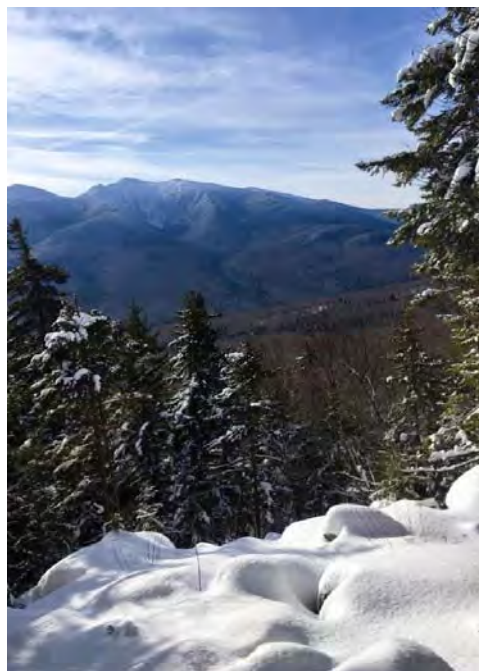
Contractors have performed borings to test the sub-surface of the roadway, and we are awaiting their report on how the sub-gravels meet NHDOT specs. The survey is complete. Due to the history of the road, we are unsure if it is a deeded 4 rod (66 feet) or 3 rod (49.5 feet) right of way. We will err on the side of caution and prepare our plans using the narrower width. Some homes already exist very close to the right of way and we do not want to disturb anyone more than necessary.

Our plan is to strip the existing pavement, rock rake to a depth of "to be determined" inches, re-fill with either new materials or re-grind pavement, compact that surface, and prepare for re-paving.

We hope the design stage will be ready for our review by February and completed construction documents prepared in late spring along with permits as required by NHDES. At that time we may hold preliminary public meetings to apprise you of the status of the project. It is important that we hear from you prior to bringing it to the voters at Town Meeting. Late summer we will solicit proposals so we can determine a budget and arrange financing.

As you may know we have already put aside a significant amount into the Road Reserve funds (approximately \$875,000) but we fully expect to have to bond the remaining cost. This will require a 2/3 vote of those present at Town Meeting. We have consulted with several members of the public and will continue to request input from both year-round and summer residents as the planning proceeds. If you have concerns or observations to share, please call us at any time.

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



Sally Miccuci Photo



Christmas Eve Carol Service will be held at the Randolph Church, 4 PM, 12/24/18; all are welcome



"Winter is an etching, spring a water-color, summer an oil painting and autumn a mosaic of them all."

Stanley Horowitz

Right: "Fall Rain" 18" square oil pastel and colored pencil on paper. Steve Teczar, Copyright 2018



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To:

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