

Mountain View



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



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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.

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

Wier's Weather Wise

May 18, 2020 Thru August 25, 2020

Rainfall		Days with A Trace or More of Rain	
May	0.37"	2	(Last 6 days of Month)
June	3.90"	14	
July	7.37"	19	
Aug.	2.56"	11	(First 22 days of Month)
Temperature		Wind	
	Maximum	Minimum	Peak Gust
May	90.7F (27th)	26.2F (9th)	NW 32 Mph (13th)
Jun	89.2F (19th)	33.4F (1st)	SSE 30 Mph (10th)
July	88.6F (19th)	2.8F (16th)	NNW 45 mph (8th)



This has been a very warm summer with 40 days above 80F. May- 5 days; June- 9 days; July- 19 days; Aug- 7 days to date.

On July 14th we experienced a major rainfall Of 4.16" most of it falling within a 5hr and 38min period. In addition, several periods of hail were observed between 9am and 11am along with quite a bit of cloud to cloud and cloud to ground lightening. Very little wind observed.

1.10" fell between 7:10am and 8:14am
1.92" fell between 8:14am and 8:51am
1.07" fell between 8:51am and 12:48pm
0.07" fell between 5:00pm and 8:00pm

STORM TOTAL: 4.16"

Randolph Sales All Sales between 05/06/2020 & 08/18/2020

Location	Grantor	Grantee	Date
05/06/2020	25 Randolph Hill Rd.	Eisenberg, Ben/Arlene	Michael & Debra Radice
05/22/2020	S/S Randolph Hill Rd.	Kenyon, William W.	Maple View LLC
07/16/2020	1395 US Rt. 2	Bader, Curtis/Nh Off	Northern Ridge Prop. LLC
07/22/2020	S/S Us Rt. 2	Robert C. Potter Tru	Jeremiah Johnson
07/22/2020	N/S Pinkham B Rd.	Robert C. Potter Tru	Jeremiah Johnson
07/29/2020	27 Woodspring Rd.	Currier, Kathleen M.	Evan Jalbert
07/29/2020	1299 Us Route 2	Cairns Family Revoca	Nathan & Carisa Cairns
07/29/2020	801 Valley Rd.	Scarinza, John K.	Garrett Rella
07/30/2020	260 Randolph Hill Rd.	Kenyon, William W.	Maple View LLC

Permits as of Aug 18

Name	Map	Lot	Description
Joshua and Ariel Cusson	R11	79 2	Decks
Mark Santos	R14	19B	Driveway
Aaron & Sarah Safford	U12	2B	Workshop/ Shed
Christopher Hawkins	R10	30	Garage
Aiden Wiggan	U7	2	Garage
John P Odom	U5	11	Garage
Elizabeth Maddock Dillon	R14	6	Tent Plat- form/shed
Doug Mayer	U4	9	House

Notice: Due to the virus, we sadly decided to cancel our event on August 25 to celebrate the life of our father, Alan W. Horton; however, we plan to reschedule it next year, in 2021, probably at the same tme, place, and date. The family of Alan Horton

2020 Story Slam: Different — and Fun!

The Coronavirus kept The Randolph Foundation and the Randolph Church from hosting the 2020 Story Slam in person at the Randolph Church, but 46 people joined on Zoom to hear stories and memories about Randolph. Doug Mayer, Mary Adams, Betsy Rising Segura, Bill Minifie, Sarah Gallop, Anne Barschall, Guy Stever, Barbara Arnold, Steve Hartman, and Renee Dunham shared funny, interesting, and poignant reflections.

A reminder that we would typically ask for donations to the Randolph Church Benevolence Fund at the annual Story Slam. If you would like to support the work of area human service agencies as they assist local families and individuals, please go to <http://randolphchurchnh.org/benevolence-fund/> to learn more about the nonprofits and how to contribute.

Here is the first page of the Story Slam Zoom video — looking good everyone!



Jenn Scarinza, Caesar Bryan, and Barb Phinney have already signed up for next year! Let us know if you would like to reserve a spot for the 2021 Story Slam. You can watch four years' worth of Story Slams on the Randolph Foundation YouTube channel (Google it).

Sarah Gallop- President, The Randolph Foundation, Board Member, the Randolph Church
Bill Minifie- Secretary, the Randolph Church

She Calls Him Ed!

Mary Adams Story Slam 2020

When my daughter Sarah was four years old, we spent two weeks at the Wiley summer cottage in northern New Hampshire. After an early supper we would walk down Randolph Hill Road. One evening we were approached by an elderly couple. They stopped and introduced themselves as Beth and Ed. Sarah then said, "Beth and Ed, don't you know you should not walk in the middle of the road? It is dangerous- you could be hit by a car!" Quickly they moved over to the side. Beth said they had known about cars, and Ed thanked her for reminding them.

Later I mentioned to my father-in-law that we had met his neighbors Beth and Ed. He thought for a moment then said, "They were Beth and Ed Purcell." He went on to say that Edward Purcell had been awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics in the early 1950's.

The following weekend we went to the annual Charade, a summer event which has taken place in Randolph for decades. There were three teams- the Hill, the Midlands, and the Valley. Each team chose a word and then in several elaborate scenes acted out the word. These charades had dialogue, props, singing and music. Examples of past words are "euthanasia, Pulaski, onomatopoeia, syzygy and pantomime.

We sat in the lovely natural amphitheater waiting for the show to begin. Sarah, sitting to my right, was facing backward looking up hill. She started waving and said, "Oh look, there are Beth and Ed." I turned around. Dr. and Mrs. Purcell were leaning forward smiling and waving to Sarah. I turned to my husband Andy on my left and said, "She is four years old. Not only did she scold a Nobel Laureate, she calls him Ed!"

A Steady Stream

A Sarah Eusden Gallop Story Slam 2019

During the period from 1971 to 1978, my brothers Alan and Dyk Eusden, and a group of close family friends served on the RMC trail and camp crews each summer. Since we lived directly across Route 2 from the Amphibrach trailhead (the start up to Crag Camp and Gray Knob), and right next to the Ravine House Pool, our house served as a hub of hospitality and sustenance for the crews.

There was a steady stream of young men (and some pioneering women) coming to our home for iced tea, a meal, a hot shower, and a welcome diversion from their arduous work. This was long before Stearns Lodge existed or any other official gathering place for the crew in the Valley.

I was between 10 and 16 during that time (and the youngest of my siblings) and I remember being in awe of these incredibly strong and hardworking people. They were like heroes to me — out clearing the trails every day and hauling their heavy packs up to the huts.

It was very exciting because we never knew who would be arriving at our house at any given time. The sound of Limmers on the steps could bring either of my brothers, Jeff Bean, Hawley Rising, Paul Bradley, Will Woodruff, Ben Campbell, Betsy Rising, Beth Beringer, Davis Woodruff, Fred Beringer, Brad Meiklejohn, or Bill Rising. Some we saw some much more than others, but all would eat, drink, and rejuvenate. I remember that Davis Woodruff ate more food than anyone else. When Davis started walking up our long path (before our driveway was put in), my mother would see him coming and worry whether we had enough food for him.

We had so many crew members constantly seeking hospitality that someone finally bought my parents, John Eusden (who served as the RMC President during part of this time) and Josie Eusden, a framed print that read, in part:

**CONTINUOUS LUNCH
All Night! All Day!
All temperaments suited**

This print still hangs today in our house next to the kitchen, which was, of course, the focal point for the crew members' visits.

Even though it was over 40 years ago, I still have some particularly vivid memories from this period.

First, there was the iced tea. It wasn't made from tea bags — it was that granular Lipton iced tea mix, loaded with sugar — and we drank gallons of it. My mother was always making iced tea. There was always iced tea in our refrigerator. To me it was the smoothest, coolest, most refreshing drink ever.

Then there were the butterscotch brownies with chocolate chips — my mother's specialty. She was constantly making brownies, and everyone knew it. A new batch would last only a couple of hours.

Probably the most lasting impression I have from that time was the unforgettable aroma combination of body odor and Woodsman's bug dope. I can conjure it up right now. All those young men smelled of it. That smell always reminded me of summer — honestly, that smell was summer to me. Later on in life, when I began dating, I was shocked to learn that all men didn't smell like that.

Finally, very often, the crew members would sleep over at our house. We had five bedrooms, but there were six of us in the family, so the crew had to sleep out in the living room. They would spread out all over the rug in sleeping bags and assorted blankets and listen to 8-track music tapes. My room was the first one off the living room and I would listen to them talk and laugh. I always wished I could sleep out there with them and I will never forget when I was finally allowed to do so once. I was over the moon — nothing could be as exciting as sleeping in a room full of young men smelling like body odor and Woodsman's.



The sights, sounds, tastes, and aromas of summer may have evolved for me over the decades, but how wonderful that Randolph is a place where we can employ all of our senses as we experience the beauty and community of our little slice of heaven.

Editors Note: Due to a layout issue this article appeared only in part in the June issue of the Mountain View.

Front Page Photos

1. Empidonax Flycatcher happily singing away at one of the beaver ponds on the Presidential Rail Trail by Merritt Gifford
2. View, Photo by Beth Kruzi RMC
3. A Stone Fence, Photo by Howie Wemyss RMC
4. View, Photo by Franklin Stone Wenks RMC
5. Randolph Sign, Photo by Lizzie Penney RMC
6. Roberta Arbree & Robert Potter say "goodbye" in antique car driven by Rich Wallingford, by Jenn Scarinza

Hello Up North from Down Here in Tlayacapan, State of Morelos, Mexico!

2020 Story Slam by Betsy Rising Segura

I have a couple of brief and not so spectacular notes, not exactly a story. They revolve around what I have learned in Randolph and carry around with me to this day. A few may be qualified as just a little sinful.

I learned the power of persuasion from my father on a hike to Glen Boulder. It is the first hike I remember. I had just turned four so of course I remember being three and the big LaFuma pack with large cans of Hawaiian Punch. I got grumpy and he kept telling me "it's right around the bend" ...always around the next corner. The art of persuasion.

I learned to be prepared, you never know when you will need that flashlight for coming out of the woods after dark or how many times you might need it. Our family got rather good at coming down late in the day. Buy stock in batteries!

I learned how to drive on the Pinkham B-road, on that very straight part between Randolph East and Route 2. Back and forth, 3-point turns and absolutely never, ever, any traffic...in a huge green station wagon and a red convertible VW bug. I am still driving way too many kilometers and I even had a VW bug down here for many years, there are just not so many three-point turns.

I learned to steal. At the time, I was just picking up a rock here, a piece of mica there. But I somehow have a whole trunk full of rocks from years of hikes. I am not quite sure how I got them all down here. However, the statute of limitations has long gone by.

I learned how to share. I was feeling a little lonely one night at Crag, even though I was amid about 15 Boy Scouts and their brave leader. Sitting on a rock watching the clouds roll through the valley I was suddenly surrounded by these boys and we all had cups of Swiss Miss to feel better. I found out quickly it was my own hot chocolate mix. But it did make us feel better especially since that same night Crag was struck by an amazing bolt of lightning.

Almost last but not least, I learned the art of deception. I have a lilac plant down here. It has not bloomed yet. Boy do I miss that smell. I am sorry to admit that it was smuggled in, illegal, maybe the butterfly effect with bugs. I do not know, but it is done. It came in as a sandwich, leaves between two pieces of bread, years ago. I promise to never do it again.

Next is not something I learned but a story that has stayed with me, carried around in my music particularly while playing Strauss. One August night at Crag, Tad, Dwight, probably Alan and a few others came up to Randolph and we all climbed above tree line to catch the falling stars. I think Tad had a kitten in his shirt. The reason this is so memorable for me is that I just had to bring along my radio, the live from Tanglewood broadcast that night was to include Til Eulenspiegel with a great horn part. This is a fun piece. I have played it a bunch of times since, always with those shooting stars in mind.

Lastly, I learned how to space out in good way. If many of you did that just now, I totally understand. With all the due respect in the world for going to the church in Randolph, I would always catch myself absorbed in looking out the windows. Yes, I would be listening but also spacing out with the changing colors of green over the summer.

No more rocks, no more lilacs, no more Swiss Miss, most likely no more Til Eulenspiegel and hopefully less driving. Almost surely more hours of watching the wind in the leaves and guaranteed that whatever is coming my way is just around the bend.

Randolph, I miss you! Saludos y abrazos from Tlayacapan.



Here is a picture of the view from my house in Tlayacapan; I am very lucky to have interesting mountains, if I can't get to Randolph...even still, missing the hills and my mother very much.

What the Year-round Folk get up to When the Summer People Leave for the Season

A Bill Minifie 2020 Story Slam

If you know Randolph at all you might be aware that there can be a slight tension between the summer people and the year-rounders. Nothing is really ever said but I have a feeling that the year-rounders sometimes wonder if the summer people are really entitled to come up here and soak up the wonderful warmth of the sun when they have not endured the long and harsh winters. Just not fair!! And this year with the Corona Virus running rampant it seemed a little like the summer folk's arrival was being postponed. This might have been because of the fear of catching the dreaded Covid 19 or maybe it was because the year-round people did not want their off-season activities interrupted by the meddlesome summer folk.

There are three rumors about what the year-round folk get up to when all the summer people have finally left for the season. I have heard only three and I know they are only rumors but it makes one wonder.

Here is the first rumor: Up near the far side of the paddle court, behind the old playhouse, there is a rusted storm door pretty much set right into the ground. I have seen the door but it has a serious lock on it and there is no way I can open it. But what I have heard is that when the first snow falls and all the summer folk have finally vamoosed, that door is unlocked and pretty much the whole town goes down there. Apparently, there is a huge high-ceilinged area about the size of a football field, the floor of which is covered with mattresses. The place is lit with soft ambient light, and romantic music is played through an excellent sound system. As you enter the place you are required to remove all your clothing and your cell phone is put in a lock-box—actually designed by Al Gore—and once done you are encouraged to grab one of the huge sponges that are floating in massive vats of Mazola oil (seasoned with maple syrup) and slather your entire body with the oil and syrup. Then you join your fellow year-rounders on the mattresses for a winter-long orgy. Of course, you do not spend the entire winter there, chores must be done, but the place is open 24/7. Of course, this is only a rumor but I once overheard at the tea, no less, one year-rounder murmuring to another: “Ah Mazola, can't come soon enough.”



The second rumor I have heard is that up near the community trail at the top of Randolph Hill Road there is a clearing that has been camouflaged with some old pine branches. If you scrape away some of the branches you can see a tiny railroad track covered with pine needles. The rumor is that there is a small locomotive along with three train cars that are stored during the summer in the Kenyon Barn. After all the summer folk have left, this small engine is towed up to the community trail and the cars are attached. This coal-fired train can carry about 30 people and apparently it chugs its way into the forest about a mile past the Pond of Safety.

At the end of the tracks there is a massive camouflaged building that is so beautifully hidden it is really impossible to see unless the little train takes you right to the front door. Inside is a huge casino with crap tables, roulette wheels, slot machines and the like. The place is lit with miles of neon and flashing lights. There are male and female pole dancers everywhere. It is a gambler's delight. Scantly clad host and hostesses tempt the guests with lovely tea sandwiches and a huge assortment of beer and liquor and the like—all for the asking. I only found out about the place because once I was in the waiting room at a doctor's office in Berlin and I saw a copy of “The Northern New Hampshire Quarterly” and there was a feature article in it entitled “Randolph, Better than Vegas—the Untold Story.” When I came out after seeing the doctor, I looked for the magazine but it was gone. I called the New Hampshire Quarterly in North Conway but they denied everything. But I know what I read.

And let me ask you something: After the Lincoln Continental caught fire at the Randolph Tea a few years back—how many of you have been in Kenyon's barn?

Continued pg. 7...

Continued... The third rumor involves Durand Lake. Have you ever walked on the bottom of Durand Lake—pretty muddy and squishy? No? But what I have heard is that beneath that 3-4" of silt there are huge, thick slabs of Plexiglass. What I have been told is that on the far side of the lake near the supposed beaver dam there is a ground-floor door (similar to the one near the paddle courts) and underneath Durand Lake, and as big as the lake itself is a huge space. When all the summer folk have left a huge squeegee scrapes off all the silt on the bottom of the lake and light filters through the Plexiglass creating the most ethereal effect. The place is filled with quarter sawn oak benches and on the east side there is a massive stage with a raised lectern that is like a pulpit. On the south side there is an organ that I have

heard is larger than the one at Radio City Music Hall. In this space there is a constant parade of preachers, poets, essayists and spiritual gurus. Religious oratorios, sermons, poetry readings and Morality Plays are performed pretty much all day and night. With the light filtering through from Durand Lake, with the organ music playing, and wonderful uplifting performances many have said their lives have been forever changed for the better. This rumor seems in many ways the most likely because it would explain why the year-rounders have that spiritual glaze when you first see them in the late Spring.

Being a summer person, I probably will never know which of these rumors is true. But some day, in the dead of winter I am going to sneak into town and get to the bot-

RMC Photo Scavenger Hunt

As a part of the alternative activities for the summer, the RMC held a Photo Scavenger Hunt which ended on August 22. There was a list of 40 requested photos: Randolph places, RMC items, natural topics and some that were just for fun! Photos can be viewed at <https://dropevent.com/RMCPHotoHunt>. The winners were Howie Wemyss, (who submitted over 90 photos!) Wendy Walsh and Beth Krusi.

Editor's Note: *Many of the aforementioned photos may be seen throughout this issue of the Mountain View.*



RMC Tailgate

The Randolph Mountain Club Tailgate sale was held on August 15th on Durand Road.



Doug Mayer



Masks required as exhibited by RMC members Michele Cormier and Doreen Roy...

Photos by Jenn Scarinza

Zoom Series Celebrates the Year of Strong Women

The year of Strong Women continues with three free programs available via the online video platform Zoom. This fall, a partnership of five north country libraries is happy to resume the celebration of amazing women whose courage and determination changed the future of our country. This series of three events is being presented by five North Woods Libraries – Berlin, Gorham, Milan, and Randolph Public Libraries, and White Mountains Community College's Fortier Library, with guidance, funding and materials from New Hampshire Humanities and the National Endowments for the Humanities, and cooperation of the N.H. State Library.

On Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 6 p.m., the fall series will begin with a live Zoom presentation and book discussion featuring Carolyn Hutton, a NHH Connections facilitator who will bring to light the remarkable history of Ona Judge, who escaped the slavery of George and Martha Washington and found freedom in New Hampshire. The book, "Never Caught: The Washington's' Relentless Pursuit of Their Runaway Slave, Ona Judge," by Erica Armstrong Dunbar, will be available to borrow from local libraries or downloaded from the N.H. State Library in eBook and audio book formats. Limited copies of a young adult edition are also available and middle/high schoolers are encouraged to participate. Contact the libraries listed below for copies or for more information.

Anne B. Gass is an independent historian and an authority on the suffrage movement. She is the great-granddaughter of Florence Brooks Whitehouse, who was a suffrage leader in Maine over a century ago. On Wednesday, Oct. 14th, at 6 p.m., Anne will present "Voting Down the Rose: Florence Brooks Whitehouse and Maine's Fight for Woman Suffrage" via Zoom. The talk uses historic photos and narrative to explore Florence's background and her leadership in moving suffrage forward in Maine, including joining forces with National Woman's Party leader Alice Paul in a desperate, last-ditch effort to ensure the Maine legislature ratified the 19th Amendment through which women nationwide at last won voting rights. Anne's book of the same title is available for purchase through Amazon.com and Maine Author's Publishing.

Glass Beads Found on Randolph Paths

Recently several Randolph residents have come across quite a few glass beads, up to an inch in diameter, scattered on the ground of Pasture Path, Wood Path and Diagonal as well as other trails, scattered on the ground. Broken pieces of glass beads have also been found at the end of Pasture Path Road by the trails. This has been occurring on and off for a few years now but appears to be back.

This practice serves as a danger to wildlife and hikers alike as well as a pollutant to our woods.

The RMC would like to remind everyone that we practice a "leave no trace" principle on our trails and we ask others to please not leave objects on RMC trails.



An Appeal from the Randolph Volunteer Fire Department



In response to last year's appeal we have several new members of our volunteer fire department. Right now is a great time to join. Even if you have not had any kind of fire training, the department needs people who can respond to accidents, provide traffic control, maintain radio communications, and help fight fires. With the influx of new members training has become a priority so now it is a great time to join and get the training you need. The fire department always welcomes new members of the community as well as longtime residents. The dept has a monthly meeting and periodically has a second meeting where training is provided. Please consider volunteering. Contact Linda at the Selectman's office if you are interested: 466-5771



Jenn Scaringa



Beth Knapp 2020

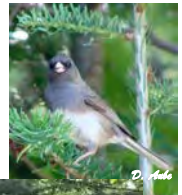
How do you say “goodbye” to long term friends during the pandemic? When Bob Potter and Roberta Arbree announced they were selling their home and moving to Durham, New Hampshire, Randolph folks wanted to find a way to honor them. Yvonne Jenkins and Lynn Hunt put their heads together and came up with a plan. Bob and Roberta were told that a masked man would pick them up. That man was Rich Wallingford. Driving one of his best antique cars, Rich drove the couple up and down Randolph Hill where folks gathered with signs of gratitude and well wishes.

The Potters bought their Wild Apple property in 1985 and used it on weekends and for vacations. In 1997 they retired, moved there permanently and became very active in community activities and town affairs.



Jenn Scaringa

What else did Randolph Folks do during the pandemic summer of 2020? Well, there was hiking, gardening, cooking, canoeing, bird watching, a great deal of reading and as always, the occasional handstand.



D. Adams



Wendy Welch 2020



Lizzie Penney 2020



Franklin Stone Went 2020



Jenn Scaringa



Francis Monypas 2020



A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON THE DESERT

Considering the wars and chaos in the Middle East in the past 20-something years, it is hard to believe that there was a time when Western tourists could wander around alone, unescorted, and unprotected. But a time there was, and Harriet and I took advantage of it. In 1989, we joined an excursion to Egypt that was run by a tour company. Our reason for going on a commercial tour was to be able to visit Abu Simbel, the fantastic temple complex in the Nubian Desert. After the construction of the Aswan Dam, the only practicable access was by airplane and all the seats were booked by tour companies.

The reader may have some familiarity with the story of Abu Simbel, which, along with the Pyramids and the Valley of Kings, ranks as one of the most significant monuments of Egyptian antiquity. The temples are located not far from Egypt's border with Sudan. They were built in 1264 – 1244 BC by Ramses II to memorialize himself and his favorite wife Nefertari (not the better-known Nefertiti). Over the centuries, the temples were silted in by the desert sands until their "rediscovery" in the 19th Century. Sporadic efforts at restoration ensued, but it was not until the Aswan High Dam was proposed in 1959 that they really attracted notice. The archeological community realized that the temples would be submerged once the lake behind the dam filled up. A huge international project cut the temples up into 20-ton blocks and reconstructed them on high ground. The original geometry was maintained so that sunlight could penetrate to the deepest chapel on the dates prescribed by the ancient religion. Even on our one-day visit, the almost spiritual experience was overwhelming.

But this tale is not about Abu Simbel! Prior to our departure, I had written to a travel agency in Cairo to arrange some private excursions once our tour ended, but I received no reply. Remember, this was before the era of the internet. On a free morning in Cairo, Harriet and I visited the agency. Oh yes, they had received our letter, but were waiting for us to arrive. After the customary cup of tea and amiable conversation, we set up two trips, one to the site of Akhenaten's abandoned city and the other to the oases in the Western Desert (Sahara).

Oases in the Western Desert? Yes, there are five principal ones, aligned roughly S – N parallel to the Nile and about 300 miles west. Kharga, Dakhla, Farafra, Bahariya, and Siwa. Alexander the Great reputedly visited Siwa, the one closest to the Mediterranean coast.

In the early years of the faith the isolated oases served as havens for Christians. There are sites and artifacts from early Coptic Christianity. Kharga is served by a twice-weekly flight, Cairo – Luxor – Kharga – Cairo. So, we booked Luxor – Kharga and

then, three days later, Kharga – Cairo, which becomes important as this story unfolds.

While in Luxor, we noted that tour groups crossed the Nile in mid-morning to visit the Valley of the Kings located on the other side, returning at noon for lunch. This was repeated in mid-afternoon by other groups. Thus, there was a gap of about three hours in the middle of the day when there were no tourists in the Valley of the Kings. So, that is when we went. With the help of some baksheesh, we enjoyed leisurely guided tours of the most spectacular tombs. Indeed, we spent nearly an hour in the tomb of Tutankhamen compared to the 10 minutes allowed the tour groups.

Our reason for visiting the oases was to observe the overlay of cultures shown there more clearly than elsewhere in Egypt. The Ptolemaic, still with the old Egyptian pantheon, the Graeco-Roman, and then the early Christian. For example, in Kharga, a temple dedicated to Amun (the principal ancient deity) has Greek inscriptions. Nearby is an ancient Christian cemetery with dome-shaped tombs. Interior decorations include pictures of the Exodus and of Daniel in the lion's den. Characters are depicted by primitive stick figures.

Other sites that interested us were in Dakhla Oasis, about 100 miles from Kharga. The guidebook talks of a "road" but it is really only a "way", changing as the sand dunes shift in the wind. So, we hired a car and driver from our hotel to take us there for the day. As we proceeded, the driver seemed to be having sick spells, stopping periodically to wipe his brow. The heat was intense, but he was hatless. I offered to drive but was refused.

We visited a Coptic cemetery from the 1st and 2nd Centuries AD, where the beehive-shaped tombs had well-preserved paintings of Biblical scenes. In a cliff there were rock-hewn tombs from the Pharaonic era. There was an Egyptian temple that had been converted by Coptic monks into a monastery. The cultures and eras were all intertwined.

When we returned to the car, it was locked with our stuff inside and the driver nowhere to be found. Some local kids pointed toward the town and ultimately led us there. We have often found that, to get information and help in a strange land, find a kid. They took us to the dispensary where our driver was being treated for heat prostration, one ice cube at a time. It drew a crowd of local people. There was a doctor who spoke some English. He informed us that our driver was not fit to drive us back to Kharga. But we had to get there to catch our flight to Cairo next morning!

Continued next pg.

Continued ... He managed to get the car keys so we retrieved our gear. Meanwhile, I tried by sign language and gesticulation to persuade a man with a pickup truck, who seemed to run the village's transportation system, to take us to Kharga. He refused. Then we were told that there would be a bus later, but that was a desert mirage.

Ultimately, the doctor ordered the driver of the pickup to take us to Kharga. Sullenly, he acquiesced, and Harriet and I were crammed into the cab, Harriet in the middle because she was shorter. The driver's sidekick, who sported a scimitar in his belt, rode shotgun in the back. The women bystanders were razing the driver because Harriet was sitting next to him.

As we departed, night was coming on and the moon was rising. The moonlight casting shadows on the dunes on the desert created an eerie atmosphere. Beautiful but scary.

Then the vehicle stopped! The driver and assistant got out. Almost in panic, I clutched Harriet to me. "This could be trouble!" Thoughts that we were about to be robbed, maybe even murdered, raced through my mind. Then they went up front, raised the hood, and tinkered with the engine. Satisfied,

they climbed back in and on we went. Utter silence except for the tinny sound from the cassette player, playing belly-dance music. Slowly, trepidation ebbed away.

Near midnight, we reached our hotel in Kharga. I beckoned the men to wait and then gave them a handful of bills, roughly half what the car and driver cost. Handshakes and salaams. The ethereal scene of the desert bathed in moonlight remains.

We caught our flight.



Creative Commons on line pictures

Bob Kruszyna

April 22, 2019

Notes from the Randolph Town Clerk

Please call or check the town website before attempting clerk/collector business. The morning hours will be changing due to school starting and the pandemic could possibly change them again.

Motor vehicle registrations may still be completed through drop off/mail by contacting the town clerk to verify the fees first. A driver's license is required for all transactions, state policy.

Tax bills will be due in December, so please contact the Randolph Town Hall at 466-5771 if you have not received yours by the end of November. All changes of address must provide a signed "change of address form" that is sent to the selectmen's office.

The Randolph Town Hall will be open on November 3 from 11:00 am to 7:00 pm for the Presidential Election. Information was sent to all voters currently on the checklist regarding the procedure to vote in person or absentee. For more information on voting or becoming a voter please contact the Town Clerk at the number listed below.

Absentee ballots must be delivered to the town clerk by U.S. Mail or handed to the clerk in person or to the clerk by the voter's delivery agent. Ballots left in the drop box or under the door WILL NOT BE COUNTED! Contact the Town Clerk if you have questions.

TOWN CLERK Anne Kenison

466-5771



What's Cooking in Randolph?

Italian Zucchini Crescent Pie submitted by Jenn Barton Scarinza

Here is a recipe that I use when I have zucchini and summer squash and am looking for something different and easy. You can use any combo of 4 cups of green and yellow summer squash. There are several versions of this, but this is a pretty simple one.

Ingredients:

4 cups of thin sliced zucchini
½ cup of butter
¼ teaspoon of garlic powder
½ teaspoon of Italian seasoning
8 oz. of Mozzarella cheese
1 cup of chopped onions
2 tablespoons of parsley flakes
Salt and Pepper
2 eggs
Crescent rolls

Cook zucchini and onion in butter. Stir in cheese and eggs. Press crescent rolls over pie pan. Spread 2 teaspoons of prepared mustard over the dough. Pour in vegetable mixture. Bake for 20 minutes in a preheated 375-degree oven. Let stand for 10 minutes.



Real Crazy Cake submitted by Dede Aube

Ingredients were scarce during the Depression Era and folks had to learn how to make do with what they had. Again in 2020, supplies such as eggs, yeast and butter are difficult to find. While browsing through my mother's recipe box I came across this cake. She and I used to make it together. She called it "Diana's Real Crazy Cake," but in truth it really is a hundred-year-plus old recipe called "Crazy Cake" or "Depression Cake." I gave it a try last week and made it again this week. What I love most about this recipe is not using an eggbeater or even an egg for that matter. No bowl. No mess. Put all ingredients in a pan mix and bake.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 cups All-Purpose Flour
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup Cocoa Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 tablespoon vinegar
1/3 vegetable oil (I use olive oil.)
1 cup cold water

Instructions:

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease an 8" square pan that is at least 2" deep.

Sift dry ingredients directly into the greased pan. Make three depressions in the dry ingredients. Place vanilla into the first hole, vinegar into the second, and oil into the third. Pour the cup of water directly over everything in the pan. Stir all ingredients with a fork until well blended. Bake the cake for 30 to 35 minutes, until a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean, or with a few moist crumbs holding to it.

Serve right out of the pan. It may be served warm from the oven or cooled and with your favorite frosting. I dusted it with a bit of confectioners' sugar. My mother served it with ice cream and warm chocolate sauce.

Notes: Recipe may be doubled. Cider vinegar may be used. If using gluten free flour it might need to cook a little longer.



From the Health Officers

During Governor Sununu's press conference on Tuesday, August 18, 2020, he reported that the COVID-19 numbers have been stable and perhaps declining in the past two to three weeks but he noted: "we are still seeing transmission within our communities. The risk is still out there. We have been successful at managing and controlling the spread of COVID-19 so 'thank you' to all of you who continue to take this seriously and follow public health guidance."

..."We need people to continue to practice social distancing, use cloth face coverings when out in public places, continue to avoid large gatherings, and continue to use good hygiene" to prevent the spread.

We want to thank Randolph residents and visitors for taking the guidelines to heart, recognizing they were not rules or mandates but sensible measures aimed at keeping our community safe. Gatherings of more than 100 people are now required to wear face coverings with the organizer subject to fines for non-compliance (see Emergency Order # 65 on NH.gov./covid). Smaller groups are strongly urged to practice social distancing and wear face covering. The most effective ways to avoid exposure and prevent COVID-19 transmission while visiting neighbors and friends remain: limit gatherings to small groups, outside as

much as possible; maintain a distance of at least 6 feet between individuals; and wear a mask or face covering is social distancing is not possible.

As of August 8, the guidance for people visiting New Hampshire from outside New England (as well as NH residents returning to NH from visits outside NE) remains the same (see <https://www.covidguidance.nh.gov/out-state-visitors>):

- **The two week self-quarantine has been lifted** for those traveling to New Hampshire from surrounding New England States (Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island). Those traveling to New Hampshire from non-New England states for an extended period of time are still asked to self-quarantine for a two-week period.

So stay safe. Hopefully, next summer will be less stressful and more "normal". As always, if you have any questions, feel free to contact one of us. If we don't know the answer, we'll try to get it from State authorities. Again, thanks for your understanding and cooperation.

John McDowell (603-723-0269)

Barbara Arnold (603-466-2438)

From the Selectmen's office

Four inches of rain in three hours! That is what we received on July 14. That was enough for us to be worried about town roads, and we did experience a number of washouts all over the gravel roads. The state did not determine it was a "disaster" but we took the initiative of making an inventory of all the damaged areas. Now, with the coordination of the town agent, we will be looking at mitigating some of the problem areas. That includes ditching along the uphill sides, raking road surfaces so the water sheds off rather than into the roadway and checking and replacing culverts as needed. Keeping water off the road protects the surface and a critical part of that is the ditching and driveway culverts. So if you have a driveway culvert, remember it is YOUR responsibility to keep it clear of debris and open for water flow. Please check your culvert and clear it if needed.

In response to the COVID virus, the town is being

proactive regarding elections. Both the primary and general elections will be held in the normal way, but we hope you choose to vote by absentee ballot if possible. You should have received a notice in the mail with this option, but if you did not and would like to vote absentee, please contact the town clerk at 466-5771. You may vote "in person" on Election Day and we welcome you to do that. Be aware that masks will be required and social distancing may necessitate you to wait before entering the voting area. Thanks go out to the town moderator and town clerk along with our public health officer and deputy for aiding us in making the election safe for all. And thanks also go out to everyone who has been following the governor's guidelines in preventing the spread of this virus.

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



*Surise,
sunset
Sunrise,
sunset
Swiftly fly
the years*

*One season
following
another
Laden with
happiness
and tears*

*Fiddler on
the Roof*

Sunrise
Boothman
Lane
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2020 RMC



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To:

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