

What's Cooking in Randolph?

As the holidays approach, here are some suggestions from Randolph's youngest baker, Alivia Kenison.

Alivia's Sugar Cookies

1 cup unsalted butter, softened
 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
 1 egg
 1 1/2 tsp. clear vanilla (regular works fine)
 1/2 tsp. no color almond extract (regular works fine)
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and extracts. Mix in the dry ingredients a little at a time until everything is well mixed. Divide the dough into 2 balls. On a floured surface roll the dough to 1/8 in thick. Dip cookie cutters in flour before each use. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets 6-7 min. or until lightly browned at 400 degrees. "We divided the dough into several bowls and mixed in food color to get the colors we wanted before rolling the dough. - The recipe says not to chill dough but

we did and had no problems rolling it out."

Alivia makes good sugar cookies but she really loves...

Zucchini Drop Cookies.

1 cup grated zucchini
 1 tsp baking soda
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup shortening or butter
 1 egg
 2 cups flour
 1 tsp cinnamon
 12 tsp ground cloves
 1/2 tsp salt
 1 cup raisins
 1 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Mix the zucchini, soda, sugar, shortening and egg until blended. Then add the rest of the ingredients and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake 12- 15 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes about 3 dozen and taste like hermits.



Alivia demonstrates the art of rolling cookie dough. Anne Kenison photo



Marie Beringer, Meg Micklejohn, Nancy Penny, Angela Brown check out the choices at the annual cookie swap at Broad Acres Farm. Dede Aube photo

Please join us for the Annual Christmas Caroling Get Together

When: Friday Dec 16, 2011, 6:00pm

Where: Jeff & Raina Scarinza's home, Rt. 2 next to the Grand View

If you would like to skip the caroling, please come by around 7:30-8pm.

Please bring a dessert or appetizer to share, beverages will be provided.

New Books to Cozy Up With

Cozy up this winter with one of these new books found at the Randolph Public Library.

New Adult Fiction

Forgotten Waltz, by Anne Enright
Nanjing Requiem, A Novel by Ha Jin
Vault, by Ruth Rendell
Night Strangers, a Novel by Chris Bohjalian
Art of Fielding, a Novel by Chad Harbach
Snowman, by Jo Nesbo
State of Wonder, by Ann Pratchett

Non Fiction

Book of Secrets: Illegitimate Daughters, Absent Fathers, by Michael Holroyd
Harold, the Boy Who Became Mark Twain, by Hal Holbrook
Story of Charlotte's Web: E.B. White's Eccentric Life in Nature and the Birth of an American Classic, by Michael Simms
In the Words of E.B. White: Quotations from the World's Most Companionable of Writers, by E. B. White. Edited by his granddaughter Martha White.
Back Chamber, by Donald Hall
Beautiful Unbroken: One Nurse's Life, by Mary Jane Nealon
Adventures in Bookbinding: Handcrafting Mixed-Media Books, by Jeannine Stein
Following Atticus: Forty-Eight High Peaks, One

Little Dog, and an Extraordinary Friendship, by Tom Ryan

Young Adult Fiction

When She Woke, by Hillary Jordan
This Dark Endeavor, by Kenneth Oppel
Wildwood, by Colin Meloy
Okay for Now, by Gary D. Schmidt
Watch That Ends the Night: Voices from the Titanic, by Allan Wolf

Juvenile Non Fiction

Blizzard of Glass, the Halifax Explosion of 1917, by Sally M. Walker
Unlikely Friendships: 47 Remarkable Stories from the Animal Kingdom, by Jennifer Holland

Juvenile Fiction

Perfect Snow, by Barbara Reid
Red Sled, by Lita Judge
Perl Versus, the World, by Sally Murphy
999 Tadpoles, by Ken Kimura
Pie, by Sarah Weeks
Flint Heart: A Fairy Story, by Katherine Paterson
Mostly True Story of Jack, by Kelly Regan Barnhill
Secrets at Sea, by Richard Peck
Mirror, by Jeannie Baker
Sammy in the Sky, by Barbara Walsh, Illustrated by Jamie Wyeth



Clover Koopman leads the book discussion at the Mildred Horton Book Group.
 Dede Aube photo

What's Randolph Reading?

October's orator for the Mildred Horton Book Club was Marie Beringer who gave an in-depth account of Unbroken: A World War II Story of Survival, Resilience, and Redemption, by Laura Hillenbrand. The story is of Louie Zamperini - a 1930's track and field star, who participated in the Berlin Olympics, was shot down over the ocean and left adrift in the Pacific for over a month, was held as a POW by the Japanese forces during WWII and finally made it back to his life with courage and dignity. Most recently, Clover Koopman explored Paris in the Twentieth Century: Jules Verne, The Lost Novel. Jules Verne wrote this book in 1863, but his publisher rejected it. In many ways, what Verne wrote was prescient. He wrote about electric lights, asphalt streets, subway systems and the Eiffel Tower. He foresaw the future degradation of art and the deconstruction of history in mass entertainment.



The Hop off the Bus Book Group at the Randolph Public Library started making these dolls in October, by shaping the heads and drying them, then constructing the body, adding hair, and finally the clothing. Photo by Yvonne Jenkins

Continued from page 8 ...

This thought provoking book generated a dynamic discussion. The Mildred Horton Book Group meets the fourth Monday of each month during the winter and spring at the Randolph Public Library. Hildy Danforth, 466-2621 is the contact.

This fall the Back Porch Book Group read the historical novel Sarah's Key by Tatiana de Rosnay. With a unique first hand perspective, readers received insight into the people involved in the Jewish roundup in France during WWII. Fall's second book was the Poacher's Son, a suspenseful murder mystery, an adulation of the Maine wilderness and a character study of a son struggling to love and be loved by his father. For more information about this book group contact Barbara Arnold, 466-2438.

The Anna Karenina Book Group read Madame Bovary written by Gustave Flaubert in 1856. This is Gustave's first published novel and is considered his masterpiece. This winter the group will tackle Anna Karenina, a novel by the Russian writer Leo Tolstoy. Contact Ingrid Graff for more information. 466-5736

The young people's Hop Off the Bus Book Group has been enjoying Roald Dahl's 50-year-old classic James and the Giant Peach. More information about this program may be obtained by contacting Yvonne Jenkins at the Randolph Public Library, 466-5408.

Friends of the Randolph Library

by Lynn Hunt & Ingrid Graff

The pot luck suppers, the presentation on Brewing in New Hampshire and the showing of "West Side Story" were great successes! The food was wonderful and the singing was great (it appears the singing may have been coming from one table).

The next event will be a French-themed pot luck and the showing of "Julie and Julia". So, get out your berets and your "Julia Child's Cookbook" and prepare for Sat. Jan. 21st at 5:30pm.

Ingrid will be starting a new reading group on Tuesday, Jan. 10th-Feb. 28th at 10:00am in the White Mt. Reading Room of the Randolph Public Library. The group will be reading "Anna Karenina" and people should read part 1 for the first meeting. For more information, call Ingrid (466-5736).

Many Hunters

by Dede Aube

There are several hunters in my household. While the man (hunter Ray) is the woods hunting for our supper, I forage the house looking for things I have lost like my glasses or my socks; but the true hunter is our cat, his name, of course is "Hunter".

This morning around 4:00 am Hunter brought me his latest prize, a fine grey mouse. He walked raucously past my bed, turned the corner to the bathroom and placed his trophy squarely in the bath tub. Usually, hunter Ray takes care of these matters but alas, he was at hunting camp. I gingerly rounded the corner, kind

of hoping this rodent was but a toy. Regrettably, it was very real. The cat Hunter sat in the middle of the bath tub watching his prey run, jump and slide from end to end. I watched as it squared off, face to face with the enemy. Once Hunter the cat saw me, he sat tall, puffed his chest and began to purr at full volume. Apparently this is the game he and hunter Ray do play.

An hour later this tiny mouse was rounded up and sent packing into the cold woods. I know, you are thinking it will be back or worse it might show up at your house. I have thought about this and will do my best to find it, but first... where are my boots?

Adams, Madison, and a Humbling Experience

By Scott Lang July 2011

I don't know how long this story will be because, like most people, I don't like admitting my own mistakes. I opted for the title above over "Self-Confessions of an Idiotic Big Mouth."

Michele (Klutzy Kat) and I returned for yet another week of tramping about our beloved Whites. As she closes in on her 48, I continue to be amazed at her resilience, determination, and pure will. We had done some trail work, altered our non-work day hiking plans, and on this day aimed for Adams and Madison via Air Line. As I awaited the NOAA forecast on my radio, I was unconsciously bounding up and down to hear the results of last night's anticipated high pressure arrival. With the opening announcer's words, "A textbook day is upon us..." we were off to the Appalachia lot.

Finding room to park was akin to landing on a stacked up aircraft carrier, but we did. We loaded up, adjusted whatever needed it, and primed with food and fluids, off we went. We had a later start than planned, and had scrapped the idea of ascending any of the routes through King Ravine. I must admit that with my new Canon, I have also become obsessed with macro floral shots. Regardless, there were lots of beautiful sights, beautiful views, and lots of, well....people.

I think we all begin our hikes with a certain level of expectation of the people we will meet. Despite our many differences, we share much in common in the hiking world. We are all driven to be out there and thrive in an environment that gives so much back to us. When we think of the various hikers met over the years, it comes down to a common denominator - we all want to be there.

We were playing a game of one-sided leapfrog, always yielding to hikers passing us, watching them move upward and away, and, contrary to their assurances that we would soon pass them, we never did. We were in the quiet of the forested realm and very happy. Despite our slow, yet enjoyable, ascent to Adams, we were quite amazed to top out 15 minutes ahead of book time. We had planned on lunch at the summit, but the only thing more populous than hikers were the bugs, and we retreated to the Hut. By now it was 2:30 pm and we decided to eat lunch. Feeling refreshed, we headed up Madison at 3 pm. We knew our descent would get us out of the woods late, but who cared, this was vacation. Up and up we went, like salmon fighting upstream, two

day hikers ascending amidst an onslaught of descending Hut overnights who had all the time in the world to come down.

I admit that I can be a critical person. I spent my youth amidst these hills; I've been hiking these mountains every year of my life since I was 5. I'm proud of my volunteer service on these trails, and of the friends and family who still call and consider me a "local" despite now living out of state. But when we got to the top of Madison, there was a large group, with one man in particular who I thought was one of the most talkative, boisterous hikers I had ever heard in my life. Good lord, I thought, this man is completely obnoxious.

Our time at the top was to be short, we still had a long way outbound to go. Knowing we would be slow, we did not want to hold up this large group, but they just wouldn't stop talking and leave. With building and evident frustration, I skirted them. Once out of earshot, I expressed sentiments to my wife along the lines of "stop yapping and start hiking," etc. A woman in front of us, short, with glasses and a pink jacket, turned and asked if I was referring to the large group now behind us. Thinking she shared my feelings, I replied "yes," and was about to let something else dumb fly out of my big mouth when she said, "oh yes, one of them is completely blind." She explained which one and indeed, it was the man I had considered "completely obnoxious". She explained that, due to a disease in his 20's, he had lost his vision, but had the goal of hiking all of the 48 and the large group was his support team, there to help guide him every step of the way.

I was both flabbergasted and ashamed, respectively of his courage and my thoughtless arrogance. I had come to realize that first impressions are not always right.

I did not feel myself worthy enough to return, shake his hand, and apologize for the brashness known only to me. But, whoever you are, you are a better man than me. Wherever you go, may your steps be safe and successful, and your journey complete, and may you always be blessed with the support of your incredible companions, family, and friends.

Indeed, what would we be without hikers of varying abilities, without the fastest or the slowest, the young and powerful, or the old and experienced? Without those who hike barefoot, or in other eccentric manners? What would we have without those

who hike in the face of impossible odds or supposed restrictions, even trying circumstances known only on a personal level? All we would have without them would be a lot of empty mountains.

Yet with such a vast crowd, all with different personalities, challenges, and abilities, we have more than just mountains. We have a way of life, and in the end, for some of us--, a new way to look at it.

Editor's Note: Scott chanced upon Randy Pierce and his team, whose goal, beyond climbing all 48 of the rugged 4000+ foot peaks in New Hampshire, is to inspire others to set their own visions through outreach, education and support. Interested readers may learn more at Randy's website: <http://www.2020visionquest.org/hiking-the-48.html>



It's lunch break at the Randolph Community Forest wildlife opening on the slope between Mount Randolph and Mount Crescent. A new ski route of a quarter of a mile goes to this spot, and you can ski skid roads down. In the distance is Lafayette View on the Crescent Ridge Trail. Doug Mayer photo.

Winter 2011-2012 Backcountry Skiing News

by Doug Mayer

As we head into Randolph's snowy months, for those of us who enjoy skiing and snowshoeing around town, there's a bit of news to report.

In October, the Randolph Community Forest Commission approved an informal plan by several residents to tidy up routes they had been skiing over the past winter or two. A few of the highlights include:

- Brushing and removing blowdowns on the skid road that runs between the new Community Forest wildlife opening below Crescent Ridge and the Jimtown Logging Road, a few hundred yards west of the Carlton Notch Trail. It was at this location that the late Bob Hatch once had a cabin known as, "Abenaki."
- Similar work on the old logging road between the Jimtown Logging Road near Carlton Brook, and the informal ski trails to Durand Road near the town hall.
- Creating a new route of about a quarter mile, between RMC's Carlton Notch Trail and the beautiful wildlife opening noted above.

At the request of the Community Forest Commission, these three ski routes are being lightly marked with traditional blue, diamond-shaped ski trail markers. Attentive readers will note that we're not using the word "trail" in these descriptions. "Trail" suggests something that these routes are not. The corridors are rough at best, and they're not on any maps. Unlike a trail, they're also tempo-

rary, and subject to change. For these reasons, and the simple reality that winter visitors will be in the backcountry of the northern White Mountains, anyone using these routes should be well equipped for a backcountry adventure. Interested skiers should have sturdy backcountry skis with metal edges, and should have a strong snowplow at the ready. Skiers and snowshoers should have plenty of warm clothes, food and snacks, the RMC map for navigation, and should leave their plan with a trusted friend.

A few weeks ago, a handful of local skiers and snowshoers got to work to accomplish the list of projects above. On a beautiful November day, we moved blowdowns, clipped brush and cut down those stumps that seem to somehow reach out and grab your skis when you're least expecting it! Thanks go to Abby Austin, Michele Cormier, Mike Courtemanche, Beau Etter-Garrette, Lynn Farnam, Steph Kelliher, John and Cathy McDowell, Dave Salisbury and Ben Schott, along with our canine pals Mia, Samival and Sherman.

If you'd like a thorough description of the routes and the skiing options around the Community Forest, please drop me an email me at dmayer@cartalk.com. Several of us also hope to lead a ski trip or two this January and February. Watch the *Blizzard* for more information. Enjoy winter's snows, and we hope to see you out on the Community Forest.

Randolph Remembers

Henry Cutter ...



Henry Sturgis Grew Cutter, 81, died on Wednesday, Sept. 28, at Belmont Manor in Belmont, Mass. He had been a lifelong resident of Cambridge, Mass. The cause of death was congestive heart failure pursuant to Alzheimer's Disease.

Henry Cutter was born in Boston on March 30, 1930, to the Hon. Richard Ammi Cutter and Ruth Dexter Grew Cutter, the second of three children.

As a child, he attended the Shady Hill School in Cambridge. In the summers, he joined his extended family in Randolph New Hampshire, where he hiked in the White Mountains and spent time with his siblings and cousins. He completed his secondary education at Noble and Greenough and attended Harvard, graduating with the class of 1952. He completed his doctorate in Personality and Social Psychology at Boston University in 1962. He worked until his retirement in 1989 at the Veteran's Administration hospital in Brockton, where he researched the nature of substance abuse. Following his official retirement

he continued to assist in various research projects until 1997. He also served as an adjunct faculty member at Brandeis University in the School of Public Policy.

One of the major accomplishments of his career was a research program which investigated the relationship between pain perception and alcohol consumption. Over a series of studies, Cutter and his colleagues found that after taking a drink, alcoholic drinkers experienced less pain while submersing their hand in ice water, while normal drinkers did not experience this possibly dubious benefit. In a particularly ingenious follow up study, Cutter devised a placebo drink (a fake yet convincing gin and tonic) and found that the placebo did not have the same effect on the alcoholic drinkers, providing substantial support for the medical theory of alcoholism.

Henry Cutter married Constance Perry Gates, on May 28, 1960. Their passionate and ever-evolving partnership encompassed multiple spheres, from child-rearing, common professional interests, spirituality and their profound concern for peace and social justice.

In the mid-seventies, Henry Cutter took up running as a means to manage his weight and blood pressure. In his typically thorough and enthusiastic fashion, he began running on a daily basis. He joined with other men in his neighborhood in an informal running group that maintained close ties and supported one another through life transitions. He completed two marathons.

Henry Cutter was a progressive and forward-thinking individual. Before it became fashionable, he was the kind of father who got up in the middle of the night to change diapers and bring the baby in to be nursed. He was also an outstanding cook. He marched for peace against the Vietnam war.

Following the 2001 terrorist attacks, he became convinced that the only way to prevent another such tragedy was to address the underlying issues, and became a member of the First Parish Unitarian Universalists for Justice in the Middle East. In 2002 he was part of a delegation to Israel/Palestine where he witnessed for himself the conditions in the occupied territories and met with religious leaders and non-governmental organizations.

Having seen his mother decline under the devastating onslaught of Alzheimer's disease, Cutter recognized early on that he was experiencing memory loss and sought professional help. He determined to do what he could to fight the encroachment of the disease, and to plan ahead for the time when he would be unable to make decisions for himself. He was active with the Alzheimer's Association of Massachusetts and spoke at their annual meeting in 2006. In 2009 he moved into Belmont Manor, a nursing home, where he charmed staff and residents alike with his kind manners and sense of humor.

Henry Cutter is survived by his wife, Constance Gates Cutter of Cambridge; his daughter, Jane Norton Cutter of Seattle, and her husband, Andrew Freeman; his son Nathaniel Appleton Cutter of Medford and his wife Teresa Salvato; and his daughter Rebecca Perry Cutter of Los Angeles and her husband Ben Bell. He is also survived by three grand-daughters, Rachel Cutter Freeman of Seattle, Zoe Grace Cutter of Medford and Frances Perry

Bell of Los Angeles.

His older brother Louis Cutter of Brunswick Maine and his sister Helen MacLennan of London, U.K also survive him, as do numerous and beloved cousins, nieces, nephews, neighbors and friends.

A memorial service took place Sat., Oct. 15 at First Parish Cambridge Unitarian Universalist Church, in Cambridge MA 02138 officiated by the Reverend Fred Small.

Donations in Henry's memory may be made directly to the Alzheimer's Association of Massachusetts: 311 Arsenal Street, Watertown, MA 02472, or www.alz.org

The family is requesting written remembrances of Henry Cutter. Please email a story or reflection to hsgcremembrances@gmail.com.

Dr. William Pfeffer

Dr. William Pfeffer, Jr. of Randolph, NH, died September 25, 2011. Born April 25, 1921 to William Pfeffer, Sr. and Dorothy (Thomas) Pfeffer in Millburn, NJ, Dr. Pfeffer married Jean Wilkinson in 1943. He was a graduate of Millburn High School, Columbia University ('42) and Harvard Medical School ('44) and was inducted into the Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Medical Society in 1944. While in medical school he served in the US Army and then completed his internship and residency at Children's Hospital, Boston, MA.

Dr. Pfeffer was one of the early practicing authorities in pediatric exchange transfusions and one of the first to recognize maple syrup urine disease, a genetic metabolic disorder. He went into private practice as a pediatrician in Wellesley, MA in 1952, caring for patients from infancy into their young adult years. For over 30 years he was the consulting pediatrician to the Children's Mission (Parents' and Children's Services), where he provided care to children at risk.

In 1985 Bill and Jean retired to their long-time summer home in Randolph, NH. Here he participated in the community in a variety of ways, serving on the board of the Randolph Mountain Club, as President of the Board of the Mt. Crescent Water Company and photographically documenting the lives and events of fellow Randolphians.

Following Jean's death, Dr. Pfeffer married Angela Chakalis in 2001. With Angela, Bill continued to have an active role in the Randolph community. A man of many talents, Dr. Pfeffer was a skilled photographer, watercolor artist, writer, and musician. For more than 60 years he created the Pfeffers' Christmas cards using original block prints and photographs; he was also a woodworker, and built his own Zuckerman harpsichord. In 1999 he founded the Randolph Art Show and served as curator and organizer for eleven years; in July 2011, the community honored Bill for this contribution to Randolph traditions.

Dr. Pfeffer is survived by his wife Angela Chakalis-Pfeffer, son Dr. William Tad Pfeffer (Dr. Anne) of Nederland, CO, and daughter Jane (Mrs. George) Jerry of Highlands, NC; grandchildren William Bernard Pfeffer and Jenny Elizabeth Pfeffer; niece Debby Hoyt and grandniece Meghann Hoyt.

The family is deeply grateful for the loving care Dr. Pfeffer received from Dr. John McDowell and the staff of the Coös County Family Health Services, the North Country Angels, and the Androscoggin Valley Hospital Home Health and Hospice.

A Memorial Service will be held in the summer of 2012. In lieu of flowers Dr. Pfeffer's family suggests that contributions be sent to the Benevolence Fund, Randolph Church, c/o Mrs. Mark Kelley, 98 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, New Hampshire 03593.

Courtesy of Bryant Funeral Home



Randolph Remembers

Helen May (Patriquin) Turchinetz

Helen May (Patriquin) Turchinetz, 85, died peacefully on Monday, September 19, 2011 following a period of declining health. She was born in Worcester on April 23, 1926 the daughter of the late Harvey and Edna (Fewer) Patriquin. Helen is survived by her devoted and loving husband of 60 years John Turchinetz of Wayland. She was the beloved mother of Jay J. Turchinetz and his wife Beverly of Chelmsford. She was the cherished grandmother of Paul J. Turchinetz and Michael N. Turchinetz both of Chelmsford. She is also survived by Eva Collette of Millbury and two brothers, Robert Patriquin of Austin, TX and George Patriquin of Worcester.

Helen spent her formative years in the Worcester area and was a graduate of the Worcester Trade School. She and her husband John resided in Wayland for over 51 years. In her earlier years she was a hairdresser and manicurist on Newbury Street in Boston and was affiliated with Sara Fredericks of Boston. She was one of the original members of the Wayland Golden Tones and remained very active with the singing group. She loved to study the habits of crows and in her 80s was an accomplished author of several children's books. She loved to travel with her husband and also enjoyed mountain climbing earlier in her life. She enjoyed walking and looking at nature.

She was a kind and loving woman who always opened her home to others and helped those who were less fortunate. She and her husband have been active members for 65 years of the historic Park Street Church in Boston. She was well loved by all who met her.

Her funeral services were held on September 24, 2011 at the Trinitarian Congregational Church in Wayland. Her family suggests that memorial gifts in Helen's name be sent to the Wayland Golden Tones, 41 Cochituate Rd, Wayland, MA 01778 or to Gideons International, 6 Mount Vernon St. Nashua, NH 03064.

Courtesy John C Bryant Funeral Home



Facing east ...Dede Aube photo



Judy Rheume, coordinator of the Berlin Gorham Food Pantry receives a check from the Randolph Church Benevolence Fund. Judy reports that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on Randolph Hill is also active collecting and volunteering for the food pantry. Dede Aube photo.

Randolph Contact for Lifeline Changes Hands

by Jean Malick

Starting January 1, 2012 the contact person for connecting the Lifeline Emergency Response System (NEERS) will be Heather Wiley. Heather joined the Randolph Foundation Board of Directors in August and has a working background in home health care. Sign up will be handled the same as it was with Jean Malick. Call Heather at 466-5179 and she will contact NEERS, who in turn will contact you, set up an appointment to come to your house and install the lifeline. The Randolph Foundation will be charged for half the monthly cost.

Randolph Platform Tennis Association

by Cathy McDowell

In 1988 George Bowers had an idea to start a paddle tennis club in Randolph. He gathered a group of like minded friends including his wife, Jackie, Hank and Peeko Folsom, Jim and Meg Meiklejohn, Hersch Cross, Bill Pfeffer and others to create a plan and raise some money to make this idea a reality. Within a year this dedicated group had raised the money, found a used court (with the assistance of Pat Archambault), identified a site (with thanks to Becky and Wayne Parker) and organized work parties to assemble the court that was delivered in pieces from Rhode Island. Opening day for the Randolph Paddle Tennis Association (RPTA) was December 10, 1988.

For the last twenty three years almost 70 people (plus their families) have enjoyed the court, played in the men's and women's leagues and participated in the annual George Bowers Tournament and potluck picnic.

But, time has taken its toll on both the membership and the court. The court needed major, costly repairs to remain playable and the current membership could not sustain the cost of these repairs. In addition, the land the court sits on had changed hands and the current owner, John Scarinza, indicated to the RPTA at least three years ago that he would like to use the land the court occupies for his own use.

So, faced with these realities the current leadership of the RPTA met last spring to decide the fate of the court and arrived at the following conclusions:

- The court was not sound enough to be taken down and moved to another location
- The RPTA did not have enough money to repair the court
- Membership and use of the court had diminished over the last several years

Therefore, we had no alternative but to raise the funds necessary to remove the court from John's land. We received estimates that the demolition and removal of materials could cost in excess of \$2,200.00. We then faced the difficult task of asking members and backers to make one final contribution to the RPTA so that we could have the court removed. Thanks to the generosity of many, we were successful with this endeavor.

John Scarinza agreed to donate his time to coordinate the court demolition project and he will use the money raised to pay for the equipment and labor that is needed to accomplish this.

It was not easy to ask for money to take something down, however, we have been able to enjoy this sport in our Town for over twenty years and we had an obligation to the landowner and our organization to finish this chapter with grace and goodwill.

Trail Crew

By Riley M. Eusden

I gained a lot of knowledge on the RMC trail crew but mostly, I learned how to be a cool guy. Not in a fashionable sense, or in a sense that I would be the most popular guy when I got back to school, but I learned how to be a real person. What I mean is that I learned to tell the truth, to say what I mean, to do what I like doing, to be open and loving towards people, to work hard for my reward, to do a good job with my work and be happy with that and not need praise from others, to be efficient with my body and my food, and to be WEIRD. Some people think trail crewmembers are weird and I guess you can say we are, but really we are just comfortable with ourselves and we say and do what we want. This is called freedom. Flatulence, burping, is our own form of language, and goofiness is the norm.

Trail crew also makes you tough as nails. When you have to carry 120 pounds of steel, extra sharp Cabot cheese (a big part of our diet) and other necessities up to a tent site, you are in for quite an exhausting hour or two. When you have to flip a giant rock by yourself with two rock bars the distance of 20 yards, you might have to sit down for bit afterwards. Or, when you've been trying to set the most stubborn rock in a hole for the last three hours and you can't get it to "set", you have to think harder than you have ever thought to get that puppy in. You get a lot smarter on trail crew and you stop second-guessing yourself all the time. The end result is that you know yourself more as a person; you're more honest with who you are; and you'll admit your weaknesses and work hard to improve them. All in all, you will learn pack loads of stuff on trail crew and you'll be ten times surer of yourself after you're done your summer, as well as becoming a pure hulking man or she-beast of a person that can do any physical task they set their mind to. FOO!

Editors Note: Riley Eusden is from South Paris, ME and grew up living in Randolph during the summer. Currently Ryan is a student at Bowdoin College. Since his father, Dyke Eusden, his brother Spencer Eusden, and Uncle Alan Eusden worked on the RMC trails he was also "interested in giving it a shot." "I love Randolph and was really happy to spend my whole summer in the mountains up there meeting some really cool people," says Eusden.



Part of the crew that helped replace the bridge over Thanksgiving weekend for backcountry ski trails on Randolph Hill. Back row: Curtis Moore, Mark Kelley; front row: Laura Brockett, Pete Brockett, Zoë, Dave Salisbury, Sally Manikian. Doug Mayer photo

May the joys of the season surround friends and family

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