

Mountain View



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



David Forsyth Photo

Motorcycles, Memories, and Memorials

By Jim Hunt

The news on the Internet was simple, straight-forward, cold: "June 21. 7 killed, 3 injured in devastating accident in Randolph, New Hampshire. The crash in remote northern New Hampshire involved members of Marine Jarheads MC, a motorcycle club that includes Marines and their spouses," authorities said.

At least three Randolph residents were immediately on the scene doing whatever they could to create order out of the horrendous chaos.

Humans need to attach meaning to tragedy, to grieve boldly and openly, and to create a space to remember the fallen. The remainder of June and all of July were set aside by the State of New Hampshire, the Town of Randolph, and numerous others to allow whatever means of addressing loss to happen as safely as possible.

Our minds want to know; it is our hearts that eventually bring us to the crash site. Almost overnight, perhaps 500 feet on the south side of Route 2 becomes the first impromptu memorial to the fallen. Seven tall crosses are the immediate focus atop the berm roadside. On each in descending order is a small bell, a sizeable heart cut out of paper, a picture of the deceased, and another small bell and cross. The words of Psalm 34:18 are hand-written on each heart:

The Lord is close

To the brokenhearted

And saves those

Who are crushed in spirit

Over time, perhaps 500 American flags of varying sizes carpeted the grass for at least 375 feet along Route 2, mostly stretching east to a gravel and dirt road used normally to access a field along Israel's River. Each cluster of seven denotes a site unto itself and each site is unique in its own way.

The bigger items catch the eye first. The smaller, less eye-catching offerings are dressed up in their own meaning, just as vital as the standouts. Here is a brief (and purposely incomplete) sampling: a quarter means "with them at death;" a penny, "just visiting;" two cooler-sized white foam containers; solar-powered small lights; real plants; artificial flowers; seven Canadian flags; a black rock beautifully hand-painted in bright concentric circles; many small white cherubs; seven red tulips; a miniature Harley; a crying stone; seven biker angels; seven Marine Corps medallions; two large-gauge rifle shells; bike bells which ward off evil spirits; and more. Not one artifact disappeared in this month of personal offerings. We needed to face these images and listen to the stories they told. To bear witness. And to share.

Continued on pg 3



Val Bailey 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 Production 603-723-0847 Jim Hunt Final Proof Reader 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			

Notes from the Town Clerk

The Town Clerk Office will be closed on the following dates:

Mon. Sept 2. Labor Day

Mon. Oct 14. Columbus Day

Mon. Nov 11. Veterans Day

I have not received a filing date for the Presidential Primary nor have I been advised of any scheduled meets for supervisors.

If your address has changed please be sure to file a change of address form from the town's website with the selectmen's office in order for your tax bill to go to the correct address.

Wed. Dec 25, Christmas Day

Wed. Jan 1, 2020. New Year's Day

WIERS WEATHER WISE

May through Aug 15th, 2019

Rainfall		Days with a Trace or More of Rain	
May	5.43"	17	2 days had a trace of snow
June	3.78"	17	
July	4.49"	14	
Aug 1-15	0.80"	6	(through Aug 15)
Temperature		Wind	
	High	Low	High Wind
May	75.2	30.7	32 mph
June	83.0	41.8	32 mph
July	90.1	48.9	30 mph
Aug 1-15	85.6	51.1	23 mph (through Aug 15)

Days 80F or Above

May	2
June	3
July	16
Aug	3 (through Aug 15)

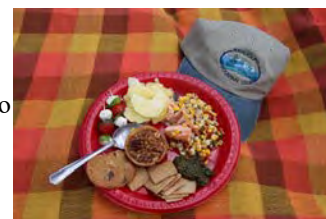
Days 90F or Above 1 day, July 30th with a heat index of 94F at 3pm

Days With Dew Point Above 70 F (considered oppressive)

July	10
Aug	1 (through Aug 15)



Gourmet Hike
Marie & Giinger
Jenn Scarinza Photo



Continued from pg. 1

Of course, the central, over-riding fixtures are the seven white crosses. Behind these are several sizeable Jarhead figures, and motorcycle "colors." And two deserve special note: a life-sized Marine Corps figure kneeling in prayer with pack and bayoneted rifle painted black and the "bandana tree" with headbands from many riders.

One Harley rider said, "This is only going to grow." Not so.

The Selectmen of Randolph, in their wisdom, set a day (one month from the date of the accident) to clear away the site. In its place will be a permanent monument donated by the American Legion, Post 82 of Gorham on what is Town Forest land. There will also be roadside parking on the south side of Route 2 in the adjacent field. The State will eventually remove its warning signs.

Commander Mike Murphy (Navy), Tim Murphy (Marines), Mike Demers (Navy) of the Legion have meticulously planned the mission, with reverend care, of providing a monument.

The location of the marble monument will be east of the impact site, set back at a safe distance from Route 2 beyond the gravel road. The monument will be at an approximate 45-degree angle to the road facing west. It will be the only observable object remaining. Matt and Alexis Benjamin will caretake the site.

Chuck Pfol came up with the design. The monument will be five feet, eight inches tall and three feet wide. On the two separated tall sections will be the Marine Corps emblem, the Jarhead emblem, and the seven names of the deceased. The open middle space will have a prominent cross. A number of individuals and organizations have contributed not only to the cost of the monument but also to its installation. Donations to aid in this project can be sent to the Legion.

Semper fi.



Val Bailey Photo

MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT THE ROLE OF THE RESPONDERS

By Edith Tucker

Rep. Edith Tucker, Coös 5, read a longer version of this from the well in the House of Representatives on June 27, 2019 — the session's last day.

Mr. Speaker, I rise today to read excerpts from an article by "Berlin Sun" managing editor Barbara Tetreault, published on Tuesday, June 25, that covers the role of the first responders at the horrific motorcycle accident in which seven people were killed and three injured on June 21 on Route 2 in Randolph.

The motorcyclists were staying at the Mount Jefferson View Motel. They had left the motel and were traveling east to attend a Friday night raffle at the Gorham American Legion when the accident occurred less than 500 feet from the motel at about 6:30 pm.

Randolph Fire Chief Dana Horne was walking into Mr. Pizza with his family when his radio and cell phone went off. He and his son Brett left immediately and were the first officials to arrive on the scene. Horne said he found himself in the middle of a most horrific scene, with people yelling and screaming. Realizing from the initial call that the accident was very bad, mutual aid was immediately dispatched.

Fire departments from Randolph, Gorham, and Jefferson responded as did Gorham ambulance and Berlin Emergency Medical Service. Also assisting were state police from Troop F, members of the NH Department of Transportation and the Coös County Sheriff's Department. Many worked straight through the night to 6:30 am when the road reopened.

Gorham fire trucks arrived first and went to work on the pickup truck that had burst into flames after reportedly striking the motorcycles. Route 2 was shut down, and Randolph firefighters handled traffic control on their end. Jefferson Fire Department stopped all vehicles coming from the west.

Randolph firefighter Bill Arnold said he was asked to set up a landing zone on Route 2 because the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Advanced Response Team helicopter had been called. But rain in the Lebanon area prevented the copter from flying and the seriously injured patient was transported to the Androscoggin Valley Hospital and then air-transported to Maine Medical in Portland, ME. "I was just doing a little bit of everything," said Arnold.

Neither the hand-held radios nor cellphones would work, and Horne was forced to coordinate fire operations by keeping the door of his truck open and using his truck radio.

In addition to assisting with traffic, Arnold said firefighters were charged with making sure nothing was moved until state police documented the scene.

An estimated 50 mutual aid volunteers assisted police at the scene throughout the night.

"So many people drop what they are doing to help on occasions like this," Horne said. "One of the amazing things about the North Country — we have an amazing mutual aid system."

Gov. Chris Sununu ordered flags to fly at half-mast the following Monday in memory of the victims and sent condolences and prayers to the victims and their families.

State Police Col. Christopher Wagner described the accident as one of the worst tragedies his agency had ever faced.

Randolph firefighter Bill Arnold, who has assisted on search and rescue operations in the White Mountains for over 40 years, said the only accident that compared in his experience was the 1967 derailment on the Mount Washington Cog Railway in which eight passengers were killed and 72 injured."

Chief Horne listed the Randolph volunteer firefighters who were at the scene: Bill Arnold, Dwight Bradley, Dana Horne, Brett Horne, Jeff Parker, Dan Riccotti (now of Berlin), Kevin Rousseau, and John Scarinza. Parker was driving "two cars back" when the accident took place and immediately called Horne on his cell phone, providing "invaluable" information on its seriousness.

Members of the Randolph, Gorham and Jefferson Fire Departments and Gorham, Berlin and Lancaster EMS will be honored on Sept. 30 with an EMS Unit Citation, by the NH Fire & EMS Committee of Merit at its 28th Annual Awards Ceremony in Concord.

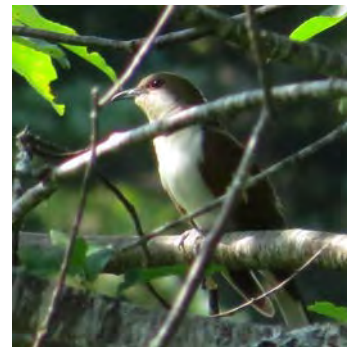


Val Bailey Photo

Birding in Randolph

By David Forsyth

The section along the Presidential Rail Trail where it intersects the Farrar tract of the Randolph Town Forest is now an eBird birding hotspot. A hotspot is a public location where there would be some interest in birds due to the habitat or simply a place that birders frequent. eBird is a citizen science program of the Cornell School of Ornithology wherein birders report their observations of the species and the number of individuals of the species they see at any particular location, with time and date specified. Frequently visited or interesting locations can earn the hotspot designation, which helps people know where to go find particular birds. Through the eBird program one can search for a specific bird and where it has been seen recently or search the location and see which birds occur there. The hotspots are intended to encourage birders to visit those locations and thereby build location-specific data sets. The eBird data is useful for ornithologists to track changes in bird populations over time as well as to locate where and when birds occur during breeding season, migration and occasional appearances.



When a sufficiently large data set has been gathered for a particular hotspot one can deduce what are the most likely birds to be seen on an outing at a specific time or season of the year. The Farrar tract location is a new hotspot that so far has only 37 species listed as observed there, but that is sure to change as easily, double that number have been observed in and around Randolph. Two of the more unusual recent observations in the vicinity of the Farrar tract hotspot are an indigo bunting which was seen from the rail trail bridge over the Israel River less than a half mile west from the hotspot center, and a black-billed cuckoo seen a similar distance east of the center. The indigo bunting is a small (5.5 in) perching bird which eats insects, seeds, buds and berries, and the male is an intensely dark blue color. The black-billed cuckoo shows a dietary preference for tent caterpillars and so its local population varies with the rise and fall of a caterpillar infestation. The robin-sized adult cuckoo has a red area around the eye, a long tail, and a decurved bill so it is quite distinctive. However, it is difficult to spot because it is secretive, preferring to perch in thickets.

Another bird not commonly seen in the Randolph area, but recently spotted first at the Ravine House pool and later the same day at Lake Durand, is a greater yellowlegs. The greater yellowlegs is a large (14 in) sandpiper that breeds in Canada and is most often seen in coastal marshes and shallows during migration. It calls with a distinctive, loud, whistled whew-whew-whew as it flies.



Bird Photography by David Forsyth



The RMC trail crew wowed the crowd this year at the RMC Charades with their theatrical demonstration of "anthropophagi", bucking the trail crew trend of simpler words. They were led by first year crew member Joey Schilke, who also gave a Story Slam earlier in the summer.

Jenn Barton Scarinza Photo



Randolph Appellations

The names in Randolph do not roll off
the tongue

Whether chanted, spoken or even
sung.

Adams to Zimand make me peruse my Webster
As do Darlington Demers Doyle or Dempster.
O yes one might Gallop through on a Folsom flight
Forsoothing Forsyth and letting day be Knight
But still upon Rising I don't get Cross 'cause I knows
I'll soon be seeing the Archambaults.

Once at Libby's I was asked: "Did I want a table?"
No sir I said I want a Booth-man if able
I noticed they were Pfeffer Nussse serving
Not even Christmas—I found it unnerving.

Over by the bar playing at turtles ninja,
Were Jenn and John Scarniza.
Who said the sap this year had a great run
So much fun: A real Sappington.

Feeling kind of Tremblay, I craved a sundae hot
fudge
And on the Hunt, making the Rounds was John
Mudge
Who, wearing Kelley green with such an Ayre,
Said he could not go so Lowe it was just not fair.

Fudge was out but he'd make a pancake stacki
So long as he could eat it with Bob Onacki
But the Hubbard was bare: John was not on the staff
And I saw coming in Walter and Ingrid Graff

Asking if Liz Wood Grant them Bean soup by Camp-
bell
With some Walsh rabbit on Arnold bread to sample.
I knew that to that they were Berry partials
It was also a favorite of Anne Barschal's
Who by the way detested rare pork (Not like Spam)
She wanted a fully cooked roast; in short, a Dunham
Just then a man from IBM came in, a real Teczar
Who had gleaned from the Glines so far
That we had Eisens both Bud and Berg
He said that was really quite superg

He'd DeMarco'd it using his laptop and with a frown
Said he wanted a Muehl of some Chips cooked
Brown

Not pale and wimpy as in Brinton they cooked 'em
But all Breuniged and fried to the Corcor an

Cooked like a Furness in a great big pan
Along with eggs Micuccied and Gulicked to match
Would be an Umiker dinger Weatherly Crary dis-
patched

(I Mermiered to him that Libby's eggs were newly
Hatched)
But it was time to leave Libby's and feeling poor
Left only Tibbetts and Nichols—were Liz and Steve
sore?

But just then bigger than life coming in
Were the Reverend's Hess and Mclaughlin
Who ordered sandwiches with just one Pickle on
Not really; but what else rhymes with Meiklejohn.

Getting my car into John and Kathy MacDowell I ran
Feeling faint I asked Doc if he were a Hartman
He said Post haste I should drink some Greenlee
And eat cucumber sandwiches Cutter diagonally

Home and straight to bed and dreamed, oy what a
wreck

That names like Hawkins, Jenkins, Hudson and
Morneuweck
Beringer, Aube, Bishop, Sleeman (just a dream)
Would miraculously fit into my rhyming scheme.

Now I knew there was no escaping Scott Freuh
And even if I May or Mayer not see Lydia Ogilby
Her poodles would find me but I'd nothing to fear
For Krusi down the path was Paul Cormier
Standing so tall he must have done the Alexander
technique
Or maybe he'd done some Rowan with Sister
Monique
Sister was a Wiley rower, leaving no Stone unturned
She cut through the water —- a sharp cleaver
She made a believer out of me and Guy Stever

Who was Sandin Douglas fir, making a bowl
 While practicing some lines for a brand-new role
 His part as an angry medic was a shock
 An MD so furious a veritable Maddock.
 He said he had just Schilkeed back from Paris

Where he'd seen Beth and Sandy Harris,

Who had Parlett ey vous'd with French folk galore
 But Clemmitt all they found it a bore
 Until bumping into Barbara and Phinney Ben
 Whose B and B was a tattered old room—a Eusden
 That had only a Cotnoir, not even a mattress
 They had tossed and Turnbullled all night alas!

But there was no time for Shankar and cryin'
 They had to meet up with Caesar and Gail Bryan
 Who had over daled and Underhilled rather madly

To meet with Dwight, Lauren and Paula Bradley.

Traveling back to Randolph with all their stuff
 They gotten on a bus and there was Charlotte
 Woodruff

Who was clad in a Stewart MacLennan Plaid,
 Looking like a Wyssession she'd just had—so rad.

She was back from Rome having thrown three
 Foynes in some fountains
 But Klaus Goetze it was home at last to her moun-
 tains.

Now how will this end Kirmmse asking yourselves
 No mention of Malick Bowers or even the Purcellves
 And well you might query where are the Wiers
 I know I can find a rhyme if I just perseveres.
 And I didn't get all blankety blanks when it came to
 the Wenks

Some names are easier for which I give tanks
 And sure, its fine to rhyme Nagal with Bagel
 But trying for Bailey I can't finagle
 And then there's Baldwin Barton Henderson John-
 son Kenyon and Lake
 All hard 'cepting Lake which is a piece of cake

But take Mather Wilson Koopman Kellner
 Davis Parker Sisson Smith oh Hellner.
 (OK Smith's fine if you think of kin and kith
 Or the fifth myth about the pithy monolith).

But we haven't touched upon Potter Ross Horton or
 Penny
 And I'm sure lots of others—how many?
 It's not an Eitel boast to say I have strived
 More than 140 names I have contrived.

But if Anne Kenison did not get attention.
 With apprehension I'd face detention
 And it's just not fair to exclude Ferre.
 But if one's been left out, if it's been omitted
 It's a sin of omission that's been committed.

Finally writing poems should not be for free
 I sent off an invoice asking a maxi-fee
 It went off with great alacrity
 But I didn't even get a Mini-fie.

Bill Minifie Story Slam 2019



Jenn Barton Scarinza Photos

WHY DO PEOPLE DO THIS ANYWAY?

A year or so ago I was hiking with my nieces and a friend of theirs who had never hiked before. We were going up Dome Rock, an “easy” hike to start her off. Things slowed down as we crossed the water and headed up the steeper trail. She made it to the top with difficulty, but we had fun flashing mirrors across the valley to Bill and Kempy in our houses. On the way down the others left her behind and I stayed with her. She started to cry and said, “Why do people do this anyway, this is awful!”

And hiking is awful for some people. My own kids never took to it at all. I remember my husband, Jonathan, cajoling my son, Samuel, then 8 or so, with one M and M for every 100 steps he took. We had to make up stories to drown out the inevitable, “When is this going to be over?”

I remember arriving fresh to Randolph in 1972 in my early twenties having never hiked before. My idea of summer was the New Jersey beach. Hiking meant a walk across a field, not up. The first hike I ever went on that summer, in my white super smooth soled tennis sneakers, was up the Chemin des Dames. And the second was South Baldface. I can remember having very similar thoughts as the young friend looking far down below from a cliff on South Baldface, “Are these people crazy?”

And even now, usually about two thirds of the way up the hike I start muttering, “Whose idea was this anyway? Why am I doing this??” Like when I was in the middle of labor in childbirth saying to myself, “How did I let this happen again?” But there is that element of pride in being able to do something hard, pushing yourself beyond what you know you can do comfortably. It doesn’t matter that you are stuck with no recourse, you must keep going or give up and go down. I have often heard it said that the best part of hiking is when you get down and it’s all over. You feel really good because you really accomplished

something within yourself.

But that’s not the real reason I come back year after year, why somewhere inside me I am hooked on it. It’s that when you get up there, up above tree line, up in those bare rocks, you are in another reality. You breathe in a different world, a different consciousness. Everything material is left behind, all your possessions, all the things that keep you so busy day after day. All the things you should do and all the things that didn’t go right. It is just you and your boots and your sandwich and your friends. It is different up there. It is a taste of how God sees the world, what it would be like to be a bird. It is forever, eternity. You can see for miles and everything that is below, including your own life seems very small and insignificant. There is another reality that is so much more important. I take that down with me and though it feels so good to go home and shower and eat good food, I don’t forget that up there is something that beckons and calls, more to life than what we do every day and think is so important.

And the days I don’t hike, I love to sit on the porch at 6 am and look at the dawn light making Madison and Adams glow pink. Those beautiful rocks are again something eternal. They were here thousands of years before me and will be thousands of years after me. They remind me of the beautiful pink rock of Petra and Luxor and Sedona. They are all the same, something that takes me out of myself and says, “Look at me, I am eternal majesty”.

So, I understand when someone says, “Why do people do this, it’s awful” and I also understand why people spend their lives hiking because it truly is a taste of heaven.

Mary Minifie Story Slam 2019



Austin, Blake, John and Jenn Scarinza stand with the sign at the top of Mt. Katahdin in Baxter Maine State Park in July. The boys, ages 17 and 14, are originally from Randolph and moved to Bow several years back.. They return to Randolph every summer to do a hiking trip with their uncle and aunt. The foursome has been working on the 4,000 footers, and after climbing Eisenhower, Monroe, Washington and Clay last year, they decided to tackle the big one in Maine! Later in the summer, Austin and Blake returned and took a friend up to stay at Crag Camp.

Jenn Barton Scarinza Photo

MEDITATION ON TREES

If I were to write
another chapter for Richard Powers' astonishing novel, *The Overstory*,
I'd write about the trees in Randolph who come alive
beeches in woods whose branches came back
the one on the Ledge trail who survived for twenty years
since the New England ice storm that fell so many
and hear her tell the tale
She still talks about that storm
resilience needed by her family and friends
just to survive
we all need such resilience to weather our storms



Trees teach me about humanity
suited as gentlemen and women in their finest greenery
maple bows in the forest
her leaves wave to me from the valley and brush the mountains
form hiding places to protect from storms,
as much as their wrath can destroy trees and us
canopy all knowing

Trees are timeless
walking amongst them, we are in a meditation
No thought, yet they are alive
when we humans walk with them, we also have no thought
senses unbidden and alive to trees
sensation of light breeze on skin
hues shimmer in the wind
Thoreau knew of this he spoke:
I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential
facts of life and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came
to die, discover that I had not lived.

So Powers writes,
Real joy consists of knowing that human wisdom counts less than the shimmer of
beeches in a breeze.
As my joy consists of knowing the constancy of the trees in these hills
still growing
surviving
Thriving

Randolph Remembers ...

...Mary Malcolm Moseley

Mary Malcolm Moseley died on Wednesday, March 20, 2019. Mary was born in Miami Beach, Florida, in 1946, and spent her professional life working as a secretary and receptionist, as well as an editor and proof-reader, the latter being her passion. Upon retiring, Mary moved to Tacoma, Washington to be closer to her children and grandchildren in Spring 2016.

Mary was a lover of linguistics and literature, often staying up into the wee hours of the night reading, then getting on the phone the next day to tell of the wonderful things she had learned. She loved to sing, recite poetry, and attend local happenings of wherever she found herself. After retiring she threw herself into gardening, and after receiving the diagnosis of esophageal cancer she discovered a creativity and desire for art projects she never knew she had. Mary enjoyed being with others and always poured herself into her community. This love extended to her church home, Faith Presbyterian Church Tacoma, where she was known for showing up to anything and everything. She had a cheerful and kind disposition, always eager to share with others and hear their stories in return. One beloved example of Mary being Mary was her unofficial ministry of talking on the phone to those who were lonely and needed friendship. It was important to her that all were listened to and seen.

Mary was preceded in death by her husband James Moseley and brother Herbert Malcolm. She was survived by her children and their spouses, Jonathan & Alicia Moseley, Emily & Brien Downie, her grandchildren Ava, Flynn, & Rosemary Downie, her brother & wife Richard & Mary Frances Lind, and nephews & wives Skye & Amy Malcolm, and Rob & Erica Malcolm.

Funeral services were held on March 30th, at Faith Presbyterian Church in Tacoma.

Notes from the Town Clerk, Anne Kenison

Mary was the daughter of Patricia Edwards Malcolm Scott and of Herbert Malcolm who was the owner of the Jefferson Wambeck Inn. Mary spent many summers and vacations in the family home at the old Mt View House on Randolph Hill Rd. After Mary was married and had a family, she and her family continued to spend some time in Randolph during the summers or Thanksgiving/Christmas. In the late 1980's early 90's, Mary and her children lived with Mary's mother for several years. Once her mother died and the 'Watson House' was sold, Mary continued to spend some time in Randolph staying with the Sappington's.



Val Bailey Photo Aug, 2019

...Charles “Chuck” Pearson

Charles L. “Chuck” Pearson, 56, of Randolph, passed away unexpectedly at his home on Thursday, July 11, 2019. He was born on March 12, 1963, in Boston, Massachusetts, the son of Charles N. and Mary (Turner) Pearson.

Chuck grew up in Jamaica Plain and graduated Mission High School prior to attending Wentworth University in Boston.

Chuck was employed at Shaw’s Supermarket in Lancaster as a customer service representative and clerk. Previously, he worked for the city of Boston as an assistant assessor, a job he held for over 20 years.

Chuck loved electronics especially phones and computers and enjoyed studying the weather. He also enjoyed listening to Elvis and following the Boston Red Sox, Celtics and New England Patriots. He will be remembered as a devoted husband, son and uncle.

Members of the family include his wife Jackie Bernier Pearson of Randolph; mother Mary Pearson of E. Walpole, Massachusetts; brothers Scott Pearson of Walpole, Massachusetts and Greg Pearson and companion Tammy Jacobs of Londonderry, New Hampshire; a niece Kristia Pearson; Aunt Genevieve Broderick and Uncle Alfred Thomas Turner; several cousins and friends. He was predeceased by his father Charles N. Pearson, Uncle Charlie Pearson, Aunt Theresa Kaliknowski and cousin Joey Kaliknowski.

A Memorial Service was held on Tuesday July 16, 2019 at the Bryant Funeral Home followed by interment at the Holy Family Cemetery in Gorham.

Donations may be made in Chuck’s memory to Salve Regina Academy c/o Good Shepherd Parish, 151 Emery Street, Berlin, NH 03570



...Paul Allen Seward



Paul Allen Seward died unexpectedly at home in Richmond, Virginia on April 5, 2019 at the age of 69. He was born in Leon, KS and grew up on a cattle ranch.

Paul earned a master’s degrees in education and geology. He lived in Germany for several years. Most of his career focused on information technology associated with the oil industry. He and his first wife Sarah Jane moved to Richmond, Virginia from Texas to be near their daughter and her family.

Paul met Becky Adams in a grief support group which met weekly for dinner, following deaths of his wife and Becky’s husband Edgar. Becky and Paul were married in June 2018. Becky introduced Paul to Randolph, as Ed had introduced her. Paul loved being in Randolph where he enjoyed hiking the summer mountains and attending the Randolph church during the summers of 2016 through 2018.

Paul is survived by his wife, Rebecca Walker Adams, his daughter Abby Sykes, her husband Travis and three grandchildren Katlynn, Parker and Sarah.

From the Selectmen's office

Autumn seems to be the time of year for projects, I know a lot of you are painting and repairing and landscaping. I hope you are finding time for fun as well. But while you're making that repair checklist, add this important item: You are responsible for your driveway culverts, and they do require routine inspections and regular cleaning. This is very important if the culvert drains into town ditches. So, please take the time to see if your culvert needs flushing, mowing or maybe even replacement. This is a good time to get it done.



Val Bailey Photo

During this season barbeques and neighborhood parties continue. Please be conscious of our garbage and recycling pick up contractors. Have your garbage bagged and ready at roadside on Tuesday mornings, ideally packed in garbage cans to keep the predators away. If the garbage is strewn all over the road, our contractors are not responsible to pick up for you. Also on recycling Saturdays (the first Saturday of each month) please have your items sorted and at roadside on time for them to pick up (7:00 am). If you are not going to be in town on these scheduled days, ask a neighbor to help.

If you have a dog, please be neighborly and keep it or it in your yard, not out on the road or wandering around. Your "friendly" dog may not be considered so friendly by the many people who enjoy walking our town roads. And if you have a "not so friendly" dog, please keep them restrained. Also remember that silencing barking dogs at night, makes for happy neighbors by day.

We are fortunate to have a number of new residents to our community. We welcome you. We hope you are enjoying being a part of our town and we also hope you will consider volunteering for many of the town jobs out there. It's a great way to meet others in town and it provides a necessary service to the community. In particular, we are in need of volunteer fire department personnel. The dept has a monthly meeting at which training is provided, I can't guarantee coffee and donuts! Please consider volunteering. Contact Linda at the Selectman's Office if you are interested: 466-5771

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

Shawnee Hunt for Sheriff



Sometime in the summer of 2003--somewhere in Ohio--- a white shepherd puppy was born. Jim and Lynn Hunt adopted Shawnee in April 2004. Her foster parents remarked that of all the dogs they had fostered, she was the "kindest" and "most loving". Their only complaint was that she loved water and mud. Their only complaint was the amount of fur she would shed each day. The only noncomplainers were the birds in Randolph as all their nests had been lined with white "fluff" for the past 16 years.

Shawnee was buried in the "kayak area" with her blanket, brush, and a scattering of Will's ashes. The Hunt's envision Will and Shawnee sitting on a green hill, looking up at a bright, blue sky and trying to decide when and where they will go to the water.

Editor's Note: Shawnee is a Randolph icon. After all, she is the only dog I know who had election write ins for sheriff. Jim and Lynn gave her the kind of life other dogs can only dream of: swimming in Durand Lake, prancing through mountain trails, sitting on a hilltop enjoying the views and scampering around with coyote puppies. Who could ask for anything more?

WHAT'S RANDOLPH COOKING?

This recipe is submitted by Susan Rich from Milan after much persuasion from Randolph Mahjongg players who are nuts for this popcorn.

Pecan Caramel Popcorn Crunch

Ingredients

2 cups Pecans, cut in half
8 cups popped popcorn, about 1 cup of kernels (Susan pops her corn on the stove in oil)
2 cups brown sugar, packed
1/2 cup (1 stick) butter
1/2 cup light corn syrup
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking soda



Instructions: Preheat oven to 350 degrees

Place pecans on cookie sheet and bake for about 8-10 minutes or until toasted and fragrant

Reduce oven temperature to 250 degrees

Combine popcorn and pecans in a large bowl and set aside

In a medium heavy saucepan, combine brown sugar, butter and corn syrup

Bring to a boil over medium-high heat, stirring until the butter is melted

Cook mixture until it reaches 250-270 degrees, using a candy thermometer – about 4 minutes, do not stir.

Remove from heat and add vanilla, almond extract, salt and baking soda, stir to combine

Carefully pour over popcorn mixture, toss well to combine

Place on greased cookie sheet and bake for about 1 hour stirring occasionally. Mixture should be dry but a little soft to touch

Remove from oven and pour back into a large bowl

Store in airtight container up to 2 weeks Find it online: <https://hoosierhomemade.com/pecan-caramel-popcorn-crunch/>

Pumpkin Soup from Heidi Wells

I love pumpkin soup, and this is at least the second recipe put in the Mountain View since I have become editor. But this one is different. It's fresh, crisp and ever so tasty. Give it a try.

2 pounds pumpkin or winter squash, peeled, seeded and cubed (about 5 cups)

3 garlic cloves

2 onions, chopped

2-3 bay leaves

1/4 teaspoon marjoram

1/4 teaspoon celery seeds

2 fresh tomatoes cooked (or 1 cup chopped canned tomatoes)

5 cups vegetable stock

1/3 cup dry white wine

1 tablespoon honey

1 tsp. cinnamon

Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

Heavy cream

Place all ingredients, except the cream, in a large saucepan. Simmer until the pumpkin is soft. Remove the bay leaves.

Puree the mixture in a blender or food processor in several batches. Return the puree to the saucepan on low heat and gradually stir in the cream. Heat through but do not let the soup come to a boil.. *From Sundays at Moosewood Restaurant*



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P.O. Box 283
Gorham, N.H. 03581-0283*

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